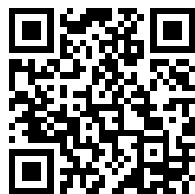

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>



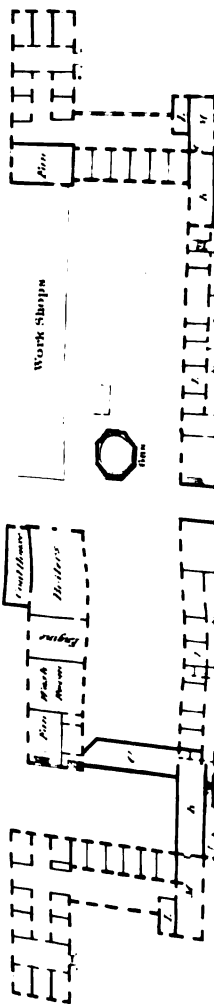
THE LIBRARY



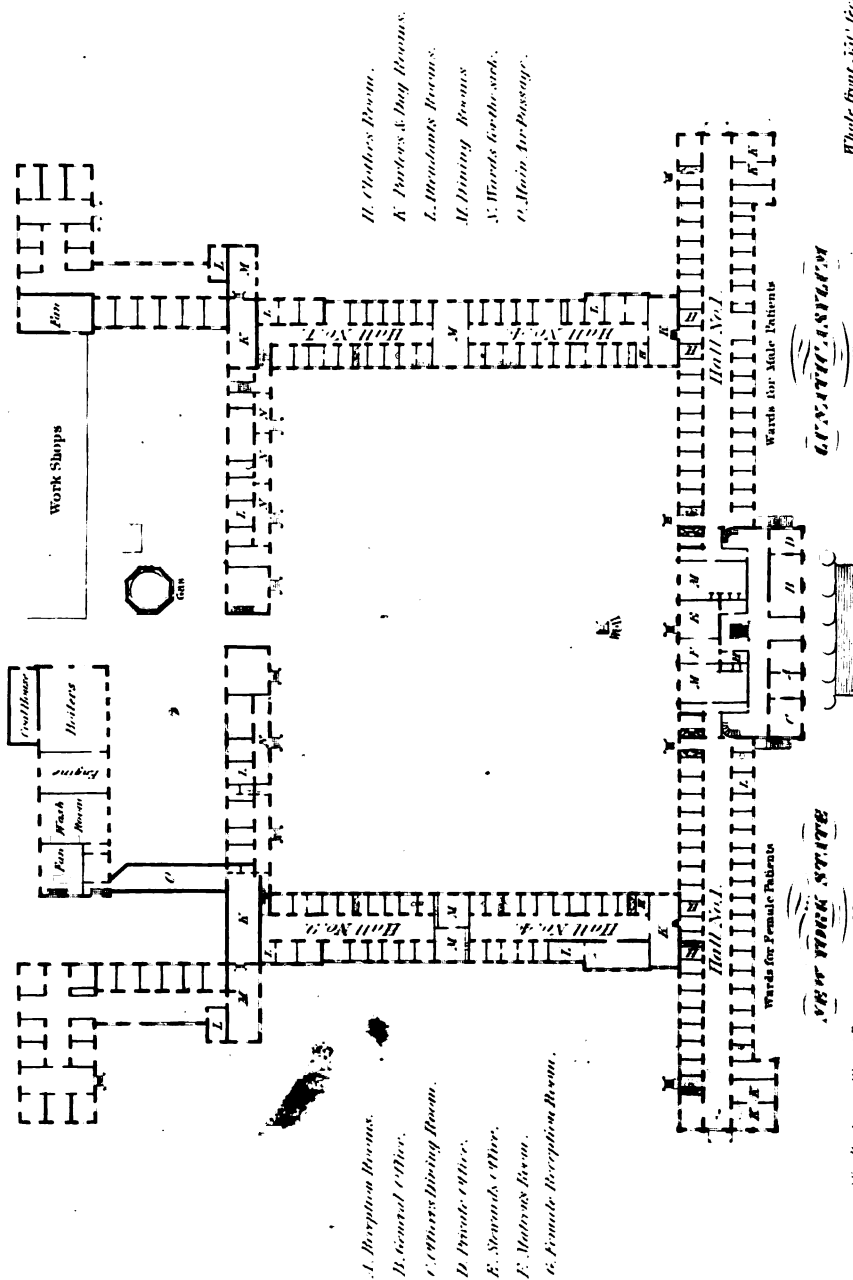
Periodical Collection

CLASS

BOOK



MRS S.H.WILLIS



H. Clothes Room.
 K. Barber's & Day Rooms.
 L. Outpatients' Rooms.
 M. Dining Room.
 N. Ward for the sick.
 O. Main Air Passage.

A. Dispensary Rooms.
 B. General Office.
 C. Outpatients' Waiting Room.
 D. Private Office.
 E. Stenographer's Office.
 F. Maternity Room.
 G. Female Reception Room.

Whole front 330 feet

NEW YORK STATE

NEW YORK STATE

City of New York, 1890

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VII
VOL. VII—No. 1.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1858.

WHOLE No. 37.

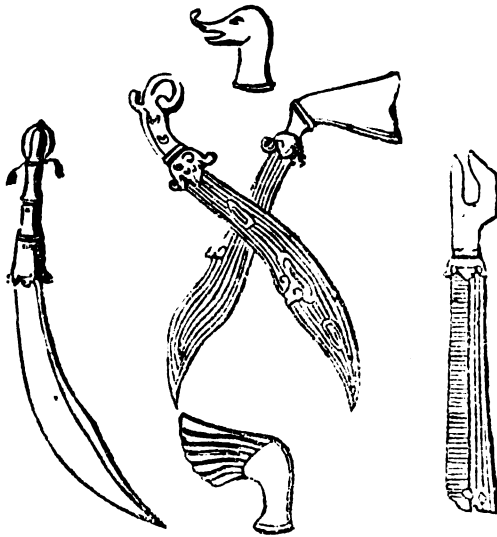
JAVA AND THE JAVANESE.



A WOMAN OF SUNDA—JAVANESE OF THE LOWER CLASS.

On opening the pages of the Monthly, we ask our readers to forget their actual locality, and, with the help of our engravings to aid their imagination, transport themselves to the far Orient, to that long island which lies in the distant Eastern seas, between six and nine degrees of south latitude, and south of Borneo. Java—for so it is styled—is an important member of that vast

island group, to which, latterly, the general name of Malaysia has been given. It extends from east to west, and is 642 miles in length, its greatest breadth 128 miles, and its average breadth 95. To the south and west, its shores are washed by the Southern Indian Ocean; to the northwest lies the island of Sumatra, from which Java is separated by a strait, twenty miles wide in the



CREASSE, AND WARLIKE ARMS OF JAVA.

narrowest part, known by the name of the Straits of Sunda; to the north is Borneo; to the north-east, Celebes; and, on the east, the islands of Bali and Madura, from the former of which it is separated by a narrow passage, called the Straits of Bali. The island is divided nearly in its whole length by a range of mountains, running almost east and west, and rising to their greatest elevation towards the centre; but the range is much broken. In several hills of the great range of mountains are the craters of volcanoes, which formerly raged with fury, and poured forth torrents of lava; but, at present, none are known to be in activity, though many emit smoke after heavy rain. The most considerable rivers are the Joana, and the Sedani, or Tangerang. On the bank or bar before Batavia, the flood rises about six feet, and higher at spring tides. High and low water likewise occur only once in twenty-four hours. The island is traversed from east to west by a great military road, 700 miles in extent, constructed by General Daendels, a governor of the island, before it was taken by the English. The year, as is usual in tropical climates, is divided into the dry and the rainy seasons, or into the east, which is called the *good monsoon*, and the west, or the *bad monsoon*. Thunder storms are very frequent, especially towards the conclusion of the monsoons, when they occur al-

most every evening. The heat of the climate is various. Along the sea-coast it is hot and sultry. At Batavia, from July to November, the thermometer generally stands, in the hottest part of the day, between 84° and 90° , which it rarely exceeds; and, in the greatest degree of coolness in the morning, it is seldom lower than 76° . In some parts, particularly among the hills, and in many of the inland towns, it is often so cold as to make a fire desirable. Java possesses a soil of extraordinary luxuriance and fertility. In the forests, especially in those on the north-east coast, is found an abundance of lofty trees, fit to be converted into masts, while forests of teak supply the place of oak for building ships, adapted to all purposes. Palms and cocoa-trees are found in great variety, and are distinguished by their luxuriant growth, sometimes reaching to the astonishing height of 150 feet. Fruits of all kinds are also abundant, many of them of exquisite delicacy and flavor. In the high ground in the interior, they are found to dwindle and degenerate, in that equinoctial climate. The various kinds of plants and great abundance of herbs found in Java would afford

ample scope for the researches of the botanist, as flowers exhale their perfumes at all seasons of the year. Garden-plants are produced in great variety, such as endives, cauliflowers, beans, cabbages, pumpions, melons, patacas or water-melons, yams, potatoes, etc. Maize, or Indian corn, is a favorite article of food with the natives, who eat it roasted. The natural fertility of the soil of Java supersedes the necessity of laborious



GOLOKS—KNIVES AND ARMS FOR HUNTING.

village. The staple produce of the island is rice. Sugar, to the amount of 10,000,000 of pounds annually, is also made. Pepper is produced in great abundance and perfection; also indigo of a very superior quality. Cotton is cultivated in almost every part of the island; and the coffee plantations are extremely luxuriant. The soil is also very favorable to the growth of tobacco. There are many other herbs and plants, both medicinal and balsamic, that are but imperfectly known to Europeans. Wheat and barley are only grown in small quantities, on the hilly tracts, chiefly in the middle parts of the island. Oats and Bengal grain thrive likewise in those parts of the island, and would be produced in great abundance were due attention given to their culture. The domestic animals in Java are buffaloes, and cattle of every description, and sheep, goats and pigs. Game, however, does not abound here so much as in other countries, though hares and rabbits are pretty common; and deer and antelopes are also plentiful. The horses, which are very numerous throughout the island, are small but active. Wild hogs and monkeys are found in all the jungles. The forests abound with tigers, as powerful and as large as in Bengal. A species of black tiger, which is often found, is very ferocious. The rhinoceros is sometimes met with. Snakes are found here, as in all other hot countries, in great numbers, and of various kinds. Some of these are from twenty-five to thirty feet in length. Lizards of all kinds, from the variable chameleon to the guana tribe, frequent the bushes, trees, and roofs of the houses. Scorpions and mosquitoes abound in the marshes. There are, besides, various other sorts of dangerous and disgusting vermin. Of the numerous feathered tribes found in Java, we may remark the cassowary, a very large and powerful bird. White eagles have been seen here; and every kind of bird of prey is continually on the wing. The aquatic tribe is equally diversified, and the extensive fisheries along this great line of coast are highly productive. At the mouths of the rivers, numbers of alligators, or caymans, are continually lurking for their prey. In the several bays, numerous sharks swim about the ships; and many animals, undescribed in natural history, abound in these seas. There are manufacturers of cotton, leather and saddlery; also of iron, brass, and tin. The principal articles of exportation are rice, sugar, coffee, pepper, indigo, teak timber and planks, spices (which are brought from the Moluccas), tin (from Banca), cotton, yarn, salt, edible birds' nests. The imports are European articles, of every description—chintzes and muslins, silks, hats (which are a favorite dress with the Chinese and native chieftains), boots and shoes, cabinet ware, fire-arms, gunpowder, shot, hardware, hosiery, mathematical and musical instruments, etc. The population of Java is composed almost entirely of natives,

of a variety distinct from the Malays and other inhabitants of the neighboring islands. In 1815, it amounted to 5,000,000, of whom one-fortieth part were Chinese, Europeans, Arabs, Malays and Hindoos. The Javanese are small, with a yellow complexion, flattened nose, high cheek bones, and thin beard. Their language is entirely different from the Malay; their religion Mohammedanism. Numerous monuments of antiquity, buildings, statues, etc., prove that they were once in a more flourishing condition than at present. Three quarters of Java are in the power of the Dutch, whose immediate authority extends over three fifths of the inhabitants. The other quarter is divided between two native sovereigns in the southeast part of the island. Java was discovered by the Portuguese in 1510. They made some settlements there, which were taken possession of by the Dutch, towards the end of the sixteenth century. The latter, having conquered the native princes, made the island the centre of their Indian possessions in 1619. In 1811, the English made themselves masters of it, but restored it at the peace of Paris, in 1814.

If, now, we refer to our illustrative engravings, we shall find, in the first representation, a delineation of a woman of Sunda—Javanese of the lower class. She is shown carrying a child according to the manner of the Javanese, that is to say, suspended at her side by the aid of a scarf, *selindang*. This manner of carrying it gives her room for domestic employments. Her costume consists of a sort of tunic of blue cloth, *badjoe*, and a long piece of stuff, *kayen-pandang*, which envelopes the lower part of the body. The Javanese generally wear this last garment very short, that it may not encumber their movements in the incessant labor which they are engaged in. The Javanese who is turned sideways is in the festival costume most commonly adopted



JAVANESE BELLES.

979719

in the island. Over the handkerchief with which his head is covered, is a *song ko*, a kind of hat, and principally used to guard the eyes from the burning rays of the sun. His long vest, *katiwo*, is of rare stuff. His creasse, passed through his girdle, is placed behind his back, as is the custom in Java. His *sarong*, of native dye, is fastened round his waist by the girdle, and worn in the most common manner. The third person, seated before him, is a Javanese of the lower class, a *kochi*, street porter. His vest is thrown over his shoulders, and his legs are covered with a short pair of drawers of light material. He holds in his hands his *touden*, or large woven hat, which shelters him from the rain and sun.—The illustrations on the second page of this number present us with a group of the warlike arms of the Javanese, including the formidable creasse, and with the scarcely less formidable goloks, knives and arms used in the chase. The blade of the creasse on the left, in the first group of arms, is most peculiar to Java, but that on the right is found in Madura. The handles of the creasses are very different in form; many are curiously wrought, and of very fantastical form. Those of chiefs are often of massive gold, or ornamented with precious stones. The blade varies less. It is generally turned or notched at the point; it is also deeply lined on its whole length, and covered with an acid preparation, for which the juice of the citron is much used. This preparation, which gives the steel a dull color, preserves them from rust. More inferior is the *hott lance* most in use. In the engraving is also given the different kinds of goloks which the Javanese use to cut wood with, and for hunting; the handles likewise vary, but not essentially from those shown here. Some of the blades are marked; but the greater part are plain. They are extremely sharp; the Javanese are very careful to sharpen them often, and keep them well greased.—That we may do full justice to the belles of Java, we have presented in the third engraving three specimens, representing Javanese women by a full-faced view, a three-quarters presentation, and a profile. To a European eye, accustomed to the pure types of *Caucasian* beauty, their features present little that is attractive; their eyes are heavy and their expression stupid.—The group of Javanese children next delineated is interesting from the accuracy of the delineation of the Javanese physique and costume.—The last engraving of the series represents a Javanese chief helmed and plumed in his war attire, and two *gambous*. They call by this name the dancers destined to figure in the ballets or pantomimes which the great Javanese chiefs give among them. The wings, the bracelets, as well as the ornaments which these girls wear upon their breasts, are of buffalo leather, carved for that day, and painted in different colors. The head is decorated with a kind of crown of artificial flowers, fixed in the handkerchief which covers it. Their ears are ornamented with the buds of an orange-colored flower, *melati*. The creasse of the Madura form is passed through the girdle, and placed behind their backs. The two pieces of stuff which covers their lower part are arranged in a more theatrical manner, resembling, nevertheless, the way the costume is worn by the Madurans. Encircling the ankles are rings called

gelang. One of the girls holds in her hand a little shield, the other a demon or fancy, of which there is often mention in Javanese mythology. These they use to accompany their movements in the different dances which they execute. In these ceremonies, all the dancers of a great chief form a troupe which greatly increases his retinue.—The Javanese children, as will be seen in referring to our picture of a group of them, are variously attired. Their costume is suitable to the mildness of the climate; ordinarily, in the lower class, the children are allowed to go entirely naked until five or six years old. This habit gives to their limbs a suppleness, and to their movements an ease, which they often preserve till an advanced age; and, as they live simply, corpulency and bodily deformities are very rare among them. Passed that first age, the dress of the children, although still reduced in general to the most indispensable garments, is very picturesque. The first of these garments is, for both sexes, a piece of cloth of triangular form, *oto*, which covers the breast and lower stomach. Later, the girls wear a kind of little gathered skirt, *sayu*, and the boys a little pair of drawers confined around the loins by a simple cord. Sometimes there is a piece of stuff of native make, *sarong*, which they throw over their shoulders the greater part of the time. On festival days, they add to the dress of the girls a kind of outside tunic, *badjoe*, and which descends almost to the knees; the boys over all wear a short vest, *badjoe-pindak*, of light material, and confined at the throat by a little button. The heads of the infants of both sexes are shaved fourteen days after their birth, with the difference, however, that they leave on the heads of the boys two locks of hair, one behind and the other in front, whilst they leave one tress at the top of the girls' heads; but, to make amends, they continue to shave the heads of the boys, allow the girls' hair to grow, and never cut it again save in the case of accident or illness.—A *kampung*, or Javanese village, presents an interesting aspect, for the thatched houses are almost all surrounded by fruit trees. There is round every thatched roof the banana tree, with its healthy and nourishing fruit, which the inhabitants prepare in a thousand ways; the papaya, whose fruit resembles very much the apricot; the *cocca-nat*, too well known to require description, and of which the Javanese know the use of each part; the gigantic tamarind, its fruit enclosed in a hard shell, the pulp of which forms such an agreeable dish; the bamboo, the numerous trunks of which, spreading themselves fan-like, throw over the house an always refreshing shade. Not far from there, a little hedge of coffee plants, and some shrubs producing a kind of pepper, are sufficient for the need of the family. Peopling these magnificent shades, are thousands of birds, whose songs serve still more to enliven the place, and you now can understand, that under the influence of such a smiling nature, the happy inhabitants of this Eden perform joyously their easy labors, and preserve until an advanced age all the primitive *naivete* of their character. The houses are made, for the most part, of rough timber, cut in coarse, square beams, the intervals between the beams being filled with bamboo, split and plaited in different ways, *payag*. The

roof is covered with a kind of thatch made of the leaves of the plant *alang-alang*, fixed by long pieces of wood, *adap*, which they fasten one after another to the slips of bamboo which form the body of the roof. This thatching is impenetrable, but has to be often removed. When all the materials are in readiness, the neighbors unite together in order to assist in the building, and by this means the work is accomplished in a few days. When the labor is finished, they construct a long shed, and each, according to his means, brings provisions; the women on their side occupy themselves with the preparation of food, and, in the morning, the men take part in the inaugural repast, *sedeka*, presided over generally

by the priest, *hadja*, of the village, for whom the place of honor is reserved. The most perfect harmony never ceases to reign in these reunions, and, at a rather late hour, each returns, carrying the surplus of provision which has been divided equally among them.

Dr. B. L. Ball, of this city, in that very clever work of his, "Rambles in Eastern Asia," presents us with some very lively sketches of Java and its inhabitants. While his vessel was lying in the Straits of Sunda, he tells us "the natives were continually coming and going, with their Malay prows laden with various commodities for sale; some with one thing, some with another, and now and then one with a general assortment,



A GROUP OF JAVANESE CHILDREN.



GAMBOUS, MIMIC DANSEUSE, AND BODY GUARD OF A JAVANESE CHIEF.

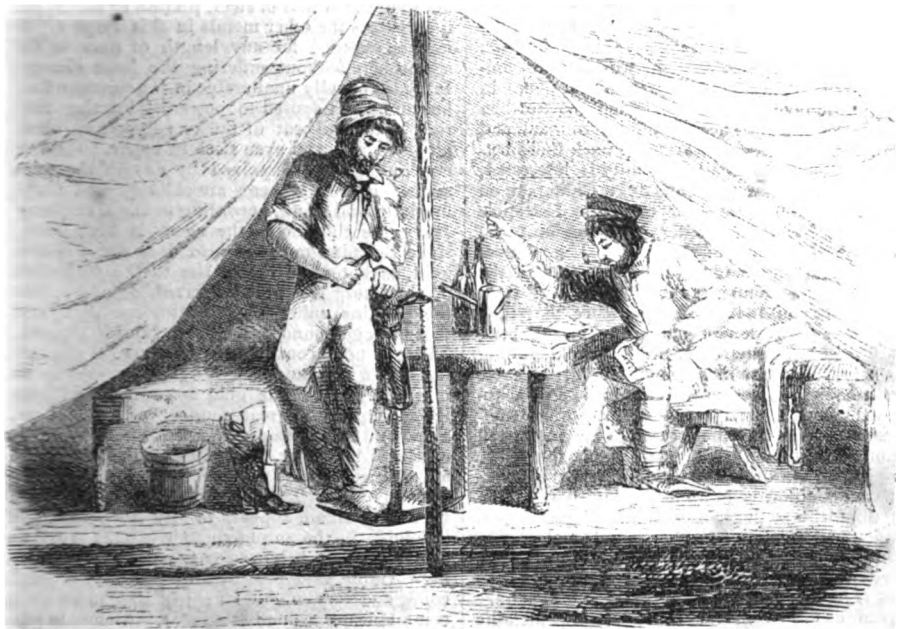
among which I noticed fruits, vegetables, tamarinds, cocoa-nuts, fowls, squirrels, birds and monkeys. Some of the natives had on the cast-off garments of Europeans. All wear a piece of cloth around their middle, while some have in addition an old coat, a vest only, a ragged shirt, or a beaver hat with the crown out. The captain says he once saw one with a long-tailed coat on, with the back in front. They appear proud of these garments, and have little idea how they should be worn, how they fit, or why they are worn at all. They put in their arms or their feet, as they can manage best. If the garment does not go well in one way, they try it in another. If, on laying down an old vest and stepping into the arm-holes, they cannot pull it on, they

pull it off and put their arms through. One is trying to put on a pair of pants the wrong side before. One of them, having worn a pair of black thick pants for about ten minutes, panting with heat and perspiration, dragged them off, and, holding them in his hands, rested for a few minutes, and then put them on again. They cut very ludicrous figures in their single garments, especially when endeavoring to keep them on for a length of time. The equatorial sun, pouring down, forces them first to draw one arm out of a thick coat or jacket, and then they put it on and change, with the other arm out." Mr. Ball's book gives many amusing details of intercourse with the Javanese, but our limits will not allow us to quote more.

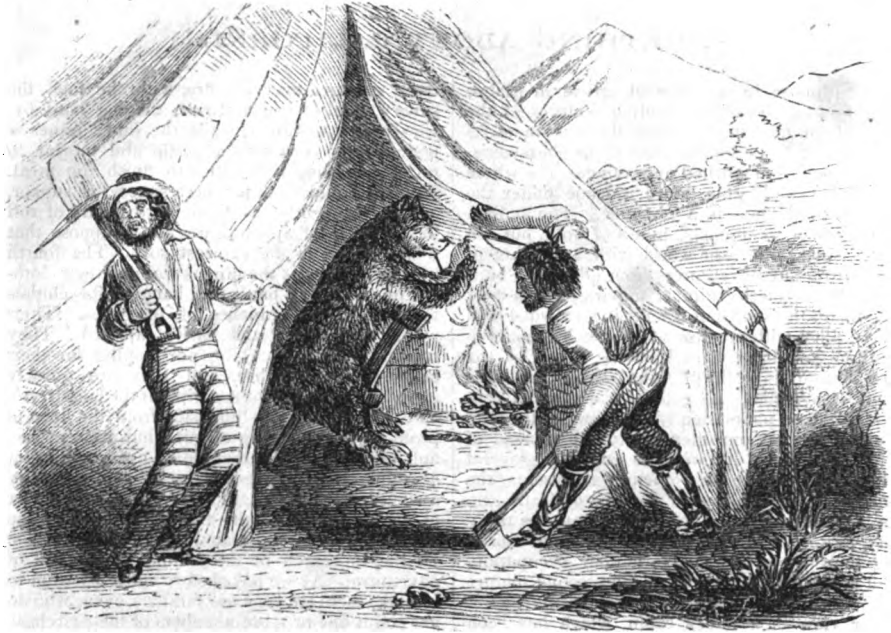
SOMETHING ABOUT CALIFORNIA.

We propose in the present article to glance rapidly at some of the leading features of the land of gold, giving a general description of its features, and illustrating some of its characteristics by means of spirited engravings. The whole history of California, since it came under the flag of the Union, is a romance. The sudden discovery of its immense mines of gold, not ten years since, filled the world with astonishment and, attracting adventurers from all lands, built up, with a celerity almost unparalleled, a vast empire on the shores of the Pacific, crowded with cities, filled with monuments of the highest civilization and luxury, and adding a star of the first magnitude to the glorious galaxy that burns upon our banner. As gold is the magnet that first attracted population to this new El Dorado, we will first pay our attention to the miners, of whose manner of life we have engraved several illustrations. The first picture represents the manner in which the gold diggers of California are accustomed to occupy themselves on a rainy day, viz., in mending their clothes, and repairing their boots and tools—in-door occupation, and a very necessary duty. The second picture is rather a ludicrous one, and represents an interior view of a man's cabin, which has been taken possession of by one of the numerous bears that abound in the diggings, and which seemed to have regaled itself sufficiently on the stores of the cabin is now seen warming itself, after the style of a human being, across a chair. The third picture represents the miners engaged

tively engaged over the fire, with the food, the savory smell of which attracts the dog hard by, who eyes it wishfully, while the other miner is pounding up corn with a pestle and mortar, to make a pudding with which to finish the meal. Hunger is said to be the best sauce for supper, and consequently, as these hardy sons of toil have plenty of appetite, we must suppose that their sauce is of the choicest sort. The fourth picture represents the miners washing their clothing on the river's bank, and hanging the clothes to dry on the branches of the trees. Their wants are simple and easily supplied. They require neither starching nor ironing for their coarse under clothes, and they are quickly cleansed and ready for use without the laundress's care. To many this life, aside from the idea of profit by the obtaining of gold, has its charms; and we must confess that we do not wonder that a feeling of this character should possess many a stout heart and gallant spirit. The very flower of New England youth—that is to say, its bone and sinew—have emigrated to the shores of the Pacific, in search of the shining metal and of adventure. As we have before taken occasion to remark, there are very few families, even, who do not count one or more members of their circle as among the gold seekers and California adventurers. The consequence of this immense amount of manual labor devoted to the purpose of mining, is to increase both the yield of gold and the mortality of the country, which, to a vast number of constitutions, proves fatal. And while some return enriched with gold to the



OCCUPATION FOR RAINY DAYS.



A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

scenes of their childhood, a vast number die at a distance from friends and home. Many philosophize and say that the discovery of gold in California is, in reality, a curse rather than a blessing. They adduce all the contingent evils that have resulted from the matter, but forget that they cannot divine the hidden purpose of Divine Providence, that has thus revealed the hidden wealth of the earth to men's eyes. California and Australia have saved the world from commercial crises, and now the wealth that pours in from those favored lands is lifting the burthen that has weighed so heavily on commercial and industrial interests, and bringing back those better times in which all humanity is interested. The next engraving exhibits John Chinaman on his way to the mines—for even the Celestials early heard of the gold discovery and hastened to secure their share of the spoil. The pioneer Celestial miners made their appearance in the mountain gorges and on the river bars of California early in 1849, and ever since that time they have been steadily increasing in numbers, until they have now overrun the whole mining country. They are industrious, frugal, peaceable and temperate; and are willing to take up abandoned claims. They are generally quite inoffensive, and as they molest no one are not looked upon as intruders. While upon this theme we are led to recall the wonderful incentive that has peopled California in an incredibly short period of time with so dense a population—gold, gold. A few words relative to this metal geologically considered, will be perhaps interesting to the reader. Gold is the only metal that has a yellow color—a characteristic by which it is at once distinguished from all other simple metallic bodies. It is the most malleable of the metals.

It is exceedingly soft and flexible, but its tenacity is sufficiently great to sustain, in a wire one-tenth of an inch in diameter, 500 pounds weight without breaking. Its specific gravity is 19.3. In hardness it is above lead and tin, but inferior to iron, copper, platina and silver. Its lustre does not equal that of steel, platina or silver, but it surpasses the other metals in this respect. It may be exposed for any length of time to the atmosphere without suffering the least change. It is also equally unalterable in the common fire; but on being exposed to powerful burning mirrors, or to the heat of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, it melts, and even rises in vapor. Gold is not oxidized or dissolved by any of the pure acids. Its only solvents are chlorine and nitro-muriatic acid; and, according to Sir Humphrey Davy, the chlorine is the agent in both cases, since the nitro-muriatic acid does not dissolve gold, except when it gives rise to the formation of chlorine. It is to be inferred, therefore, that the chlorine unites directly with the gold, and that the compound formed is a chloride of gold. There is no inconvenience, however, in regarding it as a muriate, since re-agents act upon it as if it were such. The gold is precipitated from its solvent by a great number of substances. Lime and magnesia precipitate it in the form of a yellowish powder. Alkalies exhibit the same appearance; but an excess of alkali re-dissolves the precipitate. The precipitate of gold obtained by a fixed alkali, appears to be a true oxide, and is soluble in the sulphuric, nitric, and muriatic acids, from which, however, it separates by standing. Gallic acid precipitates gold of a reddish color, and very soluble in nitric acid, to which it communicates a fine blue color. Ammonia precipitates the solution of gold much more readily

than fixed alkalis. This precipitate, which is of a yellowish brown color, possesses the property of detonating with a very considerable noise, when greatly heated. It is known by the name of *fulminating gold*. Most metallic substances precipitate gold from its solution in nitro-muriatic acid. Lead, iron and silver precipitate it of a deep and dull purple color; copper and iron throw it down in its metallic state. A plate of tin immersed in a solution of gold, affords a purple powder, called the *purple powder of Cassius*, which is used to paint in enamel. Ether, naphtha and essential oils take gold from its solvent, and form liquors, which have been called *potable gold*. The gold which is precipitated on the evaporation of these fluids, or by the addition of sulphate of iron to the solution of gold, is of the utmost purity. The principal use of gold, as is well known, is in coinage. It has been with mankind, from time immemorial, the representative sign of every species of property. Even before the art of coinage was invented, it passed for money in the condition in which it was found in the earth; and in this form it still enjoys a currency in many parts of Africa. It is rarely employed in a state of perfect purity, but is almost universally alloyed with copper, or with silver, to increase its hardness. The alloy of gold and silver is found already formed in nature, and is that most generally known. It is distinguishable from that of copper, by possessing a paler yellow than pure gold, while the copper alloy has a color bordering upon reddish yellow. A variety of means are employed to judge of the quality of alloys, supposed to consist in part, or principally, of gold, without resorting to a regular analysis. The most common of these consists in the use of the *touchstone*. A mark is

made upon the stone with the alloy, upon which a drop of nitric acid is placed by means of a feather; if the metallic streak disappears, the alloy is destitute of gold; if visible only in little points, at distant intervals, it indicates a small proportion of this metal; whereas, if the continuity and density of the mark remain unbroken, it evinces that the piece on trial is pure gold. This test is obviously founded upon the property possessed by gold of being insoluble in nitric acid, while silver, copper, and their alloys, with zinc, are instantly taken up by this solvent. It requires, however, much practice to determine, with any considerable degree of precision, the amount of gold present in alloys by means of this test. The trial of specific gravity is another mode of ascertaining the proportion of gold in alloys; and it was in this manner that Archimedes detected the amount of silver in a crown which was to have been made of pure gold for Hiero, king of Syracuse. But this method only gives approximations, since certain alloys are more, and others less dense, than the mean density of the metals which compose them. In the coining of gold, where it is necessary to be assured of the purity of the metal, the trials just mentioned are never adopted. If the gold to be made use of appears to contain copper—which is inferred from its reddish tinge—it is made to undergo cupellation with a given quantity of pure lead; by which means the copper quits its union with the gold, and unites with the lead, leaving the former by itself, and in this way, the proportion of gold in the alloy is ascertained. If silver is presumed to be the alloying metal, the operation consists in melting the alloy with three times its weight of silver, rolling the compound into thin sheets, forming these into coils, and



MINERS PREPARING THEIR FOOD.

plunging them into nitric acid slightly diluted; the silver is promptly dissolved, while the gold remains unaffected. Boyle has observed that a grain of gold, reduced to leaves, will cover a surface of fifty square inches; that each one of these square inches may be divided into 46,656 other little squares, and that, of course, the entire amount of surface derived from one grain of gold is capable of being divided into 2,322,800 parts, each of which is visible to the naked eye. Native gold exists in veins in primitive mountains, but not in the greatest quantity in those which are esteemed to be of the oldest formation. Its immediate gangue is generally quartz; and it is associated with the ores of silver, sulphuret of iron, lead, nickel, copper, etc. It is often so minutely disseminated, that its presence is detected only by pounding and washing the rocks in which it exists. But native gold is more often found in the sand of rivers, in valleys and plains, into which it has been carried, from its original repositories, in the shape of larger or smaller, generally flat pebbles, mingled with quartz. The mountain of Vorospatak, near Abrudbanya, in Transylvania, is a remarkable instance of a rock impregnated throughout with a small portion of gold. It has been worked to a considerable extent since the time of the Romans; it consists of greywacke and porphyry. In a similar rock it is found in many places along the chain of the Alps, and in the Schlangenberg in Siberia. But the greatest quantity of gold is obtained from the alluvial soils of several islands in the Indian Ocean, from the southern, middle and western parts of Africa, and from Brazil, Mexico and Peru. The sands of several European rivers, also, as the Danube, the Rhine, and the Rhone, afford small quantities of gold; and, within a few years, the rivers of California have been found to yield abundantly of the precious metal. The mines of North Carolina have furnished lucrative diggings, chiefly in the counties of Mecklenberg and Cabarras; in the latter, a single lump of gold was found weighing twenty-eight pounds. The gold is not wholly obtained from alluvion in these districts, but is occasionally pursued in the quartz rock, which abounds with cavities, often partly filled with decomposed iron pyrites. Humboldt estimates the average product of gold per year of South America and New Spain at nearly \$11,000,000; while Europe furnishes annually about one-twelfth this amount, the greater part of which comes from the mines of Hungary. The largest amount of gold from Georgia and Carolina, coined in any one year, has been about \$320,000. The metallurgic treatment of the ores of gold, where the gold is free, consists in submitting them to the contact of mercury after they have been crushed and rendered fine by washing. The levigated ore and the mercury are agitated together, until it is conceived that the amalgamation is perfect, when the compound is exposed to a heat sufficiently intense to volatilize the mercury, which is condensed, and recovered for successive operations. When gold occurs intimately mingled with iron pyrites, the process differs from that described above, only in that it is necessary to roast the ore, in order to pulverize it sufficiently to set it at liberty. Much more might be given while on this subject, but our

readers will find abundant information is almost every work that treats of the precious metals. Our next engraving depicts a California senorita, not a very attractive picture of female loveliness, and calculated sadly to damage the romantic visions of day-dreamers and lovers of the beautiful. The next picture we present is a view of the cemetery at Sacramento. The view is taken as it appears from an elevated point on the road to Sutter. This cemetery was laid out in the fall of 1850, and just before the dreadful cholera made its appearance there. Before that time, interments were made on the upper part of J Street, in the immediate vicinity of Sutter's Fort. In fact, this ground had been the receptacle of bodies for a long time prior to the discovery of the gold, as the dates upon the tombstones show. It has since been so far encroached upon by the public road, that many of the graves are now daily trodden under foot by animals and foot passengers going on the Coloma road. The present cemetery is on the highest ground in the vicinity of the city, and commands an unobstructed view of the river, the coast range, the Sierra Nevada and the city itself. The hill is composed of sand, and every portion of it is far above high-water mark, which circumstance renders it a peculiarly favorable location for a cemetery. The friends and relatives of many of the deceased buried in these grounds, have exhibited their love and remembrance for the departed, by adorning and beautifying their graves, by the planting of shrubbery, and the erection of neat and substantial palings. The prominent monument which appears in the centre of the view, was erected to the memory of Mr. Woodland, one of the most efficient officers and esteemed citizens of Sacramento. He was shot while discharging his duties as a civil magistrate during the disgraceful squatter riots. During the prevalence of the cholera, the city of the living emptied a great portion of its population into the city of the dead, until there were scarcely enough left who could be found willing to nurse the sick, or convey the dead to their long home. It is computed that this awful scourge swept off at least one thousand of the residents of Sacramento and vicinity. The city, however, has, since the disappearance of that terrible disease, enjoyed an immunity from sickness which ranks it among the most healthful towns of the continent. Our last engraving is a very expressive one, representing the miners engaged in weighing the dust which has cost them so much labor to procure. The tools of their calling are strewn upon the table before them, eating utensils, fire-arms and scales. One is enjoying his pipe, and another looks on thoughtfully at the operation of weighing which is performed by his comrade. Probably no persons engaged in any business have a more realizing sense of success when it comes than the miners do. Their occupation involves the severest toil—toil to which the work performed by laborers in building the embankments for our railroads is mere pastime. Often are they disappointed, but when the glittering gold meets their eyes, when at the end of a long hard day they sum up their gains, they cannot but feel exultant—for the success is palpable, tangible, and may be exactly measured.

California was visited as early as 1570, by Sir Francis Drake. This great navigator on his return, reported his conviction that there was "no part of the country wherein there is not some special likelihood of gold." Yet though his statement was frequently repeated by subsequent voyagers, no search seems to have been made for the precious metal. Under Spain the history of California is only interesting on account of its missions, and its population consisted mainly of Indians and the priests and servitors attached to these establishments. When Mexico threw off the Spanish authority and became a federal republic, California, not having a sufficient number of inhabitants to form a State, was erected into a territory—and as such, embraced the whole region west of New Mexico and north of California Baja and Sonora. Thus matters stood until

minished by the formation of the territories of Utah and New Mexico.

The characteristic features of California are determined by the two great ranges—the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range—which traverse it northwest and southeast. Between these is the splendid valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, to the east wide, sandy plains, and to the west a comparatively narrowed slope to the Pacific, on the south watered by the Salinas and numerous smaller streams, and on the north by Russian, Eel and Klamath rivers. The mountain masses which constitute the peninsula of California Baja, extend undivided into the State of California as far north as the snow-capped peaks of San Bernardino, where they divide into the two great ranges already mentioned. These ranges both run in a northwestern and generally



MINERS WASHING THEIR CLOTHES.

1844 or 1845, when parties from the United States began to move into the territory; and eventually these, on the breaking out of the war between Mexico and the United States, took possession of the country. At the peace of Guadalupe Hidalgo, February 2, 1848, it was ceded to the Union. About this time the opinion of Drake was verified—gold was discovered; and on information of the event reaching the Atlantic, a mighty emigration commenced, not only from the old States, but also from Europe and Asia, which has since continued. The country rapidly filling up, the military government, which had been instituted by the home authorities, was superseded by one based on a constitution, promulgated by a convention on the 13th of October, 1849. Thus California became a State, and as such was admitted into the Union the 9th of September, 1850, but with its original limits di-

parallel direction. The eastern range, called the Sierra Nevada, is by far the loftiest, many of its peaks being above the snow-line—Saddle Peak, 7200 feet high, the Table Mountain, 8000, the Butte, 9000, Mount St. Joseph about 10,000, and Mount Shasta, at the northern extremity of the range, 14,390 feet above the sea. This range is opened by few, and those very elevated, passes. The Coast Range runs at a short distance only from the ocean, to which it is generally parallel. The average height varies from 2000 to 3000 feet—its highest peak, Mount Diavolo, at the head of San Francisco Bay, is 3770 feet above the sea. This range is broken near Mount Diavolo by the united Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, decreases in altitude towards the north, and finally re-unites with the Sierra Nevada near Mount Shasta. From this point northward the country is wholly mountainous, the Sierra Nevada, with



A CHINAMAN EN ROUTE FOR THE MINES.

its offsets and connecting ranges, occupying the entire breadth of Northern California, extending northward till it is lost in the Cascade Range of Oregon. Between the Sierra Nevada and the great valley of the line of lower mountains, and both from the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range, lesser lateral ranges and offsets diverge, forming numerous narrow valleys and ravines.

The basin included between the two great ranges, though really one great geographical formation, bears the names of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, from the rivers which rise respectively at its northern and southern extremities. This fine valley is upward of 500 miles long and 50 miles wide, and has evidently, at some remote period, been the bed of a vast lake, the waters of which have been released from their mountain prison by some convulsion of nature, having broken the Coast Range at San Francisco Bay. At the southern extremity of the valley are the Tulnare lakes, which, during the wet season, extends about 100 miles in length. The soil and climate vary considerably, but a large part of the soil is very fertile. The surface is much diversified, being broken into rugged hills at its northern end, and, in many places along its eastern side, by well-wooded spurs from the Sierra. Toward the south, near the Tulnare lakes, and along the banks of the two great rivers, it is low and level, rising gently

into undulating slopes, which break into low hills as they approach the mountains. The richest and most picturesque part of the valley is that central portion of it which encloses San Francisco Bay and the delta. The district west of the Coast Range—almost the only parts of California inhabited previous to American occupation—is full of narrow, fertile valleys. Along a good part of the coast the mountains come close down to the sea; but along a still larger, there extends a tract of low sand-hills, which, in some places, reach many miles inland. The country east of the Sierra Nevada is mostly level, and much of it sandy and barren. Its character, however, is little known, but along the Colorado it is supposed to have a rich alluvial soil.

The most important rivers are the Sacramento and the San Joaquin. The Sacramento rises at the northern extremity of the great valley, its head streams issuing chiefly from Mount Shasta and some of its spurs. Its affluents are mainly from the Sierra Nevada; and though mostly mere mountain torrents, some of them—as the Feather, the American, the Cosumes, the San Joaquin rivers—are of some importance. Near Mount Diavolo the Sacramento receives the San Joaquin, and the united river turns abruptly to the west, and, soon after, expanding, opens into San Francisco Bay. The San Joaquin issues from the Tulnare lakes. Its course is north and northwest, and, like the Sacramento, it receives numerous tributaries from the Sierra. During the wet season, these rivers are subject to great floods, and the San Joaquin frequently floods much of the low lands on the borders. The Sacramento is navigable at all seasons to the city of the same name, 150 miles from its mouth; the San Joaquin, above Stockton, has sufficient depth for only very small craft. The Colorado, the lower part of which drains the south-eastern portion of the State, and which falls into the Rio Gila, is navigable for vessels drawing six or seven feet of water.

California has a dry and wet season, corresponding nearly with the summer and winter seasons of the Atlantic. But there are considerable variations, both in temperature and the amount of moisture. North of latitude 30°, the air during the dry season is much less parched, and rains occur earlier than in the southern districts. Along the coast the climate is much more temperate than in the great valley, while east of the Sierra the atmosphere is necessarily hot and dry. Heavy fogs visit the coast in summer, and a cold wind sets in regularly towards noon from the sea, and continues to blow with increasing force and keenness till late at night. Some few miles inland the cold is modified, and the temperature becomes quite equable and agreeable. Throughout the great valley the mid-day heat is so great, that it renders labor in the open air unpleasant, and often impracticable. The soil along the valley is extremely rich, and needs only judicious irrigation to make it produce almost every variety of crop. Tobacco, rice,

maize, and most plants, except cotton, which grow in the warmer parts of the Union, flourish in the sheltered, lateral valleys; while in the main valleys, cereals produce extraordinary crops, and grasses, peaches, etc., thrive admirably. The grasses are luxurious and nutritious, affording excellent pasturage. North of 39° are extensive forests of pine and oak.

The prominent industry of California is gold mining; but this is by no means the only employment of the people. Agriculture has also become a leading pursuit, and great advances have been made in manufactures. Manufacturing industry, however, is as yet chiefly applied to the production of machinery for marine and mining purposes, and hence the general wants of the State in this connection are still supplied from the older States and Europe. It may be said, nevertheless, that few States have so abundantly the resources of a national industry, or so unequivocally the means in power and wealth to develop them; and yet it is evident that so long as riches can be rapidly amassed in one or two pursuits, that others more intricate and costly in their prosecution will not be engaged in; nor is this state of facts to be lamented, since it lays the foundation of a broad connection with the commercial world, and is the prime cause and means of distributing its own peculiar products. The metals principally obtained in California are gold and indirectly silver, and quicksilver. The production of gold since 1848, the year of its first discovery, to the ending of 1853, has been estimated at 1,048,150 pounds troy, valued at \$260,000,000; of this amount, \$207,316,177 in value has been coined at the United States mint; and the remainder absorbed in direct exports to foreign countries, or retained in the State. The amount of gold exported in 1854, according to the custom-house reports, was valued at \$50,434,873, and the total amount obtained at \$65,000,000. The gold is chiefly obtained by surface washing, but already a large amount of machinery is employed in quartz mining; and in connection with this industry, at the end of 1854 it was ascertained that 1164 miles of canals and ditches had been constructed at a cost of \$2,294,000, and a large number of others were being dug. The amount of quicksilver obtained in 1854 is stated at 20,000 flasks, each weighing 75 pounds, or a total of 1,500,000, valued at \$75,000, and the total amount since the discovery of the New Almaden mines is estimated at about 3,000,000 pounds. The other minerals known to exist, with the exception, perhaps, of coal, have not as yet become objects of industry.

Agriculture is no less flourishing than mining. Until the harvest of 1854 the greater portion of breadstuffs were imported from Chili and the United States; but from that period the products have been ample or even more than sufficient for the population. Of wheat, not less than 3,000,000 bushels were raised, and of barley not less than 4,000,000 bushels. Corn and oats were also largely grown, and the potato and other culinary vegetable crops

were abundant. In the southern counties the grape and pear crops were exceedingly large. Upwards of half a million head of cattle are found at pasture, and in 1854 the number was increased by the arrival overland of 61,462 head.

The present manufactures of the State do not extend to the textile fabrics, nor yet to the many minor branches so essential to civilization. But its manufacturers, machinists, mechanics and builders find ample employment in supplying the immediate necessities of common and domestic industry. In fact many of the steamers and other vessels navigating the waters of the State, and most of the machinery used by the miners, have been constructed by resident mechanics; nor is progress less marked in the rapid improvement of the cities—in the construction of wharves, warehouses, stores and dwellings, many vieing in extent, architectural beauty and solidity, with those of States numbering centuries of civilized existence.

Commerce, as a necessary consequence of the progress and prosperity of the people in other departments of industry and general wealth, has maintained its legitimate station among the great industrial interests of the State. Dating its organization scarce five years since, the foreign commerce of California, bearing necessities and luxuries from every clime and exchanging them for its gold, stands unrivalled in the history of the past, and presages the proud position it is destined to occupy as a commercial State; and situated as it is on the confines of the continent, midway between the Indies, Asia and Europe, such a State cannot fail to take a lead among the nations of the world. Already California has outstripped many of its sister States in its commercial aggregate. Nor is the State de-



A CALIFORNIA SENORITA.

ficient in domestic or internal commerce. Supplies for the mines are carried in hundreds of steamers and sailing craft in the rivers and bays, and the same highways are used chiefly by the people in their movements. Inland travel between all the principal towns is also effected by stages, which run regularly. But these facilities are unequal to the accommodation of the commercial activity of the people, and hence the railroad is being inaugurated, and already the magnetic telegraph is in successful operation.

The constitution provides that the right to vote is granted to every white male citizen 21 years of age, and a resident six months in the State. All elections are by ballot. The legislature consists of senate and assembly, and convenes annually on the first Monday in January. Assemblymen, not fewer than 30, nor more than 80, are chosen for one year; and senators, in number not less than one third nor more than one half of that of assemblymen, for two years, one half annually. The governor is elected by a plurality of votes for two years. The lieutenant-governor is *ex-officio* president of the senate. The assembly elects its own speaker. Administrative officers, except the secretary of state, who is appointed by the governor, the senate concurring, are also elected for the same period. The judiciary consists of a supreme court, district courts, county courts, and justices of the peace.

On the 20th of December, 1853, the total debt of the State amounted to \$4,389,075—viz., civil debt, \$2,067,196; debt to school fund for land sold, \$463,360; war debt, \$924,259; and Indian debt, \$934,260. The two latter items have been assumed by the federal treasury. In 1852, the total taxable property of the State was valued at \$56,982,320, and the taxes thereon amounted to \$170,947, being at the rate of 3 per mill. The poll tax for the same year amounted to \$60,744. The total income derived from these and other sources amounted to \$366,825, and in the same year the expenditures amounted to \$925,694, largely adding to the debt. The civil debt in December, 1854, however, had been reduced to \$3,583.

San Francisco, the metropolis of the State, is situated on a narrow neck of land, between the bay of the same name and the Pacific Ocean. It was founded by the Spaniards about the year 1776, and called Yerba Buena; but before the war with Mexico it never contained more than 500 inhabitants. In 1848, on the discovery of gold, it became the rendezvous of the miners and the depot of large commerce, at the same time rapidly increasing in population and wealth. In 1850, it was incorporated as a city, and contained according to estimate, about 20,000 inhabitants.

In 1852, the population of San Francisco was ascertained to be 34,876. In 1850, there were only three brick houses in the city; in June, 1854, it contained 626, many of them substantial edifices of three, four and five stories; and the population was estimated at between 40,000 and 50,000. The principal edifices are the custom-house, mint, marine hospital, several theatres, and the musical fund hall. The business portion of the city is that facing the harbor. In 1854, 1028 vessels (555,794 tons) entered the port, and 1691 (635,484 tons) cleared. The shipping owned in the port amounted to 93,519 tons, of which 46,236

tons was registered shipping. Semi-monthly communication is kept up with the Atlantic ports by steamers. The flux and reflux of population is thus regularly provided for, and an active commerce maintained. The population of the city is singularly hybrid, and consists of representatives of all nations, among which are conspicuous the natives of China, who form a large moiety of the whole. The city is governed by a mayor and court of aldermen, and has an efficient police. It is a wonderful place; in a few years it has risen from an insignificant village to a splendid city of palaces, and to be the centre of a world-wide commerce. There are numerous other towns on the margin of the bay, but of these none require special mention except Benicia and Vallejo, on the north shore, which were successively capitals of the State.

In 1853, the government removed to Sacramento City, on the left bank of the Sacramento River, about 150 miles from San Francisco. It is a substantial place, and as a commercial town is only second in importance to San Francisco, being the interior depot of the mines. Steamboats of large size navigate the river to this point, and boats of less dimensions ascend much further north. The site is low, and a levee has been built to prevent its inundation. In 1852, it contained about 10,000, and by the census in 1855, 20,000 inhabitants. Till within a year or two nearly all the houses were of wood; but recently a more substantial mode of building is coming into use. In Sacramento and its vicinity are perhaps the finest gardens in California. The estimated value of real and personal property in the city is more than \$10,000,000. Five or six newspapers are issued here. Sacramento City was founded in the spring of 1849, the central part of the town being about one mile below Sutter's Fort, near the left bank of the American River, belonging to the settlement formerly known as Nueva Helvetia.—Marysville, near the confluence of the Yuba and Feather Rivers, and about 20 miles above the junction of the latter with the Sacramento, is another important mining town. It contains between 8000 and 9000 inhabitants. Steamboats ply regularly between this place and San Francisco, and the main road from Sacramento City passes through it. The other more important places in the northern mining regions are Downieville, Nevada City, Yuba City, Nicolaus, Auburn, Collema, etc. The most northern place in the valley is Shasta City, on the headwaters of the Sacramento. Stockton, on the San Joaquin, near its confluence with the Sacramento, is the chief depot of the southern mines. This is the third place in population in the State, and was settled in 1844, and in two years after abandoned. In 1848, however, another settlement was successfully made, and since that time its growth has been rapid. The channel is navigable for steamboats and vessels of 400 tons burden at all seasons, thus affording a ready communication with the Pacific. In the tributaries of the San Joaquin are several important towns, Moquelumne Hill, Sonora, Mariposa, etc., and a large population is collecting about the Kern River, at the northern extremity of the great valley.

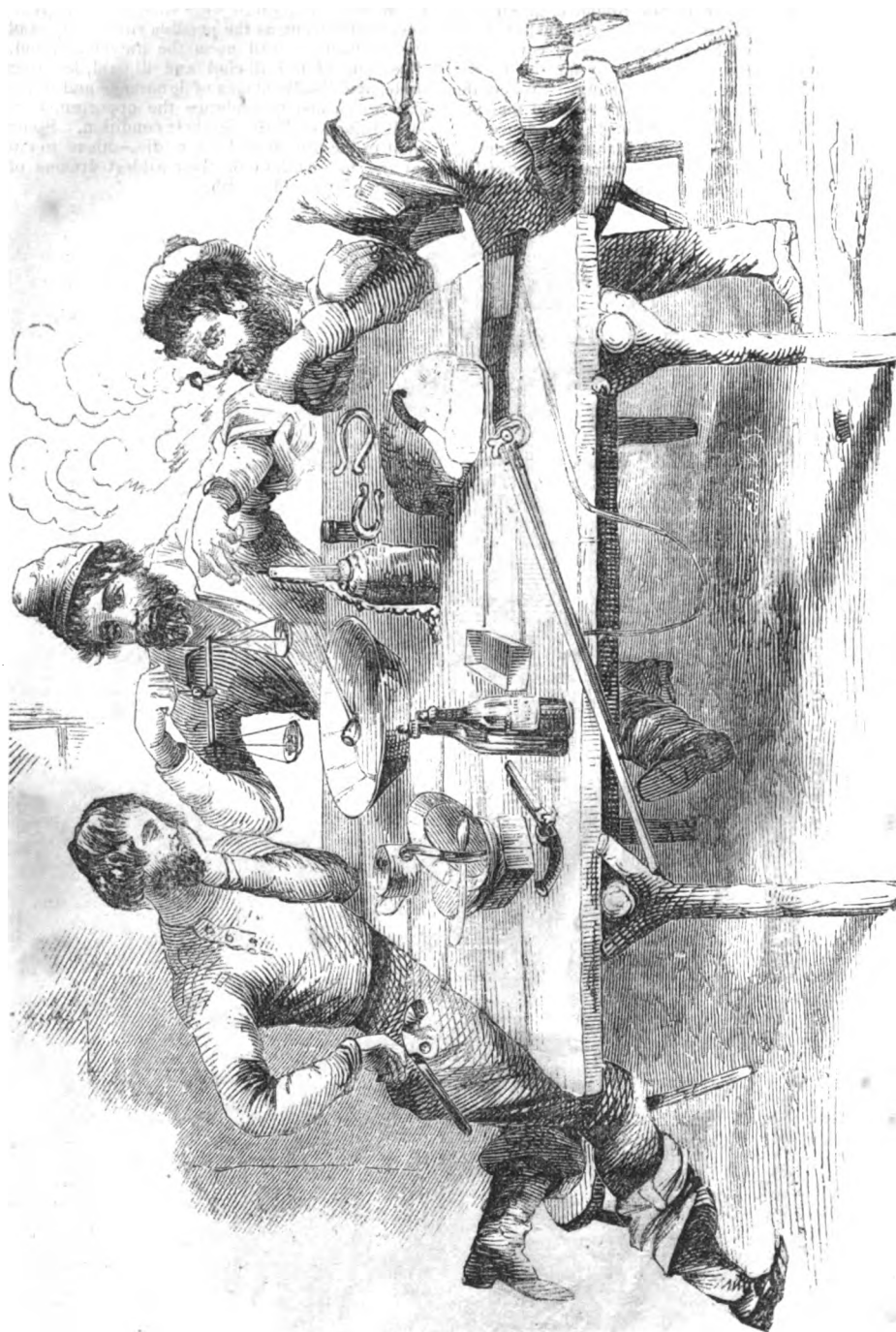
We have thus given a rapid glance at the land of gold, with its various features and characteris-

tics. Its growth and development are among the most extraordinary facts in the history of the world. Had any writer of romance, gifted with a powerful imagination, delineated such a story, his fiction would have been hooted at as violating all probability, as exceeding by far the license accorded to romantic story-tellers. When the tale of the first gold discovery reached the east, it was some time before it obtained credence, being regarded by many much in the light of Locke's great moon hoax. But confirmation speedily followed on the heels of the first statement, and

time as it rolled on only developed new sources of wealth in the El Dorado of the Pacific. Then how the new and old world were stirred by the greatness of the event, as the possible consequences of the discovery flashed upon the universal mind. The sons of toil, ill-clad and ill-paid, laboring under the disadvantages of ignorance and lowly station, rushed to embrace the opportunity afforded them of bettering their condition. Some went to the promised land to die—others to enjoy the full fruition of their wildest dreams of golden glitter and wealth.

VIEW OF SACRAMENTO CEMETERY.





REPRESENTATION OF MINERS WEIGHING THEIR GOLD.

FAITH.

BY H. POTTER, JR.

Emotions! say, it is no passing thrill,
That lifts the reason from its lofty throne;
Fancie may sway, many bend, may fill
The human heart,—'tis faith alone
That makes us live.

Love breathes a sigh when absence leaves
A shading gloom around the heart;
Love weeps in sorrow, weeps and grieves;
But helping faith bids tears depart,
And checks distrust.

The saint's path no love of earth illumines,
One glorious star irradiates his way,
One beam alone his thirsting soul consumes—
'Tis faith which leads his heart to say,
I worship Thee!

The Pagan, in his wretchedness of mind,
Clings to the crushing car to die in pain—
Clings smilingly, for faith and hope combined
Beats low, soft music, and the heavenly strain
Makes death a bliss.

Not holy faith, most deathless trust,
That humbly bends beneath the heavy rod;
That knows no blight, no cankering rust,
But brings its fullness unto God—
Its fullness without loss.

Faith in my God, and in my fellow-man,
Its preservation is the only gift I crave;
With faith my soul ethereal space may span,
And bless Our Father for the boon he gave—
His precious gift.

THE BATHS OF EL-PENON:

—OR,—

THE SPIRIT-RAPPER.

BY F. C. PRESTON, M. D.

THE baths of El-Penon, situated a few miles from the city of Mexico, are celebrated for their wonderful healing properties—especially in those fevers which the sudden transition from heat and dryness to an immoderate moisture is too apt to engender. At Mexico, there is a church in almost every street; while at El-Penon, one chapel serves for the whole village, and no doubt as earnest invocations to God arise from the altar of this humble house of prayer, as from the more magnificent temples consecrated to the riches of this world, rather than to the eternal and true God. One beautiful morning in spring, the whole population of El-Penon, together with the Mexicans from the hotel of the baths, were assembled in and around the church to witness a procession which was about to pass. The street was strewn with flowers and branches of trees, and the women and children carried in their

hands immense bouquets. Suddenly a voice exclaimed, "Behold the saint! behold the saint!" And all assembled, fell upon their knees.

A young girl, of about fourteen years, was the last to leave the church. She was a charming child, with exquisite features and soft, intelligent eyes. Her rich black hair fell in heavy tresses upon her fair shoulders, and was intertwined with golden threads, and adorned with feathers from the most brilliant birds of that country. A beddice of many colors, spangled with silver and gold, a short, striped skirt, ornamented in the same way, gave her the air of one of those dark Mexican beauties seen only in pictures. Radiant and proud (for it was on her account the crowd had assembled), she walked by the side of a lady still young and beautiful, though so pale and sickly-looking, that she seemed scarcely able to support herself.

The young girl's name was Maria; the lady who accompanied her, Madame de Saint Maurice, was her mother. Maria had come to make her first communion. In Mexico, this ceremony holds a peculiar character, from the devotion of its inhabitants. In their eyes, there is not a more august fete—it seems to surround the communicant with a halo; she is a true saint; they pray to her; they ask miracles of her.

As the young girl approached, the women held their bouquets out, so that they might touch her dress and her hair, as they touch the holy sacrament in the solemnities of the Corpus Christi. She received this homage with a charming grace and simplicity, smiling upon all, and even kissing her hand to these honest people. A young boy, sixteen years of age, but large enough to stand for the Apollo Belvidere, with expressive features and eyes full of fire, regarded Maria with an admiration which he could not conceal.

"Madrecita! Madrecita!" cried he, with all the force of eloquence. This word signifies, "She is as beautiful as my mother;" and with Mexicans, whose love for mother is developed in the highest degree, no praise could be more expressive. At the same time he held towards her, with a supplicating air, a bunch of red gillyflowers.

The little saint stopped, and glancing first at the young boy, and then to her mother, said naively: "Mother, how noble he looks! Do you wish to give me your bouquet?"

As the trembling hand of the young boy held it to her, tears of joy glistened in his eyes.

"Thanks! But I wish to give you something in exchange." And unloosing a string of beads,

with a medallion attached to it, from her arm, she presented it to him, saying: "Here is something which will remind you of me."

The young Mexican raised it ardently to his lips. Maria was sensible of this movement, and the instinct of the girl developing already in her innocent self-love, she was not indifferent to it.

"What is your name?" asked she, with her usual brusqueness.

"Joseph, mademoiselle."

"Ah, well! Joseph, you must come and see me at the hotel."

"What are you thinking of, foolish child?" inquired a voice which made an attempt to soften its natural rudeness. "And you, cousin, why do you allow Maria to talk thus before everybody, for a quarter of an hour, with this mendicant?"

"Mendicant!" repeated Joseph, in a voice of grief, lowering his head to conceal this time a tear of bitterness. He then darted through the crowd and disappeared.

"Fie, wicked cousin!" said Maria. "You have given pain to that poor boy!"

"Let us go. Take my arm, headstrong girl, and make peace."

"I will not!" said the little girl, with a very resolute pout. And she took her mother's hand.

"Spoiled child!" said her mother, regarding her complacently.

They took the street towards the hotel, in the midst of the crowd which escorted them respectfully, without having understood this incident. One person only had taken interest in it, as a party concerned; this was Joseph, who regarded Maria's cousin with a look full of indignation.

This cousin was a tall, thin young man, with sharp features, a disagreeable expression, and treacherous eyes. Spanish by origin, he was connected to the family of Maria, whose father, a rich Mexican merchant, had married a French lady. Forced to banish himself from Madrid, on account of errors which he had committed, he had come to Mexico to attempt to build up a fortune which his extravagances had dissipated. His relative, M. de Saint Maurice, had consented to interest himself in his house. From that time, his attentions were directed towards his cousin, who would one day realize a large fortune, and whose growing charms excited in his unsatisfied nature a violent passion which he had not thought himself capable of. He was artful enough to conceal from the parents of Maria his bad heart and his immoderate thirst for gold. They took his eagerness for gain, for intelligence in business

affairs, and his obsequiousness to his little cousin, for friendship. But childhood is gifted with a rare faculty of penetration. The customs, the prejudices of the world have no influence upon the suddenness of its impressions; it loves or it hates by instinct, and almost always it is right in these two sentiments.

Maria bore with impatience the attentions of her cousin. She took every occasion to avoid him, and notwithstanding her years, the child seemed gifted with a woman's perception, and felt an indescribable uncomfortableness in the contact and the regard of this man. She told her mother of her dislike, but her parents, who had made a spoiled child of her, only sneered at her complaints, which had the effect of increasing her aversion. Her mother was one of those effeminate and listless natures whom contradiction fatigued, and who always needed some one to direct and rule her. She yielded to the influence which her husband's cousin exercised in the house, not perceiving that he seemed in a fair way to become more a master of it than her husband himself. He, absorbed by his affairs, was happy in a partnership which discharged him from a part of his cares, and he saw that his records were well kept, rather than that his house was ruled by an intriguer.

As for M. Juan Hernandez (for so the Spaniard was called), he affected to take the indifference and reproaches of Maria for charming little freaks, never taking offence at them, and maintained at each new injury an imperturbable smile stereotyped upon his face.

The health of Madame de Saint Maurice required the baths of El-Penon, and Juan was no less desirous than her husband to make this visit, who, detained by urgent business, had not been able to be present at the first communion of his daughter, and Juan had come in his stead.

The next day, before his departure, he wished to make his peace with Maria; but she displayed more coldness than usual, reproached him in a childish but very resolute manner for having caused the poor Mexican boy to cry, merely because she thought him handsome.

"Very well," said she, with a fascinating refractoriness, "as you contradict me, I love this boy better than you. He is more noble, and better!"

Juan concealed his chagrin wonderfully, delaying till another occasion his revenge.

Madame de Saint Maurice reproached her daughter; but there was in her little head a firmness of resolution and a justness of ideas perfectly immovable.

The day passed like the others, in a very

monotonous manner. At night, the mother and daughter went to the bath, and entering the bathing house, they were surprised at the perfume which they breathed everywhere around them. Maria ran to a table in the middle of the room, and beheld, in a vase of terra-cotta, an enormous bouquet of red gillyflowers. For the first time in her life, perhaps, she stood lost in meditation. This silent homage, and this modest remembrance of her, had touched a chord in her heart—for she did not doubt whose hands had placed them there.

"Ah, what is the matter, my child?" asked her mother. "Does the odor of this bouquet annoy you?" And as she held out her hand to remove it, Maria prevented her by a rapid gesture.

"O no, dear mother! On the contrary, their perfume gives me happiness!" And bending towards them, she deposited a kiss upon them.

The next day she spent behind the blinds, her eyes upon the street, observing all the passengers; but the one for whom she looked did not appear. As for Joseph, he spent his days climbing the rocks to gather flowers, which he came every evening to place upon the table of the hotel. Thus passed fifteen days, till at last Maria desired very much to see him. One night she asked permission of her mother to stay away from the baths. Seated silently in a corner of the apartment, she awaited the arrival of her protégé. He was not long in making his appearance; and walking cautiously to the table, he placed upon it his customary tribute. He was about to place it in the vase, when suddenly a voice saluted him with a "Good evening, Joseph!" which started him so, that he almost dropped upon the floor both the vase and its contents.

"Mademoiselle! mademoiselle!" cried he.

"Are you afraid of me?" said she.

"Do not scold me. You told me that you loved these flowers."

"And you have brought them to please me, and are afraid that I should scold you. On the contrary, I wish to thank you."

"O, I have no need of thanks."

"But why are you so good to me?"

"Because your mother is so good, and has done so much for my mother; and besides, you are so pretty!"

"Who is your father?"

"My father, miss? God has taken him away. You have heard of a poor water-carman, who fell from a precipice? He was my father." Joseph stopped a moment, overcome by this remembrance. He resumed at last: "My mother was left very wretched, till your mother came to

her assistance. This is why I love your mother, and why I wish to please you."

Maria took his hand and looked him full in the face. We have already said that she had a charming figure, an agreeable face, and that her mild expression, a little sad, called forth sympathy.

"Joseph," said she, "I wish that we remain friends; and you need not be so secret when you bring me flowers."

The poor boy, overcome at this proposition, took the hand which she held to him, and raised it madly to his lips.

"Ask my soul of me, and it is yours; and if you have need of my life, take that!"

Alas, this innocent friendship, formed under the sole influence of an instinctive tenderness, was to be submitted to a rude proof. The health of Madame de Saint Maurice not experiencing a sufficient amelioration from the baths, the doctors pronounced that the illness from which she suffered would only yield to the influence of her native climate. A long time ago the young wife had obtained from her husband the promise of returning to France, when their fortune should be secure. The time had come; M. de Saint Maurice made no objection; he only asked for time to put his affairs in order.

This news came like a thunder-clap to Maria and Joseph; but the latter soon formed his determination.

"Your cousin will follow you," said he. "Ah well! I shall soon join you also."

"You will follow?" asked Maria, fearfully.

"By the spirit of my poor father, I will do so! Be sure of it."

He said this with such a resolute tone, that it went to the heart of his companion.

"If you keep this promise, Joseph, it is because you love me; if you love me, I shall love you also."

"Holy virgin, listen! If you do love me, Maria, woo to the person who shall dare rob me of your friendship!"

He heard a noise at the door of the hotel.

"Listen!" said Maria. "It is my cousin."

"The Spaniard who called me a mendicant!" said Joseph. "O how I detest him!"

"And I also!" said Maria.

All was ready for the departure of the Saint Maurice family. Juan had persuaded his relations that he was indispensable to them, and they decided that he should act as their secretary. Maria alone made an obstinate opposition to this arrangement; her youthful intelligence had discovered defects in Juan's character which the experience of her parents had failed to do.

The Spaniard was never more insinuating or more obsequious than now. He multiplied his attentions, watched everything, occupied himself with the registers, the receipts and accounts, as though they were his own fortune. It was decided that Juan should go with Monsieur de Saint Maurice to bring his wife and Maria from El-Penon, and conduct them directly to the place of embarkation, where their baggage had already been sent. They were to arrive at the close of day, pass the night at the hotel, and depart at daybreak.

But the sun had set, and no one had yet arrived. Madame de Saint Maurice began to be very uneasy. Her daughter, absorbed in a strange meditation for one of her age, was sitting upon a mat in the corner of the chamber, and held in her hands a large bouquet of gillyflowers and heaths—a parting remembrance from her young friend Joseph!

At last the door opened, and Juan appeared, pale and agitated. His dress was in disorder, and seemed soaked with water.

"Alone!" cried the wife, struck with a fearful presentiment. "Where is my husband?"

The Spaniard replied by those common precautions which announce a misfortune.

"My husband!" "My father!" cried the mother and daughter with one voice.

They would never see him again. Deceived by a *secchia*, he had fallen and disappeared, notwithstanding the efforts of his companion to save him. The *secchia* are little stagnant lakes which are confounded with the fields by the covering of turf upon their surface. The traveller often steps upon this deceitful verdure and finds his death in the bottom of a pool. Such had been the fate of M. de Saint Maurice. When Juan had given an account of his frightful misfortune in all its details, he added:

"I feel more than any one can, my dear cousin, how powerless a consolation fortune is, in the midst of such overpowering grief; however, by a wonderful chance, your husband had placed his portmanteau in my charge. Here it is; I return it safely to you."

As he held it to her, he cast a glance at once sinister and triumphant at Maria.

"Mama! dear mama!" cried she, throwing herself upon her mother's breast and mingling her tears with hers. "Dear mama, I am afraid!"

This blow was terrible for the young widow. The doctors pronounced that an immediate departure could alone save her. Juan undertook everything; and eight days after this frightful event, Madame de Saint Maurice, depressed, desolated, incapable of a wish, of a decision,

suffered herself to be placed on board "The Pearl," which was to sail for Havre. When they were upon the bridge, Maria, turning her eyes towards the shore, perceived a young man sitting upon a rock, waving an adieu with a branch of pine gathered from the mountain. This sight, for an instant, drew her mind from her grief. In her turn, she took her handkerchief and waved it in the air. But a heavy hand thrust down her arm, and an imperious voice whispered in her ear:

"We are no longer at El-Penon, darling, and you must forget this beggar, whom you will never see again."

"My God," said she, falling upon her knees and sobbing, "have mercy upon the orphan!"

An atrocious smile passed over the lips of the adventurer, and made his sharp teeth glitter like those of a savage beast.

The young girl drew from her bosom a faded bouquet, the first one that she had received from the Mexican boy, and one which reminded her at once of the happiest day of her life, and the first beating of her heart. She pressed it to her lips, and hastened to conceal it—for she kept this treasure as a talisman.

Six weeks after, our three travellers were installed in a hotel in the street Saint George's, at Paris; and the doctors were employed to restore the health of the widow. As for the Spaniard, he had studied the character of Maria, and convinced that he should gain nothing by intimidation, he thought he would try fawning. But his caresses produced upon her the effect of the contact of a reptile.

More easily deceived, and weakened by long suffering, Madame de Saint Maurice with a kind of fascination submitted to the authority of this man, and allowed him to govern her affairs and rule in the house as its master. She was glad to have him take this position, which relieved her from cares which she felt herself unable to bear. This lasted for nearly a year. The perfect unconcern of Madame de Saint Maurice increased every day; but Maria's hatred for her cousin increased also. She called to her assistance the recollection of Joseph; distance and time had strengthened this youthful passion. She had often thought of writing to him; but how should she do it? She resigned herself to pray, to wait; had he not told her that he would come?

The days were very long and very sad to poor Joseph. He went sometimes to Mexico, to hear the news from Europe, for despatches, for letters. But alas! no one ever brought to him a trace of her he had lost.

One day he was sitting sadly at the foot of a

palm tree, upon the border of a forest, when he saw coming towards him an old man who was hardly able to support himself. The heat was suffocating; the stranger bewildered in the solitude, was nearly dead of thirst.

"Some drink, my friend," said he, in a supplicating tone; and he fell down exhausted.

The Mexican approached and held to his lips the phial suspended from his neck, which contained the remainder of his provision of water. He was immediately revived.

"You have saved my life, and I wish to thank you for it—but how can I do it? Accept this slight remembrance."

Joseph sighed. The old man sat down beside him in the shade of the palm-trees.

"I have travelled much," said he, "and I have calmed evils greater than yours, without doubt."

"You have travelled?" repeated Joseph. "Have you been to France?"

"I have seen France—its capital; "is it there that your grief lies?"

"It is there that my soul is."

"Ah," said the old man, smiling, "sorrows of love! Listen, child! When I was of your age, and was in love, as you seem to be, nothing gratified me more than to relate my sorrows."

Joseph related everything. The traveller got up, and taking his stick, said seriously:

"Conduct me to the place where your father was killed; if I can do nothing, he can do everything for you."

After walking many hours, they drew near a cavern, situated very high up, among the rocks.

"Sit down and listen," said the old man, in a solemn voice.

At the same time, he placed his hands upon a rock and employed the formulas and signs known to the sect of mediums of which he was a member.

"Listen!" replied the old man, at length. "Your father wishes to speak to you."

"My father!" repeated Joseph, terrified, submitting to the influence of the place, of the hour, the superiority of his companion, and above all, to his superstitious instincts.

The old man raised his voice, as though he was speaking to a third person.

"Thou, to whom I address myself—can you reply to me?"

A heavy blow resounded through the cavern, as though it was caused by one of those volcanic concussions frequent in this place. Joseph fell to the ground.

"Dost thou know the griefs of your son?" inquired the old man.

Another loud blow was the answer.

"Ah, well!" said the old man, with emphasis. "Reply, unknown spirit—I adjure thee, by the happiness of this child; was the death of Maria's father a natural one?"

Joseph started, panting for breath; his forehead was damp with a cold perspiration, for he had a conviction that his destiny was about to be unveiled. The noise did not occur again.

"Was it then the act of a crime?"

A heavy blow shook the cavern.

"My father! my father!" cried Joseph; "tell me the guilty person! Or, rather, I know it—it is it not the Spaniard?"

The answer—that is to say, a very sensible knocking—immediately followed this question. These strange interrogatories lasted for more than an hour, until Joseph had cleared all his doubts. When he ceased, the poor boy knew that the assassin of the unfortunate M. de Saint Maurice was upon the eve of marrying the daughter of his victim!

The traveller stood immovable before Joseph, silently and attentively observing him. At last Joseph started, and clasping the knees of the old man, he cried:

"My father! my father! there is a crime to punish—do not abandon me!"

"Be it so; my child, I will assist you. But you have heard that time presses; follow me."

"Where shall we go?"

"To France!"

The church of Notre Dame de Lorette was adorned with its most magnificent ornaments; the bells pealed out merrily; an eager crowd pressed around the door, as if in expectation of some event. It was only the very common ceremony of a marriage, that was to take place; but so many piquant things had been said of this one—the bride was so beautiful, the bridegroom was so generous, and lavished gold with such bounty—that the church people were all stimulated to curiosity.

The priest was at the altar; the persons to be married, had arrived. Every mouth uttered the exclamation—"Behold them! Behold them!" In short, a string of carriages conducted the elite of the fashionable world, the Spanish aristocrats then in Paris, and the couple who were to swear love and fidelity before God, towards the church. The bride descended first, or rather was lifted from the carriage, pale as death, under her wreath of orange-flowers.

Suddenly, as the crowd dispersed under the portal to make room for them, an arm broke through the close ranks and presented to the

bride a bouquet of red gillyflowers, from which hung a medallion, attached by a ribbon. This movement recalled her to herself. She regarded the flowers, and seizing the medallion, she uttered a cry of "Joseph! Joseph!"

They thought her mad.

"Let us go, my child; of what are you dreaming?" said her mother, in a mild tone of voice.

"Of what do I dream?" repeated she, with firmness. "I dream that I have vows to keep, and I shall keep them!"

"What does all this mean?" demanded Juan.

"I will explain to you," replied an old man, stepping out from the crowd. He drew him aside.

"What do you pretend? Have I time to listen to you? I do not even know you."

"But I know you—and I have come from Mexico to speak with you!"

The adventurer felt himself grow pale under the searching look of the stranger, who continued:

"You will not marry this young girl—"

"The reason?"

"Go and demand it from the *secchia* of El-Penon!"

This formal accusation, at such a moment, terrified the murderer. He stammered:

"The death of my cousin—"

"Is your work. Providence is not a lie; it sends invisible witnesses, who will confound, sooner or later, the most audacious criminal."

Jean did not doubt that the old man, and perhaps the young one, had witnessed the scene which was terminated by the death of his relative. He saw that he was lost; and with quick strides, he walked through the church, in the midst of the crowd, and disappeared. They carried Maria, fainting, into the sacristy, and there surrounded her with attentions. The first face that she saw, upon opening her eyes, was Joseph's.

"I am saved! I am saved!" said she.

She said truly; her cousin never re-appeared. Accompanied by her mother and her new friends, she wished to return to Mexico, re-visit El-Penon, its hotel, its lake, its rocks and its church—in which she gave her hand to him who had so worthily and nobly gained her.

An aged Lady.

Miss Lydia Barnard, of Amherst, N. H., completed her 100th year a short time since. She is a sister of the late Jeremiah Barnard, and of a family noted for longevity. Her mother lived to the age of 101. Miss Barnard is still bright and active for one of her years. Some months since, learning that Spanish coin had depreciated, she expressed her anxiety lest she should outlive the full value of our gold coin, of which she holds a treasured few.

THE YANKEE AND THE QUAKER.

Some years ago, a young New Englander found himself in the back part of Pennsylvania, ashore as to the means of living. In his strait he applied to a wealthy Quaker in the neighborhood for help.

"I will furnish thee with work, and will pay thee for it, friend," said the Quaker, "but it is not my custom to give alms to any one able to labor, like thee."

"Well, that's all I want," said the Yankee: "of course, I am willing to work."

"What can thee do, friend?"

"I will do anything to get a little money to help me out of my difficulties."

"Well, there is an axe. Thee may pound on that log with the head of the axe, and if thee is diligent and faithful I will pay thee a dollar a day."

"Agreed, I'd as soon do that as most anything else."

And so the youth went to work and pounded lustily with the head of the axe upon the log. After a pause he stopped to get breath, then went at it again. But after half an hour he stopped, threw down the axe impatiently, and walked away, saying:

"I'll be hanged if I'd cut wood without seeing the chips fly!"—*New York Sun.*

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE SAILOR.

A worthy old woman in this city was one day walking along the street, quietly smoking her pipe. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing down, and when opposite the old woman saucily pushed her aside, and, with a pass of his hand, knocked the pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and to enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment, when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner; then, giving him a dignified look of mingled sorrow, kindness and pity, said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do." It touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt ashamed, condemned and repentant. The tear started in his eye; he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error, and, thrusting both his hands into his full pockets of change, he forced all their contents upon her, exclaiming, "God bless you, kind mother! I'll never do so again."

HOLDING THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

Mr. Hutchison, who visited the West Coast of Africa in the Niger steamer, contrived, we hope unwittingly, to make a king's daughter ashamed of her own appearance. "With the king two of his daughters came off, who had their teeth stained with the red juice of some species of tobacco leaf, which gave them a very carnivorous appearance. On my leading one of them to contemplate herself in the mirror in the saloon, she at first was puzzled when she looked in; and I observed clearly that she had never seen a looking-glass before. I touched her shoulder, and made signs to her to open her mouth and gaze again, which she did; and the moment she saw the red teeth revealed she jumped back with a scream of horror, and fled from the cabin in terror."

ORA ET LABORA.

BY WILLIE E. PASOR.

Oratio et Labor. Pilgrim,
 Wedding to some sacred shrine,
 Keep thy heart from growing weary,
 And the crown shall yet be thine.
 Pray and labor! sloth in action
 May be fatal to thy hope;
 And an hour of indecision
 Make your steps to error slope.

Oratio et Labor. Student,
 Bending o'er the midnight oil,
 Herve yourself to greater vigor,
 Brace your heart for sterner toil.
 Pray and labor! and the record
 In the after years shall be,
 "After crossing seas of trial
 He did reach Port Victory."

Oratio et Labor. Christian,
 Struggling in this world of sin,
 Keep your heart from growing feeble,
 Faint not from the woe within.
 Pray and labor! You will conquer,
 And the victor's palm will hold
 In the land beyond the Jordan,
 In the city paved with gold.

Oratio et Labor. Pilgrim,
 Student, Christian, ever be
 Earnest in your prayers and labor,
 And their power your soul shall see.
 Pray and labor! Earnest action
 Ever gains its own demand;
 Pray and labor! and your footsteps
 Soon will tread the Promised Land.

PAUL RANDOLPH:

—OR,—

WILES OF THE HEART.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"AND is this your final answer, Eleanor?"
 "Yes, Mr. Randolph."

Paul Randolph had asked me to marry him, and I had refused. What of that? you will ask. Why, nothing, only he was my father's friend, a very good, honorable, nice sort of a man, twice my age, whom I respected and liked very much, but had never thought of in the light of a husband. I was a gay, giddy, romantic girl, just entering my seventeenth year, and, like most all young ladies of my age, had an ideal hero in my mind's eye, whose exact counterpart it would be difficult to find among our earthly specimens of manhood. This hero, without fail, was to be tall and slender, with hair as black as a raven's wing (by the way, a raven is something I never saw), large, fathomless black eyes, that could look frantic if the occasion required, and black,

heavy, highwaymanish whiskers. I had an indistinct idea that I should some day tumble over a precipice, and this magnificent creature would suddenly spring forward, out of thin air, and catch me. I should faint away, of course, and when I recovered, the stranger would be dashing water in my face, and beseeching me, by a great many endearing titles to come back to life. Then he would take me tenderly in his arms, and springing upon the back of a coal-black charger, which stood by, pawing the earth impatiently, he would carry me quickly to my father's cottage.

After that, there would be the sound of a guitar beneath my window, at midnight, stolen meetings with my preserver, secret vows, an elopement, a private marriage, and a journey across the ocean to escape the vigilance of my incensed parents. I always forgot, in these speculations, that my father was a good-natured, easy, care-for-nothing old soul, who let me have my own way about everything, and that my gentle mother would as soon have thought of rocking a catamount to sleep in a cradle, as of undertaking to dictate who I should, or who I should not marry.

Paul Randolph bore no comparison to my ideal. He was tall enough, to be sure, but he was broad-shouldered and full-chested, with large, strong hands, that could cover both of mine, so that not even the tip of a little finger would be visible. His eyes were clear, and would light up with wonderful fire and brilliancy, when he was excited about anything, or melt into an almost womanly softness of expression, if he was speaking of a subject that lay near his heart; but they were gray, nothing but gray, after all. His hair was plain brown, without a curl or a wave in it to distinguish it from anybody's hair, and his beard was of the same ugly color.

My ideal always boasted a moustache. Paul wouldn't raise one, though I teased him to with all my might. He had a very handsome, proud-looking mouth, however. I used to think that might be the reason. My ideal had a clear, ringing tread, which I could distinguish among a thousand. Paul, though I always knew his step when I did hear it, would go about the house as silently as a woman; and very often, when I thought myself alone in the parlor, I would look up from my book or embroidery frame, to see him not far from me, reading or watching me as I worked, apparently as much at home as though I had known he was there, and when he came in. My ideal was brave, and fearless, and lion-hearted; but he always made my lightest wish a law.

Paul didn't. One day I found him smoking, and told him pettishly that I thought he had formed an odious habit, and I didn't see the use of one's making one's self so disagreeable.

"Ah!" he answered, in just the coolest way imaginable, "is smoke offensive to you? You never told me."

He tossed his cigar out the window, without another word. I supposed, of course, that he would never touch one again, but it wasn't half an hour before I found him smoking away as vigorously as before.

We disagreed, too, on a variety of subjects. For instance, I believed in love at first sight. Paul laughed at me whenever I mentioned the subject.

"Of course," he would say, "there are forms and faces that please us at the first glance, and make us desire to become more nearly acquainted with the mind and heart they accompany. But I believe that to love truly, reverently, passionately, if you will; to love with an affection that will strengthen the soul, while it satisfies the heart, there must be a long, thorough, intimate acquaintanceship. Love at first sight cannot be based on any other than a fickle foundation."

No, no, Paul Randolph would do very well for a friend, a teacher, or a brother; but for a husband, a statue of Washington would have been more suitable. There were three things indispensable to the man whom I should choose for a lover—black hair, black eyes, and a black moustache! Yet when he went away from me that evening, looking sad and grieved, as though his heart were bruised, and he would not have me know it, I could have cried for sorrow. I was not heartless enough to glory in my conquest, since it gave me no satisfaction, and him only pain. I could not account for the feeling of discontent that weighed upon my spirits like a cold cloud. There was an indefinable sensation mingling with my pity for him, as if I had put away something that long afterwards I might wish I had retained, or gone out under a black, pitiless, stormy sky, wilfully shutting the door between myself and a warm sheltering-place. Did pity for another always produce such dissatisfaction with one's self, I wondered? I could not tell, I had never felt so lonely, and unhappy, and low-spirited before.

The mellow light of an autumn sunset came in and filled the room like a mist of thin gold; but I shrank away amidst the shadows, like a guilty thing, for whom it was a sin to sit in the sunshine, after I had wounded so noble a heart as Paul Randolph's. A few late asters and marigolds that he had gathered for me, stood in

a little vase upon the table. Their purple and gold blossoms looked like a reproach to me. I could not bear the sight, and hastily took off my black silk apron to throw over them. Then I curled myself up on the sofa, and like a great baby, as I was, cried myself to sleep.

I wish, for the sake of a story, that I could fill up the next year and a half with marvellous incidents and strange experiences. I wish I could tell of countless suitors, of narrow escapes, of treachery, of rivals, of despair ending in bliss. But truth compels me to be prosy. The days had gone by, and left me with the same home, the same friends, the same heart. True, I had had one lover in the time, a lover with black hair, black eyes, and a black moustache! But we quarrelled incessantly, and parted, at last, in high dudgeon. I abominated moustaches from that time forward.

The next morning after I told Paul Randolph that I could not be his wife, he went away, saying, as he held my hand at parting, that since he could not make himself the home he had planned, he must take up his wandering, lonely life again, as it would not be well for him to stay where he should be perpetually reminded of the great blank in his heart.

I told him I was sorry for what had happened, but thought it would be better for him to go; that in my remembrances of him there would be nothing painful save the thought that I could not be to him all he wished; that I was not good, or old, or wise enough to make him happy; and then, pulling a white blossom from my bridal rose-tree on the window, I put it in his hand, and told him that when he could forget what he had said to me, and remember me only as a wicked, silly little girl whom he had honored more than she deserved, he might bring it back to me.

In the eighteen months which followed, I did not hear from him, when, one morning, my father startled me by the announcement that his old friend, Paul Randolph, was coming to spend a few weeks with us, and that a cousin of his, Miss Lucia West, would accompany him. I do not know as I could analyze correctly the feelings with which I received this little piece of news. I wondered if he had quite outgrown his old attachment for me, and if he would not look pale and thin, and sigh when I spoke to him. I thought such a state of things would be terribly disagreeable, and hoped he had found some one else to fill my place. Perhaps that cousin of his was the one. What should she be travelling with him for, if it wasn't so? I was sure I wished it with all my heart.

I shrank from meeting him, with an almost childish dread, and when, one bright June afternoon, the village coach drove up to our door, and I saw him spring to the ground, and then lift out what looked to me like a little bundle of muslin and lace, I felt much more like running away, than like going forward to welcome them.

But he greeted me with such a cordial frankness, that I was ashamed of my weakness, and cast off my embarrassment entirely. There was no trembling in the strong hands that grasped mine so heartily, no quivering in the clear voice which asked after my welfare with such courteous yet earnest politeness; no lingering sadness about the handsome mouth, no shadow of reproach in the serene gray eye; nothing to signify that a single pulse throbbed quicker for his being near me once more. I sighed.

And the bundle of muslin and lace that fluttered up to me, leaning on his arm, what was that like? The bluest of blue eyes, the glossiest and most golden of braided hair, lips the color of a carnation pink, teeth like a row of snow-flakes, cheeks flushed as delicately as apple-blossoms; dainty hands and feet, and a voice that sounded like the echo of sweet laughter; this was my first remembrance of Lucia West. I was certain that the blank in Paul Randolph's life had been filled. Somehow the reflection didn't give me such a wonderful amount of comfort, as I had supposed it would. I sighed again.

Well, a fortnight went by very quickly. Our guests seemed to enjoy themselves, and were almost always together. Paul Randolph's attentions to me had never been so assiduous as those he now paid his cousin. Though I generally joined them in their pleasure excursions, it was at her side he lingered longest and oftenest. It was her he lifted, in his arms when we came to rough places in our walks, carrying her over bogs and rocks, as tenderly as if she had been a baby, while he only offered me his hand. It was in her lap he tossed the rarest wild-flowers, for her ear he spoke in his lowest and tenderest tones. And she would tease him, and pull his ears and hair, and play all manner of mad pranks with him, till I used to wish I could shake her and make her sober a moment. I tried hard to think that she would be a better wife to him than I could have done, and that I was happy in seeing them so devoted to each other. I say I tried hard, but in spite of myself I couldn't do it.

One evening, my father, and Mr. Randolph and I, sat alone in the parlor, mother had gone out to visit a sick neighbor, and Lucia was up stairs dressing for a concert. The conversation turned upon her.

"What a gay, gossamer-like, wee-bit of a thing that cousin of yours is, Randolph," said my father, laughing. "I should think you would be afraid of overlooking her sometime. It would be a pitiful death for her to die, by being crushed under one of your big feet."

Paul smiled, and replied, "She is the only relative I have on earth, and we are all in all to each other. Gay, and gossamer-like, and small she may be, but with a whole woman's heart, for all that. Do you not agree with me, Miss Eleanor?"

"She is rather too childish for my liking," I answered, coldly, for I felt cross and pottish, towards her especially, and my ill-humor manifested itself in my words.

Father looked up at me with a wicked, provoking smile; and said, shaking his head at me, "Envious, eh?"

I could have choked him. Mr. Randolph looked a trifle surprised, I thought, but did not answer.

"You said she was your only relative," continued my father, after a pause. "I was not aware of it. Judging from appearances, I should suppose you intended making your relationship still nearer. How is it?"

I saw a slight flush come over Mr. Randolph's face, as I looked up for his reply; but he answered quietly and readily, as he always answered everything:

"No relationship that any one can ever form with her, however near or dear, will be other than fortunate. I am sure of that."

What was there in the simple words he uttered, that made my heart ache? They were but a confirmation, delicately given, to the very thing I had hoped for so earnestly a few weeks before. Why did they strike me so cruelly? Whence came the sense of utter desolation that overwhelmed me, till I was obliged to turn away, in order to hide the quick tears brimming to my eyes?

Ah! only those who have blinded themselves for years to the secrets of their own hearts, and felt self-deception like a false covering suddenly wrunched away as with a grasp of fire, can answer me. I knew then what I had never known before. Sentimentalism, vanity, romance fell away from me in an instant; a hateful, treacherous mask that had covered my eyes so long. I looked, for the first time, into my naked heart, and saw daguerreotypes in its innermost recesses, a face, grave, serene, noble—the face of Paul Randolph! Too late I had discovered how dear he was to me. After I had put away, blindly, the only hand that could ever truly lead

me; after I had cheated myself and him, by refusing a love that would have made me the most blessed of women, I found that I had robbed my own heart of its birthright. And she was to be crowned with the blessedness that I had the first and best right to claim. O, God! how bitterly waged the fierce warfare in my breast.

I went to the window, but my steps were unsteady and tottering, I could hardly realize the startling conviction that forced itself upon me, cutting me off from hope and peace, as I thought, forever. I do not remember how long I sat there, or any of the conversation that followed; nothing but the dull, terrible anguish that stupefied me, and the hum of voices which sounded in my ears like the low mocking of an invisible fiend.

When I looked around, after the first dreary feeling of despair had spent its bitterness, my father had left the room, and Mr. Randolph was standing beside me at the window. It was the first time we had been alone together since he came. In my despair, I prayed it might also be the last.

"Do you remember this, Eleanor?" he asked, taking a folded paper from his vest pocket, and undoing it before my eyes. A little dry, faded flower fell from it into my lap. It was the rose I had given him when we parted. He had brought it back as I had told him to. Could I not have been spared that, at least, of all things?

I forced back the cry of pain that rose to my lips, and compelled myself to say steadily:

"O, yes, Mr. Randolph! You have observed my last charge, faithfully, it seems. Hearts are not such brittle things as we are apt to take them for, after all. They learn new lessons before the old ones are forgotten."

"No, you mistake me, Eleanor, I have not brought this to give it back to you, but only to tell you that I must always keep it, unless you will take it from me on easier terms. Is there no—"

"Paul! Paul! Come here a moment," cried the musical voice of Lucia West from the hall, and without completing the sentence, he left me.

What was that he had said? I leaned my head back against the cool window-panes, and tried to think. I could not tell whether I was miserable or happy; whether I longed for or dreaded the words he had left unsaid. My eye fell on the faded rose that lay where he had left it, in my lap, I caught it up, and pressed it passionately to my lips.

"Eleanor!"

I looked up, Paul Randolph stood in the door-

way watching me. He came quickly forward with a rapid, eager step, as I put both my hands over my face to conceal the sudden dash of blood that his impetuous pronouncement of my name, brought to my cheeks.

"Eleanor! Eleanor Hughes! Tell me if I misinterpret your action, or I shall be audacious enough to say more than I meant to," he cried, in a hoarse, passionate whisper, taking my hands away from my face, and pressing them between his own, convulsively. "Tell me, what am I to understand?"

There was that in his tone and words that broke through all the doubt and anguish of my soul, like a flash of sunshine. I lifted my bowed face, that he might read my heart in my crimson cheeks, and wet, tearful eyes.

"Understand anything you choose," I answered, speaking through my tears, "only tell me that you are not going to marry Lucia West."

The next moment he caught me, with a glad cry to his heart.

"Lucia West—my cousin—marry her? God forbid! I love her as I would a dear, younger sister, but she has been engaged to a friend of mine more than a year. He promised to meet her here, and it was to inform me that he had come, and she could dispense with my attendance to the concert to-night, that she just called me away. I have come back to you as I went away, loving you with all the strength of my soul. Are you satisfied?"

Of course I said yes, as quickly as I could between the kisses he sealed my lips with. I shall not tell exactly how long it was that he held me in his arms that night, telling me that after one had come so near losing a bird once, it was best to keep it a close prisoner, until fully assured that it would never try to escape again. Anyway, it was a long time, and when Lucia came in from the concert, I was very busy untangling my curls from his vest-buttons.

There is nothing more for me to add, only that I am happier as Eleanor Randolph, than I ever was as Eleanor Hughes!

GOING IN FOR RADICAL MEASURES.

Edward Paine, at the time of the Boston massacre, March 5, 1770, occupied the house, afterwards the residence of his son William, on the south side of King Street. Standing before his door when the soldiers fired, a ball struck him, on the after part of his thigh. Clapping his hand upon the spot, he went into his parlor. Mrs. Paine seeing the blood falling upon his stocking, exclaimed: "Gracious heaven, my dear, you are wounded!"

"I know it, Mrs. Paine," he replied, "and those soldiers deserve to be talked to."—*Boston Post.*

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

MADAME BEAUMONT was now in her eightieth year. In her youth she had been very beautiful, and had enjoyed the pleasures of life without injury to her natural amiability and innocence of character. Insensibly adapting herself to the gradual lapse of time, she had grown old in a manner scarcely perceptible to herself, or to the numerous friends by whom she was surrounded, and of whose brilliant society she formed a chief charm. Having lost, years before, the husband of her choice, she remained possessed of an excellent fortune, devoting her affections to her grandson Lovain and the young Amelia Villars, who both resided with her.

Amelia was an orphan, without fortune. Her dying mother had confided her to the care of Madame Beaumont, who had brought her up with the tenderest solicitude. Madame Beaumont loved Amelia as her own daughter, and already began to consider her as actually such—for she had long since formed the project of uniting her to her grandson. The young people, brought up together with this prospect in view, delivered themselves without restraint to those mutual sentiments which the promised future inspired.

Lovain was but twenty years of age—Amelia sixteen. Nothing had ever occurred to disturb their mutual confidence. But the love which has no inquietude, finishes by becoming a habit, a sentiment, which fills the heart without occupying the imagination. Unfortunately, Lovain's imagination needed to be occupied. He was lively, ardent, and romantic to excess; and it was necessary that he should be separated by some unforeseen and apparently insurmountable obstacle from Amelia, before he could perceive how much he really loved her.

Such was the situation of affairs, when all at once Lovain became restless and dreamy. He absented himself frequently, returning late, with a sadness which he did not seek to dissimulate. He no longer imparted his confidence to Amelia, who mourned in secret his change of manner.

"He no longer loves me," said she to herself, "since he thus conceals everything from me."

As for Madame Beaumont, she was in a continual agitation.

"What does it mean?" said she. "What can he be doing? Where does he go? It is singular, surely, that he absents himself so much of late. Why is he so reserved with Amelia? Does he wish to avoid the match which I have

so much at heart? At all events, I must have them married at once; for, if I longer defer the accomplishment of my project, some coquette will turn the head of the young simpleton, and detach him from my dear Amelia—and then adieu to all the happiness which I had promised myself and him."

The following morn, as Lovain was about to leave the house as usual, Madame Beaumont called him aside, saying that she desired a few moments' conversation with him.

"Ah, madame," replied Lovain, with an air of impatience, "I must needs go; a matter of importance—"

"Importance!" interrupted Madame Beaumont, smiling. "It cannot be more important than that which I would suggest to you, and which seems to have departed from your memory. Come, then, my dear boy, I wish to have you married forthwith."

"Ah, madame, do not mention it—I am not twenty years old."

"So much the better. Must one be fifty, before thinking of such a thing? Such language is new in your mouth. To have heard you some time since, one would have supposed you ready at fifteen. Now, monsieur has more important matters on hand. However, Amelia is so gentle, so lovely, so interesting!"

"You are right, madame; I am well aware of her excellent qualities, but—"

"She has no taste, either, for luxury or dissipation. She would manage a household so well! In short, what business have you more pressing than to assure yourself of so loving a companion?"

"I am entirely of your mind, madame. Amelia unites all those virtues which can make a man happy; but—"

"There, I want no more *but*s! I want you to marry her. I have now lived eighty years. I am eager to see about me little ones who will amuse me with their prattle, play tricks, break my spectacles, make me laugh and scold all at the same time. Come, then, you shall marry her—you shall marry Amelia!"

"How impatient you are!"

"Good! Patience is not the virtue of old people. They have no time to spare in waiting."

This last argument appeared to touch Lovain.

"I would comply," he said, "I would comply with your desire, this very day; but, since I must avow the fact, I am desperately in love with another person."

"With another person? Charming! And what is her name?"

"I know not."

"Where does she live?"

"I am not acquainted with her residence."

"What is her family—her fortune?"

"I am as ignorant of that, as of the rest."

"Where, then, have you seen her?"

"I have not seen her."

"You have heard her spoken of, then, without doubt?"

"Never."

"Somebody has treated you to a high-flown discourse on the excellences of her person and character?"

"Not at all. No one has said anything to me about her."

"Grandson, grandson, I will urge the marriage no longer. It is not a wife you need, but a situation in a mad-house. There! I must quit you; for indeed your nonsense makes me angry."

With these words, she left him; and Lovain could not avoid acknowledging to himself that her reproaches were in some measure deserved.

"Alas," he exclaimed, "she is right! I am, indeed, a foolish fellow. Here I can marry a girl endowed with a thousand virtues, whom I have loved from my childhood, and who loves me; and yet I sacrifice my good fortune to a woman I know not—whose existence, even, may be a mere fantasy. Yes; but if she *does* exist, what charms she must possess! What a face!" he continued, regarding with eager looks a miniature he pressed repeatedly to his lips. "What spirit, what refinement, what sensibility are visible here. How gracious and delicate the outlines of her figure! Ah, I would give all my fortune—yes, half my existence, to find the original of this picture."

Lovain ceased, perceiving the approach of his valet Oliver—a man of intelligence, whose services Madame Beaumont had gladly secured to her grandson. Full of zeal and fidelity, he was allowed to speak his mind: and he sometimes gave very useful counsels. He had perceived the inquietude and sadness of his young master, and had seen, with chagrin, the youth's coldness towards Amelia, and the disappointment which afflicted Madame Beaumont. He desired to draw from Lovain the secret which threatened the peace of the whole family. But how to do it, was the question. To solicit a confidence of this kind, is to remove ourselves still further from it. However, at twenty, the secret of our passions is ever at the end of our tongue. Lovain had need of a confidant, and, after several days of hesitation, determined to open the matter to Oliver. He told him that, on a certain day, walking in the Champs Elysees with Madame Beaumont, Amelia, and several other friends, he

had perceived on the turf before him something shining in the rays of the sun.

"I approached," said he, "the object which had attracted my curiosity, and discovered a beautiful miniature. I cannot express the sensation which that angelic face and form produced on me. From the moment of discovery, nothing else has occupied my imagination. The more I gaze, the more charms I behold. I have been every day to the place where I found it. I have frequented all the public resorts, all the public walks, in hope of meeting the adorable woman whom this portrait represents. But my hopes have been all in vain; and I am the most unhappy of men."

Oliver was too well acquainted with his young master to oppose his mood. He affected a mournful air; and, after having expressed his admiration of the mysterious portrait, promised to employ every means to discover the original. His first step was to confide the whole matter to Madame Beaumont. He did not intend to betray his master, but only to promote his true interests—for who, so well as Madame Beaumont, could keep guard over the heart and head of young Lovain? Annoying as was the discovery thus made to her, Madame Beaumont could not help laughing.

"So then our young simpleton has fallen in love with a portrait! Tell me, Oliver—is the picture so very handsome?"

"Handsome, madame? Ah, it is too much so! I have never seen so charming a face. Mademoiselle Amelia approaches it, perhaps; but nevertheless—"

Here Amelia, who had entered the chamber without being perceived, and who had heard all, could not refrain from sighing. Madame Beaumont had no more desire to laugh. She dismissed Oliver, after having charged him to procure the miniature from Lovain, if it were only for a few moments. The undertaking was a difficult one, but the zeal of the old servant at length suggested to him an expedient.

The next morning, he entered Lovain's chamber with an air of the most lively emotion.

"Ah, sir," he cried, "I bring you joyful news?"

"What is it? What say you? Have you found the original?"

"Yes, sir, I know—I know all. Quick! rouse yourself, sir!"

Lovain sat upright in bed.

"Speak! speak, my dear Oliver!" he cried.

"I am dying with impatience."

"Wait—I am half suffocated! I ran all the way here."

"You will kill me!"

"She was in a splendid carriage, drawn by four horses. I followed it till it entered the court of a magnificent mansion. Ah, sir! what a beautiful figure! She is a brunette—and such lovely eyes!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Lovain, in a delirium of joy. "What is her name?"

"Her name is—is—Romainville. "Yes, I am quite sure that it is the person."

"What! are you not certain?"

"Not exactly, sir; but it is your own fault, for if you had lent me the miniature, I could have compared the two together."

"Lend you the miniature? No, no! Here, look at it carefully. You can remember."

"I remember? Ah, I have no memory at all! I sometimes even forget my own name."

"Well, then, I will dictate a description to you, and you can learn it by heart."

On this, Lovain commenced an accurate inventory of the beauties of the picture, which Oliver repeated after him, word by word, after the following fashion:

"A lofty forehead, white as ivory and smooth as glass. Eyebrows dark, and beautifully arched. The finest hair in the world. Black eyes, full of spirit and sensibility. A handsome little nose. Lips the color of rose. A little hollow in each cheek. A well-rounded chin, with a dimple in the middle."

"See now," exclaimed Lovain, "you have repeated your lesson very well indeed."

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver. "My memory is better than I thought. Let me see, now; I will repeat it once more, to be certain that I have it right."

Oliver re-commenced; but, through design or inadvertence, he mixed everything together. Eyes became blue—hair, brown; the forehead, lofty as ivory and white as glass; the chin, small and handsome, with a little dimple full of spirit and sensibility. Lovain was in a rage; but Oliver very sensibly observed that he was not to be blamed for the deficiency of his memory.

"Without the picture," said he, "I shall certainly make some blunder, and can never be positive to whom I lead you."

Lovain, notwithstanding his reluctance, was obliged to yield. He delivered the picture to Oliver, who promised shortly to bring him good news.

That very evening, Oliver, faithful to his engagement, informed his master that he had, without any doubt, been able to compare the picture with its original. He related how, by means of a waiting-maid whom he had known in

times past, he got himself placed near Made-moiselle Romainville. He gave the most brilliant description of her charms—informing Lovain that the young lady was dependent on a guardian, one of the most ill-tempered and jealous men in existence. His name was Hardstone—a name which perfectly described his character. He desired to marry his fair pupil; and in order to bring about his purpose, kept her in absolute solitude, and treated her with a rigor which would certainly be her death. During this recital, Lovain by turns wept, smiled and raged. Oliver continued to say that, by the good offices of the waiting-maid, he succeeded in introducing himself to this Hardstone, and that he had gained the confidence of the pitiless man by cunningly flattering his dominant passion, jealousy.

"I made him understand," said Oliver, "that the quarter where he dwelt was too noisy, too much frequented. I represented that the street where we lived was a veritable desert, and so worked upon him, that he has really determined to remove hither. And, most incredible as it is, he is coming at once to hire the house whose windows overlook our court."

Lovain was in raptures. He embraced Oliver.

"Oliver," he said, "I can no longer regard you as a servant. Henceforth you are my friend."

"Just so," replied Oliver; "henceforth I am your friend. But permit me to continue my story."

What were the emotions of Lovain, when he heard that the mistress of his fancy was no less in love with him, than he with her? She it was, who had first seen the young man as he walked with his friends in the Champs Elysees. She had been in despair at his failing to regard her; and she it was, who, in passing near him, had dropped the miniature, hoping that the man she loved would be brought to notice it, and through its possession, become the means of rescuing her from her wretched confinement. Oliver concluded with the information that mademoiselle and her guardian were to change their habitation on the morrow, and with the entreaty that his young master would curb his impatience till the proper time should arrive.

It is very easy to advise a youth of twenty to restrain his impatience; but it is not quite so easy to follow the advice. A hundred times Lovain regarded the mansion which was about to enclose the object of his desire. All night long he lay awake, revolving a thousand schemes within his mind, by which he might rescue the unfortunate fair one—for he was fully resolved to snatch her from the grasp of her pitiless guar-

dian. He reckoned all the ready money which he possessed, viz., a hundred louis which Madame Beaumont had just given him. With this sum, nothing appeared too difficult of execution. Having passed a sleepless night, he rose early in the morning and prepared a rope ladder. He ordered Oliver to have a post-chaise, ready at the minute, stationed at a certain distance from the house. He was on needles' points all the day, and lost not a moment from watching the window of the apartment which his mistress was to occupy. At last, Oliver came to tell him that the hitherto deserted mansion had received its expected tenants. Lovain lent an attentive ear. He heard a noise, and believed the window about to open. Another hour of watchfulness, and the window opened in very truth. A letter fell at the feet of the young lover, who seized it eagerly and opened it with a trembling hand. Hastily his eyes devoured its contents. They were all that one could wish. This delicate missive began by entreating excuse for the apparent imprudence of its writer—a step to which she was compelled by the cruelty of her situation. She owned that she had, at first sight, been attracted towards him. She hinted that she could have no strong objection to escape from her irksome confinement—especially, could it happen by the assistance of the only person whom in any possibility she would be able to love. The billet finished with the following words:

"My tyrant is obliged to quit us this evening, at ten. My chambermaid and myself have permission to walk in the garden belonging to our house. But the garden walls are high. The gate is close locked, and my tyrant alone holds possession of the key. O that some inspiration might enable you to aid my escape!"

"What a beautiful letter!" exclaimed Lovain, enthusiastically. "Even if I did not love her so deeply, pity alone would make me attempt her rescue. I tell you, no obstacles shall prevent me."

"Eh!" replied Oliver, shaking his head; "the walls are very high."

"We will scale them, my friend."

"Yes—you might do so, indeed! But your mistress will have to go out by the gate—and the rascally gate is close locked."

"We will break it open."

"Yes; but the noise will reach the guardian's ears. A little reflection will show us that we must employ other means. We must procure the key of the garden. You will say it is impossible; but I think not. I have a capital plan to accomplish the thing."

Oliver proceeded to explain. It was necessary to his plan that Lovain should be personally introduced to Monsieur Hardstone. It was quite as necessary that the graceful figure of the youth should not be seen in its own proper proportions, but rather in a disguise that would effectually conceal them. There was in the house a suit of clothes which Lovain's grandfather, Monsieur de Beaumont, had worn at his wedding. These would be just the thing. Lovain was to cover his head with one of the old gentleman's monstrous wigs; to bend his back, arch his legs, lean on a long gold-headed cane, and to cough at every word.

"Monsieur Hardstone is rather short sighted," continued Oliver; "and I promise you possession of the key, if you will but follow my directions."

Lovain hesitated for some time. He would make such a ridiculous appearance in the eyes of his mistress! Oliver assured him, on the contrary, that Mademoiselle Romainville was a person of too much sense to attach importance to the caprices of fashion. Furthermore, she had often laughed at the dress of the young, and had declared the bygone styles much more noble and decent than the present. This decided Lovain; and he forthwith made choice of the most old-fashioned dress that his grandfather's wardrobe contained. Oliver, presiding over his toilet, praised the grace with which he wore the habit of brodered crimson velvet, the long ruffles, and the monstrous peruke.

"Indeed, sir," he continued, "one would think that he beheld the very ghost of your grandfather. Excellent! You cough, too, with such an easy grace! One would suppose you had in your chest at least a dozen catarrhs."

The moment of the meditated visit arrived. Lovain, announced beforehand by Oliver, allowed himself to be conducted to Monsieur Hardstone. Meanwhile he was not fully at his ease, fearing that, in spite of his costume, either his figure or his voice might betray him. However, Monsieur Hardstone appeared to see nothing out of the way, and received the rash youth with all the respect due to an old gentleman of eighty.

"You have a bad cough," he remarked, with an air of interest.

"Very bad, sir—very bad. At my age, the catarrh is so constant! But I forget all my ills, in thinking of the pleasure I shall have in cultivating your acquaintance."

"Sir, the pleasure will be reciprocal. I admire neighbors of your character."

"Ah, sir, you do me too much honor! Nevertheless, your flattering reception emboldens me

to prefer a little request, if I do not intrude in so doing."

"Intrude? Assuredly not, dear sir. Anything in which I can oblige a person of your respectability—"

"I have formerly had the privilege," continued Lovain, "of walking in the garden adjoining your mansion. I have need of exercise, on account of my health; and at my age, one cannot go far. Could you permit me an enjoyment which has become, I may say, a necessity?"

Monsieur Hardstone hesitated.

"Sir," continued Lovain, "not a single cabbage will I disturb."

"Eh, monsieur!" replied Hardstone. "It is not about my cabbages that I am uneasy, but—"

"I will not pluck a flower."

"Flowers? Good heavens, sir, they are at your service, every one of them, but—"

"I will shut the gate close, every time that I enter."

"Ah, sir, while you are there, I shall have no fear; but it is when you depart. One may forget—may be incautious!"

"Monsieur," replied Lovain, "will remember that I am eighty years old. At that age, a person is not apt to be incautious."

"Eighty! Indeed—indeed you are right. At such an age, one is indeed apt to be cautious. Here, monsieur, is the key. I have the most entire confidence in the prudence of a man of your age."

Lovain eagerly seized the key. Forgetful of his part, he was about to descend the stairs four at a time; and if Hardstone had not politely offered his arm, begging him to be careful how he placed his feet, our hot-head would have thrown off his eighty years altogether. A moment more, and Lovain gained the street. He threw himself into the arms of his trusty attendant.

"Ah, my dear Oliver, how neatly I have deceived the jealous old fellow! So credulous as he was, too! But then I played my part so capitally, that the most cunning of men might have been taken in."

In a few moments after, a noise was heard. The two conspirators concealed themselves, and saw Hardstone go out of his house, casting careful looks on every side.

"Good!" cried Oliver. "The enemy has gone; he yields to us the fort. I hear the clock strike ten. Everything is ready for your departure, sir. The horses are put to; the carriage stands waiting, two hundred paces distant."

"We will make the most of the opportunity,"

said Lovain. "Put yourself on the watch, my dear Oliver, while I enter the garden."

Oliver obeyed. Lovain approached the gate. He thought that some one moved within the garden.

"Is it you, my dear friend?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Yes, it is I, Lovain; enter quickly."

At the sound of this gentle voice, Lovain could scarce contain himself. He thrust the key into the lock, and was about to open the gate, when the intrusion of two quarrelsome fellows prevented him. These were a tragic and a comic poet, who, returning from the theatre, disputed strenuously on the comparative excellence of their separate pursuits.

"I tell you, sir, it is tragedy that moves the world!" exclaimed the one.

"Nonsense!" retorted the other. "It is comedy, the art of the great Moliere, which can most employ the powers of genius."

"Tragedy!" cried the one.

"Comedy!" cried the other.

And so saying, they both at once fell upon poor Lovain, resolved to make him the arbitrator of their claims, for said they:

"Here is an old man, who ought to decide the matter in question—since, if he be as ancient as his dress declares him, he must have seen an abundance of tragedy and comedy outside, as well as inside of the theatre."

Lovain was angry.

"Away with you!" he cried. "I care nothing about such trifles."

"Trifles!" exclaimed both poets at once.

"Monsieur, it is the greatest question in all literature."

"I care nothing about your literature."

They persisted in their arguments. Lovain grew excited. He menaced them with voice and gesture. Tragedy was solemnly indignant. He extended his arm in an impressive manner.

"Avant! Were not your hair so white,
This hand should punish you to-night!"

Lovain gave way to his fury. Casting himself on the two poets, he shook them with a vigor which astonished them exceedingly.

"Come, come!" exclaimed Comedy; "let us go. For a dry old fellow like him, he seems wonderfully green in the fingers."

Lovain was relieved of their importunities; but he had no more than placed his hand on the lock, when his attention was distracted by some person close at hand, launching out into a *bravura* air, capitally executed—although rather out of place, under the circumstances. The singer executed the most difficult trills, running

over the notes with a marvellous volubility, interrupting himself now and then, in order to praise his own efforts.

"Delicious! ravishing! divine! O that I could meet with some amateur to whom I could sing my air! The thing is enough to make a man's fortune, of itself. Ah, behold the very man I want!"

Lovain had not yet succeeded in slipping back the rusty bolt; and all at once he found himself assailed by the musician, who, with a prodigious flourish, informed the unfortunate auditor that he had just returned from Italy with five operas of his own composing, some few specimens of which he was desirous that Lovain should hear forthwith. They excelled everything past, present, and future. His audience would be in ecstasies.

"Go along!" cried Lovain, in a voice of thunder. "I am deaf."

"Deaf or not, I'll wager that you'll hear me."

So saying, the composer struck up a prelude, when Lovain, with a kick altogether too vigorous for a man of eighty, put him effectually to flight. But fate had not yet finished her counter-tricks, for, at the instant when the gate had sprang ajar, a tipsy fellow tumbled against Lovain, sneering at the latter for attempting to intrude upon his palace grounds.

"Hold your tongue!" he cried; "or I'll break your head. I am the Grand Turk! What are you prying around my seraglio for? Where is my grand vizier? I'll have you bowstrung."

"What shall I do with the sot?" exclaimed Lovain in despair, as he struggled to prevent the tipsy fellow from entering the garden. "I shall have the police about my ears, presently."

Luckily, Oliver was hovering near. He heard the disturbance, and ran to the assistance of his young master. The drunken intruder saw him approaching.

"Here, my vizier," he cried, "seize this impudent fellow; haul him away to execution."

Oliver's ready wit instantly suggested the proper means. He dropped on his knees before the self-constituted sultan.

"Your royal highness mistakes," he said. "It is the grand mufti, whom you assault. Let me inform your royal highness that the feast which you ordered is ready spread at the next restorator's. I have succeeded in procuring an abundance of good wine."

"Wine? Ah, 'pon my soul, I feel awfully thirsty just now! Come on! You're the vizier for my money. Hang me, but you know how to govern a kingdom nearly as well as I."

Off he reeled. Nothing further hindered. Lovain was in the garden. He beheld his mistress; he threw himself at her feet, and seized her beautiful hand. Who can paint his felicity? They hastened from the garden; they entered the street; they were safe.

"Come, charming unknown," said Lovain, in a low and tremulous voice. "My carriage is scarce, two steps from here. We will fly to Lyons."

"To Lyons!" answered his companion, lifting the long veil which enveloped her. "Not so; it is too great a distance for one of my age."

Astonished at this language, Lovain hastily turned his eyes on the young person whom he was carrying off, and by the light of a street lamp he beheld—his grandmother! He started back, and stood motionless with astonishment. Suddenly, bursts of laughter assailed him on every side. Amelia had arrived, with five friends of Madame Beaumont.

"What, madame!" cried Lovain, awaking from his stupor. "Is this you?"

"Certainly, my dear; it is me whom you have carried off. The affair has given you a great deal of trouble, I know; but you will be well recompensed."

"But the portrait?"

"Is mine."

"Yours!"

"Mine, I say. To tell the truth, I dropped it as I was bringing it home from the jeweller's, where I had carried it to be re-set in the modern style. I did not know, at the time, that it had fallen into so good hands. Do you doubt me? Give it me, then—I will soon convince you."

With these words, the good lady, smiling, pressed a secret spring at the back of the miniature. The case separated at once from the ivory, revealing the following inscription:

"Madame Beaumont. Painted at the age of twenty years."

The poor fellow was now assailed with raillery on every side.

"In love with his grandmother!" cried one.

"They seem made for each other!" exclaimed a second.

"The very image of his grandfather on his wedding-day!" added a third, laughing.

"Spare me, my friends—spare me!" exclaimed Lovain, covered with confusion.

"There, my dear," continued the old lady, "do not be so bashful about it! I have turned many a head in my day. But come, Amelia! my friend seems a little downcast, for some rea-

son or other; do, I pray you, console him and bring him back to a better humor."

"I am a fool!" exclaimed Lovain.

"Tut, tut! don't talk so, grandson. Not but that you may be a little in the right, with regard to the matter. But I had like to have forgotten. Allow me to introduce you to my very good friends, the two poets, the musician, and the Sultan of Turkey. Still, you ought to know their faces pretty well; for they have dined at my table every day for this week past. And Monsieur Hardstone?"

"Yes, a fool—and blind as a bat, into the bargain!" exclaimed Lovain, who began to recover in some measure from his confusion. "Can you forgive my folly, my friends? Dear Amelia, can you forgive my foolish freak?"

"Hear him, Amelia," said the old lady. "Take mercy on the poor fellow—for I perceive that I must yield up my conquest to you, after all."

Amelia smiled, and extended her hand. Her eyes were dewy with moisture.

"All's well that end's well!" exclaimed the old lady. "Come, my friends; the play is up."

On the very next day, Lovain became the husband of Amelia. Discovering in her a masterpiece of grace, spirit and virtue, his lively imagination incessantly accommodated itself with pleasure to the every-day realities of life; nor did he ever find reason within himself to regret the fortune which had overtaken his prettily contrived scheme of *THE ELOPEMENT*.

A DISTINCTION.

Our holy religion was designed to regulate the everyday life of those who profess to be its subjects. But in how many instances does the "fruit" of Christianity, as exemplified in the ordinary duties of man, utterly fail to commend the gospel to those who have never felt its power?

"Is Mr. — good?" asked a bank officer of a director, the other day, in the hearing of a friend of ours.

"That depends on whether you mean God-ward or man-ward," was the answer. "God-ward," continued the director, "Mr. — is good. No man in our church is sounder in the faith, or prays oftener in our meetings, or is more benevolent, according to his means. But man-ward, I am sorry to say that Mr. — is rather tricky."

We wish we could believe that Mr. — is not the representative of a class of men somewhat prominent in the churches.—*New York Examiner*.

ANGRE.

Then flashed the livid lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend'd the affrighted skies.
But louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;
Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie.—*Pope*.

THE REJECTED POEM:

—OR,—

HOW HORACE LORING WON HIS BRIDE.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

POOR Nina Barrows! All alone she knelt at her mother's death-bed. All alone she lingered, after the dark death-angel Arael had closed the eyes that ever smiled tenderly upon her. Since those days of earlier youth, when they had lain away her father in the village church-yard; since those days, when, in that village home, they three, father, mother and child, had been so very happy together, Poverty had scowled fiercely upon them, and Consumption had woven his icy fingers among the mother's heart-strings; and though, year by year and month by month, the poor woman had striven against its grasp, that she might not leave her only one an orphan, yet all in vain! And now death had conquered—all was over—Nina was alone!

Alone, and an orphan, in a great city! God help her! The lips that had ever spoken love-words, mute for aye on earth; the eyes that had beamed with a mother's love, closed and rayless; the hands that had been folded over the fair young head in blessing, cold and white, and O, so still! folded now over a heart whose throbs were hushed forever. Poor orphan! God help her!

It was a bitter cold winter's night. Round the old, dilapidated wooden house swept the piercing wind, penetrating through every nook and crevice of the attic chamber where the young girl knelt beside the dead; yet Nina felt not the biting air, though no fire burned in the little grate; she had no thought for cold or hunger, or the desolation which stared from every side of that comfortless room; she only knew that her mother, her gentle, loving mother, lay dead before her.

But she might not linger there; upon the pine table lay a bundle of clothing, just finished, and ready to be taken home to her employer, for the widow and the orphan had gone to the crowded city, as thousands go, thinking to gain a subsistence by their needles, and but a meagre, scanty pittance had been the fruit of that toil, scarce enough to keep hunger from their hearth; there lay the bundle upon the table, all finished, and with the money she would receive for long days' and nights' toil, Nina Barrows was to buy her mother's shroud and coffin.

No wonder that she started up with a shudder, and her slender hands could scarce hold the bundle she grasped; no wonder she grew faint and

heart-sick as she drew her thin shawl closer about her delicate figure, and, kissing the sleeper's cold lips, turned away and sought the crowded street; no wonder that with brain almost bursting, she thought how, with the grief of orphanhood fresh upon her, she must carry back that work, and obtain more to keep herself from starvation. Ah, the orphan has no time to waste in sorrow! She may not stop to weep, but crushing back her tears, toil on, though her heart be breaking!

Nina went out into the street. All was bright and pleasant there. The white moon flung down strips of light between the tall blocks, the gas-light burned with intense brilliancy, and, though it was bitter cold, the pedestrians who passed her on the pavement were warmly muffled in cloaks and furs, and dashing sleighs were laden with a merry freight of youth and beauty. All were glad and gay, save poor Nina. How the hurrying crowd jostled past her! how discordantly their laughter smote her ear! how the bright glare dazzled and blinded her aching eyes! She ran, she almost flew, for every moment was stolen from the few hours her mother would be left her ere they laid her in the tomb; and scarce five minutes had elapsed ere she stood in the presence of her employer.

The work was minutely inspected, the money counted out, a miserable remuneration for the nicely-stitched garments, and then the merchant tailor said coolly:

"I can give you no more work now. I have too many hands engaged, and am obliged to turn off some. Am sorry, miss, but you see it's unavoidable with me."

At any other time, Nina would have heard this announcement with feelings of keenest disappointment; she would have entreated for work, even at reduced prices; but now she received it without any such manifestations, and turned away. She could not tarry to beg of the rich man before whose counter she stood, the means of subsistence; but bent her steps rapidly homeward, if that might be called a *home*, where no mother's voice would welcome her.

Quickly her feet sped on; nor paused she but once, and then for a moment only, when, in turning the corner of a street, she was encountered by a trio of young men, upon one of whom her eye fell, in passing. Could it be he—Horace Loring—the companion of her childhood? the rich man's son, who had dwelt in the great house adjoining her father's in their distant native village? the playmate who had led her to school, gathered flowers to weave among her sunny curls, and called her his "little wife,"

promising that in after years that title should be fully redeemed?

Yes, she could not be mistaken, for he wore yet the short, crisp, black curls that had shaded his brow in boyhood; she caught the sparkle of his dark eye, she heard, in passing, a voice scarce changed, save to fuller and deeper tones, and then she knew that again she had met Horace Loring.

And then, too, crushing back a tear, and struggling to repress a sigh which involuntarily accompanied the words, she murmured, "he has forgotten me long ago!" And then she knew that there was one being on earth whom she really loved, and that love was closely allied to despair. That was a bright, brief moment amid the gloom, when Nina paused upon the pavement to listen to the echoes of a voice whose tones had been unheard for years; and the few words he uttered in reply to his companion were gathered up and put away as some hoarded treasure. But he had gone, for Horace Loring knew not that, scarce two rods distant, stood the sweet girl whose memory had never faded from his heart—he had gone; and, drawing her shawl still closer about her shivering form, Nina hastened on, murmuring, "Mother, thou art dead, and he has forgotten me! I am very lonely now!"

Three days after, the orphan sat in her little room. There was a fire in the grate, and the little closet shelf was laden with food, for the kind Irish washwoman who rented a room below, had sent up fuel and victuals from her own stores; but Nina knew that this could not last always—nor would her independent spirit suffer her to remain a burden upon others. Now she sat gazing into the grate, thinking how she might best gain a livelihood. Again had she solicited work at the shop of her former employer, but unsuccessfully. Others had been applied to, but in vain; no way seemed open, no hand stretched forth to succor.

A light tap came at the door. "Come in," she said, and her kind friend entered, bearing a tea-tray.

"Here, Miss Nina, the tea is hot and nice, and ye must not put it by without the drinking!" she said, in a pleasant, cheerful voice.

"O, Mrs. Riley, you are too kind!" And the tears stood in the orphan's eyes.

"Ah, no indade, miss! Sure, and wouldn't I be a haythen to let the likes of ye want while I can earn a dollar? So jist be a drinkin' of it, dear, while I sit down and chat a bit wid ye. Yer poor mother—heaven rest her swate soul—is gone; and I jist wanted to ask ye how ye were to get along now, for maybe it's Bridget Riley

can help ye a bit. And now, don't be down-hearted, Miss, but cheer up! Ye're young and pretty, and maybe some fine gentleman will take ye for his wife, then ye'd be high as the best o' 'em, for ye're a born laddy, every inch o' ye!"

The good woman spoke kindly, but Nina had no heart to reply, for the tears were crowding thick and fast, and sobs were choking her.

"Come, cheer up, cheer up a bit, Miss Nina," continued the good woman. "Don't be after miffin' on so! Tell me if ye can get anything to do—else ye'll worry yerself to death wid grief."

"I know of nothing, of no place where I can procure work," she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "And I will not be a burden to you longer. I will go into the street and beg first!"

By! and is it ye would be a beggin' for bread, while Bridget Riley has a morsel to share wid ye? Now don't iver let me hear the likes o' that again!" said the woman, sharply, her generous heart filled with grief. "Is it ye would be a beggin', wid yer blue eyes and curling hair, and yer little hands whiter than many a rich laddy's! Sure! and I'll find some nice sewing for ye—for the leddies will pay ye better than the old miser ye worked fur—and ye'll support yerself like a queen!" And Mrs. Riley's hand stroked the young girl's head caressingly, as she left the attic chamber.

For a half hour Nina sat over the fire, silent and calmer, for the words of her humble friend had not been uttered in vain. Hope once more sang a sweet song, and though she still wept when she thought of her dead mother, yet the tears were far less bitter than in her first paroxysms of grief. Upon the table beside her lay a newspaper. She had bought it because it contained the notice of her mother's death, which she had read over and over between her tears. Again she took it up, lingering over her mother's beloved name; then her eye fell upon a poem, a sweet, touching thing, entitled "The Orphan." She read and re-read it; it seemed a transcript of her own lonely lot; it seemed written on purpose for her, and surely, none but one orphaned, like her, could have so touchingly embodied the feelings of the bereaved!

"Why should not I write thus?" eagerly exclaimed Nina, with flushed cheeks. "I have felt all this, ay more! And my dreams have oftentimes brought me visions of all things glad and beautiful; in dreams I have wandered from this bleak, cold life, into a fairer, brighter; why can I not embody them in song?"

Speedily pen and paper were before her; and in delicate chirography and faultless construction of rhythm, she traced verse after verse upon the

sheet; and while the long night waned, still she wrote on, forgetting all her grief and loneliness in the new world of life and beauty that unfolded to her vision. It was her first effort at authorship; and a fairyland, in very truth, was it, wherein her young feet went timidly straying, and her young hand culling the first spring blossoms. The inexperienced girl stood upon the threshold of Fame's temple; yet in after years she wandered further up its aisles, till at length she knelt before its altar shrine. The night waned, and the cold, gray winter's morning found her with a long poem finished before her. Into that poem she had woven the beautiful visions of her dreams; dreamland, with its fairy people and delicate imaginings, was portrayed in sweet, musical numbers; "Dreamland" was the theme she had chosen.

The morning deepened fair and sunny, the city grew glad and gay; busy feet trod the streets; gay, laughing maidens, warmly clad in velvets and furs, went by; sleighs freighted with youth and beauty dashed past, with jingling bells and shouts of outriders ringing joyously on the clear, frosty air; but I doubt if deeper happiness made its home in the heart of any dweller of that crowded city, than in that of the poor young girl, who, grasping the manuscript of her precious poem, gilded along the pavement.

And why, you ask, reader, why was she so happy? Because a new light, teeming with beauty, had been opened to the humble seamstress; she had found the pen a fitter instrument for her hand than the needle. Imagination, a long sleeper, had awakened at the call of genius; and for the first time she realized that:

"Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form and fancy."

And where, you ask, where was she going with that first poem?

Nina had heard of those who gain a livelihood by the pen; she had heard how many coin their brain-fancies into gold; and she, too, would try her chance on the great sea of public favor; would sell her first born, her bantling poem, for bread. So, grasping her precious manuscript, she was going to the office of the paper she had read the preceding evening—going to offer that poem for sale.

Unknown, and an humble orphan, in all the simplicity of her young heart, venturing among a set of merciless literary critics to dispose of a poem their sharp, caustic criticisms would tear in pieces! Poor child! she had yet to learn that bitter lesson, that the unknown seldom find encouragement or kindness; that the words which

seemed so beautiful to her in the stillness of her little room, would be passed over idly by careless eyes, or rejected by the publisher who paid liberally for far inferior productions, because they came from authors of note!

Nina entered a large building, ascended a long flight of stairs, and knocked timidly at a door on the first landing.

"Come in!" said a voice.

She obeyed, hesitatingly. Several men and boys were busy in folding papers fresh from the press. In a low voice she inquired for the publisher, and was directed to an adjoining room. He sat before a desk strewn with books, and papers, and manuscripts; his face looked fresh and genial, and Nina thought her poem was sure to meet a favorable reception.

"Good morning, madam," he said in a bland voice, rising and passing a chair.

Nina's heart was full, and she came at once to her errand.

"I have a poem, Mr. Rivers, which I would like to sell you." And she drew forth the white roll, neatly tied with a blue ribbon.

The publisher drew back, and his manner changed. From the polite, affable, gentlemanly man, he grew frigid, haughty, almost stern.

"A poem? Ah! hum!—who are you?" he abruptly exclaimed, gazing under his beetling eyebrows, and not taking the proffered manuscript.

"My name is Nina Barrows," replied the girl, timidly, awed by his forbidding manner.

"Nina Barrows? hum—hum—I really don't recollect the name, madam. But perhaps—Ah, what *nom de plume* have you?" he asked, his demeanor changing.

But Nina was silent. In her simplicity, she knew nothing of *nom de plumes*, or what the words signified, even. Thus she had not thought to adopt a "taking," fictitious signature, under which so many, from the days of "Fanny Forester" downward, have sailed so rapidly into public favor.

"Have you ever written before?" inquired the publisher, impatiently.

"No, sir," she answered, in a low voice, reading in his cold gray eye that she, so poor and unknown, need not hope further.

"Then I shall be obliged to refuse. Writers employed on my papers must have reputation. It's the making of a paper or magazine to engage such; and I don't want any others. Am sorry, madam, but you see how it is." And settling in his comfortable office-chair, he again took up his pen.

Heart-sick, Nina rose. "But you have not

read it, sir," she ventured, timidly, still lingering.

The publisher looked up with an annoyed expression, and took the proffered paper somewhat rudely from her hand.

"Some sentimental stuff, I'll warrant," he muttered, glancing at the title of the poem. "Dreamland"—pooh, young girls are always weaving dreams now-a-days; but they don't look just right on paper. Your poem rhymes well, young lady," he continued, after the perusal, "but it lacks energy, fire and spirit; such a thing won't 'take' with my subscribers. The public taste demands something more exciting." He returned it.

"But, sir—if you pay me ever so little—I write for my bread," persisted Nina, conquering pride and wounded feeling at the thought of her need.

"Madam, I cannot buy it! I rarely pay for poems, save from authors of acknowledged merit, only for stories. Try your hand at romance writing, and I might employ you. Your remuneration would not be great at first; you must get a reputation, then the pay is an object with you. Get me up some exciting sketches—none of your love-sick, boarding-school nonsense, but something that will stir up the blood and 'take' with the people—and then come to me. Good morning!" And the wealthy publisher, whose papers had brought him a fortune, turned coldly from the poor orphan beside him.

Nina turned away, descended the stairs, and went forth into the thronged street, and that white roll was still clasped tightly in her hand; but ah, how heavy and hopeless the heart so light and glad but a few moments before! Her first dream had faded.

Let us linger a few moments in the office the young girl had left. Scarce had she closed the door behind her, when a young man emerged from a deep window in a little recess, where he had been reading, and crossed the apartment, exclaiming:

"Rivers, you're too bad, by Jove! How could you refuse to purchase a manuscript from a young girl, who, judging from her form, for I couldn't get a glimpse of her features for her veil, must be beautiful? Now, were I a publisher, I'd only buy poems and tales of young and handsome authoresses, and the old and ugly ones might dispose of their manuscripts elsewhere!"

"Then let me tell you, my dear fellow, that your paper would be sadly minus *original* contributions, I fear, for everybody knows that *blues* of acknowledged merit verge on the 'old and ugly' order! But, in this case, I don't think I was at

all to blame, for the poem was a first effort, and not at all adapted to my paper. But how the deuce did you get in here, and when, for I didn't know of your presence, Loring?"

"O," returned the young man, laughing, "I am no spirit who visits editors' sanctuaries by creeping in at keyholes, for I just walked in a half hour ago while you were out, and, finding a fascinating novel on your table, with 'please notice,' on the title page, took upon myself the duty of critic, and ensconced in the shadows of your window-seat, became so intently absorbed in its perusal, that I had neither eye nor ear for aught, until I heard the closing words of your conversation with your fair visitor, and saw her depart with the rejected MS. But come, Rivers, who is she? give me a few facts of the case, name, age, and the color of her eyes, and I'll turn scribbler and dish up your readers a capital romance under the title of the 'Beautiful Unknown.' By Horace Loring, Esq." Come, Rivers, she is none; young and handsome, *et cetera*!" And he drew forth a gold pencil and memorandum book.

"I believe the girl's name was Nina—Nina Barrows or Barrows; something like it, at any rate!" returned the publisher, smiling complacently on his rich young friend. "I've no doubt you'll make a capital thing of it! Pretty girl—blue eyes, golden hair—looked interesting in mourning—young widow, perhaps—but what's the matter, Horace? you're pale as a ghost! Eh, eh?" And he rose to approach him.

But Horace Loring vouchsafed no reply, staggered to his feet, and in another moment had gained the staircase.

"Ah, I see! Some old flame. Well, the girl was pretty—sorry I refused her poem, if it turns out so! Loring's a fine young fellow, whose friendship I can't afford to lose!" Then the publisher turned to his pen and papers again.

Again it was evening, and Nina Barrows sat beside her fire, but not sad or lonely now. Upon her lap lay a gorgeous bouquet of hot-house flowers; round her white finger she was twining a short, close, raven curl which had fallen from an open letter in her hand, upon which the tears dropped silently—warm, happy, gushing tears. That letter ran thus:

"DEAR NINA:—Will not these flowers, this lock of hair, remind you of the olden times? Have you forgotten the pledges we gave each other down by the little brook in the valley, ere you left your cottage home for the far off city, and I went back to my student toils again? No, you cannot have forgotten! I will still believe you the same Nina whose blue eyes made the sunshine of my heart. But, may I not come to

you? To-day I followed you through the crowded street; I found your abode, and to-night may I not seek you there? Wear but a single rosebud, from the gift I send, among your sunny curls, for a token that you still remember,
HORACE LORING."

O, how happy was Nina Barrows that night, sitting beside the fire in her humble home! how bright the sparkle of those violet eyes; and lips and cheeks were red as the scarlet rose she had taken from the bouquet to twine amid her curls.

Hark! was that a footstep on the stairs? How her heart beat! A tap came on the door; Mrs. Riley's smiling face peered in a moment as she ushered in a tall gentleman, then retired. Nina sprang forward.

"O, Horace! at last!"

"Yes, Nina, darling, at last I have found you, still beautiful, still true as ever, as I know by *this* token," and he stooped down and tenderly kissed the tresses where the flower nestled. "At last you are found, no more to remain alone, unloved! Nina, I know all! Your poor mother is at rest now, and who will be your protector, if not he who has always loved you? Give me that right—a husband's right! What says my sweet Nina?" And he drew her caressingly towards him.

Ah, what *could* the orphan say? There was small need of words, but she shed sweet tears of joy upon the strong heart beating for her solely, clasped by the strong arm which henceforth was to shield her from life's ills.

Many days had not passed ere Nina Barrows was taken to a luxurious home, to be blessed henceforth with the love of a noble, generous heart. Very fair, for her, grew life from that blest hour. Nor was the good Bridget Riley forgotten; but, in her station as landlady in her "swate young leddy's" household, she never wearied of recounting to her fellow-domestics stories of those days when she had befriended her mistress.

"I told her, sure," she would exclaim, "that some fine gentleman would be after marryin' her, and faith, it came true enough!"

Blest with her husband's love; sitting beside him in his study, and listening to his gentle teachings, Nina Loring grew to be an accomplished and learned woman. In her after life she wrote much and well, and her songs are on the lips of thousands; yet the sweetest poem she ever wrote, was that which the publisher, Mr. Rivers, rejected, but by which he won his bride, so says Horace Loring.

Selfishness has no soul. It is a heart of stone encased in iron.

OUR DAILY DUTY.

BY DR. J. HAYNES.

Is it for the things that perish,
 Man should only slave and toil?
 And his daily wants replenish,
 By the tillage of the soil?
 Is the clattering of the mill
 Voices only that may call?
 Is it at the loom and anvil
 Graver duties daily fall?

No! there's something sweet and softy
 Speaking to the soul of man;
 Prompting him to things more lofty
 In life's concentrated plan!
 Daily duties, high and holy,
 Far above all other kind,
 Are the acquisition solely
 Of the heart, and soul, and mind!

Truth and friendship are the beauties,
 Beauties that adorn the heart;
 Love and goodness—these are duties,
 Duties of a higher art!
 Riches great and peerless beauty,
 Thousands covet while they live;
 But ambition's noble duty
 Is the learning to forgive!

Well to heed our daily calling,
 And for present wants provide;
 Never as the sluggard falling
 Into filth and folly's pride!
 Heart and soul (while hands are plying)
 Should some good for others plan;
 Minds magnanimous are trying
 To improve their fellow-man!

MYRA THE GIPSEY.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

Cross my palm with shining gold,
 Show your white, veined hand to me,
 And I your future will unfold,
 Reveal to you its mystery.

"HIST!"

The low but deep, earnest exclamation was uttered by a handsome, swarthy man, and he laid his hand warningly upon the shoulder of his companion. The speaker was Morelos, chief of a band of gipsies who always hovered round in the extensive eastern valley of the Sierra Madre. His companion by his dress and manners showed himself to be a Mexican grandee. A moment's pause, then Morelos began to move forward with rapid steps, his companion followed him silently. Among giant trees, through tangled underbrush, and across streams, the two men went for nearly a mile. Don Pedraza followed, but his eye expressed distrust, and he kept one hand upon his rapier. Arrived at last in a dense thicket, Morelos stopped and turned to face his compan-

ion. Quick as a flash Don Pedraza's sword flew from its scabbard and he put himself on the defensive.

"Diablo! put up your plaything. You wished to speak with me on an important subject, I thought; here we are free from all prying ears." And so saying Morelos threw himself carelessly on the grass, while his handsome lip curled scornfully, and his dark eyes flashed.

"Ah, well, one cannot be too careful. You are sure you are free from intrusion here, then. Have you a mind to make a little lump of gold?"

"I don't object, provided there is excitement in the making it. What am I to do?"

"Only kill a woman."

"Sacra! I don't like to kill them. Never mind, if you pay enough, I will do it."

"I will give you as much silver and gold as your mule's panniers will hold, one side full of gold, the other of silver."

"That's generous. I will do it. Now, who must I kill?"

"In your trip there is an artful gipsy girl called Myra, I think. Do you know her?"

The chief's eyes flashed fire, but he nodded his head.

"My son Hubert has seen her, pretends he loves her and wishes to marry her. It shall not be. She must be poisoned, assassinated, drowned, I don't care what, provided she is got out of this world, and you must do it."

"I promised blindly, Don Pedraza. It is forbidden for any of the tribe to kill another, especially a woman, unless in revenge, or to wipe away dishonor. I have no revenge to gratify by killing Myra, and I cannot do it. She is the favorite of the tribe, and must not receive foul play!"

"How now, scoundrel!" said Don Pedraza, his rage making him forget his conciliatory tone. "Will you dare refuse to get her out of the way? I will hire a rascal less honorable than yourself."

"You will find it very hard, nay, impossible to find one in my tribe willing to kill the beautiful Myra. I said I would not kill her, but I will give you my promise that your son shall never marry her; she shall be hid from him, he may think her dead, and that will answer the same purpose. Have no fears, Don Pedraza, that I shall fail in my words, for it is to my own advantage to keep one of our tribe from wedding one not of our race. Go, and be sure I will keep my word, as a gipsy only knows how to," he muttered, in a deep tone; and at the same time he pushed aside the bushes, pointed to a beaten track, and telling Don Pedraza to follow it closely and he would reach home.

With many a fearful glance behind, Don Pedraza went on his way. The keen, dark eyes of the gipsy chief followed him till he was out of sight, then uttering a low, clear whistle, he again threw himself on the grass. The sounds had scarcely died away, when a rustling was heard in the bushes and another man made his appearance.

"How did you relish the old man's proposition, Morelos?" asked the new comer, with a grin on his wide mouth.

"Diablo! I could scarcely keep my fingers from the old heave's throat! How well I should have relished to have given that proud windpipe a friendly squeeze, and seen those great, suspicious eyes start from their sockets, and that wicked, lying tongue hanging out of his foul mouth. Enough. So he thought I would kill Myra, beautiful Myra whom I love like my soul who is my sun, moon, everything to me. Out upon the old fool. I'd sooner kill that baby-faced son of his, whom I hate, for he has won the love of Myra from me. Already I see her eyes flash, and the color mount in her fair cheek when he approaches. Curse upon him for a false man, my rival and deadly enemy."

"Well, what is the end of all this prating and ranting? What plan have you in your head?"

"Listen, I promised the old don, fool that he is! that I would prevent his son from marrying the girl, that he should never see her more, and I will keep my word to the letter." And Morelos clenched his fist and showed his white teeth like a wolf at bay. For a moment he seemed to give himself up to feelings of deadly hate, then resumed in a hard tone, "The young don comes to our camp; I will drag his wine and when insensible he will easily fall a prey to the assassin's steel. When he is dead, Myra will forget him, and become mine. You understand, the wine must be given to him in the silver charm-cup; as an honored guest, he must have the most precious goblet. Precious it will be, to both himself and me; he will gain a heavenly kingdom, a seat in Paradise, and I my revenge! The cups must be filled beforehand; Myra shall give the fatal drink to her lover. We must now away." So saying, the two gipsies arose and left the grove.

When the sound of their footsteps had died away, the branches were again parted and a girl of almost fairy lightness and beauty appeared. The figure was of the medium height, slender, though exquisitely rounded, and full of activity; the face was rather dark, not as dark as the gipsies usually are, but with the southern tinge. Her large, dark eyes flashed brightly, and, as she stood, her lips were parted with horror, just show-

ing the white teeth. Her dress was a dark blue skirt, edged with silver embroidery, and scarlet waist trimmed with black and gold. Her long, dark hair was braided with coins and ribbons of red and blue. This was Myra, the gipsy belle. She listened awhile, with her hands parting the luxuriant green boughs. All was still, and with one bound she stood in the centre of the clearing.

"Holy virgin! Don Carlos threatened with assassination because he loves me! Yee he loves me, and I bless him for that, but I hate the chief, and Morelos shall feel that my hate is as deadly as his own." And she clasped her hands while her beautiful face assumed an expression of deadly determination. "I will save Don Carlos, or perish. I am to be cup-bearer, Morelos beware!"

The glorious western sun was just setting, throwing a gorgeous, crimson light over a scene calculated for a painter's pencil. In the little shaded dell, almost hid by rocks and trees was seated a band of swarthy gipsies. Their attitudes were varied, easy and careless. Men, women and children in knots were scattered over the green plain. One group in the shadow of a rock was conspicuous. Several men, and some of the prettiest girls of the tribe were sitting upon a little knoll, and among them sat young Don Carlos Pedraza and the beautiful Myra. They laughed, chatted and sung; at last Morelos gave orders for wine.

"Myra, you may bring the goblets, and I beg Signor Pedraza will take a cup of wine with us for friendship's sake!"

"Thanks, sir chief, with such an invitation and beautiful cup-bearer, I will accept with pleasure." And he smiled as Myra tripped by him.

She soon returned, bearing two goblets, one of silver, richly chased and studded with gems, the other of rich, scarlet glass. She was about offering the glass goblet to Don Carlos, but Morelos spoke.

"Not so. Give Don Carlos the silver goblet, and may he find the pleasure and remedy for all ills in it, that I have always found. Here's to the health and increased beauty of the cup-bearer!"

As Myra handed the goblet to Carlos she whispered hurriedly:

"Feign sleepiness when you have drank, but as you value your life do not sleep—watch and be ready."

Myra then laughed and began to dance and play on her guitar as they drank. Carelessly though she acted, her eye watched every change. She saw, as the chief yawned, so did Don Carlos, and when, after a few attempts at wakefulness,

be called for a blanket and rolled himself in it, she knew he had heeded her words. Unsuspected, Myra had drugged all the wine, except that of Don Carlos, and one by one the gipsies fell into a heavy slumber. One hour she watched till all was safe, then rose and touched Don Carlos.

"Arouse thee! not one moment is to be lost. Give me your cap and mantle; this night you were to have been killed, stabbed while lost in the torpor induced by drugged wine. You must fly, and your cap and cloak will deceive the murderers, and Morelos will be slain by his own hirelings. Up and fly, and when safe, give one thought to the poor gipsy girl Myra, who loved you only too well. Farewell—fly!"

"Not one step will I go without you, dearest Myra."

"That is folly! Go! I am happy in knowing that I saved you from an ignoble death. Go, I implore you."

"It is no use, I will not stir till you go with me; if you refuse to accompany me, I will stay her and await my coming fate."

"If you stay, both are lost!"

"If you go, Myra, both are saved. I implore you, dearest Myra, to fly with me."

"I'll follow, but you go now, for to be found here would be death. Go, and I will put your mantle and sombrero on Morelos—that done, I will meet you in the glen beside the brook."

"If you are not there, Myra, in fifteen minutes, I will return." So saying, Don Carlos left the place.

"What can you do, child?" asked a tall, elegant lady, of a young girl who stood before her. The lady was very handsome, though her face told of a grief always present, shedding a gentle sadness over her whole life. She was elegantly dressed, and reclined in a richly cushioned chair.

"Alas, lady, it is not much I can do. I can dance, sing, tell fortunes and embroider. My former life, as you know, has not fitted me for a lady's maid." The young girl spoke very sadly, but her rich, sweet voice seemed to wake a chord in the lady's heart, for she motioned the girl to sit on a stool by her side.

"No, Don Carlos told me of your life, and though I gave him a promise to do what I could for you, I scarcely expected to find such a person. Truly, child, I expected to see a wild, elf-like being, who scarcely knew how to enter a door. Tell me your name."

"My name is Myra."

"It's a pretty name. Who were your parents?"

"I cannot tell you that, lady. The chief of

the tribe told me I was brought to them one dark night by one of the tribe and given to old Stella, and in a few days the man died. Old Stella was ever kind to me, but she died long ago—over a year—since then I've been my own mistress, going where I pleased, doing as I pleased, if not against the rules of the tribe. A few days before old Stella died, when she laid sick, I came into the tent angry with some coarseness of my companions, and exclaimed against them; Stella raised herself from her blanket and said, 'Myra, my child, be careful, your blood will show itself one day.' I never knew what she meant, and when I asked any of my companions they only laughed and mocked, saying she meant I'd fly into a rage some day about nothing. I don't think that is what she meant, but I can't tell. When I asked Stella what her meaning was, she only shook her head. That is all I can tell you of myself. How I came here, how I came to leave the tribe, you know from Don Carlos."

"Were you sorry to leave, Myra? Would you have remained with the tribe if you could with safety?"

"O no, lady, no, if I can only become good and useful. I have always hated the life I led. I never would lie and steal as the other girls did. I could not do it, and Stella never made me. When my companions teased me, Stella would send them away. Do you think, lady, I will ever grow like you, so good?"

"Yes, child, and better far. I will teach you as I would my own child. Go now with Jeanette and she will give you other clothes, and when you have rested you may come to me again."

Myra kissed the lady's hand, and followed the old nurse from the room, wondering if she would ever be so graceful and lovely as Donna Lina Hermosa.

Don Hermosa entered the room smiling.

"What freak now, Lina? Are you going to undertake to tame a real wild Zingari girl?"

"Yes, but she doesn't seem so wild, and, Rodrigo, there is something in her large, dark eyes, and rich voice, which reminds me of our lost child. Had she lived she would have been just the age of this young girl, and could not be more beautiful surely. Already I feel as if this gipsy girl were sent me as a blessing from Heaven. Then, too, your young friend Don Carlos loves her, and I will try and make her worthy of him, for you know I am not one to thwart a loving heart."

So it was settled that Myra was to become an inmate of Don Rodrigo's palace. She soon became Donna Lina's especial charge, and by her

docility, intelligence and gentle temper, endeared herself to all around her.

One day Donna Lina was reclining on her couch, and Myra sitting on her low seat beside her, when she asked her if she would sing and dance for her, as she did in the days of her roving life. Myra smiled, though her face was mantled with a rich blush, and she rather reluctantly took her guitar, for the memory of her gipsy life filled her with feelings of shame now. And one who had seen her in her former life would scarcely recognize him now. Her face had lost much of the darkness incident to an exposed life, her luxuriant black hair was no longer ornamented with coins and gay ribbons, but braided neatly and wound round her small, well-shaped head. The limbs, full form was set off by a closely fitting dress of blue silk, and her small hands shaded by lace ruffles.

"Go, dear Myra, and put on your quaint dress, and all, that I may see you as you looked when timid and blushing you came to me."

Myra obeyed and went out of the room. She soon returned, and after a little hesitation began to dance with all her former abandon and life. Backwards, forwards, on her toes, on one foot, like some creature of air she bounded. In one of her bounds, a little chain which she always wore round her neck became unfastened, and a glittering trinket fell at the feet of Donna Lina, who stooped and picked it up. No sooner did she see it, than she screamed and fainted away. A moment and Myra and old Jeanette were by her side, endeavoring to revive her. Jeanette pushed Myra away.

"Go, you wild, good-for-nothing girl. Did you know no better than when my dear lady is so weak, to put on your disgraceful toggery and make such a noise in her room?"

"She told me to."

Just then Donna Lina opened her eyes and sat up. Opening her hands she showed an elegant gold locket, studded with emeralds and pearls.

"Where, Myra, did you get this?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Dear lady, I have always worn that night and day. One day I wished to take it off, but Stella told me not to for it was a charm, and would one day bring me great good fortune. When I asked who gave it to me, she bade me hold my tongue."

"Do you know what it contains?"

"Contains? No, I did not know it could open."

Donna Lina then touched a spring, and it opened, disclosing two miniatures, one of herself, the other a portrait of Don Rodrigo. At

sight of these pictures she clasped the wondering girl in her arms, covering her with passionate kisses.

"My child! my child! My heart told me you were not drowned, as was supposed. All is clear now, you were stolen from me by the gipsies. I always thought so, for your body never could be found. When Don Carlos brought you to me, my heart felt a strange thrill. I longed then to clasp you to my heart so long desolate. How can I thank Don Carlos?"

"For what?" and the handsome figure of Don Rodrigo accompanied by Don Carlos appeared at the door.

The story was soon told, and the happy Myra was folded in the arms of her father.

"For this you were wondering how you should pay Don Carlos, was it?" asked Don Hermosa, when his feelings would let him speak.

"Yes, I asked the question, but it was an idle one, for I know. His eyes speak for him. Yes, Carlos, my friend," said Lina Hermosa, turning with a bright smile to the young man, "I know what you wish, and I know, too, that it would give my child happiness. She is yours, but you must spare her to us for a long while yet." And rising, Donna Lina took her husband's arm, and walked from the room, leaving the lovers to their new-found happiness.

Just a year from that time, Don Carlos Pedraza wedded Myra Hermosa. It was her father and mother's wish that she should retain the pretty name given her by the gipsies. The wedding was a splendid one, and when in the midst of the festivities an old, withered gipsy made her appearance, begging to tell the fortune of the bride, she was permitted to do so, and went away loaded with gold, rejoicing but never suspecting that the delicate jewelled hand of the blushing bride was the hand of her old pupil, MYRA THE GIPSEY.

FRENCH MORALS.

Drunkenness (in the towns in the south of France) is rarely seen, street brawling cannot exist, and all public immoralities so offensive to decency are rigidly suppressed. The absurd scandals retailed against private conduct in French society, are grossly exaggerated; nothing can be more devoid of truth than the wholesale assertions of many writers, who have taken their tone from a dissipated capital, and applied their deductions to the whole nation. It is a conclusion highly creditable to the whole of the south, at least, that, among the numerous visitors, there are few who do not reside in the country with pleasure, and leave it with regret.—*French Sketches.*

THE PAST.

He who seeks repentance for the past,
Should woo the angel virtue for the future.
SIR E. B. LYTTON.

NATIONAL ROSES.

Written for a Young Lady's Album, Washington, D. C.

BY RICHARD WRIGHT.

Though fine is this book, golden-bound and with flowers,
To frame into wreaths or convert into posies;
Yet it lacks the chief glory and pride of earth's bowers,
The all-glowing, beautiful, sweet-scented roses.

Let us gather a few, and devote them a place
In the album, wherever the lady disposes;
Above all they will give it a grandeur and grace,
The delicate, rich-hued and beautiful roses.

For the rose is the jewel of nature's parterre,
Though the leaves may decay, yet its own perfume
never;
And nations have each some bright rose they hold dear,
Fondly cherished in life and in memory forever.

In chivalry's famed realms of old,
Which launched Columbus on the main,
A flower displayed its leaves of gold—
The ISABELLA-Rose of Spain.

When tyrants ruled the vine-clad land,
And terror overshadowed all,
CHARLOTTE CORDAY stood, steel in hand,
The glorious red, red Rose of Gaul.

In that fair isle of arts and trade,
Where truth and freedom, beauty glows,
'Mongst thousand flowers in bloom arrayed,
VICTORIA, Queen, is England's Rose.

The Scandinavian region, north,
'Midst winter's lee and drifting snows,
Claims a pure vocalist of worth,
For JENNY LIND is Sweden's Rose.

When Smith, on old Virginia's ground,
Lay destined victim by his foe;
Saved—he beheld, with mercy crowned,
A POCAHONTAS—Indian Rose.

Columbia's Rose! is she who gave
Good early lessons to her son,
And formed him virtuous, wise and brave—
The MORNINGS of our Washington!

We have gathered our roses from various climes,
And, as favorites, strung them together in metre;
And may they, like Sabbath bells, peal forth the chimes
Of musical roses, still sweeter and sweeter.

JACQUELINE OF HOLLAND.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

In a small and insignificant Dutch town, scarcely equal in importance to the meanest English hamlet, there was one house which seemed to be hastily fitted up for the temporary residence of some one, at least, of more consequence than the ordinary range of the inhabitants of that secluded place. The house stood alone, high up on the brow of the only hill that relieved the eye in that vicinity, from the broad, flat marshes and low-

lying fields which characterize the uninteresting scenery of Holland.

The alterations and improvements were more particularly confined to the inside of the house, while the external preserved mostly the air of antiquity that had hung around it for years. Still even in the inside, one would hardly have thought that it was prepared only for the residence of some common private family, except for some few rich and rare articles which could not exactly be classed as furniture. A cabinet inlaid with mother of pearl, a jewel case of costly material, splendid work-boxes, together with a magnificent writing desk, and an odor case which was filled with the rarest oriental scents, were scattered here and there about the apartments; and in the best bed chamber, there was some appearance of state in the surroundings of the bed and toilet.

In this room, sat two ladies of nearly the same apparent age. One of them was of a high order of beauty, with an intellectual cast of countenance, and a quiet yet regal demeanor which would have marked her anywhere, as a distinguished personage. Her dress was a white satin under garment, of a rich, heavy texture; and outside of this was one equally magnificent, of a pale gold color. It was entirely open in front, and confined round the waist by a heavy gold cord and tassels. The sleeves were slashed, and puffed out with white satin; and the bosom was surrounded by a fall of the richest Valenciennes, forming a splendid bertha. Her hair, which was a bright auburn, soft and flexible, waving in thick masses from a pure white brow, was partially concealed by a head-dress of the Marie Stuart pattern, of rich Genoa velvet. Its color was an imperial purple, relieved by a few small white flowers formed of pearls. The wearer of this superb dress was Jacqueline of Holland.

Her companion was dressed simply in a plain white silk, made rather low, with a narrow edging of lace, and short sleeves edged with the same. The only approach to ornament was a gold cord wound round the soft braids of dark, shining hair, and its superb tassels falling over an ear that looked pure and white as any pearl. Her cheek lacked the color that predominated in that of the other lady; but her soft blue eye had none of the languor of illness, and the delicacy of her skin had no trace of unhealthiness. Not so dazzling nor so brilliant as Jacqueline, Mathilde d'Escaillon was yet most purely beautiful. The queen-pearls in the rich head gear of Jacqueline had their typical beauty carried out in the person and character of Mathilde.

"Sorry accommodations for the 'Countess of

Hainault, Holland, Zealand and Ostrevant," said Jacqueline, gaily running over the list of her titles; "Duchess of Touraine, Brabant and Gloucester. Why, look, Mathilde, do you know that our forefathers were better lodged than I am?"

"Doubtless, dear lady; but while it grieves me on your account, that you cannot enjoy the ease which your birth, education and connections so amply deserve, it seems to me that in this secluded spot, far from the bustle of courts, and the thousand cares and cabals of a life like that to which you have been accustomed heretofore, there is a charm which no other place ever had before. Tranquillity and repose seem to inhabit here, and peace broods gently over these low fields and the silvery streams which flow by so softly. It is as if nature held a grand and beautiful rest, and invited as two favored ones to enjoy the sweet repose."

"True, Mathilde. We are generally too closely bound to externals; and surely none are more guilty of these sins against nature than we who have inhabited courts. Standing as I do now, on the verge of middle life, after so many reverses of fortune, so many strange circumstances, I look back with a shudder, and think that after all, I should have been so much happier to have been born and reared in a less elevated sphere. But the force of habit and the pride of birth, and the ties of connection to royalty, have all had their influence upon me, against my better principles. After thirty-three years of nursing ambitious hopes, I suppose that to come down to ordinary life, such as I take it is the only kind of life that can flourish in a poor tenement like this, Mathilde, will be a tremendous fall for my pride. Say what you will about simplicity, there is some charm in grandeur also."

Mathilde sighed. "Have you not had sad experience of these charms, dear lady?"

"I have indeed, Mathilde. Think what my life has been, and you will believe that more than most women, I have been subject to strange vicissitudes. Married at fifteen, to the Duke of Touraine, who, as you know was the son of the king of France, I enjoyed in the two succeeding years, more than has ever fallen to my lot since. At seventeen I lost my husband, and shortly afterwards my good father died. Then came the terrible struggle in which I was involved with my uncle, the Bishop of Liège, who insisted that his father, Duke Albert of Bavaria, had not divided his dominions as he ought; and he now claimed Holland as his right. Then, contrary to the rules of the church, he married the widow of my Uncle Anthony, Duke of Brabant; and my poor mother, weak in this as well as in a"

matters, believed that she had found a remedy for the quarrel between my uncle, the bishop, and myself.

"I do not know to this day, Mathilde, what could have induced me to comply with my mother's insane and absurd proposal. My Uncle Anthony had left two sons. Philip was a free, frank, bold youth, and could I have forgotten the memory of my husband, and had not Philip been my own cousin, I could perhaps have married him. I liked his character and principles, his upright, open bearing, and there was a romance that appealed to my heart, in his orphaned state; for you know, Mathilde, that his father was killed on the battle-field of Agincourt.

"I knew that Philip loved me too. I was the only being with whom he would have united his fate. So he often told me; and I believed him. But Philip was wearing away like a snow wreath; and while he was declaring his love for me, the words were followed by the stain of blood upon his lips. He lived only a few days. Only the death of Touraine had ever inflicted upon me such severe pain as to see Philip die. No one knew how tender was the tie between us; and even I, myself, had only a vague idea that I might some day have consented to marry him. But my mother approached me the very next day with a subject which filled me with horror and dismay.

"'Jacqueline,' she commenced, 'I know of but one mode by which to conciliate the bishop.'

"'Tell me then, good mother, for I would be glad enough to have this mean and cruel persecution cease; tell me any honorable way of getting rid of such an enemy.'

"'Not only honorable,' she continued, 'but highly proper, and the probable means of happiness to two, at least. It is that you marry the Duke of Brabant.'

"I declare to you, Mathilde, I did not know for some minutes who she meant. Philip had borne this title, of course, since his father's death—but that John, the younger son of my Uncle Anthony, the poor imbecile—a child in years, repulsive in person and manners, almost an idiot in intellect—should be selected to fill the place of my departed husband, was too abominable to be thought of. He the Duke of Brabant! I had not thought of it before. But of course, it was so, because there was no other inheritor of the honors of the family. But to be my husband!

"My mother was a great stickler for titles and grandeur, and thought little of peace and happiness. Herself a daughter of the house of Burgundy—for Philip, Duke of Burgundy, was, as

perhaps you know, my grandfather—she believed that to marry any one without a title, would involve the degradation of any individual of a noble family. She worked her cards well. I will not tell you—because I am unwilling to throw so much blame upon a parent—what arts she resorted to, to make me sacrifice myself to this weak boy. John of Brabant was only fifteen when I married him—an act for which I thought myself poorly repaid by the reconciliation of the bishop to me and to my claim to Holland.

"Disgusted with his low principles, his free association with people below him in station, and his utter neglect of myself, added to my former dislike of him, I resolved to leave him. I raved at my mother for chaining me to such a being, and declared that I would obtain a divorce from him and marry some person who would pay me the attentions due to me in society.

"In vain my mother and my Uncle Philip, Duke of Burgundy, urged my return to him. I refused, and again took up my abode in the palace of my mother, whom I would not permit to name John of Brabant as my husband. Soon after, I went with her to Valenciennes, and left her while I went to my own town of Bouchain. While at Valenciennes, I had several times conversed with the Lord d'Escaillon, your father. He had promised to put me safely under the protection of Henry of England, to whose cause he was devoted.

"At Bouchain, I left the town early in the morning to meet your father outside the walls. It was then, Mathilde, that he told me of his daughter. I little thought then that circumstances so sad as his death and your mother's insanity would ever place you in my sole protection. I rejoice that, since these things are inevitable, I have had it in my power to discharge a part of my obligation to your father.

"Under his care, accompanied by a body of lancers, I took the road to Calais, riding on the first day nearly to Saint Pol. I was received cordially in England by King Henry, and resided at his court for some time. His son, Henry VI., was born while I was there, and I was god-mother to the future king. I was then just twenty-two years old. Henry did nothing for me in the way of the divorce which I solicited; probably being unwilling to offend my Uncle Philip; and indeed he had little time, for his death occurred soon after.

"Now comes a stranger part of my history than all the rest. As I have begun to tell it to you, Mathilde, I will not cover up this part of it. The Duke of Gloucester held the office of Protector in England, when I applied to the pope for

a divorce. I asked it on the ground of too near relationship, and on another ground which may make you smile at its absurdity. I was myself one of the god-mothers of John of Brabant; and the Romish church forbids a marriage between two persons who hold that relation towards each other. At any rate, I was determined to avail myself of every possible advantage which might be accorded me.

"I was awaiting the decision of the pope, when I was surprised by an offer of marriage from the Duke of Gloucester! If I looked only to the release of my hated bonds, might I not be forgiven if I consented? Consented, while before God and man, I was the wife of another! Mathilde, do you hear me? do you not shrink from one who could do this?"

"Ah, dearest lady, your temptation was great, doubtless; and it is not for me to judge you."

Jacqueline sat silent for a few moments. She felt sure that Mathilde did not exonerate her from blame, and she knew not how to proceed with her history. She had tried to justify her conduct to herself; but it was impossible, she thought, to impress Mathilde with all the motives which drove her to disregard the laws that bound her to her marriage contract. Both felt the restraint that was closing about them, and Jacqueline, sensitively alive to censure, drooped her head, and wept the bitter tears that only self-blame can cause to flow from mortal eyes. She looked so genuinely miserable, that Mathilde pitied and caressed her back to self-control again.

"We know not, dear lady, how well we can resist the tempter until he comes before us. I will not insult your good sense by saying that you did right; but believe me, I have both charity and excuse for your error. I can well conceive how you would catch at every prospect of release from the cruel bonds of your former marriage."

Jacqueline thanked her fervently, and then resumed:

"I will not say one word to justify myself in your eyes. Gloucester was an old man, and I, the wife of two husbands, was yet a young girl. I was scarcely twenty-three when I married him. He persuaded me that I was not legally bound to the Duke of Brabant—that I was as free as if he were dead; but he knew and I knew that we were transgressing—I cannot dwell upon this, my Mathilde; it is too painful.

"The Duke of Gloucester claimed all my possessions, which John of Brabant had seized upon. We crossed over to Calais; and, although Bedford, the duke's brother, then regent in France, prepared a treaty in conjunction with the Duke of Burgundy, still Gloucester refused to accept

his terms. Many persons blamed the duke, and called him rapacious for claiming my possessions. I, alone, knew that it was only for love of me.

"We went to Hainault, where every town opened its gates and hailed us as their sovereigns. The duke was obliged to return to England early in 1435; and left me behind him at the request of the nobles. I was at Mons, where the people had sworn to guard and defend me against all who might wish to harm me. Alas! you must spare me, Mathilde, the relation of the wrongs I endured. Suffice it to say that every promise was broken, and that even my own mother forsook me in my extremity!"

Jacqueline could not tell her faithful friend all. She could not tell her of the pope's decree, which pronounced her marriage with Gloucester of no effect. She could not relate that, when her estates were entirely out of his power, he deserted her wholly and married another woman. Yet all this did Jacqueline of Holland endure, and yet—with all her experience of man's perfidy, her young and loving heart gave its sincere and earnest affection to another. John of Brabant was dead! It was the first news that stirred the pulses within her! She was free—and there was no one to bind the broken chain.

What wonder then, if her impressible heart gave way under the affection of Francis de Borselle, a nobleman whom the Duke of Burgundy had left as his lieutenant? Again she violated a promise—not one of marriage, however—but one given to Burgundy that she would unite herself to no one without his consent. The ceremony was performed; and the duke entered the country, seized the husband of Jacqueline and confined him in the tower of Rapelmonde. Then it was, that, to save her husband's life, she surrendered all her estates to Philip of Burgundy; resigned all her titles save that of Countess of Ostrevant, and retired to the estate of that name.

A few years of peace were now the lot of Jacqueline. There was no more for others to envy her, of riches or honors; and, she passed out of the eventful life she had always lived, with a sensation of tranquillity such as she had never known before.

In October, 1436, her faithful friend, Mathilde, was called to her bedside. The latter had never forsaken her, and next to her husband, Jacqueline loved the good and amiable daughter of d'Escaillon who, dying, left his child to her friendship and protection. Francis de Borselle was hanging over his dying wife, in an agony of grief which admitted of no consolation. Jacqueline had broken a blood-vessel, and never spoke again.

THE HASTY UNION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

At eighteen, I, Helen Winthrop, was betrothed to Amory Meredith, with the full consent and approbation of our parents.

We had been children and schoolmates together, and our formal engagement was only a closing of the bands which had long united us. Our love was without passion—calm, and on my side earnest—the fraternal regard which exists instinctively between brother and sister. There was no breaking up of the great deep of my affections to flow forth on Amory Meredith; my cheek did not crimson at his approach, or my heart grow warmer in his presence.

My betrothed belonged to a highly respectable though reduced family, and from his English father he inherited the pride which any one less interested in him than I, might readily have seen he possessed. In our daily intercourse this spirit of arrogance did not often manifest itself, and when it did, I must have appeared so much surprised and grieved, that it was checked immediately; and thus I failed to notice this trait in his character as I should.

My father was very wealthy, and I had been reared in the midst of all that taste could suggest and gold procure; but I do not think I cared so much for these things as many do. I know that when the C—— Bank failed, and with it was swept away my father's whole property, I did not weep over it, as many would have done, but went about my daily duties calmly, and without emotion, other than sympathy for my parent in his distress.

I never thought that our loss of wealth would drive away the hundreds we had known as friends; I never doubted that Amory would take to his bosom as willingly the portionless Helen Winthrop, as Helen Winthrop the heiress. Ah, sometimes I think it is well that we see "as through a glass, darkly," in this life, otherwise we might be less happy than now.

With full confidence in Amory's truth, I went down to meet him the morning after the failure of Winthrop and Giles had been announced in the daily papers. He appeared ill at ease as I entered the parlor, and to my cordial greeting he returned a cool "good morning."

"What is it, Amory? What is the matter?" I thought he was ill.

"Nothing—it is nothing—I—" His brow crimsoned and he hesitated.

"What have I done to offend you? Why this coolness unless you are angry?"

"You have not offended me, Helen; you are not to blame—I have told my father so over and over again, but he is firm—so, no, Helen, I am not offended."

"Pray explain yourself," I said proudly. "Your words are not so expressive as your looks, or the disagreeable something which you are striving to keep a secret, would even now be known to me."

He arose to his feet, as if preparing for some desperate revelation.

"I might as well speak it, Helen—though it gives me great pain to do so—we can never be married!"

I controlled myself sufficiently to inquire:

"And why?"

"My father objects to my union now that you will be as poor as I; you know that he is proud, and seeks wealth rather than worth in the wife of his son."

In the calm indifference of Amory's tones, I learned what might have been evident to me long before had I not looked upon my betrothed as little below divinity. He did not love me as he had professed, and with the gilded bumble, wealth, had shewn all the pure affection he had so often told me dwelt in his heart for me. It roused my pride, this change in him, and I answered as calmly as he had spoken.

"Yes, Mr. Meredith, I know your father's character in a measure. I know that he is proud, I shall not be straying from the truth to add, arrogant, and sooner than enter his family now that I have not wealth to purchase my entrance—the only thing which seems to be necessary—I would work my way through the world by my own efforts!"

Amory was very much disturbed. He had, perhaps, thought me possessed of too little discernment to penetrate his flimsy regrets, and was astonished at my temerity in hinting at the discovery. It was some time before he replied, and then the words came forth slowly and with embarrassment, as if the man was in a quandary.

"But, Helen, I wish it were otherwise. Really—I—ah—that is, I wish I were a rich man, but it is vain! The world has dealt very cruelly with me!"

"Amory Meredith"—I arose from my chair and stood up before him—"you have said enough! You sought me for the gold you deemed was mine, and when the brazen idol was torn away you cast aside as worthless the altar where it had once been enshrined! 'Tis well. I am only too thankful that I have seen your falseness in time to save myself. Mr. Meredith,

you are free, now and henceforth! Good morning."

I gathered up the book of engravings with which I had purposed to amuse him, and before he could stay me, left the room. Looking back now, I know that I could not have loved Amory Meredith as I was capable of loving, or I should have felt the pang of separation more keenly. As it was, I suffered, much from wounded affection, more from wounded pride; and, as I sat in my chamber till long after noon, brooding on his cold-hearted selfishness, and his father's family pride, I determined to be the wife of one whose wealth and station as far outshone even the pristine glory of the Merediths, as the sun outshines the moon.

My beauty would attract, as it had ever done, admirers and flatterers, and for the wealthiest one I would use all my fascinations. I thought then nothing of the deep and holy love which should live in a wife's heart for her husband. I thought nothing of the unhappiness of ill-starred marriages; I would only let Amory see that his falseness had not cost me a single pang.

So with this reckless resolve in my heart I went into society at every opportunity, and the patient reader shall know with what results, if he will follow me through my story.

It was at a gay party that I first met Arthur Stone, the millionaire senator. My first impressions of him were that he was like his name—stone; but his rich voice, and easy, polite bearing disarmed any awe which I might otherwise have felt in his presence.

Mr. Stone was a man past the morning of life. His age was thirty-three, and his person that of one born to stand pre-eminent among his fellows. He was of medium height, rather slender; his hair black and wavy; his forehead broad, full, and white as the depths of a snow-drift. His eyes were deep gray, such a gray as mirrors forth a matchless soul; and his features were strong and self-reliant. There was something about the small fine mouth which made one fear to offend him, and yet his smile was sweetness itself.

From the first, I resolved that Arthur Stone should be my husband; wealthy, talented, high in his country's places of honor, and I poor and neglected, yet he should be mine. I exerted every faculty—I talked to him as I had never talked before—thoughts which had never before formed themselves in my mind, came forth clothed in the fair garb of language, and Mr. Stone listened, and my success was at length certain.

One October evening, when the sun had gone

to his bed in garments of crimson and purple, Arthur Stone poured out the story of his love in my ear. With all the impetuosity of a strong man's first love, he went on until he asked me to be his life—his hope! I put my cold hand in his and promised to be his wife. Then I submitted with patience to the burning kisses which he showered upon my lips and forehead, and heard all his passionate exclamations of fondness with calm stoicism. Mr. Stone did not seem surprised that I returned nothing of his demonstrations—perhaps he thought me shy and timid—but Heaven knows that at the moment I promised to be his, I cared no more for him than for the countless emigrant that brought our wood and drew our water.

Before he left, the permission of my parents had been sought and given, and our wedding day was fixed—just two months from that very evening.

The preparations were magnificent. Silks, lace, velvets and jewelry in the most lavish profusion were showered upon me by my infatuated fiancé. Why the wealthy, handsome and talented senator should love me so well I could not imagine, and at times I felt really sad that I could not return in some measure the wealth of affection he gave me. I joined in the arrangements for the wedding with great zeal, for I wished to show the Merediths, as well as other of my false friends, that the poor Helen Winthrop had won a prize after all.

The morning of the day set apart for our marriage, I went into the garden to superintend the removal of some choice plants for the decoration of the parlors, and when it was done, I threw myself down on a bench by the little pond at the foot of the garden. I thought over my life more seriously than I had ever done before. I realized the depth of my error in consenting to become the wife of one whom I did not love—one to whom I was totally and unexceptionably indifferent. For all my recklessness I had a heart, though it lay very far down, and the waters of folly and vanity had encrusted it, yet I could feel for the disappointment which my husband would suffer when he learned to understand fully that I had no love to give him.

The reader must not censure me too severely, for my situation in life must plead in extenuation of my many sins. I was the child of parents that never crossed me in my wishes, never thwarted my inclinations, never corrected my evil tendencies. They loved me, and deemed me too perfect to do aught amiss. Thus I came to regard my own will as first in all cases, and my pleasure paramount to everything else. No

master spirit had ever awakened and called forth the better impulses of my nature; no gentle voice had ever taught me of the green path which leads upward to the land of perfect peace.

Buried in thought I sat on this, my wedding day, in the garden shadowy, when I was aroused by a slight rustling, and looking up, I saw standing before me, Amory Meredith. There was a shade of real suffering on his face, and his voice was tremulous as he bade me good morning. Perhaps, after all, he might have loved me as well as a selfish nature like his was capable of loving.

I replied calmly to his greeting, and was about leaving him to return to the house, but he caught my hand, and detained me.

"Stay a moment, Miss Winthrop—Helen—I wish to tell you how painful the thought of this eternal separation is to me. Can it not be avoided? I am willing to make any sacrifice for you, Helen; that is, if you still love me!"

"Mr. Meredith," I replied, "it would be impossible to change the course of events even if I loved you, which I take this opportunity of assuring you I do not; and my respect of Mr. Stone's high and noble qualities will make me very happy as his wife. When I am settled at Washington, I shall be happy to receive Mr. Meredith and his rich wife, among my visitors. Allow me to bid you good-by."

Meredith inclined his head, and turning, walked slowly away. I felt no pang of regret as I gazed on his retreating form, and knew that ere the sun set there would be an eternal barrier set up between us.

In all the splendor of white satin and orange flowers we were married, Arthur Stone and I. The wedding, people said, was a magnificent affair, with its eight bridesmaids and like number of groomsmen. I know that through it all my face was one flush of gratified vanity, and when the ceremony was over, and the rich peals of the lofty organ swelled through the wide old church, I thought I was happy, and that my heart beat a jubilant measure to the gorgeous music.

There was a gay party at my father's house that evening, in honor of my marriage, and I was the gayest of them all. Men praised the sparkling beauty of the bride, and envied Mr. Stone the possession of so rich a prize. Fair ladies were envious of my happiness, and thought with sighs upon the grand panoply of wealth and fashion which would surround me. Ah, if they had looked into my heart they would have found it empty.

My husband took me, with him directly to Washington, where he had a fine town house,

and there I was installed as mistress. Very proud was I in rambling through the splendid rooms, and noting the exquisite taste which had chosen every object. Then did I think Arthur Stone worthy of a better woman than I.

"My dear Helen," said my husband, fondly encircling my waist with his arm, "this is the room I have fitted up expressly for your use. Your boudoir if it pleases you, dear. I have selected the furniture with especial reference to your taste as far as it was known to me. Tell me, Helen, if it meets your approbation?"

We were standing in a small oval apartment in the western part of the building, the windows of which were overhung with the luxuriant branches of two giant locust trees, about whose stalwart limbs still clung the tendrils of red honeysuckle, that in summer would make the air a great breath of fragrance. Through the faintly stained glass, the setting sun cast his light blood red upon the velvet carpet, and the pale pink roses there seemed to glow and burst into living light. The covers of the lounges and *fauteuils* were of the faint rose color which I have always loved, and in a rosewood bookcase I found arranged the every volume of my favorite authors—the pages over which the nobler part of my nature had risen and cried for liberty. I wondered how Mr. Stone, in our short acquaintanceship, had discovered so much of my likes and dislikes. There was a harp rich in antique gilding, and as I bent over it I saw upon the scroll across it the engraven name of "Madeline Stone, from her husband." The harp had been Arthur's mother's, and to me he had given the treasure of her who had slept in the tomb since first his infant eyes had unclosed on life? I felt the sacred tenderness of my husband's love for me, but the knowledge that I deserved none of it gave to my reply an indifference which must have chilled him.

"O, yes, Mr. Stone, I admire the effect of your furnishing very much; it does credit to your exquisite taste."

It was not the loving response which a true-hearted wife would have given him for all his careful kindness, but he seemed satisfied, and began to speak of the window view. It was magnificent beyond cavil. The domes and spires of the city at our feet, and far in the distance the calm Potomac, gliding like a blue ribbon band across the green velvet of earth's robes. Mr. Stone was an ardent admirer of nature, and probably he had chosen this site for his house as much for its charming locality as for its contiguity to his place of business, for aside from his political office, he was a lawyer of fine talents.

We saw a great deal of company as the season advanced; my husband had many friends, and it was his pleasure that they should be entertained at his own house, rather than in a public banqueting hall. Amid the gorgeous company that thronged our spacious parlors, I moved, people said, the reigning queen in grace and beauty. So long a time has passed since then, stealing one by one the charms I once possessed, that I feel no vanity in saying I was beautiful—it is necessary to my story, for it was a part of myself. It is not strange that I grew to love flattery; the incense of the great crowd was sweet to me; the excitement pleased my restless spirit; and so night after night, bespangled with flashing jewels—my husband's gifts—I went to reception, party or ball, as the case might be. Mr. Stone never hinted that my course displeased him, but continued towards me the same kind, forbearing manner as at first. Sometimes his expressions of tenderness almost overwhelmed me, and realizing the irreparable wrong I had done him, I would go to my chamber and weep—it was all I could do. I respected him more highly than any one breathing; I was proud of his eminence, and would have gone barefoot to the world's end to have saved his stainless honor, but I did not love him.

My affections had been rudely torn from the place where I had thought they were to rest forever, and it required time for the still bleeding fibres to heal and cling around another support. I needed time to weigh and balance my heart on the side of right and truth. I am no hypocrite, else I should have dissimulated, and thus deceived him. But such is not my nature, and where I felt no regard I scorned to affect it.

Mr. Stone received papers, about the middle of March, which required his immediate presence in New York; and a week's absence from home was the least time he would venture to mention. The morning of his departure as we rose from the breakfast table, he came over to my side, and wrapping his arms around me, drew my head down on his bosom.

"Dearest Helen," he said, as one grieved, "I am going away for a little while, and I shall miss your beloved face very much. Wont you kiss me just once before I go? You have never done so in all our intercourse."

I smiled gaily as I replied, forcing myself from his embrace:

"Nonsense, Mr. Stone, you don't care for such childish folly! I will bid you god-speed, and a quick and safe return."

He looked sadly in my face—it was not an offended expression, only sorrow—as he said:

"Helen, darling, you have misunderstood me. You have seen me cold to others; you deemed me wanting in tenderness. Heaven knows that never was wife loved more fondly than mine. Helen, a sister I never had, but all my life long I have yearned for the love of a pure woman. My only brother, he whom I idolized, met with a terrible death on board the ill fated steamer Atlantic; my mother died in giving me life, and my father survived her but a few brief years. I am all alone in the world without you, Helen; I have much need of your love. The wants of my being require it. Now, when I am going away, O, wont you kiss me? It's a little thing to ask of a wife."

It seemed very strange that this man, so cold and self-possessed to others, should plead with me, a weak woman, for so small a favor—that which was his right.

"Don't ask me, Mr. Stone, it is not my nature to fawn upon any one."

"Why always Mr. Stone? Why not call me Arthur? I like the name better from your lips, dear Helen."

I held out my hand and took his:

"Good-by, Arthur—" I believe my very forehead crimsoned as I spoke the name—"may God bless you!"

He caught me in his arms, my lips were close to his face. I know not what impulse moved me, but I kissed his forehead. A flush of happiness bright and radiant flashed over his face, but ere he had time to utter a syllable, I sprang from him and sought my chamber. What had I done? Had I deceived him; had I indeed been guilty of that blackest of all sins, hypocrisy? I asked myself the question in nervous haste, and my fluttering heart and burning cheek answered them. Slowly but surely stole over me the knowledge that day by day my husband had been growing dearer to me—that I was no longer indifferent towards him—that I was learning to love him with a love that never had been awakened in my breast before! The conviction brought me happiness; such deep and absorbing happiness as I had never felt. O, how I wished that Arthur had only remained at home until I had decided to reveal to him everything concerning my early engagement—yes, even to my motive in accepting him. I know that his proud spirit would be galled by the confession, but never would I profess the affection which had grown up for him in my heart, until he knew the whole. So, in anxious hope, I had nothing to do but await Arthur's return.

One morning when my husband had been gone two days, my dressing maid, Agnes, handed me

a card, and said the gentleman was awaiting me, below. I glanced at the address—Amory Meredith.

Carelessly arranging my dressing gown, I went down to meet him. He greeted me most warmly—I received him as became the wife of Arthur Stone—and we conversed of our friends at Wheatwold, but nothing of the old love. He had been on a tour through the Southern States, and returning, was to stop in Washington a couple of months for his health as well as pleasure. He said, looking at me meaningly, that his health had suffered much for a few months past, owing to the unsettled state of his mind. After a long call, he bade me good morning, saying he would call again the next evening.

He came, evening after evening, prolonging his visits far beyond the time required by etiquette for a fashionable call. At length, I gave him to understand that it was my pleasure to receive him no more until my husband returned. At this, he burst into a violent tirade of reproach, accusing me of having wrecked his peace, and destroyed his happiness forever, ending by entreating me to leave my cold-hearted, selfish husband—these were his very words—and fly with him to some land where we could be happy with each other. I heard him calmly through, and then rising, I opened the room door, and pointed silently in that direction. He understood me, and almost bursting with rage, he rushed out, but not before I had caught his muttered exclamation:

"Your husband shall know the whole extent of your baseness!"

I did not fear him, because I would tell Arthur everything myself, so soon as he arrived. I would acquaint him with all, and then throw myself upon his mercy for pardon and forgiveness. So I thought nothing of my former lover, except to be thankful that I was rid of his presence, for the contrast between him and Arthur was so very great that I wondered how I could ever have thought I loved him.

My husband came home two days sooner than he had expected. Sitting in my boudoir I heard his well known step upon the stairs, and in blushing haste I rose up to meet him, for I loved him now. But no, contrary to his usual custom, he did not come directly to me to inquire after my health, but instead, he went into the library opposite, and closed the door. A fearful misgiving shot through my heart. I sank down on a chair and awaited his coming, for I thought he must come before retiring.

One hour, two passed away, and hearing nothing of him, I began to be alarmed. I went out

into the passage, and tried the library door; it was locked. I tapped; there was no reply. I called softly: "Mr. Stone!"

The bolt flew back, and my husband stood in the doorway, but so pale and haggard that I scarcely recognised him. He did not speak, only stared at me with a cold, ghastly look.

"For the love of Heaven, Arthur, tell me what is the matter?" I caught his arm frantically, and tried to look into his face for the cause of all this strange outburst.

He gave me a chair, and taking one himself, sat down before me. Then I met the full gaze of his eyes, hard—hard, stony and immovable! His lips were compressed firmly, and there was not a particle of color in his face. I sat still before him, never moving or speaking, his appearance awed and horrified me. We sat there, perhaps, the space of five minutes, and then my husband spoke:

"Helen, you ask me what is the matter; it is a fair question, and I will tell you, though it seems your own guilty heart might tell you as well. When I married you, Helen, I did not think you loved me as you might love, but I trusted to time and unvarying tenderness to win for me your affections. I know that you did not love me, but I did not know that you loved another. I thought you proud in heart and truthful in soul, and I felt very happy that you were to be mine to fashion after my own spirit. All the time since our marriage, I have striven vainly to win from you one word of regard—the exquisite regard my heart craved—or one loving caress such as a devoted wife would bestow. But I excused it all, because I thought you were timid and retiring in your disposition, and shrank from contact with my sterner self. In loving you, Helen, I gave you my whole heart, fresh, strong, and undivided—a heart that never belonged, in the slightest degree, to another. You were my first love, you will be my last! Being deceived in one woman, whom I thought an angel, is enough—I ask for no further experience."

I had not once attempted to interrupt my husband's rapid utterance, but now that he had paused, I gained courage to ask:

"Why all this strange language, sir? You speak in riddles. Explain fully!"

He drew a note from his pocket, and as he gave it into my hand, said bitterly:

"Were other proof wanting, this in itself would be sufficient to explain all!"

I took the billet, and immediately recognised the handwriting as that of Amory Meredith. It ran thus:

"Hon. Arthur Stone, Washington:—

"DEAR SIR,—It is my painful duty to inform you that your wife—the woman you deem faultless—is unworthy of your slightest thought! She is not only false to you, but she loves another! She was betrothed in childhood to that other, and she has never ceased to love him. In a lover's quarrel, some three months from the time you married Helen Winthrop, this lover said something to her which made her angry, and in pure spite (which she has long since deeply repented) she dismissed him from her forever, and as soon as the opportunity presented itself, accepted you in his stead. Your love was favored only because you were wealthy and influential, and she knew that as the wife of such a man the admiration of that world she loved so well, would be freely lavished upon her. You have been the dupe of an artful woman, and I have deemed it my duty to acquaint you with the fact. During your absence she has regularly received the visits of this former lover—dare her to deny anything of the charges made in this note: your servants will tell you that Amory Meredith, the paramour, has been with your Helen daily since you have been away. And if she herself denies it she stains her soul with a falsehood!"

A FRIEND."

I read the missive through, folded it, and gave it back to my husband.

"And on such evidence you would convict me? Let me explain—"

"Not a word, Helen; it is all useless, all you could say would only make your crime blacker. I seek no further proof of your duplicity than the confession of Meredith himself, who this very morning told me the whole. He is a man of truth, and I rely on his word."

"But—Arthur, only one word—only let me tell you—"

"Hush! I cannot listen to it!" I cannot permit you to commit more sin by offering the flimsy excuses which may suggest themselves! I could have forgiven any other crime in my wife, but infidelity—that, never! Helen, you married me for my gold, the cursed stuff which has been my ruin! Would to God I had been born a beggar rather than the heir of a million, for then I might have been loved for myself. No, no," he added, seeing I was about to interrupt him, "I will not hear it—you can say nothing which will extenuate. And now about the future. We can be nothing to each other henceforth; I could place no confidence in you, and you would not wish to be afflicted with my hated presence. I will settle upon you one half my fortune—it has been a curse to me—and I will go away to some far off land where I can forget all. You can remain in this home, Helen; or wherever you choose—think it over to-night, and inform me of your decision in the morning. For the present, good night!"

With all his usual politeness, he escorted me to the door of my boudoir, and as he was opening the door he bent his large, serious eyes searchingly upon me, and asked :

"Does the proposal satisfy you?"

I bowed my head mutely, for I could not speak for the burning tears which rose like great mountains in my parched throat, and filled my eyes almost to bursting. Once within my room, I closed the door, locked it upon the inside, and sank down upon the sofa in a miserable swoon. How long I had lain there, I do not know; but I was awakened by the loud tones of the hall clock striking eleven. I sprang up, and tried to think it was all a dream; but no! there was the terrible reality standing up gaunt and definite before me! I went to the window, and looked out into the night. All was cheerless gloom save the white spot which encircled the half-obscured moon, and here and there a pale, straggling star. A few great black clouds were hanging over the heavens like death-winged birds of prey, and a dull, thick wind, blew down from the river, in a suffocating breath.

I sat down where the dismal air could fan my temples, and thought calmly over the whole. An hour passed, and my resolution was taken. *I, not he, would renounce home, and go forth a wanderer.* I arrayed myself in a mourning dress and coarse straw bonnet; and counting the contents of my purse, I found that I possessed about thirty-five dollars. I took none of my jewelry, except my husband's miniature, attached to a plain black cord, and the simple pearl ring he had given me on our wedding-day. When all was ready, I sat down to the little rosewood desk—his gift—and wrote these words :

"ARTHUR :—When you read this, I shall be away—as effectually separated from you as though the ocean rolled between us. I am innocent of the charge of infidelity—innocent as an infant child. Should I explain to you, you would only scorn and despise me, and so I go forth from you forever, without one word to repel the terrible accusation. May God bless you now and forever!"

HELEN."

I sealed and directed the note, and with a bursting heart went forth from my splendid home, out into the chilly March night—an alien, and a wretched outcast!

It is unnecessary to trace out particularly the course of my wanderings, but suffice it to say that I found a home in the family of a Virginia planter. I had seen his advertisement in one of the city papers; and for the situation of teacher to his children I immediately applied, and after a brief examination, was accepted. There were two girls, of the ages of ten and twelve, and a

boy of thirteen, all kind and obedient as I could wish. Mr. and Mrs. Walsingham both treated me with the most respectful kindness, and if I could have blotted out the records of memory, I should have been content. I gave them Mrs. Merrifield as my name; and when they asked me if I were a widow, I told them I had no husband! So there the matter ended.

Ever before me, sleeping or waking, the image of Arthur Stone was present. I read daily the Washington papers for the sake of seeing his beloved name mentioned always in terms of the highest respect. Lost to me as he was, I gloried in his virtues, and took delight in his talents! I saw my continued absence noticed in the same papers; it was said that I had gone North on a visit of indefinite length to my friends. There was much regret expressed at the "loss of so brilliant a star," and many hopes expressed that Senator S.'s beautiful lady would return in season for the summer festivities! Ah, they did not imagine that she would never return!

As time passed on, I followed the course of my husband with the most intense interest. Nothing of his actions was lost to me; I read and rejoiced over all. Till now I had never realized the height and depth of my love for him—the broad flame of affection which had brightened and brightened until it consumed my very heart-strings. Night after night I tossed about on my bed till day dawned, thinking ever of him, and weeping over my fatal error.

Perhaps most women would have gone to their parents in such a case as mine, but I had too much pride to be willing to encounter the scoffs and sneers of my early companions. The neighborhood would institute the strictest inquiry into everything I did, and my life would be one of torture. My proud spirit could never brook this, and so I chose the happier alternative of earning my own bread. My parents were poor, and if I had not shrunk from the talk of the world, I should have hesitated in burdening them with an additional encumbrance; and it was better that I should go out among strangers, who, caring nothing for me, would take less interest and feel less curiosity in whatever concerned me.

Towards the close of the July following the March which had seen me installed as governess in Mr. Walsingham's family, Edward, my employer's eldest child, arrived home from a year's tour through the Northern States and the Canadas. There were great rejoicings at the house, and every one, from black Pompey down

to Phillis the cook, kissed, or shook hands with "Massa Edward." I was presented to him as Mrs. Merrifield, his brother's and sisters' governess, and he received me with the most cheerful kindness; indeed, it was not in Edward Walsingham's heart to treat any one with indifference.

Young Walsingham was but twenty-five years of age, and in form and feature would have formed a fine model of Adonis. His figure was perfection, his features regularly classic, his hair of a rich brown, his eyes the clear, sparkling hazel, and his voice like low music. His manners were vivacious, and at times, gay; but through and beneath—permeating the whole—rose a pure, deep current of feeling, whose action could flow forth in life's soothing stream upon the children of sorrow or affliction.

As we became acquainted, Edward and I grew to be very good friends—for I respected his noble qualities and esteemed him for his noble scorn of all that was mean and contemptible. He was possessed of all a Southerner's warm enthusiasm for the beauties of nature and art; and to the soul of an enthusiast, he added the fervid fire of a poet. He came often to sit with the children in the garden parlor, and while there, he talked much to me of books and the great world; but I was too deeply occupied in the contemplation of my ever-present misery to think of the end of all this. But alas! too soon came the breaking up of the calm quietude of my existence—in a way, too, which I had not anticipated.

One evening Edward asked me to ride with him; he was going over to The Oaks, a village some three miles off, and it would be a good opportunity, he said, for me to get a breath of the pure October air.

I kindly but firmly refused his invitation, and was going into my room for the night, when Mrs. Walsingham added her entreaties to her son's, and between them both, I was fain to consent. I threw on my bonnet and shawl, and permitted him to lead me to the carriage. It was a splendid evening; blue, gold and purple bespangled the crimson sky, and we rode slowly along for some time in silence, impressed with the glowing beauty of the scene. At length, my companion roused himself and turned toward me.

"Mrs. Merrifield!" His voice was low and quivering.

"Mr. Walsingham!"

"I ask your pardon for what I am going to say—I am doubtful if it meets your approbation—" He hesitated, colored, and seemed deeply agitated.

Supposing he wished to say something re-

garding my system with the children, I said, encouragingly: "Well, go on; I am listening."

He seized my hand in his.

"Madam, I love you! Without knowing aught of your antecedents, I would make you my wife! Since I first saw you, you have filled my heart entirely—I have cared for nothing else, and have loved nothing else! O, Mrs. Merrifield, say that you will give me room to hope!"

A cold shudder ran through my frame as he commenced speaking, and when he had finished, I shrank back from him in fright and horror.

"Edward Walsingham, you know not what you ask!" I gasped, while my voice trembled and my whole form quivered with emotion.

He looked at me speechless with astonishment, and as soon as I could command my voice, I went on.

"Mr. Walsingham, it is due to you that I make some explanation, although I cannot do so fully. I am the wife of another—"

"Yes, yes, I know," he answered, eagerly; "but that other is—"

"Is still living!"

Edward covered his face, and leaned back silently in the carriage. I proceeded:

"In early life, I committed a great error—married a man I did not love. I married him to pique another, and jealousy on my husband's part separated us. I came here assuming a false name, that my real condition might remain unknown, and for a few brief months I have enjoyed a partial quiet. I have had my punishment; I have deserved all that I have suffered, but to inflict pain upon you grieves me to the heart. Mr. Walsingham, I esteem you very highly; you profess to regard me sincerely—prove it, then, by never mentioning this subject to me again!"

He uncovered his face, and looked long and lingeringly over my countenance.

"Ah, Helen! and must the blessedness of this dream pass away forever? God aid me!" Then after a pause, he said: "One question, madam. and then I will be silent while life lasts; do you love this husband now?"

I answered him solemnly: "As my own soul do I love him, Edward Walsingham! He is dearer to me than life itself—but we are separated forever in this world! God only knows if we shall be re-united in heaven!"

Edward pressed my hand, thanked me for my frankness, and drove on silently. Scarce a word was uttered between us during the ride; he despatched his business at The Oaks, and at early twilight we were at home again.

The next morning, when I came down, Edward stood in the hall with a couple of strapped trunks, marked "New Orleans," lying on the steps, as if ready for a journey.

"Are you going to leave us?" I asked.

"Yes, this morning," he said, hoarsely; "I cannot live here now!"

Breakfast passed silently on the part of all; I think Edward must have told his mother the whole, for there was an unusual sadness in Mrs. Walsingham's eyes when they encountered mine, and ever afterwards, as long as I remained with them, she treated me more as if I had been her daughter than her children's humble governess.

After breakfast, Edward came to our school-room to say farewell to his sisters and brother. The children were at that moment playing in the garden, and I stood alone in the room. He came up to me, and I extended my hand; the respect I had for his character made me wish to part in friendliness. He did not regard my outstretched hand, but caught me madly to his breast, and leaving a burning kiss upon my brow, he rushed from the room—and I never saw him again!

Fifteen months afterward, when war between this country and Mexico was declared, I read his name among those of the earliest volunteers, then his promotion to the rank of captain, his glorious deeds and achievements—all of which are recorded in his country's annals—his gallant charge at the storming of Vera Cruz, and lastly his name among the noble slain! God rest his ashes in peace—he needs no other monument than his own bright deeds have given him!

I remained with the Walsinghams something more than a year, and by that time the children were fitted to enter a seminary; therefore my services were no longer required, though Mrs. Walsingham urged me to remain as her companion and friend. But I had begun to weary of the sameness of my life; and besides, I felt a yearning to see my kindred once more. Since leaving my husband's home, I had heard nothing of my parents; and as I rallied from my grief to a sense of my ingratitude towards them, my heart smote me, and I formed the resolution to go back to them at once and brave all.

Three days afterward saw me on board a Northern steamer from Norfolk to Boston, and after a quick passage, I was set down in the great New England metropolis; thence by railway to Wheatwold; and one evening, just at sunset, I stole in upon my parents. They lived in a humble white cottage now, and my father was a merchant's clerk with a salary of eight hundred dollars a year.

Imagine, if you can, the meeting! There was one place, at least, where I could find rest—in the unchanged hearts of my parents; and I thanked Heaven that I had at last remembered the home and friends of my youth.

Before I permitted them even to embrace me, I told them the whole story of my life since my marriage—adding now and then a brief episode of my maiden follies—and when I had finished, I felt relieved of a heavy burden. Other hearts knew of my sins, my short-comings, my sufferings and final repentance! I was happier.

My parents forgave me all; they were too happy in seeing their once idolized child again, to dwell harshly on my errors. Mr. Stone, they said, had visited them several times since my desertion; he had helped them from his purse, and soothed them by his consolations, but never could he give them the slightest clue to my refuge. He still believed me guilty of the crime of infidelity; all else, he said, could he forgive, but this—*never!* My mother said he was pale and altered—that there were gray hairs threading the brown of his locks,—and that a solemn melancholy pervaded his whole manner. And I went up to my little room in the attic of the one-story cottage and wept the night away, thinking of him in his loneliness and sorrow! O how my hungry soul cried out after the rich affection I had once neglected, and treated with carelessness!—how my heart would have risen and shouted in gladness at but one word of tenderness from his sealed lips! But it was vain to wish—vain to grieve; and when morning came, I rose with the determination to be very brave and cheerful for my parents' sake.

My appearance at Wheatwold excited much curiosity among the people, and our little cottage was overrun with visitors for a week. I received them all calmly, but coldly, and never asked them to repeat their calls; so in a couple of months, we were as isolated as I could wish.

That I might be able to assist my parents, I did fancy needlework and fine embroidery for the Boston fancy stores, receiving and transmitting the various parcels by express. In this way I made quite a respectable living, and thus became a help instead of a drawback to my kindred.

Of Amory Meredith I heard little. The family still resided at The Lodge, as poor and proud as ever. The son was travelling in England, it was believed; and report said he was dissolute and reckless. The money, of which he had always an ample supply, it was thought was gained at the gaming-table. O how much better it was to be the suspected and discarded wife of a man like Arthur Stone, than the acknowledged

companion of a miserable *roué*! How fervently I thanked God that he had spared me from the agony of such a union!

Zealously as ever did I continue to read the Washington papers, lest the name I loved so well might be there and I not see it. His course was, as it should be, glowing and still upward! How I rejoiced and triumphed over myself in thinking of it!

Late in January, as the papers were brought in, I took them up to my chamber, and in the first one I opened, I saw a paragraph which instantly transfixed my every faculty. With straining eyes, I managed to read it through understandingly. It was headed in capitals—the way some people have of announcing any great calamity:

"HORRIBLE OCCURRENCE—A United States Senator mortally wounded.—One of the most diabolical acts which has ever startled the citizens of our city, took place last night near the National Hotel. Hon. Arthur Stone, the Pennsylvania candidate for governor, was passing along the street, on his way to his residence, when he was met by a dissolute fellow who has for some time frequented our city, figuring under various names—but it has since been ascertained that his true appellation is Meredith—and some conversation took place between them, the import of which is not known. Mr. Stone appeared exasperated, and called for a policeman, who was passing, to arrest the fellow on a charge which he was ready to prefer. Before the officer could reach the spot, Meredith drew forth a pistol and shot Mr. Stone in the side. The wounded man was taken immediately to his residence, and his wound dressed by Drs. Stone and Hurd. It is thought that his death must ensue from the shot, as the ball penetrated the body near the heart."

Then followed a long string of lamentations and condolence for the injured man, winding up with the bitterest vituperation against the scoundrel Meredith; but I passed all this by, and flew down to the sitting-room to seek my parents.

In a few brief words I made them acquainted with the whole occurrence, and before they could offer one single dissent from my rapidly expressed determination, I was ready for my journey. Fifteen minutes later I was on board the express train for Boston, and by nightfall my name was booked and I on my way to Washington. I was desperate, and come life or come death, I would see him now! Three days of agonizing suspense I passed—the fourth, I trod the streets of the Nation's Capital.

At last I stood in the presence of my husband! I had beaten down all opposition, bribed the nurses, had melted the hearts of the two surgeons by my frantic entreaties, and now I was alone with him! O the blessedness of this

thought! I wept and smiled by turns, and then over all my joy swept the sickening apprehension that it was probable he would be spared to me only a little period. They said it was a critical case—he might die at any moment, and he might—but only the greatest and most infinite care could save him—he might recover! The bare possibility was enough to nerve me with superhuman strength. Care? I would watch over him as never watched mortal before! I would enfold him with my tenderness so closely, that Death would pity, and pass by!

By the orders of the physicians, I attired myself in the loose garb of an old woman; I covered my luxuriant hair with a gray wig, and shaded my youthful eyes with blue spectacles. This was done that no recognition of his lost wife should agitate or in any way affect the patient, if he should by God's mercy recover his consciousness.

Meredith, the miserable assassin, was confined in jail to await his trial, though public indignation would have lynched him without judge or jury.

Arthur lay in a sort of stupor, only opening his lips to ask for water. One day when I was leaning over him, smoothing back the rich hair from his cold forehead, he murmured very faintly, like one in a dream:

"Give me water, Helen. O let me have it cool!"

I could have died then, I was so happy in knowing that I had not gone quite out of his memory.

Weeks rolled on, and my husband was better; they said he would be saved. I was in a delirium of fear, hope and anxiety. I knew not how he would receive me—how he would regard my coming to him without permission. But I strove to put away from me all thoughts of the future, and dwell only in the present.

As he grew better, he talked with me sometimes—more from the wish of relieving the tedium of his confinement, evidently, than from any desire of conversation. He often thanked me as only he could for my unremitting attention, and affirmed over and over again that he owed his life to my care. Ah, how happy all this made me! When my patient was disposed to listen, I read to him such works as a woman of my pretended age would be supposed to select—always being careful to lose never the stiff, precise tone of voice which I had assumed from the first. Once, when I had been betrayed into a warmer expression in reading than usual, he looked up at me suddenly: then turning away with a sigh, I heard him say—"How much like Helen!"

Early one morning, the physicians brought the intelligence that Meredith had been found suspended by a handkerchief from a bar in his cell, stone dead; and that on his table was a packet directed to Mr. Stone. Dr. Hurd produced the document, and gave it to my husband. He took it, glanced at the superscription, and turned deadly pale. I sprang forward to his assistance, but he rallied shortly, and breaking the seal, commenced the perusal. He had not read more than a dozen lines, when his countenance underwent a terrible change—the veins in his white forehead became swollen and rigid—his lips were set together like iron—and he sprang to his feet like a maddened lion.

"Great Heaven, she was innocent! O Helen! why did I not hear thee? Accursed destroyer! but 'tis well the grave has claimed thee—otherwise this hand should be dyed in thy traitor blood!"

Dr. Hurd attempted to take the mysterious letter from his clenched hand, but he waved him off.

"It is doing me good," he said, presently; "let me go on."

He read to the last word, and then placing it in the doctor's hand, bade him read aloud. He did so, and O joy ineffable! it was a full exposition and confession of Amory Meredith's whole life, coupled with his foul schemes to ruin me. All was written out by the hand of the miserable suicide, and my character was revealed to my husband in its true light. At last, Meredith had done me justice. Dr. Hurd finished the letter, and with much emotion returned it to my husband. For a moment, both were silent; then Arthur arose with the air of one who had made a great determination.

"Doctor," he said, "I must find her—the cruelly wronged—my injured wife! If she is this side heaven, I will yet win her back! She must hear me—she must forgive me! O God—if she should be dead! But no, no—it is not so! I'll not think of it. Doctor, I must leave for home this moment—"

"No need of that!" I said calmly, stepping before him and divesting myself of my wig and spectacles; "no need of seeking her—no need of winning her love—it has been yours for many months already!"

At the first sound of my natural voice, Arthur sprang towards me eagerly, and before I had half finished speaking, he had seized me in his arms.

"My own! my restored!"

The doctor went silently out, and closed the door behind him. For two blessed hours my

husband and I communed together—hours of such happiness as we had never before known. All was explained, all was forgiven, and at last our hearts found rest.

* * * * *

In the beautiful home of my husband and myself—our home—my aged parents are passing quietly and peacefully to the eternal land, blessed with all that can make life pleasant.

As for my precious Arthur and myself, our lives are one great round of psalmody—one psalm of everlasting praise to the Giver of all good. Through much suffering, we have come up purified and strengthened, and the angel of love has folded his wings over us forever!

STRAIGHTENING THE CUCUMBERS.

He took much pride in his growth of cucumbers. He raised them very fine and large, but he could not make them grow straight. Place them as he would, notwithstanding all his propping of them and humoring them by modifying the application of heat and the admission of light for the purpose of effecting his object, they would still insist on growing crooked in their way. At last he had a number of glass cylinders made, into which the growing cucumbers were inserted, and then he succeeded in growing them perfectly straight. Carrying one of the new products into his house one day, and exhibiting it to a party of visitors, he told them of the expedient he had adopted, and added gleefully: "I think I have bothered them noo."—*Smiles's Life of George Stephenson.*

AN ECLIPSE IN PERSIA.

A traveller in Persia says: "One night there was an eclipse of the moon, and all the pots, pans, and other sonorous instruments that could be found in Gheelaun, were in requisition to frighten away the beast which was supposed to be devouring the planet. A great deal of gunpowder was also expended, and one might easily have imagined that the town was attacked. Presently our cook began a tremendous assault upon a large saucepan, and the other servants discharged their pistols and rifles, much to the assistance of the good cause. At last the inhabitants retired to rest triumphant, as the beast was effectually alarmed, and had left the moon precisely as he had found it, and round and bright as ever."—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

A POET'S EXPERIENCE.

Such was the boy; but for the growing youth
What soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland he beheld the sun
Rise up and bathe the world in light. He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle. Sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him. They swallowed up
His animal being. In them did he live
And by them did he live. They were his life.

Wordsworth.

THE LOVERS' STRATAGEM.

BY FRANCIS W. BÜTMANN.

It is the year eighteen hundred and fifty-five, and there is a picture in the academical gallery, Casa della Vittoria, in Rome, the design of which might have been conceived by Hogarth, but whose execution is such as hardly to entitle it to a place in the exhibition. It is styled the "Happy Pair." In a spacious, gaudily arranged room, a lady in morning costume is represented as sitting negligently on a fauteuil. She is certainly extremely lovely; the proportions of her face are faultless; but an air of ennui and discontent gives them a languid, indifferent aspect which is rather painful than otherwise. Her eye rests scornfully on one who is probably her husband, an insipid-looking gentleman, at a small breakfast-table. There is one other figure, a portrait painter, who is engaged on the gentleman's likeness; as yet no face or limbs adorn his sketch, he has only succeeded in depicting a highly correct copy of the uniform of the "Garde Noble." The studied aversion of the Happy Pair is admirably portrayed. The minor details are rather hurried, the only thing which is accurately finished being a ring of opals upon the lady's finger. The face of the painter strikes you as familiar, you have seen those calm, hazel eyes, that brown hair, golden where the sunbeam falls across it, the noble turn of the head, the whole expression of serene certainty and vigilance. While you pause to reflect, your eye falls on a person standing easily beside the frame; he observes you and smiles, the likeness is correct, it is he. It is probable then that all the faces are portraits, and that the picture has some hidden meaning; you move aside to see if events throw any light on it. The person who stands so near by, is of tall and rather slender frame; his dress, neither studiously elaborate nor careless, indicates ease, perhaps wealth; his air is that of a gentleman; he is the artist.

It being yet early in the day, the hall is by no means full, and one by one pass listlessly by. Now, a portly monsignore, an arch cardinal with his confessor and lackey, pauses patronizingly, but quickly contracting his benignant smile to a scowl, glances at the artist, and before long retires to his coach. A member of the Garde Noble, in gorgeous uniform, Marquis de Vologni, a nephew of the arch cardinal, starred and gartered, tall and handsome, saunters by and seems attracted. Indeed the room is marvellously like one in the palace Vologni, and the lady like her to whom the marquis is paying his addresses, the

Princess Reggioso. Strange to say, he does not recognize the other portrait which is not so faithful as the one he every day sees in his mirror, and by-and-by he also wanders out. This time the artist's serenity is for a moment clouded.

Another group have just entered, but one only of their number draws near, a tall young woman in a rustling black silk; proud, if one were to judge by the erect form and haughty step, beautiful if those Italian skies ever saw perfection. By the quick changes of her brow, it is evident she perceives the design of the artist. The eyes of the lady in the picture are of the same rich darkness as hers who stands before it, there is the same soft texture of skin, the same look of ennui and discontent; it is, in short, the Princess Reggioso; everything perfect but her hand which wears no jewels. She regards the picture as if lost in silent thought for a few moments; looking up then with an air of determination, you perceive that the first expression is entirely gone, and a radiant smile bathes the face in its pristine beauty. She looks steadily at the artist.

"Correct save in one particular, Signor Cheaviv," she says, melodiously, "my arm is not so long as you have painted."

"True, madam. But it is daily lengthening, you will acknowledge."

"How so?"

"In order to grasp that of the Marquis de Vologni, whom Nature has placed at such a distance from your highness."

As the painter illustrates his words by pointing at the picture, it is observable that he himself wears the ring of opals.

"Ah! But a hundred accessories were palling it forward," she returns. "See, I annihilate their influence entirely; the arm is contracting!"

"But what will the marquis in that case do?"

"Who cares?" she answers, with a slur.

"But, signor, you have been long about this picture!"

"Seven years since we met, I think, but not seven years since I have seen you."

"One's hair grows gray in such absence. Seven years," she repeats, half sadly, "yes all that."

It is singular to observe how familiarly they address each other, and you wonder on what relation they stand. But since little can be gathered from their conversation, suffer me to relate the circumstances of their acquaintance.

The family of Reggioso, though very ancient and noble, were much impoverished, and to mend their fortunes, it had long been contemplated to unite their house with that of the less noble, but extremely wealthy Vologni, by the marriage of

their daughter Victoria to the nephew of the cardinal, whenever the two should be of age, since the nephew had never evinced any inclination for the church as his uncle would have preferred, and was destined, when he had completed his growth, for the Garde Noble.

But Victoria, though accustomed to play with her handsome *fiance* from childhood, though constantly told that one day he was to be her husband, never manifested any desire for the union, and at the age of seventeen, stoutly refused the honor, and the subsequent years have been spent by both families in worrying the beautiful princess into the match, until now at the age of twenty-five, she seems on the verge of consenting. It is these facts that have given her face its languid, bitter look, it is the sudden resolution to thwart them, that has changed it into an incarnate smile.

Seven years previous to this time, she was eighteen; it was then the year of the Revolution in '48. All Rome, all Italy had long been in a ferment, secret meetings of the patriots had been held underground in the old excavations and catacombs, without the city, among the ruins of the ancient aqueducts, in broad daylight, at last on the open squares, till the whole vast impulse of a crushed nation rose in terrible strength to sweep oppression from the earth and substitute free government for the insolent Austrian rule. There had been in those days a young English nobleman sojourning in Rome, and following art in the great galleries. His true rank was unknown, but Signor Chenevix, if sprung from lords or peasants, could not be more popular with those Romans who wished to throw off their yoke, than he already was. In all their struggles he assisted, and in all their deliberations gave valuable advice, while the even balance of his character imposed a necessary discretion on the fiery counsel of this rash southern blood.

It was the day when the double-headed Austrian eagle was torn down from the Palazzo di Venezia and burned, with other hated insignia, in the streets. News came hourly of the revolt of sister cities, the highest excitement prevailed, the people were wild with joy, spontaneous processions formed themselves through the streets, and the popular outbreak was swelled by hundreds frantic with the new wine of liberty. The bonfire in the Piazza del Popolo brightened and increased with the accumulations brought by one and another. Chenevix had stood with folded arms, taking in the scene, when he saw a young girl steal from an arched gateway, look cautiously round, run quickly and throw a small bundle of parchment into the flames. They were the commissions of Austrian officers to govern Rome.

It was the Princess Victoria. How she obtained them was no matter of wonder when he remembered having already seen her in the theatre with those to whose distribution they were sent, and he knew that this great-hearted act would, if revealed, bring down some certain vengeance on her head.

No sooner was the thing done than a great shout rose from those around, although perceiving she did not wish to be known, none mentioned her name, but delighted they hailed another friend. She had turned to run back, when, catching sight of a carriage coming down the street, she lost her color, and looked uncertainly up and down, as if for shelter. Within the carriage were sitting the Countess Andelli, her scandalized aunt, and the arch-cardinal, the marquis's scandalized uncle. Chenevix perceived her embarrassment, and stepping forward, shielded her from their sight, while he offered his cloak which was long and hooded; she accepted it with a smile, and wrapping it round her, stood beside him till the aristocratic coach had rolled by. She would then have returned the garment and left him, but the crowd rushing from behind, filled up the square and bore everything before it to the Colosseum, where the youths were flocking to enroll themselves in the Roman Republic.

For a time he strove to protect her, but soon in the enthusiasm of the moment, and the pressure of the impelling multitude, they became separated, and he lost her. But in the vast area of the Colosseum when they arrived, there would have been ample room for a larger mass than this. It was but a short time before, looking up, he saw the princess standing on an upper tier at some distance, and so completely interested in the proceedings of the enlistment below, as to have suffered her cloak to drop down, while eager and erect, with one hand on an adjacent altar, she proudly watched this crisis in her country's fate.

Chenevix, in all his studies, had never seen so charming an one as this. It did not last long, though before another had joined her, and the feeble contemptuousness on his face told how little the young Marquis de Vologni sympathized with the citizens. He whispered a word or two in her ear. Starting suddenly, she gathered up her cloak, threw on him a glance of concentrated scorn, and swept away without his assistance.

A year passed, and during this time Chenevix, who had suddenly remembered Roman acquaintances in the city, immediately renewed his old, English habits, and plunged into a whirl of that society where he was frequently sure to meet the princess. Known always by his family name,

and never by his title, he was not, of course, on any equality with her highness but that of politeness, although many suspected him to be some mildred Inglesa; the absurdly insolent manner of the marquis, her frequent attendant, he did not deem worthy of notice; and at last, as daily he was more and more in her society, it attracted the angry attention of the arch cardinal, who, in turn, directed her aunt's to the same point. Severely reprimanded by the latter, Victoria was, for a few days, sufficiently cold to deter any one less clear sighted than Chenevix; but waiting a while, he again, when her caprice of obedience had worn off, became her partner in the dance and her companion in the walk, while the boyish marquis stood indignantly by in stifled jealousy till he could again find pretext for his uncle's interference. Still their intercourse was almost commonplace, if it had not been for a secret understanding of each other's sentiments, which found expression now and then in the glance of an eye, the answering smile, the heightened color, but very seldom in words.

Although strictly forbidden to continue an acquaintance with so plebeian a person as an unknown English artist, she boldly did as she pleased, despite father, aunt, or the whole net of Volognis, and was accordingly one evening detected by the vigilant eyes of the marquis, monsignore the arch cardinal, and her aunt, at the masked opera ball, promenading arm-in-arm with Signor Chenevix! Nothing could exceed the impropriety of the action! There could be no greater breach of Roman etiquette. Without a chaperone, young, alone, and in such a place, not even her exalted station could have protected her from scandal had it been known. To do her justice, however, it was the first time she had ever spoken freely to Chenevix, and now she rather revelled in it, not so much from any penchant for the Englishman, as because it was an emancipation from the strict rules of ceremony, and because it had been vetoed, while at the same time she knew there was nothing to be feared when beneath the respectful protection of Signor Chenevix.

They had lifted their masks for air, and were gaily talking, when Victoria observed the dreadful trio unmasked, and terrible in intention, bearing down towards them. An instant she turned pale and held her breath, while her heart beat in in her throat. "Courage!" whispered Chenevix, as he saw her downcast eyes. The word sent the blood back to its proper channel, the eyes were raised, the suspended laugh finished, and she appeared, as the Countess Andelli afterwards remarked, unconcerned as any hardened criminal.

Monsignore had ferocious designs glaring under his brows, but they were forestalled by Victoria's crying in affected horror, "Your excellency at a masked opera ball! And with my aunt?"

His excellency had nothing to observe. Her aunt seized her arm and pronounced some awful threat in her ear.

"Indeed, madam," returned the princess, with a shrug, "he will oblige me extremely by taking the initiatory proceeding in breaking the contract. For if he waits for my consent, the marquis will be a bachelor till doomsday."

"Then he will not wait for your consent!" said monsignore.

"Yours will be sufficient?" she asked him, with her arm still in Chenevix's.

"Assuredly!"

"Ha! I flatter myself that my own consent is the primary object, so at least you will find it, and believe me, I shall never give it to your nephew!" The house of Reggioso boasts, if of no more, of untainted blood!"

"Niece! niece!" whispered the terrified aunt. But monsignore had it not in his power to take any exception at this affront, although he resolved at some time to take revenge. The young marquis was better provided, and with every evil passion marking his crafty face, he drew his sword and struck Chenevix across the head an awkward blow, which he had meant should be a wound. There was a difference of some ten years between them, a difference also in rank which the younger did not know, a difference of spirit he could not comprehend. He wished a challenge should ensue, and hissed exultingly between his teeth, "Now, signor, you will demand reparation!"

"No!" exclaimed Chenevix, with flashing eyes. "On the contrary, I shall take it!" And grasping both hands of the little marquis in one of his own, with the other he boxed his ears on both sides of his head, and then shook him by the shoulder with such vigor as to send him dancing into the middle of a neighboring set.

"Now my princess," said he, as if nothing had happened, "shall we continue our walk?"

The astonished cardinal moved aside to suffer them to pass, and then hurried away, and from that time it was tacitly considered best in both families to allow the Princess Victoria her own way till she should grow weary of it. A determination exceedingly pleasant to her, if it had been long maintained, but unfortunately subsequent events induced both her father and the marquis's uncle to alter this plan of behaviour.

All this time the spirit of revolution had never once ceased or hesitated. The great Mazzini's

influence was omnipotent in the city, and the republic seemed to be rising fast in fresh, white lustre on the ashes of the French and Austrian power. Nevertheless, the steady, and in reality immense force of these old kingdoms, with their armies, their wealth and their prestige, was in the opposition, and the resistance, long open, was now flashing forth in street skirmish and outside assault. Victoria had never restored Chenevix his cloak, nor indeed alluded to it, and therefore on the day of the great battle, more than a year having elapsed from the first outbreaks, when he saw this cloak climb the wall and look out on the scene of carnage, he had no hesitation in identifying her within it. He would at once have joined her and led her out of danger could he have left his own post; but at the moment the gunner by his side was shot down into the ditch, and she sprang forward to fill the place, performing his work faithfully, and with more sang-froid than if at her embroidery on a shady terrace. Not far distant the majestic boom of the guns of St. Angelo sounded in the intervals of their own; the crash of falling escalades, the rattling of mucketry, filled the air with awful clamor, and the groans of the dying, the trumpet peals of rallying squadrons, were sufficient to appall stouter hearts. But steadily she rivalled the ancient fame of the Roman women, in her heroism.

A dreadful hour, vacant of words between them, passed like a century over his head, as Chenevix thought what might befall her, as ball after ball whizzed by her, shell after shell burst beneath, a wall of flames opened and closed in front. At last he could endure it no longer, he left his gun for her side, and implored her to leave. As he spoke, a cannon ball dashed by, sweeping with electrical velocity within half an inch of her lips, and she fell on his arm completely stunned with the fearful collapse of air which it occasioned. Hardly had he time to grasp her ere another terrible stroke, coming from he knew not where, robbed him also of sensation, and when he awoke he lay on a cot in the hospital Fate-Bene Fratelli, while Victoria bent over him like some mild nun of the Annunziata. It seemed then, as he soon learned, that they had together been brought here; she had quickly recovered, but he had lain in fever and delirium for many days.

"Our cause?" he asked of her.

"Is lost!" she briefly answered.

A moment's pause was broken by another question. "And you have nursed me?"

"Yes."

"As in your kindness you would tend any wounded wretch!" he said, bitterly.

"No, signor," she responded, in low, fervent tones. "As I would tend an angel from heaven, if he should fall to my compassioning."

Chenevix gazed long and searchingly into the truthful eyes that met his own, and at last, satisfied, as it would seem, slept with her hand in his.

Many more long days and nights Victoria watched with him, relieved by the angelic ministrations of Margaret Fuller, that primal Florence Nightingale, in bearing the olive of peace and healing through the havoc of war, till he was sufficiently restored to leave. Slow as the time was, they look back on it with regret, for they had experienced in its flight the uninterrupted pleasure of a companionship they might never know again.

The Austrians were once more in the ascendant, and when he again wandered out into the plaza, the evidence of their subdued order was everywhere apparent. Scarcely had he cast his eyes around, ere he found himself, at unawares, seized by their officials. This was monsignore's revenge. As he was being thrust into a coach, a figure wrapped in a long cloak passed, and being suddenly stopped by the affair, stumbled and fell against him. The guards hastily interfered, but not before a little hand had slipped into his a vial, while a voice whispered, "Drink it at once!" The coach when closed, was so dark that he did not hesitate on account of discovery, and on reaching the place of trial, their captive was, to all appearance, dead. So the physician declared, and hastily confined, he was the same day entombed.

That morning Victoria had sold her diamonds, and some of the gold thus obtained had chinked in the physician's palm, more had chinked in the grave-digger's, an empty grave had been left, and a villa outside the wall received the but half animate form of Chenevix. Here the proper medicines were applied, and two days after, when he sat stronger than before he had drank the opiate, the door opened and Victoria, who had just reached the villa, entered quietly. Her face was quite pale, and she commenced speaking hurriedly.

"I have procured a passport for you," she said. "It is filled out and viséed. You are able to leave, Signor Chenevix; let me request you to hasten." It seemed to pain her as she spoke. "I have stolen hither, the marquis follows, and will arrive momentarily. His joy at your supposed death is magnificent! Your position is at the gate. Farewell, if we do not meet again. Thank God!" signor, there are two worlds!"

"I must leave you, then?"

She handed him a little note which he read:

"SIGNOR CHENEVIX,—I know not who you are, but as one gentleman to the other, I ask you, force me not to break the oath I made, on the Princess Victoria's birth, to the Arch Cardinal Vologni, that she should wed his heir. I ask you not to address my child for a period of three years, a promise corresponding to her own, and believing in your honor, I am yours,

ANTONIO TRISTEZZA, of *Reggioso*."

Immediately drawing forward a writing stand, Chenevix wrote in answer :

"EXCELLENCY,—I respect your wish, let my secret also be regarded.

Yours, RICHARD CHENEVIX,
Duke of Radnorsley."

He sealed it and gave it to her.

"I have promised," he said. "We do not meet again for three years. You will then be your own mistress, unless events are untoward. I shall then be in Rome."

"My father, Signor Chenevix will perceive, knows of his safety; no one else; he followed me and so learned it. Farewell again."

"Princess, one word! If you were alone in the world, and I the same man as now, humble, foreign, obscure, would our fortunes be united?"

She looked up with a sparkle of happiness making her beauty brilliant, and answered slowly and distinctly, "Signor, the world would not be wide enough to separate us."

A moment of quick joy, he had clasped her in his arms, snatched one burning kiss, placed her in his own chair, and dashing down to his own coach, disappeared round the bend of the road just as the marquis drew up in a cloud of dust at the gate. Without the interchange of a word, her suitor conducted her back to Rome, he full of corroding, jealous anger, and she hanging on the blissful dream of the last few moments; the steadfast, earnest eyes, the kiss, the touch, though years might intervene ere it was repeated. Once at home she gave the prince his note, which he read without comment to any, and the arch cardinal, who was awaiting them, and who had been severely silent and stern, insisted that she should be confined in some upper room till she consented to the marriage. *Reggioso* was in his power, and Victoria was accordingly imprisoned. But nothing conquered that spirit, and when at the end of the year the cardinal with his nephew entered and requested her decision, she calmly declared it unaltered.

"Another year!" said the cardinal, and another year found her still a prisoner. Again at its expiration the cardinal entered. This time she would have nothing to say to either of them, and the cardinal withdrew. Harsh measures being thus found ineffectual, monsignore advised

milder ones, and the princess once more appeared in the wondering but questionless society of the capital, constantly attended by the marquis, in hopes that weariness and habit might cause her to yield. The misery of those two years cannot be imagined, but now the hope dawned on her that the third year would bring Chenevix. It passed without him. The fourth year and much of the fifth passed by and he came not. Despair took the place of hope.

One dreary night she sat alone from sunset to day-break, bitterly reviewing the years that were gone. It was plain he had thought her only a wild, ungovernable child, she said. In England there were women beautiful as she, and far more cultivated. He had forgotten her and loved there. From that night the ennui of ease, the discontent of life, settled on her brow, transfixing the airy, high-spirited girl into the scornful, superb woman of elegance.

The fifth year had nearly passed; the marquis had finished growing and entered the *Garde Noble*, and sitting carelessly one night at the opera, he, as ever, at her side, her glance lighted on a familiar face, and fastened there. Could it be Chenevix? A silent, spell-bound gaze, and he bowed. It was impossible for her to return it, to move; her face hardened and grew ghastly, and she was borne out in a swoon. Weary days passed ere she again saw him; she could not relinquish self-control thus a second time; he should see how she bore neglect; and scornfully as to any of her Roman admirers, she gave him a mocking recognition. It was idle, she began to think, for her to occasion such strife in her family, and joyfully the cardinal perceived that she was drifting with the current, her consent almost, and at last, as he thought, being *finally* gained.

About this time she lost a ring of opals, and when, after a long interval she again saw him, the ring was on his finger. Well, any lover could wear one's rings, but had he wished ever so much, she reflected that she was too constantly guarded for him to obtain any interview, and with her mind strangely balancing in uncertainty, she waited. Then he disappeared altogether from her sight, and months passed without him. So settled did the family now regard her marriage that the trousseau was already finished, and they clamored for her to name the day. But to such appeals she never answered, and they concluded to fix it themselves; in this they reckoned without their host, for as she would not speak on the subject, they should have seen that she was not prepared to act on it. At last they boldly announced that her wedding-day was de-

terminated on. She laughed at the intelligence and continued as before.

When she again met Chenevix, it was as the artist beside his picture; she had recognized him with a wild heart-beat of pleasure, which all her pride could not repress, on entering the hall; and for seven years never so near together. As now, she carelessly strolled up to the painting though every step seemed a year. "Correct, save in one particular," is the first sentence she has interchanged with him for a desert of time.

"Is seven years so long then?" asked the painter.

"Signor, two years in prison have not been so long as five in freedom."

"Madam has been a prisoner then?"

Her eyes flash but she does not reply.

"I, too," he resumes, "have been in like situation. Not two years, but four. My cell not a palace, but walls of ice."

She turns her dark eyes on him for explanation.

"The princess is interested?"

"I would like to hear you more particularly," she says, distinctly.

"In short, then, when I reached England six years ago, I entered, that I might not be tempted to falsehood with your father, on an expedition to the Arctic seas. Greater separation I could not fancy. Time will not answer here for details. Four years walled in among dense masses and mountains of ice, that built themselves up, ere I again saw my native shores. I hastened at once to Italy. A hundred attempts to address the Princess Victoria have failed; the prince, her father, has as many intercepted letters. He knows I am in Rome. I was this moment recognized by the arch cardinal, who is strangely perplexed, and has gone to solve the riddle."

"He will open your grave and find it empty!" she says, laughing.

"We will then arrest his holiness for barking."

The princess hardly understands the allusion and perceives her friends moving forward. He stoops so as to look clearly into her unshrinking eyes. "Victoria!" he says, "your wedding is fixed, as you know, for to-morrow night, in the Church of Santa Croce, and," bending earnestly forward, "it is for the bride to choose the bridegroom!"

"Seven years ago I chose that bridegroom!"

"And his name?"

"Is Richard Chenevix."

"At what hour does the marquis expect his marriage?"

"At six," she replied.

"Very well, taking a little precedence, I shall be married at five!" he said, smiling. The prin-

cess is here joined by her chaperone, and soon glides out, a happy smile hovering round her lips. To-morrow comes and crawls along; the sun passes the meridian and steals down the west; it is five o'clock. A bride has just entered the vestry of Santa Croce. The church is full of those who wait to see the proud princess give herself to a man she is known to despise. They have been told that the bridegroom waits, and they do not wish to delay the marquis, therefore she leaves her father's arm to the countess while moving forward herself with her bridesmaids to her lover. Chenevix meets her as this bridegroom, with his head bowed to hear her murmur, and the ritual proceeds. The great clock in the tower strikes six ere the stately ceremonial pronounces them man and wife. Proud and happy they have just left the altar. Suddenly a quick defiance, a haughty smile chase over her face, for there is a commotion at the door, and they pass down the aisle together while the marquis and arch cardinal are alighting. Unperceived they enter their own coach, and the bells above again swell on the air, with acclamations from the populace, who have not forgotten the maid of seven years ago, nor her husband.

"The Duke of Radnorsley stops the way!" cries a footman.

"God and our lady bless the Duchess Victoria!" cry the people. She looks up in her husband's face, struck with sudden astonishment, but the loyal smile she finds there only gives confirmation. Monsignore and the marquis stop, arrested by the words, then the latter darts forward. "What means this?" he begins.

"Marquis Vologni," says the duchess, from her seat at Chenevix's left hand, "I said that to-night I should be married; never having taken you into my confidence, I did not say to whom!"

The duke bows to him with superb stateliness, and they drive on. The marquis has in fact only his own presumption to thank, and since he dare offer neither insult nor injury to the British ambassador at Rome, he swallows his rage, and with his baffled uncle returns home to seek another bride.

When they are once more alone, the duke's clasp of his bride is none the less tender, while, careless of the orange flowers, her head lies on his shoulder. "And is my darling wife defrauded," he said, "because humble Mrs. Chenevix blossoms into the Duchess of Radnorsley?"

"O no, no!" she answers. "But I should be no less glad and gay if you were a lazzarone and I still your wife."

Misery requires action, happiness repose.

THERE IS NONE SO POOR AMONG US.

A BALLAD.

BY J. H. M'NAUGHTON.

There is none so poor among us
 But may yet in mansions shine,
 None so stricken, none so famished,
 But may yet with princes dine;
 There is none so low among us
 But may rise from out the pit;
 Will his rage prevent the peasant
 From ascending? Not a whit!
 Cheer ye up, ye stricken-hearted;
 Grasp the sword and take the van;
 Valor's arm can ne'er be thwarted,—
 On to battle, man to man!
 Cheer ye up, ye stricken-hearted!

Out upon this grovelling, whining,—
 Shout the war-ory to the wind;
 Teach the world that men of tinsel
 Ne'er can vie with men of mind.
 There is none so poor, so needy,
 None so weak, and none so low,
 But may win both wealth and honor
 If he dare but strike the blow.
 Cheer ye up, ye stricken-hearted,
 Grasp the sword and take the van;
 Valor's arm can ne'er be thwarted,—
 On to battle, man to man!
 • Cheer ye up, ye stricken-hearted!

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

A page in the life of William and Mary of England.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

IN a large room, hung somewhat too profusely with Flemish paintings, sat a man whose aspect was at once severe and pensive. Thin as a shadow, with a frame bent as if by sickness, a forehead broad and high, if not exactly open and frank, a nose somewhat hooked, eyes that shone brightly but coldly, and a mouth round which the lines were deeply and firmly marked, betokening a strong will and a determined character, William, Prince of Orange was all his *physique* denoted him to be.

For a long while, he had experienced a discontent and uneasiness, amounting to actual unhappiness, at the prospect of his own state when the princess should succeed to the monarchy of England. The natural distaste which a man feels at being obliged to be second to a woman with whom he is on any sort of intimate relations, was aggravated in this case by the inherent jealousy of a temper like William's, and the consciousness of his own ability to command.

His evident want of ease excited a serious alarm in the breast of the princess, who tenderly

inquired the cause. Unwilling to disclose his thoughts to her, of all others, he changed the subject at once, professing to her that he had been suffering from one of his frequent headaches. She begged him to retire and allow something to be applied for his relief; and the prince glad to escape from the scrutiny of his wife, was soon apparently asleep in his chamber. Closing the windows and doors, Mary left him to his repose, after laying a wet napkin upon the broad and ample brow, which would almost seem to ache from its own weight, she descended the stairs thoughtfully, wondering if these frequent and violent attacks would not some day lead to disastrous consequences.

Mary loved her husband even more than he gave her credit for doing. Unamiable as his general character indisputably was—peevish, cold and sarcastic as he often proved to others, he never seemed to visit it upon the princess, whom he evidently regarded as his superior in birth, and whose beauty and virtue made him regard her as the first of women.

The first person whom Mary encountered after leaving the chamber was Gilbert Burnet, the brilliant and lively spiritual adviser of her royal highness. The cloud had not left Mary's brow, which was brought there by anxiety about the prince, and Burnet hastily asked her what was the matter? On being informed, he gaily answered that the prince was suffering from altogether a different disease.

"It is the heart—not the head, your highness! The prince is troubled with an affection of the heart which has already attended him nine years."

Mary looked at him at first with dismay, knowing that his knowledge of physiology was as superior as his theology; but the smile upon his face re-assured her.

"The fact is this, your royal highness," continued Burnet, "the prince dreads the moment that you shall be crowned queen."

"And why?" she asked, astonished.

"Because he will no longer live with you when that event takes place; and the thought of a separation is most terrible to one who regards you so supremely."

The princess sat down in a tumult of complicated feelings. She was ghastly pale, and Burnet saw at once that he had been too blunt and abrupt in his speech. With the deepest contrition, he besought her to forgive him the pain he had evidently cost her, and to believe that no human being knew that he was going to utter such words to her. He would say no more until she granted him forgiveness.

She assured him of this and begged him to proceed. He then related to her how inadvertently he had discovered William's feelings, and his conviction that he would never share her throne.

"But how shall I act under all this?" asked the princess. "This resolution which the prince has formed, must be met and crushed at once. No anxiety of this kind must be permitted to fill his mind, already burdened by care, and struggling with the sufferings of disease. Nothing on my part must be omitted to give him confidence in me and my regard for him. A thousand thrones cannot be put in competition with my husband's love."

Burnet had changed wholly from the careless, indifferent manner with which he had commenced the conversation. A serious expression had succeeded to the light gaiety which his countenance had before exhibited. He sat apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the bright colored dresses in the Flemish painting opposite. He was in a dilemma, that might draw upon him the cool sarcasm of the prince; and although he hardly cared for it himself, yet he felt that he could not bear to provoke it in any matter that concerned the princess.

"Again I ask you," said Mary, "how I may best act in regard to this resolution—this whim, if I must call it so?"

"I know of but one way. Assure him that he himself shall administer the government; to which measure, the parliament may be easily moved, as well as to bestow on him the title of king."

"Then assure him yourself from my own lips, that they shall be thus influenced."

Burnet started to find the prince, but he was off upon his favorite hunting ground. The next day, however, he came with his heart full to the princess, to express his admiration of her generous desire to hold him her equal. The scene between them was affecting in the extreme. Mary expressed herself strongly as to the high opinion which she held of his talents and capability to hold authority, and promised him that he should always bear rule.

Restored confidence—expressions of ardent affection, which, coming from such lips as William's, all unused to utter the soft accents of love, were more forcible if not so smoothly rendered—were the fruits of Mary's loyalty to her husband; and the lamp of conjugal affection which until now had not seemed to burn very brightly in the House of Orange, revived its blaze anew.

To William's rooted aversion to France, more than even his love for Holland, historians as-

cribe his ambition to have been kept awake. The desolation of Holland, whose inhabitants had been called upon to bend the knee to the House of Bourbon, when William was yet a boy, rankled in his heart, and deepened his hatred of Louis of France. The two were as different as possible. Louis with his courtly airs, his refined and voluptuous tastes, contrasted strongly with William, whose manners and habits were simplicity itself.

To this hatred, might reasonably be attributed William's intense desire for sway. It must have required all that dogged sullenness for which he was sometimes distinguished, to affect indifference when the birth of an heir to the English throne was announced. He succeeded well in concealing any disappointment he might have felt; for on the morning after the announcement, prayers were said for the little Prince of Wales, and an envoy was sent to London with a formal congratulation on his birth.

Still, when the conspirators against King James pleaded with William to come to the rescue of their ill-governed country, the very first act of the prince was to suspend reading the prayers for the child whom nine-tenths of England believed sincerely was not the son of the queen. History, while it frees James from the imputation of deceit, throws no light over his strange and unaccountable conduct in allowing none but Papists to substantiate the child's birth.

* * * * *

"And why not make a descent upon England at once, your highness?" asked the young and impetuous Lord Mordaunt, who had come to the Hague, to persuade William to a measure which he fancied would be perfectly easy.

The prince smiled.

"Do you consider that there would be danger in the attempt?"

"William of Orange is not apt to think of danger," was the proud response.

"I beg your highness's pardon. You and I have nothing to reproach ourselves with on that score."

"Not if your lordship's exploits have been reported to me aright," answered William, with a touch of the sarcasm so natural to his manner.

If the implied reproach touched the pride of the young lord, he had, at least, the tact to conceal that it did so; and he only replied to it by re-urging his plan.

William's words were guarded enough. "I have long taken an interest in English affairs, my lord, and shall keep my attention fixed upon them still."

Whatever were his meditations upon the sub-

ject, he did not disclose them to the rash youth before him. William's time had not yet come. The future lay before him; and he had long been impressed with the idea that he had a great and important part to perform in it; but no alchemy raised by rashness and excitement could transmute the sterling metal of his nature into the dross of which such beings as Mordaunt was made; and which the Prince of Orange estimated at just its specific value.

* * * * *

It was December, 1688. The troops of the prince were pouring into London. William himself was landed safe from a private carriage in which he was taken to St. James'. From the top to bottom of the palace, all was one mass of orange ribbons. Bells were rung, illuminations were got up in a style hitherto unprecedented, and every where rejoicings were taking place. St. James was all too limited for the immense crowds that attempted to throng its rooms and staircases. The long looked-for triumph had now come.

It was just at that time that the dethroned queen and her infant were entering France. Louis, attended by his family and the nobles of his court, went forth to meet her, with the strongest expressions of welcome. He even went on foot for the last part of the way; and after condoling with her upon the misfortunes which had driven her hither, he took her child in his arms, and embraced him.

The queen now entered the state coach of the king, in which she was conveyed to St. Germain's where James arrived the next day. Everything that munificence could suggest, was provided for the royal visitors; and France and England were for once on terms of cordiality; although it must be said that it was only England in its degradation that received the courtesy of the King of France.

On the eleventh of February, 1689, the Princess of Orange re-entered her father's late dominions, to take the throne which he had desecrated by his meanness and pusillanimity, to speak in the softest terms. It was a sight which the world has never seen repeated—the accession of a daughter while the parent monarch still lived; and at first thought, would seem not only strange and unnatural, but absolutely shocking. It will be remembered, however, that James once listened with complacency to a scheme whereby he might defraud his daughter of the succession. Beside this, Mary set aside all authority or ties of consanguinity, wherever her husband was concerned. Notwithstanding what tale-bearers said of Mary's domestic happiness, her whole love

and duty were actually given to William, and he could not but be sensible of the value of the gift.

The revolution which thus placed William and Mary on the throne, was a momentous one. It was the last that England knew; and to the peace and happiness which she has since enjoyed, she is indebted to the wisdom of their joint reign, and the proof which it brought home to the English heart, that the throne and the parliament are one and inseparable.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF WOMEN.

Punch thus expresses his distress at the disappearance of women from the face of the earth: There are no women now-a-days. Instead of women, we have towering edifices of silk, lace and flowers. You see a milliner's large advertising van that slides along with a rustling sound, and you are told that it is a woman; but as you cannot approach within several yards of the monster obstruction, you cannot tell what it is, beyond something that looks like an entire shop front put in motion, with all the goods in it exposed for sale. I really believe, if any showman would open an exhibition where one could see a woman, such as were in my young days, when they used to be fair, slim, slender, graceful, well-proportioned, and everything that was beautiful, instead of the animated wardrobes, and unrecognizable bundles of fine clothes, that they now are, I really believe that an enterprising showman like that would realize a large fortune."

THE SAFEST INVESTMENTS.

In the long run, those men get to be the richest, as all past experience proves, who invest most of their surplus capital in good mortgages and real estate. It is astonishing how fast a fortune accumulates, even at six per cent., if dividends and rents are invested quarterly, or even semi-annually. Investments in real estate securities rarely or never bring loss; and hence there is no drawback on the compounding of interest. The fact is notorious that, of the Philadelphia families which were rich a century ago, only those remain rich that kept the bulk of their wealth in real estate. No business man can afford—for any long period—to pay two per cent., for money; to demand such high rates is, therefore, not sound policy in the capitalist; and the history of the rich in this or any other city, if traced back for a hundred years, affords abundant proofs of this. It is wiser, believe us, not to "kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

CALMNESS.

There is a calm the poor in spirit know,
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe;
There is a peace that dwells within the breast,
When all without is stormy and distress;
There is a light that glids the darkest hour;
When dangers thicken, and when tempests lower;
That calm is faith, and hope and love is given;
That peace remains when all beside is risen;
That light shines down to man direct from heaven.
JAMES EDMISTON.

ONE YEAR AGO.

BY E. L. RUTLEDGE.

One year ago to-day! 'Tis sorrow's hand
That lies so chill and damp upon my heart—
O God, would I had passed that envious strand,
The woful hour that saw her soul depart!
The moonlight glimmers o'er the forest mound
Where they have hidden my life's light from me—
Thou, e'en the flowers are dim, their colors drowned
In the rich tears of night, shed piteously
For one who loved her, but too tenderly.

I see the blue eyes, moist with love's dear light—
I kiss the red lips in my idle sleep—
I see the ripples of the hair so bright,
Kissing a brow, for angels' kisses meet.
I live a life of hopeless, eager pain—
I clasp my hands in agonizing prayer,
That God may pity me, and take again
This worthless life, whose best hope is despair!
Whose gayest wreath—the buds and blooms of care!

THE FRATRICIDE:

—OR,—

SPIRITUALISM IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

"FUDGE!" exclaimed a testy old gentleman at a friendly party one evening, after a long discussion respecting the late controversy between the "Spiritualists" and the learned professors of Harvard University. "Ghosts? Fudge!"

"Nevertheless," observed a remarkably quiet-looking individual, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, "nevertheless, a belief in supernatural visitations does not appear to me to be inconsistent with the exercise of reason. I could tell a story *apropos* to the subject, if I chose."

"For heaven's sake!" said the company, in a breath; "let us hear it." And the testy old gentleman chimed in with: "It will go hard with me, if I do not account for your marvels by natural causes."

"You shall judge," rejoined the quiet-looking personage. "All I ask is, that you do not interrupt me in my recital. The story was related to me very many years ago."

Then silently collecting his thoughts for a few moments, he thus proceeded:

"The person from whose lips I received the following details was named Bertram. He was a man of very eccentric habits, and like the celebrated Count Cagliostro, was well versed in optical delusions which he produced by means of mirrors—*magic mirrors*, as they were called before the science of optics was as well understood as it now is. Bertram travelled for some time

through the southern States of Europe, and during his stay in Florence, became acquainted with Francis Wallscourt, the only surviving son of Lord Wallscourt, an English nobleman of ancient family, who being a Roman Catholic, preferred living in a country where Protestantism dared not lift its head. This young man became so interested in the occult sciences studied by Bertram, that he passed much of his time in his society, and finally induced him to visit his father, Lord Wallscourt, at his palazzo, where he had lived in almost monastic seclusion since the loss of his eldest son, who had been torn from the bosom of his family in the most afflicting and inexplicable manner.

"Lord Wallscourt's family had consisted of two sons, the youngest of whom (Francis Wallscourt) had originally been destined for the church, in order that the undivided wealth and estates of that noble house might be settled upon his elder brother Charles, that being one of the conditions upon which depended his marriage with Chylena Montmorenci, an orphan heiress to whom he had been betrothed while they were both children. By an unusual and a happy chance, so strong a sympathy sprang up between Chylena and Charles, that they were lovers while they were yet children, and would mutually have chosen each other, even if their parents had not decided upon their union. After three years' travel, Francis returned home, and preparations for the solemnization of the nuptials were at once commenced. All that was noblest in Florence had been invited to assist at the ceremony, and a succession of fetes were to follow it, when, the day but one before that appointed for the marriage, Charles suddenly disappeared, and was seen no more!

"Since his return, he had been in the habit of going almost every evening to Lord Wallscourt's villa, that he might superintend the preparations that were in progress for the reception of his bride, who was to pass the first days of their marriage in that beautiful retreat with him. On the evening of his disappearance, he had proceeded thither as usual; but the night passed away, and he did not return to Florence—the morning came, and still he was absent. Expresses were sent in all directions in search of him but in vain. None of his attendants had accompanied him to the villa; those of Lord Wallscourt who remained in permanence had seen him depart, as usual—and this was all that was ever known on the subject.

"To describe the consternation and despair into which the young bride and the whole of the Wallscourt family were plunged, when hour

after hour passed away, and no trace could be discovered of the lost young man, would be impossible. On the day following his disappearance, it became known that a piratical schooner had been seen off the coast on the fatal evening, and that some of the crew had landed in a boat and carried off several of the inhabitants of those shores. Lord Wallscourt immediately ordered his fast-sailing vessels to be equipped and sent in pursuit, and Francis insisted in embarking in one of them. But a violent gale of wind dispersed the little squadron—the vessel in which was Francis putting into a neighboring port for shelter. There they heard that a piratical corsair had been lost, with all on board, on the preceding day. This intelligence was but too well calculated to extinguish all rational hopes of the young man's yet surviving; yet still an immense reward was offered for his discovery, dead or living.

"Nearly three years were spent in unavailing researches, and they were at length forced to resign themselves to the belief that if the ocean had not buried in its unfathomable depths the object of their painful solicitude, he must have fallen a victim to the barbarous treatment of the pirates, and perished in their hands.

"The destinies of Francis were materially altered by the death of his brother; for as he by that event became the sole heir of the Wallscourt family, he was emancipated from the life of celibacy to which the ecclesiastical profession would have doomed him, and it became the absorbing wish of Lord Wallscourt that the hand of Chylena should be transferred to his surviving son, and that the union of the two families, which had been decided upon for so many years, should be thus ratified. One person alone distinctly objected to this substitution—and that person was the fair young mourner, whose widowed heart recoiled with horror from the idea of breaking its faith to the lost Charles.

"Francis, although captivated by the beauty and virtues of the young heiress, and sensitively alive to all the advantages of such an alliance, refused, with a noble generosity which did honor to his feelings, to press his suit with her, as soon as he became aware of her strong objection to another marriage. He even carried his disinterestedness so far as to advocate her cause *against himself* with his family, and with her guardians, and generously protected her against the solicitations with which they persecuted her.

"*'Chylena is right,'* he would often say; *'who knows but that my brother still lives? Could I, after co-operating in so culpable a transaction, dare to raise my voice to Heaven*

and supplicate for his restoration to us? And if, indeed, he no longer exists, how can we better honor his memory than by abstaining from filling up the void which his death has left amongst us—by sacrificing all our hopes in his tomb—by respecting as sacred all that ever belonged to him?'

"In spite of these sentiments, all Francis could obtain from Lord Wallscourt was that he should refrain from molesting Chylena for another year, during which time he continued his researches for his lost brother with unabated ardor, but with no happy result. As for Chylena, touched by the delicacy of Francis's conduct towards her, she felt herself constrained to admire and respect the man she could not love, and insensibly a tender pity succeeded in her bosom to the profound indifference she had previously evinced for him. She could not remain blind to the extent of his passion for her, and every fresh sacrifice of his dearest wishes to her peace of mind was eagerly advanced by Lord Wallscourt as a motive for softening the inflexibility of her resolves.

"It was at this particular stage of the affair that Bertram appeared at Florence, and was invited by Francis to visit Lord Wallscourt at his villa. The presence of the stranger there formed an interesting epoch in the existence of the melancholy circle. His acquirements were varied and captivating; the mysticism with which his conversation was tinged, and vague hints darkly thrown out of supernatural powers exercised by him—powers that would bring him into communion with beings of another world—invested him with a sort of solemn interest in their eyes. He soon divined their characters—entered into their individual feelings—became the confidant of each—and gradually acquired a dominion over the minds of all for which it would have been difficult for them to account. Lord Wallscourt, especially, whose mental powers had become weakened by grief, succumbed to the influence exercised by this extraordinary man, and unresistingly admitted the mysterious influences thrown out by him of an intercourse with supernatural agencies; Bertram became his oracle—and the heart of the bereaved father thrilled with an awful hope that, through his ministry, the fate of his lost son might be revealed to him.

"At last he ventured to give utterance to those hopes, and one day besought his new friend—besought him to exert his powers, in order to throw some light upon the inexplicable disappearance of Charles.

"*'Although,'* said he, *'the Church of Rome brands with the epithets of sorcery and malefice*

the science you have mastered, I cannot resist the impulse which drives me to brave any contingent penalty, that through your exertions I may obtain some certain insight into a mystery which has desolated my domestic happiness. You see the wretched state into which we are all plunged. Chylens's grief has so far yielded to the influence of time, that it has softened into a calm and tender regret, which would ultimately leave her willing to favor the addresses of Francis, could her conscience be satisfied as to the certainty of his brother's death. Francis, on his part, is consuming away—his health and courage sinking under the perpetual struggle to which his feelings are exposed by the intensity of his passion for Chylens, and his respect for her scruples. As for myself, you behold an unfortunate father, whose hopes of living in the children of his children are sacrificed to the dreadful doubt which hangs like a cloud over the fate of one of them. Could that doubt be dispelled, all would be well. Bertram, you understand me; have you the power of raising the veil which conceals the secrets of the world of spirits from the uninitiated?—does your science embrace the possibility of ascertaining whether Charles be alive or dead?—and if so, can you bring home conviction to the minds of those so deeply interested in knowing the truth?

"Bertram fearlessly assured him that he could. Scarcely was this interview over, when Francis, unconscious of the conversation which had just passed, sought his friend, and flinging himself into an arm chair with every gesture of despair, exclaimed:

"Bertram, I can bear this no longer! I must quit the spot—I must leave my country!"

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Bertram. "What has happened?"

"My friend—my dear friend," replied the young man, "in vain have I struggled against my love for Chylens! it has overcome my fiercest resolution to smother it within my own bosom. Every day increases the intensity of my feelings, and if I remain longer here, I shall not be able to resist persecuting her with the expression of them."

"Be assured," said Bertram, "that the heart of the lady will at last pronounce itself in your favor; and that she will yield to the wishes of your friends and bestow her heart upon you."

"Never!" cried Francis; "never, as long as she retains a vestige of hope that Charles still lives!"

"You believe, then, that an awful certainty would decide her?" inquired Bertram. "And what if I tell you that it would be possible for

me to bring that certainty home to her conviction?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Francis, hastily, and fixing his eyes with terrified surprise upon the countenance of his friend.

"I mean," was the answer, "that it is possible to compel the disembodied spirit to appear once more on earth; and if ever terrestrial interests could warrant the peace of the tomb being thus invaded, it would be in a case like the present, where the tranquillity of so many persons depends upon the truth being fully established."

"No, no!" exclaimed Francis, shuddering, and turning to a deathlike paleness; "I cannot countenance so impious a measure! In the name of heaven, say no more of it, Bertram! Let me still be the victim! Destined from my earliest infancy to be sacrificed to my brother's aggrandizement and happiness, let me to the last fulfil my melancholy doom!" And hiding his face in his hands, he wept bitterly.

"Bertram reasoned long and eloquently with Francis upon his scruples; and giving him as last to understand that the experiment which he proposed would be merely a pious fraud, intended to bring certainty to the minds of Lord Walscourt and Chylens (by convincing them through an optical delusion of the reality of that melancholy termination to Charles's existence, which had long since ceased to be a doubt to all but to those two persons), he succeeded in obtaining his adhesion to the plan he meditated. But it was necessary, also, to obtain that of Chylens; and Bertram found that to be the most difficult part of his undertaking. At last, upon receiving from him a solemn assurance that if her betrothed lover still lived, the conjuration would produce no result, a reluctant assent was wrung from her, and only granted in the lingering hope that the failure of Bertram's experiment would give weight to the fond expectation of once more beholding the living Charles, and authorize her to persist in preserving inviolate the faith she had plighted to her first and only love."

"As soon as the unanimous consent of the family had been obtained, Bertram required that a delay of several days should be granted to him, in order to prepare for the great undertaking. During his stay at the villa, he had had ample opportunity of making himself master of every detail relative to the appearance and manner of the unfortunate Charles. A full-length portrait of him, which had been finished but a few days previous to his disappearance, enabled the adept to impart to the shadowy vision, which he was preparing, the closest resemblance to the ill-fated youth; and the supposed manner of his

death decided him as to the way in which he should represent that catastrophe to have happened.

"At the expiration of ten days, Bertram's preparations were terminated, and he announced that in the evening the mysterious question was to be resolved. Fasting, prayers, and vigils, added to the mystical communications of the necromancer, had produced the desired effect upon the minds of his friends; wound up to a state of fanatical credulity in his own powers, the emotions they evinced ended by inflaming his own imagination, and the state of nervous excitement to which he was roused, contributed powerfully to the illusion which he wished to produce.

"In the dimly-lighted chamber of their guest, the lower end of which was buried in shadow, the Wallacourt family were assembled. Bertram had neglected nothing that was likely to add to the mysterious horror of the scene that was to be enacted; an *Æolian* harp (a then little known invention) had been placed outside one of the windows, and the wild, unearthly tones it gave forth, as the night wind swept across its strings, seemed to the trembling listeners to be the wailings of spirits in purgatory. They drew more closely together, and Bertram, stepping forth from the group, in a solemn voice adjured the spirit of the departed Charles to appear to them and reveal the manner in which death had overtaken him.

"Scarcely had the words been pronounced, when a blue and ghastly light partially illuminated the obscure end of the chamber, and discovered a large mirror from the surface of which a dense mist slowly rolled away and revealed to the astonished gazers the form of Charles Wallacourt, clothed in the identical dress which he had worn on the night of his disappearance—his hands heavily fettered, and water streaming from his head and garments, as he lay stretched in utter lifelessness on the sea shore! While their eyes, as though fascinated with horror, remained fixed upon the apparition, the surge appeared to roll slowly over it and bear it away to its ocean-grave. The mist again spread over the surface of the mirror, and all was darkness. Not a word had been uttered during this strange scene; breathless silence had attested to the awe with which it had pervaded the minds of the unhappy family; but at the termination of it, a cry of anguish burst from the lips of the heart-stricken Chylena, and she fainted.

"A dangerous illness was the consequence of the painful emotions she had endured on the evening of Bertram's exhibition of his supposed

unearthly powers; but from that date, no further doubt remained upon her mind as to the fate of her lover, and to the fluctuating hopes which had so long tortured her, succeeded a calm resignation which betokened at no very distant period a still happier and brighter state of feeling.

"Meantime the Wallscourt family publicly attested to their belief in the death of Charles, by going into mourning for him; masses were said for the repose of his soul; and finally, Francis assumed his brother's title. Bertram had quitted Italy shortly after his successful stratagem, and was about to return to his home, when he received a letter from Francis inviting him to return immediately to Florence, that he might be present at his marriage with Chylena, and witness an event which he had been so instrumental in bringing to pass.

"Bertram lost no time in obeying the summons, but he did not reach Florence until the eve of the day on which the nuptials were to take place; and as Chylena had expressed a desire that the ceremony should be solemnized in Lord Wallscourt's villa, in the presence only of the nearest relatives of the two families, and that it should be followed by no rejoicings save a feast given to the tenantry, in order to distinguish it from the courtly splendors that had been prepared for her first bridal, Bertram proceeded directly to the villa, and arrived there just in time to accompany his friend to the altar.

"The noble pleasure-grounds and gardens had been thrown open to the numerous peasantry belonging to Lord Wallscourt's relatives, and the lovely young bride, leaning on the arm of the happy Francis, whose countenance was radiant with an expression of triumphant love, mingled with the gay throng, receiving their respectful felicitations and acknowledging them with graceful affability. After the ball had ended, a plentiful repast was served in the great hall of the villa, to which all the rustic guests were indiscriminately admitted, as well as the various strangers who had come to witness the rejoicings. Among these latter, the noble hosts had remarked a person whose presence seemed ill-suited to the joyful occasion, for he wore a dress peculiar to one of those confraternities which abound in the southern States of Italy, and whose members, in observance of a vow, devote themselves to attending condemned malefactors to the place of execution—a dress which not only effectually conceals the countenance of the individual wearing it, but imposes a solemn prohibition against his being spoken to—I mean the habit of a *Gray Penitent*. The ghastly fashion of the garb—the long, shapeless robe of livid

gay, loosely shrouding a form of almost shadowy fineness—the close capachia, covering the head and face, with two holes cut for the eyes, which invested it with the character of a death's head—contrasted strangely with the gay holiday dresses of the peasantry and the more costly elegance of the bridal party, and forcing upon the imagination images of suffering and death, caused the hearts of all to sink with apprehension. This vague terror was more particularly experienced by Chylena and Francis, whose glances were, despite of themselves, strangely fascinated toward the unwelcome visitant, and each time that they gazed upon him, they beheld his lack-lustre eyes intently fixed upon them.

"At last, towards midnight, the crowd dispersed, the orchestra became silent, the tables in the banqueting-hall were abandoned by their late merry occupants, and nobody remained there but the immediate family of the bride and bridegroom, Bertram, and the Gray Penitent (who had remained immovably fixed in the recess of a window, having by signs declined sharing in the banquet).

"My children," said Lord Wallscourt, looking at the young couple with glistening eyes, "the fondest wish of my heart is realized by your union, and my gray hairs will now descend peacefully to the grave. My friends," he continued, turning to his guests, "before we retire, let us drink to the happiness of Chylena and Francis!"

"At these words, the Gray Penitent emerged from the recess where he had remained half-concealed by the draperies of the window-curtain, and advancing with measured, noiseless steps towards the table, seized upon one of the flowing goblets which had just been filled, and raised it to a level with his lips.

"Have you no other name to pledge?" said he, in hollow accents. "And Charles Wallscourt—where is he?"

"Lord Wallscourt started at this allusion to his dead son, and an expression of sadness overclouded his countenance, as he replied:

"Alas! my beloved Charles is lost to us forever on earth. You do not seem to be aware, reverend stranger, that he has been taken from us to that world from whence there is no return!"

"And yet," continued the stranger, in the same accents, "if the last voice that vibrated in his ear could now be heard, he would not remain deaf to the call! Old man, bid thy son Francis call upon his brother's name!"

"What does he mean?" murmured the affrighted group; while Francis, pale as death, grasped the arm of Bertram for support, and

Chylena leaned, half-fainting, upon the shoulder of her father-in-law.

"Who pledges me?" resumed the terrible stranger, looking round. "To the memory of Charles! and let all those who loved him follow my example." And he raised the goblet to his lips.

"Whoever you may be, reverend penitent," said Lord Wallscourt, in a tremulous voice, "you have pronounced a name which has ensured you a welcome here. Approach, my friends—let us not be outdone by a stranger; let us all drink to the memory of our beloved Charles!"

"And at this appeal, the glasses were raised with trembling hands to the lips of all present, with one exception, and replaced empty upon the table.

"There still remains one full goblet," said the Penitent; 'tis that of Francis—wherefore does he not drink to the memory of his brother?"

"He held the wine cup towards him. Francis shrank back from the invitation pale and trembling, his forehead covered with cold drops of agony, his eyes wildly dilated; but a gesture of entreaty from his father seemed to overcome his repugnance, and seizing the goblet from the hand of the Gray Penitent, he stammered forth—"To the memory of my dear Charles!" and replaced it upon the table untouched.

"'Tis the voice of my assassin!" exclaimed the Gray Penitent, in an accent which thrilled all present with horror; and tearing open his garments, the cowl fell back from his head and revealed the well-remembered lineaments of the unfortunate Charles, stamped with the ghastly characteristic of death—the breast and throat perforated with gaping wounds.

"At this horrid spectacle, all those whom terror had not transfixed to the spot, fled shrieking from the hall; and Bertram, who for the first time beheld the realization of that which his arts had so often simulated, fell to the ground in a swoon.

"When he recovered his senses, the phantom had disappeared, the guests had dispersed, and he found himself stretched upon a couch in his own room, with his servant watching beside him."

* * * * *

Here the testy old gentleman, who during the previous recital had been smoking very assiduously, laid down his pipe and interrupted his friend.

"Do you not think it possible," he inquired, "that your necromancer, Mr. Bertram, might have exceeded the bounds of temperance at the wedding supper, and that the apparition of the

Gray Penitent was conjured up from the fumes of the wine?"

"He would fain have believed so," was the reply; "but the state into which the unfortunate Francis was thrown, deprived him of the possibility of a doubt. A prey to the most horrible convulsions, the unhappy bridegroom only recovered his consciousness to ask for a confessor, with whom he remained shut up for several hours. What passed between them never transpired, for the seal of confession is sacred, and Francis, who never arose from the bed to which he had been carried from the banqueting-hall on that fatal night, expired without proffering a word to any other human being. The old lord did not long survive him, and bequeathed the whole of his possessions to the virgin bride of his two sons."

"And what became of her?"

"She founded a convent. In laying the foundation of a chapel, an old dry well, the entrance to which had been bricked up for several years, was discovered, and from its depths was drawn forth the skeleton of a man bearing upon the third finger of his left hand the gold *alliance* with which Charles Wallscourt had been betrothed to Chylena Montmorenci!"

"Umph!" ejaculated the testy old gentleman. "Take notice! I do not attempt to dispute the fact of the murder, but I take up my position against the genuineness of the ghost. That Francis murdered his brother, I look upon as an undisputed fact; two strong motives impelled him—first to save himself from becoming a priest, and lastly that he might marry a beautiful young heiress with whom he had fallen in love. It is natural to suppose that he confessed his crime to his spiritual director; and my opinion is, that that reverend personage, disapproving of the marriage, and not daring to prevent it by betraying the secrets of confession to the family of the delinquent, enacted the part of the ghost that he might terrify the conscience of the murderer into an avowal of his crime."

The quiet-looking gentleman who had told the story, said nothing, but quietly re-filled his *meerschaum* and smoked on in silence.

Not all the pleasure that kind looks or that kind words give, or have given in life can balance the pain that reproachful eyes occasion—eyes that have become sealed over with that leaden seal which lifts not; how they pierce one by day time, and more dreadfully by night—through and through! Words slip and are forgotten; but looks, reproachful looks, frightened looks, make up all that is terrible in dreams.—*Fresh Gleanings.*

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN TO HIS MOTHER

BY MRS. E. S. ANDREWS.

Mother, I am dying now,
Life's tide is ebbing fast,
The death-damp gathers on my brow;
Soon, soon I shall have passed
The sea upon whose darkling wave
I dread to launch my bark;
There's something fearful in the grave,
So dreary, cold and dark.

O, mother, it is hard to die,
Untimely, and so young;
So soon beneath the clod to lie,
Of good so little done.
But, mother, of thy counsels kind
I've not unmindful been;
I've shunned the haunts of vice and crime,
Debauchery and sin.

But I could life's dear joys resign,
Almost could welcome death,
Could I but in thy arms recline,
To yield my latest breath;
Could I but hear thy blessing now,
In life's dissolving hour,
Or feel thy soft touch on my brow,
E'en death might lose its power.

To daunt my spirit, as I near
The last convulsive throes;
O, would, my mother, thou wert here
To soothe my hour of woe;
When this hath reached you I shall be
Beyond the reach of pain;
O, mother, do not weep for me,
Since we shall meet again.

THE TRAPPER'S BRIDE.

BY MAURICE SILLINGSBY.

"I don't think I ever told you," said James Colter, clearing his throat with a swallow of whiskey, and passing over the long Dutch pipe he had been smoking, to his particular crony, Si. Buffer—"I don't think I ever told you, boys, about an adventure I once had with the Indians, and how I subsequently came into possession of an Indian wife."

"You never told me!" said Tom Sloper.

"Nor me!" granted Buckeye, taking an additional pull at the whiskey jug.

"Divil a word at all did I ever hear from yes concerning that same," echoed Mike Flinn, who was engaged in turning the spit upon which a choice bit of buffalo's rump was simmering and sputtering, and filling our hungry nostrils with its agreeable aroma.

We were all seated around the camp-fire, seven of us in number, and each one of us was ready and even anxious to be entertained with a good

story, as there was a drizzling rain without, and the long evening before us promised to be unusually dull.

"Well, then, boys, I don't mind telling it," responded Colter, crossing his legs before the fire, and leaning his elbow against a log. "As long ago as the Miami Valley was first beginning to be explored by hunters and trappers, and before anything like civilization had planted itself in that unfrequented region, I started one fine morning in the latter part of October, on a trapping excursion up the Miami River. There was no one with me but Tom Hinniker—you all remember Tom Hinniker, or at least some of you do—he was the most perfect wizard in all matters of wood-craft I ever knew; the Lord preserve him, poor fellow, though he has been food for worms these ten years. Well, as I was saying, we started up the Miami, Tom and I, carrying our traps, tent-cloth, and cooking utensils on a pack-mule. For four or five days we journeyed on, keeping the river constantly in view, before we discovered any very promising indications of that most knowing of animals, the beaver. The ingenuity of man does not excel their's in the erection of dams and houses, and such like handiwork, when you take into consideration what sort of implements they have to do with, which are nothing under the sun but the creature's tails and paws."

"Arrah! an' is it so? Upon me sowl, thin, an' isn't it the most wond'herful thing that they should be afther building houses with their tails?" queried Mike, who had just given a finishing turn to the spit, and had consequently caught the closing remark entire. "An' that bates everything in the ould country—and troth, I am sure of it!"

"Never mind the old country, Mike; you've done with that long ago," said Tom Sloper. "It's the new we are on now."

"An' faith it is; and I know that well," responded Mike, "without yez iver speaking a word."

"Well, boys, if you've done with your blarney," interposed Colter, "I'll proceed. But I don't want to be interrupted every two minutes, because it's unpleasant. Well, as I was saying, after four or five days, we come in sight of a spacious cove that spread out from a bend in the river. On examination it proved to be but a small stream emptying itself into the Miami, but dammed only a few rods above where it naturally effected its confluence with the main current, so as to give it at a distance the appearance of a cove.

"We wanted no better indications, so we just threw down our traps, cut a stout sapling for a

tent pole, and went to work. For two or three days we were very busy making preparations by which we might successfully invade the territory of our fuzzy neighbors. One morning while we were scudding along the shore on a temporary raft we had constructed, we were suddenly surprised in the middle of our labors by the appearance of a war party of Indians. They were about twenty in number, and I learned, subsequently, that they had just made an attack upon one of the pioneer settlements which, proving too strong for them, they were driven back with considerable loss. Under these circumstances it could not be expected they would cherish any very amiable feelings towards such persons as claimed relationship to the pale faces.

"No sooner were we noticed by them, than one of their number, who seemed to be a sort of chief among them, advanced from the main body, till he was within about twenty rods of us, when he paused for an instant, and then began to make motions for us to come on shore. We had no weapons about us, excepting our hunting knives, while the Indians, on the contrary, were all armed with muskets, and no doubt well skilled in the use of them. I turned to Hinniker and asked what was to be done.

"'Give in,' said he; 'what is the use in contending? We had far better go on shore and surrender ourselves as prisoners, which leaves us some slight chance of getting away from our captors, than stand here like mules, and suffer ourselves to be riddled into atoms by their infernal bullets.'

"In any sense our situation was a critical one, but this was the most rational view, certainly, we could have taken, because it admitted of some slight possibility of escape. To oppose them we knew would be certain death; so we quickly headed the raft in the direction of the shore, and made signals that we would surrender without resistance.

"No sooner were we landed than the savages crowded around us, and began stripping us of everything but our shirts, pants and moccasins. Having accomplished this, they next bound our hands securely behind us, and giving us to understand that we must 'march,' started off in a north easterly direction from our camp. For three days, with very little intermission for rest, we continued to move on through the wilderness at a swift pace, closely guarded by our tawny captors. About noon of the fourth day they halted in the centre of a small opening, while one of their number started on at a rapid trot in advance of the main body. We had now arrived within about six miles of their encampment, and

the Indian who had gone on in advance, was sent to herald the triumphal approach of the returning war-party, in order to insure them a suitable reception. Before coming within a mile of the village, we could distinctly hear the confused sounds of rejoicing; and on arriving in sight, we could see that they were making ready for us to run the gantlet, a conviction which had no tendency to strengthen our drooping spirits.

"Well, as we came nearer, they set up a most diabolical shout—a sort of compound whoop and yell—and fell to capering about in the most extravagant manner, twirling their sticks and war-clubs in the air, and beating the ground with the most vehement and vindictive gestures. By the time we had arrived on the ground, they had formed themselves into lines, and were impatiently awaiting the moment when they might flay us alive, if we should prove slow footed enough to allow them that tender gratification. In running the gantlet among the Indians, the possession of a pair of light heels is of the utmost importance. I have known of instances where a quick runner has succeeded in passing through the entire lines without receiving a single blow which amounted to so much as a scratch; but those cases are rare. Hinniker and I were both middling light of foot, but before they were done with us, we were hardly able to crawl. There was one pretty young squaw in the ranks who seemed to commiserate our situation very much, for she made no attempt whatever to injure us as we passed, though we, or, rather I, learned afterward that she had been recently married to one of the young warriors who had fallen in their late conflict with the whites.

"After running the gantlet, we were conducted to one of the wigwams, while the warriors of the tribe held solemn council to deliberate in what manner we should be put to death. As we lay in this awful plight, bruised and despairing, and expecting every moment to be dragged forth to torture, we saw the form of the handsome young squaw moving stealthily towards us. When she came near enough, she made a signal for us to be silent, and then whispered very softly: 'Be no afraid—me like white man—me save you!' And without uttering another word, she glided cautiously out of the wigwam.

"Through all that long and wearisome night (the longest I ever knew), we lay groaning in anguish, and but for the cheering words of the young squaw, I might have likewise added, despair. The dull, heavy pain of our bruises, the sharp, excruciating torture of the prongs, which confined our wrists, and penetrated through the flesh like so many needles, kept us awake till

the noise and confusion on the outside, and the few faint streaks of light straggling in through the chinks and apertures of our prison, convinced us that another day had at length dawned. For a couple of hours longer we continued to sit in moody silence, listening to the increasing clamor without, and feeling that the moment of torture was approaching very near at hand. Once, only, was our solitude disturbed, and then by a hideous old squaw, bearing in her shrivelled and besmeared fingers some small bits of the very toughest venison. About eight o'clock, as near as I could guess from the situation of the sun, the Indians came in a body to the wigwam, and striking the prongs from my wrists, led me forth. Hinniker was left behind, though I felt certain, poor fellow, that his turn would come next; for these red fiends, when once they have scented blood, are like so many famished wolves, ready to devour everything before them. In a moment my eye took in the scene, by which I could not avoid fully understanding their intentions. In front of the wigwams, which were built in a sort of semi circular opening, skirting the forest in the rear, was a wide open clearing, in the centre of which were heaped up several cords of dried limbs and fagots. From the centre of this pile rose a stout sapling, peeled quite bare from the lower limbs downward. The purpose for which it was intended would have been obvious enough to a person less experienced than myself in the cruelties and monstrosities of savage life. It was too evidently the intention of the fiends to torture us by every process of cruelty known to them, till such time as we could no longer endure their torments, when they would doubtless, for want of better amusement, wind up the horrors of the hour, by burning us at the stake.

"After being removed from the wigwam, I was dragged forth, amid shouts and whoops of exultation, to the place of torture. On reaching the ground, four of the savages hideously painted came forth from the ranks, and seizing me by the body, bore me to the top of the pyre, where they at length succeeded in firmly lashing me to the stake. Had it not been for the strong confidence which I had previously placed in the encouraging promise of the young squaw, I should have been at this moment utterly without hope. I knew that when the Indians, as a race, had once given their word, they had rarely been known to break it; but in what manner my deliverance was to be effected, I did not, and could not conjecture. To say, even, that I entertained more than the faintest glimmering of hope, just then, would be affirming something which was certainly very foreign to my feelings. At this critical point

and just as they were preparing to force into my quivering flesh those sharp splinters of pitch-wood, which gave such excruciating torture to the victim, I saw the handsome young squaw elbowing her way through the crowd towards me. O, how beautiful she looked at that moment. In my eyes she seemed little short of an angel sent down from heaven to rescue me from an army of fiends. To judge from the manner the painted savages made room for her, she was a person of no small importance among them. Whether on account of her great beauty, for Nanoma was beautiful in spite of her Indian blood, or in consequence of her birth, for I reasoned she might perhaps be the daughter of a chief, I had certainly no means of determining. When she reached the spot where I was confined, she waved off the savages with an imperious gesture, and then turning her resolute gaze full upon the wondering faces of the assembled chiefs, she spoke to them as follows, although, of course, she expressed herself in the jargon peculiar to her tribe. She explained to them that no one had experienced so great a loss as herself in the late disastrous encounter with the whites, for she had lost her husband in the conflict, a handsome and brave young chief, and she was lonely—very lonely without him. Therefore she had resolved on taking the white prisoner to fill his place, that he might cheer the solitude of her wigwam. It was no boon she asked; it was only a privilege based on the ancient usages of her tribe.

"There was a murmur of admiration from some, and of disapprobation from others. At length one of the younger chiefs came forward, and went through with a great variety of astonishing feats, whooping every two seconds in the wildest and most unaccountable manner, when he gradually commenced cooling down, and began talking to the fair Nanoma at last, in something resembling a set speech. In the first instance he had been boasting of his great prowess, by a sort of pantomime peculiar to the savages; and in the second, had offered to make Nanoma his wife, if she would but give up her extravagant notion concerning me, and consent to my being burned. Nanoma listened with flashing eyes till he was through, and then, raising her fair form proudly erect, she hurled back her refusal with a look of utter scorn. The discomfited young chief, who had doubtless imagined an easy conquest to himself, slunk quickly out of sight, amid the gibes and jeers of the multitude.

"Nanoma then turned to me, and with a single blow from the tomahawk which she held, she severed the green walnut withes with which my wrists were confined. We next descended from

the pyre, and with the approbation of the head chief, instead of being burned to death, as was intended, I became the devoted spouse of Nanoma. The marriage ceremony I will omit.

"In thus having one of their victims snatched from them at a moment when they had anticipated a far different result, it only made them the more fierce for the destruction of Hinniker. I saw them rush for the wigwam like so many infuriated demons. I strained my eyes, expecting the next moment to see him dragged forth and put to the most dreadful torture. When they re-appeared, however, Hinniker was not with them. For an instant they seemed bewildered; then a loud yell of angry disappointment succeeded, and several of them struck off into the woods in various directions.

"Nanoma glanced up pleasantly into my face, and murmured in a low tone, audible only to myself: 'Me like you; me save big white man!'

"I subsequently learned that while the attention of the savages was directed towards me, Nanoma had crept into the wigwam, unobserved, and had succeeded in setting Hinniker at liberty. For several days the savages scoured the forest in all directions, but the wily trapper was too old in wood-craft to be caught napping; and they were obliged at length to give up the idea of his recovery in despair. But they never suspected how he obtained his liberty. In the meantime, I was becoming quite a favorite among the Indians, and after a few weeks they ceased altogether to observe my movements. I taught them a great many useful things for which they certainly appeared grateful.

"Every day Nanoma seemed to grow more devotedly attached to me. In truth she was a noble souled, high-minded woman; and could I have remained content among the Indians, she would have been my choice above all women I ever knew. But somehow I thirsted and panted to be back again among the whites. It was a species of captivity I was undergoing, and I longed, in spite of my increasing affection for Nanoma, to break down the barrier which restrained me, and make my final escape to the settlement. During the six months I remained among them, I taught them many valuable secrets, as regarded hunting and trapping, of which they were entirely ignorant. In all my hunting and fishing excursions, my Indian wife was my constant companion; she could not bear to be separated from me for a moment; although it was not from any suspicion of my deserting her, as the sequel will show. Nanoma was not only noble and affectionate by nature, but she was a woman of unusual intellect and penetration. She

discovered from the first that I was ill at ease, and, happily, with her clear discernment she attributed my uneasiness to its real cause. She saw me growing thinner daily; she saw me sit, sometimes for hours, gazing towards the east, and then she would creep to my side with all the yearning tenderness of her soul, and entwine her arms around my neck. She never wept; it was not her Indian way of expressing sympathy, but she would glue her lips to mine, and then gaze deep into my eyes, with such a pitiful, endearing look, as though she would fain take unto herself a portion of the misery which was weighing me down. She learned to speak English very readily, and soon became much interested in everything I described, as appertaining to civilized life. I explained to her that the race to which I belonged had a method of communicating their thoughts by means of certain characters which they called the alphabet. A new idea seemed to strike Nanoma, and springing to her feet, with a sudden flourish of intelligence kindling in her eye, she darted from my side and out of the wigwam. In a few minutes she returned, bearing a thin and much soiled pamphlet in her hand, with the significant title of 'Quill Thrusts,' by 'Peter Porcupine.'

"'Them no um?' she said, inquiringly, pointing out the big capitals on the fly leaf.

"'Yes, dear Noma,' answered I—I always took advantage of the abbreviation in addressing her—'those are the characters to which I alluded. She seemed very much pleased and happy after this, and insisted I should read aloud to her, which I did, though she could not understand the meaning very clearly, of course. I think, however, she caught some faint idea of what the writer intended to convey, as she wound her arms softly around my neck, and followed me over the page with her bright, intelligent eyes. As for me, the sight of the printed page was like manna to the famishing traveller in the wilderness; like the visitation of some dearly beloved face in a foreign land. I discovered, on questioning Nanoma, that the pamphlet had been taken from the pocket of some white man, whom the Indians had slain, and had since been preserved as a curiosity by one of the chiefs.

"Day after day—with the pamphlet in my hand—and week after week, I became the wise teacher, and Nanoma the earnest and interested pupil; but in spite of all this, and of the wealth of affection lavished upon me by this untutored heroine of the wilds, I grew paler, dailier, and more mopish and melancholy. She observed the slightest change, and would often sigh, and sometimes hang upon my neck for hours; but I

could not muster sufficient hardihood to think of taking an Indian wife into the settlements. The image of my father—a learned judge—and of my brother—an ambitious and rising lawyer—rose up before me, and crushed down the better promptings of the heart. Nanoma seemed to comprehend all this as if by intuition, and daily she seemed nerving herself for some great sacrifice of which I was yet ignorant. One morning she arose very early, and laying out a large stock of provision for me to carry, desired me to go with her on a journey. We accordingly started and travelled in a south-easterly direction till after the sun reached its meridian (Nanoma remaining all the while stoically silent and taciturn), when she suddenly paused, gazed at me wistfully for a moment, and then said, addressing me in measured and distinct words:

"'Me save you first; me no kill you now. Go, my white love, dear to Nanoma as a thousand lives; but she no kill her life, for then she no have it; she give you up! Go! go!'

"She waved me from her with a hurried and irresolute gesture. I lingered for a moment, and reached out my arms towards her. She hesitated, came forward a step, and then, as if suddenly sensible of what she was doing, she fairly shrieked out the word—'Go!' and fled from me with the speed of the wind. It was the last time I ever saw her, though I received a message from her in less than two years after; but that message—I have it still; I shall always keep it till I die;—brought only her loving, dying words, and showed me what a wretch I had been. Her letter—here it is, I will read it in a moment—was written on the fly-leaf of the old pamphlet, and given into my hand by a young Indian who disappeared from my sight without a single comment or word. This is it:

"'To James Colter of Ohio: My true white love, when you see this, Nanoma will not be live no more; but she will be go to the spirit-land, blessing her white love all the way.
NANOMA.'"

We all looked at the letter, for the trapper's story had invested it with unusual interest. The chirography was plain and easily deciphered, being a fair imitation of the printed letter. I glanced at the trapper as I handed back the precious memento, and I fancied I detected a tear lurking in the corner of his eye; but, with an impatient movement, he brushed it hastily away, and soon after relapsed into his habitual immobility.

Strong passions work wonders when there is stronger reason to curb them.

THE OLD HOUSE.

BY HATTIE BOOMER.

We have shut up the dear old house to-day,
And tied up the latch with a string—
But ere I have turned from the loved doorway,
A song in its praise I will sing.

It was the dear home in which I was born,
And though it looks dingy and small—
It was faded by many a pitiless storm,
Through which it has sheltered us all.

The mossy old roof—it has half fallen in—
But O, the bright dreams I have had,
As untroubled beneath it—tucked in to my chin—
I slept in my low cottage-bed.

I cared not for storms—though sometimes a clatter
Forewarned it was not tempest-proof,
And my fancies were sweet, when the rain with soft patter,
Sang a lullaby song on the roof.

The mad, merry romps we have had through this door,
With brothers and sisters at play—
We knew every nail in that old kitchen floor,
And the knots which would always look gray,

Despite of the drubbings which busy hands dealt
If a holiday feast were in store—
When we furnished the rooms—nor a hope ever felt,
Nor a wish to have anything more.

That damask rose there, by the window so low,
Of all our glad summer—the dower—
A mother's dear hands placed it there long ago,
Ah! I well can remember the hour;

It blooms brightly to-day by the sunshine refreshed,
The frost, and the dew, and the rain—
But those laboring hands are now crossed in the rest
Which will never be broken again.

Ah, forgive! but the old house is painfully dear—
I'll not sing its praises to-day,
But drop o'er its beauties an old-fashioned tear,
And turn from its sunshine away.

A PICTURE FOR HUSBANDS.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

EVIDENTLY, one of the male sex was expected in Mrs. Barber's cosy sitting-room. A comfortable arm-chair, dressing-gown and slippers, the tea-table, with its acceptable appointments of shining ware, snowy napkins, light bread, yellow butter and delicate cake, showed conclusively that they waited somebody's coming. A contemplated absence of three days had lengthened into a week, bringing neither Mr. Barber nor a letter from Mr. Barber; consequently Mrs. Barber looked slightly anxious, kept a close watch on the clock, peered out of the window into the gathering darkness very often, listened until she imagined all sorts of sounds, and made herself

quite miserable by thinking that some horrible accident had befallen the object of her solicitude. Then smiling at her cowardice and nervousness, she drew the curtains closer, lighted the small astral lamp on the mantel, and sat down to watch the blue flame flicker around the glowing coal.

"Good evening, Sue! Why, you look as startled as though I was a ghost, instead of the best friend you have in the world! Pray, hasn't that husband of yours come home yet? No? Then take my advice, and don't brush his coat nor kiss him again for two months. Serve him right for leaving you alone a whole week."

The speaker, Elsie Hunt, a lively, dark-eyed woman, tripped into the room.

"I know you didn't expect me," she chattered on, in the midst of Mrs. Barber's words of welcome; "but I thought I would just run in and show you my presents, and see if you weren't almost frightened to death staying alone in this great house."

"I guess not, Elsie. Don't I look in good bodily and mental condition?" returned Mrs. Barber, trying to smile cheerfully.

"I must admit that I never saw fewer signs of fright in my life; but I'm sure that if my husband should go away and be gone a week, without giving me proper notice of his intentions, I would certainly run away, or fill the house with company."

"My dear friend, you haven't been married a year," said Mrs. Barber, with something like a sigh.

"Heigh ho! I'm not going to borrow trouble yet awhile, I'm sure," returned Mrs. Hunt, seating herself on an ottoman. "Look here! See what Fred brought me from the city to-night; this pretty dress-pattern, and the most beautiful annual of the season. Isn't he a thoughtful husband?"

"They are very handsome, Elsie, and you cannot too highly prize the affection that prompts these tokens of remembrance. We value gifts only as we appreciate the givers."

Lively Mrs. Hunt looked serious, and gazed into the fire in silence for a moment. Steps were heard outside, then in the hall. Mrs. Barber hurried to open the inner door.

"Good evening, Sue; how do you do, Mrs. Hunt?" was Mr. Barber's salutation, as he entered.

He didn't shake hands with his wife, or kiss her. Why should he? Hadn't he been married seven years? It seemed entirely uncalled for—though, by the way, he never needed a hint to perform that delicate operation on lips out of the family, when he could get a good opportunity.

"O John, I'm so glad you've come!" she ex-

claimed, not heeding this matter-of-fact greeting. "You staid so long, I've been a good deal alarmed about you."

"Yes, Mr. Barber, she has been very anxious about you. I can testify to it," added Mrs. Hunt.

"Which was needless. I have told her repeatedly not to feel any solicitude about me when I am gone. Borrowing trouble is a useless expenditure of feeling," quoth Mr. Barber.

"Well, I don't know how one can help it, under certain circumstances," pursued impulsive Mrs. Hunt. "If I should be left alone so long, I should fret myself into a fever."

"Which would be simply babyish—begging your pardon, my fair neighbor."

Mrs. Hunt shrugged her round shoulders, by way of answer.

While this colloquy was going on, Mr. Barber was getting out of his coat into his dressing-gown—but not unassisted. His wife untied his muffler, received his hat, helped off one thickness of broadcloth and then another, held his wrapper in a convenient position for him to poke his arms into, transported two muddy boots into the kitchen, placed the slippers just under his feet, and wheeled the arm-chair into the warmest corner.

Elsie Hunt noted all these little attentions, and waited patiently for some acknowledgment of them. But she waited in vain; Mr. Barber manifestly regarded them as matters of course, neither by word or look indicating that he was particularly obliged to anybody. Mrs. Hunt bade her friend good night, observed to the occupant of the arm-chair that she hoped he would succeed in making himself comfortable (which remark, however, savored of the sarcastic), and went home to tell what a bear that Barber was, and what a slave Sue made of herself.

"My dear, you shouldn't expect so much of us poor, guileless men. I dare say, now, that Mrs. Barber did nothing more than her duty," good-humoredly returned Mrs. Hunt's stronger half, when his wife had given vent to her indignation in unqualified terms.

"Perhaps not; but then one likes, occasionally, to get credit for doing one's duty," retorted Mrs. Hunt. "Why, if she was a black woman, and he her owner and master, she could not serve him more faithfully than she does."

"Granted, Mistress Elsie! A man is better served by one good wife (mind—I say *good*), than by six slaves. They can't be expected to take that interest in the nobler part of humanity that women do; we *don't* expect to find a wife in a domestic. And then," pursued Mr. Hunt, in the same bantering tone, "according to your own

showing, Mr. Barber did not require these manifold attentions from his wife."

"But he received them, nevertheless, without a 'thank you!' or a kiss, like a brute as he is! I wonder, Mr. Frederick, how long I should wait upon you in that way, without any acknowledgments? Not *more* than seven years, I'll warrant—which is precisely the term of apprenticeship that my foolish friend Susan has served to a hard master."

Mrs. Hunt punched the coal violently in the grate, as an escape-valve for her resentment against the luckless Mr. Barber.

Meanwhile, the last-named gentleman toasted his feet to his satisfaction, rubbed his hands complacently in the genial warmth, looked gratified at the picture of comfort the room presented, and then wheeled around to the table and commenced a survey of the eatables before him.

"I don't see any meat," he began, querulously. "I always want meat when I've been travelling. My system requires it."

"I am sorry that I don't happen to have any cooked, John; but if you will wait a few minutes, I will broil a piece of steak for you," replied his wife—to which proposition Mr. Barber acceded at once, affirming that he really did not think he could eat a mouthful without it, meat was so necessary to his constitution.

And so his patient helpmate re-entered her kitchen, to find the fire low and the room uncomfortably cold. After two journeys to the woodshed and a long struggle with the refractory coal (which very nearly refused doing duty at that unusual hour), the process of broiling was finished, and Mrs. Barber, victorious over all obstacles, though flushed and tired with her efforts, bore the expected article of food into the presence of her lord, who, by way of thanks for the favor, protested "that she had been gone long enough to cook a whole dinner."

Mrs. Barber waited upon him as assiduously as if he had been a prince, and, in fact, did everything she *could* do, except put the food into his mouth. After disposing of an unfashionable quantity of bread, cake, and every vestige of the meat, as well as three cups of tea, Mr. Barber wheeled about again, placed both feet on the top of the stove, and applied himself industriously to puffing smoke out of a roll of tobacco.

Mrs. Barber had no appetite; anxiety and watching had taken away all desire for food. She wanted to know what had happened in her husband's absence; if friends had sent any messages; if he had brought her a souvenir of remembrance—ever so trifling a gift; if his business transactions had been successful; in fine,

she wanted to hear what every woman likes (and every man, too)—the news. But she knew—as who does not?—that a hungry man is always cross, and had refrained from asking questions until the momentous business of eating had been accomplished, when she sat down and awaited any communications he might see fit to make.

A long interval of silence succeeded. The clock ticked and the smoke accumulated, yet not a word had been spoken. Mrs. Barber looked wistfully at her husband. He did not like to be questioned, and she knew it. But what was a woman to do? If he wouldn't talk voluntarily, wasn't she justified in trying to coax him to be communicative? She made the attempt.

"Did you have a safe journey, John?"

"It would seem so. I appear in a tolerable state of preservation—do I not?"

"Yes; but did you have a pleasant time?"

"It strikes me that travelling isn't the most agreeable occupation in the world; however, opinions differ about that," answered Mr. Barber, crossing his legs more comfortably, and puffing a large mouthful of smoke dangerously near Mrs. Barber's face.

Now she did not like the smell of cigars; their fumes assailed her and made her head ache. But as the vile habit was so firmly fixed upon him, and he seemed to take such solid satisfaction in making himself unfit for the society of decent human beings, she never opposed him, cheerfully sacrificing self, daily and hourly, at the shrine of tobacco. Perhaps, at this particular time, Mr. Barber did not intend to be impolite; if he did, a good deal of nonchalance accompanied the action. The wife coughed and moved back a little.

"Did you see father and mother?" she continued, with some hesitation.

"Yes."

This brief monosyllable and a column of blue vapor came out of Mr. Barber's mouth together.

"Did they send any message to me?" was the next persevering query.

"Nothing in particular."

"Did you bring the package I sent for?" she resumed, trying to speak cheerfully.

"No."

"Why not, John?"

"Because I forgot it, Mrs. Barber," said her husband, in a voice that betokened entire conviction that he was an ill-used man.

Disappointed, and despairing of eliciting any information out of her close-mouthed husband, Mrs. Barber made no further effort at conversation, but sat and meditated upon this disagreeable phase in his character. Were her questions

unreasonable? Were they put when he was cold, or wet, or hungry, or otherwise unfavorably situated? A conscientious negative followed these mental queries.

Mr. Barber was not particularly unamiable or ill disposed. He was simply intensely selfish, and this selfishness was so incorporated into his being, that he had no well-defined idea of how much petty meanness he was capable. Exacting in all that concerned himself, he had very loose and vague ideas of what was due to others. A contemplated absence of two days had, for sufficient reason, lengthened into a week. Mrs. Barber was alone, and in view of modern casualties, naturally solicitous for his safety; for to the credit of true womanhood, be it spoken, neither selfishness nor neglect do readily alienate a kind heart. "Now why did not this absent husband pen a few thoughtful words to the waiting wife? Because, forsooth, it was too much trouble, and he really didn't think the matter of enough consequence to spend fifteen minutes of time and a postage stamp upon. That she should care to know his movements in detail or in general, or be desirous of hearing what Mrs. A. said or Mrs. B. did, or anxious to receive tidings from friends, or curious to listen to those little items that the most wise, at times, evince an interest in, was to him nearly incomprehensible. A morbid curiosity, a love of tattle, he denominated it—forgetful that he had himself been edified in the relation of these very details.

To be sure, Mr. Barber would have been seriously disturbed, had his wife failed to have had a good supper and a bright fire ready for him; but he didn't think it politic to swell a trifle into a great matter by acknowledging the same, either by appreciative words, or smiles. It was in the way of her duty—wasn't it? and why need she covet reward? Then, again, our model husband never was guilty of making his wife presents. To his mind, it was very like throwing money away. How exceedingly unromantic, too! If it was one's cousin, or one's sweetheart, it might do; but a gift for one's wife was absurd! We know to a certainty, also, that Mr. Barber had not hinted to his wife, in the remotest manner, since the day he gave her the honor of bearing his name, that she was anything more to him than a convenient home-appendage, tolerably calculated to make him comfortable—a useful domestic-machine, which, by skilful management, might be able to grind out a good deal of drudgery. That she should aspire to be his confidant, or adviser, or equal, had never entered his astute head. In fact, his thoughts were so full of *Mr. Barber*, that there was seldom a gap

into which another personality could crowd.—Is it a marvel, then, that Mrs. Barber's heart was often sorrowful, or that the unsatisfied part of her nature cried out for sympathy and the calm of loving kindness? Ah, no! And there are other wives who aspire to something more than enough to eat, drink, and wear!

Before retiring, our disappointed wife inspected Mr. Barber's carpet-bag. In it she found a quantity of soiled linen, a new cravat, an elegant vest-pattern, and a box of choice cigars—an inventory that more fully confirmed his complete selfishness. When, after the performance of sundry duties, such as sifting coal, bringing wood from the shed, water from the pump, potatoes from the cellar, etc., Mrs. Barber followed her companion to their sleeping-apartment, she ascertained by certain significant sounds that he was already within the dominions of Morpheus; but while she was endeavoring to make the disrobing process as noiseless as possible, he opened his eyes to remark that "it was singular a woman couldn't do anything without making a racket. Her feet were as cold as stones, moreover; why hadn't she retired at a seasonable hour, before the fire got low and the room chilly?" Sure enough, Mr. Barber!

It was Mrs. Barber's habit to rise early. Her husband's business demanded his attention at an hour which obliged her to be stirring betimes. So the next morning our model man shook his wife gently, and said:

"Sue! Sue! the clock is striking five. It is time to get up. You may as well be getting breakfast, as tossing about in the bed as you have been for the last half-hour."

"I'm afraid I'm sick, John," feebly responded Mrs. Barber. "I've slept but little, and been very restless all night. I wish you'd get up and make the fire, and perhaps I shall feel better soon."

Mr. Barber demurred sometime, before complying with this reasonable request. "Making a fire" (especially in the winter season) was so much out of his sphere, that it seemed a mountain-task to contemplate. He uncovered his head, slowly put out one foot and then the other, drew them in again suddenly, and finally, with a prolonged shiver, made a second and more successful attempt of alighting upon his feet, when the operation of dressing was hastily performed.

He did not gain a victory over charcoal and anthracite without a struggle. One burned too quick, and the other not quick enough; one crackled and sputtered, as if laughing at his efforts—the other lay cold, black and defiant. Lucifer-matches and patience at last getting the

mastery, Mr. Barber marched up stairs and proudly announced the fact.

"I fear I shall not be able to get your breakfast, John, my head is so giddy," answered Mrs. Barber, raising her head with an effort.

"Now don't go to giving up to a headache, Susan," he continued, in a disappointed tone. "There's no use in giving up to sickness. Only *think* you won't be sick, and I'll warrant you'll be all right in an hour or two."

Mrs. Barber sighed; while a sharp pain in her head contracted her features. At that moment Master Robert Barber, a small personage of five years, scampered into the chamber and announced his wish to be "dressed." His mother made a movement to attend to his wants, but a sudden faintness forced her to desist.

"Can't you dress him, John?" she asked, looking pityingly at the little shivering object in the night dress.

"I never could dress a child, there's so much pinning and tying and buttoning to do. He can wait, I dare say." With which remark, Mr. Barber went down stairs to try his luck at breakfast-making.

He, like many of his sex, had an exalted idea of his culinary acquirements. His wife was a notable cook and housekeeper; yet John Barber, though he liked to eat her nice pastry and meats, always insisted, in her presence, that his mother was the only woman who could roast beef properly and make a chicken-pie fit to eat.

"Getting breakfast," quoth Mr. Barber, as he stirred the fire and spread the cloth, "is a very simple thing; and why women need make such a fuss about it, is more than I can account for. Let me see—yes, I'll cut the meat, and then I'll fry some of the buckwheats that I see Sue has mixed. I'll venture to say that I can make them as beautiful a brown as the best French cook in the country."

Mr. Barber cut his meat, laid it upon what he thought was the gridiron, but which in reality was a flat-heater, and placed it upon a bed of hot coals. Precisely two minutes sufficed to fasten it firmly upon its iron bed, from which a good deal of pulling and scraping was necessary to raise it. A dried and burned surface rewarded the eyes of the cook, who went through with the "turning" process with exactly the same results.

"I'll butter the griddle well, and there'll be no mistake about the buckwheats," pursued Mr. Barber, flinging the flat heater into a tub of cold water to quench the smoke that was filling the room.

The most important event that followed this

movement, was the instant cracking and breaking of the heated iron.

With his enthusiasm slightly cooled, he turned his attention to the buckwheats in embryo. Pouring a quantity of the mixture upon the griddle, he watched its baking with great interest. He didn't like the looks of that circle of dough; it didn't rise and puff up as he hoped it would. So he tossed it into the slop-pail and put on another. Alas! instead of a "beautiful brown," that buckwheat was a confirmed black, and soon followed its predecessor. Half a dozen more experiments failed as signally, and he gave up the attempt in disgust, concluding to make a breakfast off beefsteak and cold bread. He was just placing himself at the table, when he suddenly recollected that he had no coffee, and what was worse, the water was cold in the pail.

"Confound it—I forgot to fill the kettle! I wonder how folks contrive to remember everything!" he exclaimed, petulantly. "But I'll go without coffee; I can and I will!"

Mr. Barber would have complained bitterly, had his wife placed before him a breakfast of burned, unpalatable steak, cold bread, and cold water for drink; now, however, he partook of the delicacies his skill and judgment had provided, without a thought of his exacting demands, or an appreciatory feeling of his wife's care and attentiveness to his numerous wants.

But he was destined to have a lesson. Not thinking his wife's illness of much consequence, he left the remains of his "juicy beefsteak" and dry bread upon the table, and betook himself to his business. On his return, at noon, he found everything in the kitchen as he had left it, and Mrs. Barber so much worse, that he really began to think she was seriously indisposed. Turning and tossing, her face flushed with fever, and trying to quiet little Robert, who, cold and hungry, was crying bitterly, she touched the outer edge of Mr. Barber's sympathies sufficiently to induce him to go for Mrs. Hunt, who was soon in the chamber of her friend, with a finger on her pulse and a hand on her throbbing forehead.

"Why, Mr. Barber! how could you be so thoughtless as to let your wife lie here, alone, and suffer all this morning?" she exclaimed. "Don't you see that she has a high fever, and must be attended to at once? Do run for a doctor, while I see to this poor child."

Mr. Barber did as he was bidden, without comment. To speak the truth, his conscience pricked him a little for his neglect and the uncharitable, not to say unkind, words he had spoken in the morning.

"I declare, Sue, I'm out of patience with

your husband! He's the very essence of selfishness and self-conceit! Do you remember what a fuss he made, the other day, about a headache? and how you made herb-tea, and bathed his head, and put up a stove for his accommodation, and brought the camphor and the hartshorn, and walked on tiptoe all day to avoid noise, and gave up going shopping with me, because you said 'John was too sick to be left alone?' And here you are, in a high fever, and he—"

"Don't Elsie!" implored Mrs. Barber. "John is thoughtless, I know; but he doesn't mean any harm, I'm sure. He isn't used to my being sick, and it makes him impatient."

"Heartless, I should say," rejoined Mrs. Hunt, in an undertone, while she busied herself in kind offices for her friend.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the days and weeks of suffering that fell to the lot of poor Mrs. Barber. A painful and protracted illness, induced, in a great measure, by exposure and over-exertion, gave Mr. Barber a deeper insight into the mysteries of housekeeping, the excellence of foreign help, the innumerable privileges of motherly nurses, doting aunts and knowing cousins, and the immense advantage his household derived from the supervision of an Irish damsel.

Mrs. Barber was not one of the complaining kind. She rarely spoke of the headache, neuralgia, or nervousness, and seldom claimed sympathy for wearied limbs or "shooting pains;" consequently this dispensation crossed the plans and sorely tried the patience of her ease loving husband. He missed her wifely care, and the thousand and one little offices prompted by a kind heart. Nobody waited for *him*, now; he waited for everybody. When he wished for a fire, he had the privilege of making it. If his tea proved to be cold, grumbling did not warm it, for Peggy's sensibilities were too callous to allow her to be troubled by fault finding. When he failed to find his slippers and his shirts, he was assured that they were "layin' round somewhere," which proved true to the letter, for sometimes they were on the dining-table and sometimes in the kitchen-closet with the towels.

"Confound that jade for a nuisance!" he exclaimed, one morning, being more than usually annoyed at the girl's tardiness and increasing familiarity of speech. "I haven't enjoyed myself a minute since Sue was taken sick. Look at this room! I'll wager it hasn't seen a brush or a broom these two weeks. See the cobwebs and the coal-dust! And as for food, what I've had to eat, a pig would refuse!"

"I'm glad of it, Mr. Barber!" said a voice;

and turning quickly, our luckless husband met the black eyes of Mrs. Hunt.

He was a little, a very little, embarrassed.

"I repeat that I'm glad of it!" she added, with a saucy smile; "and I hope that you'll be uncomfortable just long enough to teach you to appreciate your wife. She's been a drudge for you, Mr. Barber, since your marriage; always at your beck and call, she devoted all her time and thoughts to your service. And for what? Nothing—absolutely nothing. She doesn't get a return even in such small coin as kisses. When did you kiss your wife last, Mr. Barber?"

The questioner looked mischievously, yet seriously, into the latter's face.

"When did I kiss my wife last? What a singular question! I cannot tell, Mrs. Hunt. Not since—not since—"

"Your marriage, perhaps?"

"Very likely not. But then women don't care about kisses after marriage. They have something more important to think of, generally."

"They *do* care about kisses and kind words and pleasant smiles," affirmed Mrs. Hunt, energetically; "and it is only a mass of selfishness done up in the figure of a man that will withhold these simple tributes to affection."

"Then I'm afraid I've been selfish, Mrs. Hunt."

"Intolerably so; there's no doubt of it," she added.

"Susan has made me an excellent wife," he went on to say.

"No doubt of that, either: though I presume to say you never told her so," added his fair critic, taking the edge off her pointed words by a manner peculiarly her own.

"I never did, upon my word! Elsie—Mrs. Hunt, I'm a tyrant, a bear, a brute, a—"

"Go and tell *her* so; it will do her more good than all the calomel and quinine she can take. And mind you, Mr. Barber," pursued Mrs. Hunt, "don't forget to kiss her, after you have told her that you are a brute. She'll be sure to believe it, then!"

Mrs. Hunt went home, and Mr. Barber went up stairs. What passed there, is not recorded; but one thing is certain—Mrs. Barber's spirits revived wonderfully, and as a consequence, her health rapidly improved. In a few weeks she was able to walk slowly about the house, and in due time returned to her place in the family, from which Irish Peggy and the high-minded nurse were soon dismissed. The rooms gradually assumed their accustomed neat and cheerful look, while the extension table in the small sitting room renewed its attractions three times a day for Mr. Barber.

Mrs. Barber made no more fires on cold winter mornings; she brought no more coal from the cellar, or water from the well. John was no longer the indifferent recipient of her attentions, but a tenderer husband, a more loving companion, a better friend. The illness that she had lamented so much, promised to be a blessing in disguise; for through that, and the instrumentality of kind-hearted Mrs. Hunt, she had gained what a true wife values most—the love and sympathy of her husband.

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.

We know not the author of the following, but it is one of the most beautiful productions that we have ever read: "Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their own history. The plant and pebble go attended by their shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain side, the river its channel in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and the leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sepulchre in the sand or stone; not a footstep in the snow, or along the ground, but prints its characters more or less, a map of its march; every act of the man inscribes itself on the memories of his fellows, and his own face. The air is full of sound, the sky of tokens, the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent."—*Philadelphia Christian Observer*.

FEROCITY OF RATS.

The London News of the World states that a family named M'Kall residing at Mary-hill were recently attacked by an army of rats in the night. Mrs. M'Kall was awoke by a pain on her forehead and putting up her hand, it came in contact with a rat fixed to her temple. Springing out of bed, she observed one of her fore-fingers cut in two places, and on lifting her infant child the blood was streaming from its head in several places, which showed marks as if produced by the teeth of rats. One of its fingers was cut severely. The husband had to sit up and watch his family for the rest of the night, to save them from any further attack from these ferocious vermin.

AIR, WATER AND EXERCISE.

Air, water and exercise—the three greatest medicines known, and the best; for when employed in moderation and in proper proportions, they give health to the body, vigor to the mind, and lovingness to the heart. They brighten the eye, quicken the intellect, and elevate the soul. In their train follow a sharp appetite, good digestion, and sound sleep. The blood is purified, the strength is renewed, and the whole physical man is invigorated. They plant perennial roses on the cheek of beauty, add largely to the powers of endurance in mature life, and give to old age the bodily agility of younger years, with the kindness of childhood.—*Dr. Hall*.

LIZZIE.

BY GEORGE A. B. DONALDSON.

I have seen the rose on thy cheek, dear love,
And a smile on thy lip so cherry red,
But the form of death, with its chilly breath,
Has taken the rose, and the smile has fled.
I stand by the grave that is covered with flowers,
Where the roses red in beauty bloom,
But I think not of flowers, but of happy hours,
Before you were laid in the cold, cold tomb.

But my eye grows dim, and the tear-drops flow,
And my heart grows chilly and cold,
My thoughts turn to thee, and my head bows low,
When I think of the days of old.
But the time will come when again we shall meet,
When free from all sorrow and pain,
When the eye will close, and the heart cease to beat,
Then in heaven we will ne'er part again.

THE LOST JEWEL.

BY RACHEL MOORE.

"MIRIAM, Miriam, my darling, is it true?
Say it again—only once again, Miriam!"

Miriam lifted up her face, with a soft, happy, wondrous smile, and a glow sweeter and brighter than the sunset-light falling through the branches overhead suffused it, as her hazel eyes answered the ardent questioning of her lover's glance.

"Yes, yes, Edward!"

The words were sweet to his eager ear.

"Again, and again, Miriam! I could hear you say it forever, my love!"

And he bent his handsome head, to kiss the tip that had said, what no other lips had ever said to him—"I love you." But his caress was given back with half-timid, yet earnest tenderness; and his soft blue eyes beamed with happy emotion. It was Edward Vane's first wooing; and the pleasure he experienced was as rare and delicious as it was novel; for, to the young lover declaring his earliest attachment, is not the timid "yes," and the kiss of her he loves, the sweetest thing he has ever known?

Under the trees, in the garden of the old parsonage, they walked together in the sunset, after this sweet confession; walking side by side, Edward holding Miriam's hand, and talking tenderly to her as they went, with his warm heart beaming in his handsome face; and Miriam listening silently, with a happiness whose very silence manifests its depth. And the sun sank lower, and the shadows grew longer, as the pleasant moments slipped away—golden moments to Edward and Miriam; and finally, as the twilight began to gather, they heard the

voice of Miriam's father, calling her, from his study.

They went back, and now, standing for a single instant longer in the old stone porch, under the curtaining vines, Edward drew Miriam to his breast again, and pressed his lips gently to her cheek.

"A few moments, my darling, before you go to him. Let me see him first. I must tell him—"

A happy thrill ran through Miriam's heart. She laid her head quietly on her lover's bosom, and kissed softly the beloved hand that held her own in a lingering clasp.

"Yes, tell him," she said, with a blush; and then, loosing herself from his embrace, she went away, while Edward Vane sought her father's study.

It was no new thing to the good old pastor, that Edward and his daughter loved each other; he had seen it long since, had known it, perhaps, before they knew it themselves. Edward was not, it may be, the husband her father would have chosen for her; affectionate in disposition, with an ardent temperament, but impulsive—changing—uncertain of purpose—all this the old man had seen him to be; but he himself had not many years to live; they loved each other—and it might be, after all, for the best. At any rate, he could not find it in his heart to cross their love, and so his consent was given, and Miriam and her lover received his blessing.

And now, the old parsonage seemed another Eden, in whose garden dwelt only happiness. But has not every Eden its serpent? It came in dark, but beautiful and shining guise; it came in the shape of Miriam's lovely cousin Amabel, her wealthy, handsome cousin Amabel; who, with her sweet, bewitching face, glided in upon the happy lovers and brought fascination with her.

It was not that Amabel Wyndham, with her beauty and her pride, cared for Miriam's lover, that she left for awhile, the score of suitors at whose expense she had been amusing herself, coquetting with them all by turns, and giving hope to none; but Edward was handsome, and winning and elegant, and above all, he had never knelt at her shrine—the insatiable heart-hunter! And so, for the éclat of a new conquest, she came daily over from her father's magnificent estate, to Harleigh parsonage, to win away, with her bewitching smile, the heart of her cousin's lover.

Miriam saw her, riding lightly along on her white steed; with her dark locks braided, and her snowy-plume waving to the breeze, her red

lips smiling, and her dark eyes beaming with the delight of anticipated triumph. Miriam, sitting with her father and her lover, in the old parsonage study, saw this brilliant cousin, and thought, "how lovely Amabel is!" But the thought was not mingled with envy. She had won a heart without Amabel's fascinations; and her soft cheek colored, and her clear hazel eyes beamed with innocent happiness, as she looked at her lover.

A moment more, and the quiet of that happy little circle was broken, by the appearance of this beautiful enchantress-cousin. Miriam and her father both knew Amabel's hollow heart, yet they gave her kindly greeting. She was their kin. They never dreamed with what intent she had come. They, in their charity for others, could not conceive that she had an idea of evil regarding them.

But Amabel Wyndham laughed at their charity. She did not scruple to abuse it, when it served her purpose so to do. And she glided in, in her elegant attire, with her soft, yet brilliant beauty, her captivating manner, her keen, delicate light-flashing wit, and placed herself in bewildering, dazzling contrast to her fair, simple, unworldly, and yet noble cousin Miriam. It was not the first time Edward had seen her, but he had never viewed her so nearly, never spoken to her before this evening. Amabel took care that his earliest impression of her should be only an agreeable one.

She was peerless in her loveliness, her grace, her mental gift; she would have adorned a royal court. Edward was a scholar and a gentleman, cultivated and refined, and a passionate admirer of beauty. It would have been a marvel, if one like him had resisted her enchantments, for she was the very spirit of beauty.

"How incomparably lovely!" was his mental exclamation, as she sat near him, gaily and carelessly chatting with her uncle and Miriam, and now and then turning her bright, yet softened glance upon him, with some smiling word of remark, or of question, that drew him ere long, from silent admiration, into animated converse with the rest.

He did not mentally compare her with Miriam. He was not thinking of Miriam, when he said to himself that the world could contain no face more enchanting than that of this charming guest. But during the hour that Amabel stayed, he experienced a pleasure, the nature of which he could hardly have defined, had he tried; and the depth of which he never sought to fathom. He only knew that he admired Miss Wyndham very much.

And so the heartless beauty lingered as long as it suited her, seeing plainly, and with secret delight, how Edward Vane was attracted; until she was fully satisfied with her first attempt, and bidding the party a graceful adieu, vanished like some brilliant star, that, while we are eagerly, delightedly watching it, hides itself behind the clouds. And Miriam Harleigh never dreamed whose eyes that star had dazzled.

When next she met her beautiful cousin, it was after service, at the little village church; and as Miriam lingered near the door, awaiting her father, Amabel, in passing, slightly tapped the young girl's cheek with her gloved hand.

"How came you ever to attract so elegant, so distinguished a lover as Edward Vane?" she asked; "do you know that I am quite pleased with him? and that is dangerous for you, you know! Take care, my pretty cousin, that I do not win him away from you. By the way, dear, Frederic has also become acquainted with him, and I believe, cultivates him most sedulously. At any rate, he has invited him over to spend a day or two with us this week. You can afford to lose him for that time—can't you, Miriam, dear?"

Frederic was Amabel's brother.

Finishing her heartless speech with a soft laugh, and a kiss on her cousin's lips, she passed on to her carriage. And Miriam looked after her an instant, with a sudden terror at her heart—a startled pallor overspreading her cheeks; saying in a low, half-bitter tone:

"Amabel, Amabel, was *that* what you came for?"

She only said to Edward, when he came again.

"Do you know Frederic Wyndham, Edward?"

"Yes, Miriam—I was introduced to him not long ago—did I not mention it? I am forgetful—of everything but you, my darling!" he added with a beaming smile. Then he continued: "Yes, and only yesterday he made me half-promise to come and pass a day or two with him at his father's. I do not know whether I shall go, though he is very urgent. He seems to like me."

A dull pain went through Miriam's heart; but she would say nothing, nor let him suspect what she felt.

"Will he go?" she asked, mentally; and with slow and unhappy suspense, she waited to see.

Edward did go. If he had foreseen the result, he might have been wiser; but with him, as is the case with many another, wisdom was purchased with experience.

During the days that he spent with Frederic Wyndham, he was thrown frequently into the

society of the beautiful Amabel; their acquaintance matured, and his admiration grew deeper with every hour that passed, revealing some new beauty, some new grace in the variable, wayward, yet ever-enchanting Amabel.

When Miriam met him again, she longed to ask him, "do you not like my beautiful cousin?" But she refrained. "I will not mock myself," she thought; "how can he help liking—nay, even loving her?"

It was not Edward's last visit at his friend's. Amabel chose to win him, and there was little resistance made. Frederic was a pleasant friend, and Edward Vane, neglecting to question his own heart too closely, said that it was because of this, that he liked so well to go there.

But he always saw Amabel. They played and sang together, together rambled over the fine grounds around the mansion, and read from the same book. And Amabel's voice had wondrous sweetness in its tones, and the gentle glance of her dark eyes, in her subdued moments, was one of most enchanting softness. And Edward listened to the sweet voice, and met the soft glance of the lovely dark eyes, yielding each day more completely to their delicious fascination, until his heart was won quite away from Miriam.

Yes—he loved Amabel; he acknowledged it at last, to himself; and now, unable to resist her influence, and dreading to meet Miriam's sight, he went no more to Harleigh parsonage.

He gave himself up now, to this new happiness; it was strange, too, how bitter he found it! For whenever he sat by Amabel's side, and looked into the beautiful depths of those dark eyes, the thoughts of his neglected love rose up. He seemed to see Miriam's sweet, pure face before him, pale and sad. Self-reproach wore upon him; but he hated to listen to it; and finally, braving and defying it, in very desperation, he declared his love to Amabel Wyndham. It was a moment of triumph for which she had waited and watched with suspense and impatience. Despite herself, a blush of pleasure rose to her cheek, even while she assumed a little air of mingled annoyance and regret.

"My dear Mr. Vane!" she said, shaking her beautiful head—"how sorry I am that this has happened—that you have imagined—that you have mistaken—I have been engaged to marry Mr. Carruth since last week!"

Mr. Carruth was a millionaire.

Edward Vane saw the dupe—the plaything he had been. Incensed almost beyond endurance, he left the scene of his infatuation, of his blind folly, for the last time.

It was bitter repentance for his fault, that led him back to Harleigh parsonage, to seek forgiveness and reconciliation from Miriam.

"Miriam, I have been mad—insane, I believe!" he said. "I have forsaken your sweet face for a will-o'-the-wisp that has led me to wretchedness. Miriam, for the sake of our old love, will you forgive me?"

"For the sake of our old love—yes;" answered Miriam, extending her hand to him. She was quite pale, but there was no trace of unhappiness in her calm, fair countenance. "Yes, the pain you have caused me I will not remember; but the pain is over now—and the love has died out with it, Edward."

"Miriam—I deserve it!" he uttered, with a cry of anguish; "I deserve it! But O, do not say it, Miriam! May I not hope—"

"No—there is no hope;" she answered, gently, but firmly. "I forgive the pain you have given me, but I dare not risk that pain again. We can never be anything more than we are now to each other."

The words were sacred—they proved true. He went out from her presence, ashamed; and their paths never were the same again.

HINTS TO PARENTS.

If your child is naturally wilful, never exercise any patience towards him, but resolve to conquer him at once. You will find your attempts to do so will act like quack medicine on a sick man, either kill or cure, but oftener kill; while more moderate and gentle treatment would have cured him.

Punish him for every offence that you learn of his committing, and then try to imagine why he deceives you when he has done wrong.

Give him precept after precept, upon self government and gentleness, and forget all about the practice yourself, when he disobeys your wishes. Children generally follow their parents' examples, not their precepts.

Tell him how wicked it is to disobey his parents, then fasten your moral lesson upon his youthful mind with the rod. You will teach him very effectually by this to fear the rod, but to care little about the happiness obedience will bring him or you.

Should you live to see him a man, you will probably hear him relate, if he is not within the walls of a prison, how he felt towards you when you were putting the rod on for some trifling offence; and how he then resolved, if he lived to be a man he would pay you well for your labor.

Q IN A CORNER.

Curious Matters.

A German Hoax.

Some months ago, there was a story in all the German papers about an Englishman who had promised to an orphan boy a free education, with a judicial deposit of 150,000 florins, if he would procure to him within a given time one million of second-hand post-stamps. This at once created a great enthusiasm all over Germany in behalf of the poor orphan boy, and large packages were soon on the way from various cities, especially Hamburg, all directed to a certain journal office in Karlsruhe; in Cologne, a certain restaurant used his place as a central depot for receiving the once used stamps, and now the Karlsruhe journal refused to receive any such packages, and says that it does not know of any such Englishman, neither of the orphan boy. It was then announced that Stuttgart was the place, to which place the packages were to be sent, but with less good effect. It was said that the wonderful Englishman would paper his whole house when he should get all the stamps. It looked English at first, but it now seems to be nothing else than what they call a Schwaben-streich (Swabian hoax).

Delhi Flexible Stone.

There is in possession of Mr. Jellicoe, a gentleman of Southampton, England, a piece of the flexible sand-stone from Delhi, the seat of the great Indian revolt. It is a small slab, about a foot long, four inches wide, and three quarters of an inch thick, and can be literally bent. If it were three times as long and held out by one end, it would bend so as to have the appearance of a bow. While bending, a slight rattle is heard as if the slab was fractured or jointed, but although so thin, not the slightest sign of a fracture is observable on its surface. The sand-stone is hard, of a very light color, and when examined by a powerful microscope, its crystallization appears exceedingly beautiful.

Singular Prophecy.

Among the various, curious, and almost irresistible things in connection with the war in the East, which have recently turned up by the Rev. Dr. Cumming, he quotes the following lines, which he states he had copied from an old volume of the fifteenth century:

"In twice two hundred years, the Bear
The Crescent will assail;
But if the Cock and Bull unite,
The Bear will not prevail.

"But mark! in twice ten years again,
Let Islam know and fear,
The Cross shall stand; the Crescent wane,
Dissolve and disappear."

An odd Accident.

At the Angel and Sun Tavern, Strand, London, Anne Sparrow, a servant, was recently dusting some soda-water bottles, when one of them burst with a loud report, and several large pieces of glass buried themselves in her throat, wounding her in a most shocking manner.

Curious Epitaph.

The following is a literal copy of an epitaph on a tomb-stone in a country churchyard, not ten miles from Trenton, New Jersey:

"This mortal body by a horse
Was hurried to the tomb;
But Christ, by virtue of his cross,
Will bring my spirit home."

Indestructible Wood.

The wood of the Kayer Oulin, or iron wood of Borneo, is perhaps the strongest in the world. Mr. Motley, writing from South Borneo, says, "I tested a piece of it, one inch square, and forty-two inches between the supports, and it bore, suspended from the centre, 338 pounds, before it gave way; its deflection was then about eight inches. The wood when fresh cut is light brown, but becomes of a deep, reddish black, and finally quite black when old. It is used by the natives most universally for boats and houses, though very heavy. The trees are large and majestic; the trunk very straight, and the bark thin and scaly. The wood appears to be almost indestructible." Mr. Motley gives instances where it has been in use in houses and fences, or stockades, for 130 years, without showing signs of decay. Numbers of these trees are killed by the fires which sweep the country in dry seasons.

Singular Stratagem.

The application of the process of etherization has just been resorted to in Belgium, as a means of acquiring judicial information. After a considerable robbery committed at Brussels in November last, two men named Lerk and Daubner were arrested and brought to trial. The former was condemned to hard labor for life, but in consequence of the latter pretending to be dumb and idiotic, his trial was postponed in order that a medical investigation should take place. It was found impossible to get a sign of intelligence from him. As, however, it was known that he had spoken when he said that he could speak no language but German, he was etherised, and while laboring under the effects of that application he spoke perfectly and in French. Sentence was passed upon him for ten years' hard labor.

A Lady's Dog worth a Horse.

The subjoined advertisement is copied from the London Times. "A gentleman, who, through the death of his lady, has a very small and exceedingly handsome black and tan terrier weighing a little over 3 lbs., for which he has been offered a large sum, wishes to part with it, to be kindly treated. Would be happy to exchange with a lady or gentleman having a horse, which they wish to be also kindly treated (and having no use for) for his own riding or driving. Undeniable references will be asked for and given."

The Pendulum Discovery.

Galileo, when under twenty years of age, was standing one day in the Metropolitan Church of Pisa, when he observed a lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling, and which had been disturbed from some accident, swing backwards and forwards. This was a thing so common that thousands no doubt had observed it before; but Galileo, struck with the regularity with which it moved backwards and forwards, reflected upon it, and perfected the method now in use, that of measuring time by the pendulum.

White Porpoise.

At a recent exhibition in London, among other novelties, some curried leather from white porpoise skins was exhibited, and was much admired for the essential requisites of toughness and softness, and has been considered superior to the skins of land animals; the price is the same as that of the best calfskin, and a sample pair of boots shown at the exhibition is stated to have worn out seven soles.

An Oriental Advertisement.

In an Indian paper of recent date we notice a very characteristic Eastern advertisement. A merchant who resides in the name of Soroopehaud Doss, advertises for sale a lot of *Dacca muslins*. They are described as so fine that a whole piece can be with ease passed through a wedding ring, and when spread on the grass in the early morning, are so undistinguishable from dew that it is reported that a cow ate a whole web while grazing without discovering it. The Emperor Akbar rebuked his sister for indelicacy in appearing before him clothed in only seven folds of this texture.

Odd and Odd.

An old fact, newly stated, is the following plan which was formerly adopted by physicians to prevent them from meeting infection. They use a cane with a hollow head, the top of which was of gold, pierced with holes, like a pepper box. This top contained a small quantity of aromatic powder, or of snuff; and, on entering a house or room where a disease supposed to be infectious prevailed, the doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powders, and then apply it to his nose. Hence, all the old prints of physicians represent them with a cane at their nose.

Strange Destiny for a Stocking.

A fine large ox was taken sick, refused to eat, and in spite of all remedies resorted to, soon died. At a "post-mortem examination," a hard, smooth ball, of the size of a large apple, and resembling in consistence, as well as in color, a piece of granite rock, was taken from his stomach; and on breaking it with a hammer, for cut it you could not, it proved to be a woolen stocking, which the animal had swallowed, and in its desperate efforts to digest had rolled over and over, and finally compressed into that rock-like ball.

Curious old Legacy.

The Aldgate Church, in London, has a fund, bequeathed to it in the dark days of persecution. Its specific purpose was to purchase flagots, not to warm the cold, or prepare food for the hungry poor, but to burn heretics. Some centuries are now past, and the supply so far exceeds the demand that there is no more room for storing away the abundant flagots. The trustees of the fund, it is said, now give away the proceeds, to keep alive the poor, and comfort and save the very class that a different age had consigned to the stake.

A Cow with a Wooden Leg.

Robert Wright, farmer, of Burton Lemars, near Melton Mowbray, England, has a cow which lately broke its leg, and which they attempted to set themselves, but finding they could not succeed sent for Mr. Reynolds, veterinary surgeon, of Melton Mowbray, who found it necessary to amputate it, and has affixed one of wood in its place, which is likely to answer every purpose. It is fastened round the knee-joint by means of leather straps, and the beast can use it.

Chinese Wall.

Some idea of the extent of the great wall of China may be gathered from a remark of Dr. Browning in a lecture on that country, recently delivered in England. He said that if all the brick, stone and masonry in Great Britain were gathered together, they would not furnish materials enough for such a wall as the wall of China, and that if all the materials in the buildings of London were put together, they would not make the towers and turrets that adorn it.

Interesting Case of Transfusion.

The Stafford Advertiser records the following remarkable operation, which was successfully performed by Mr. Wheatcroft, surgeon of Cannock, on the person of a woman named Wood, residing there. A fearful hemorrhage had set in, draining the woman of blood. She felt herself dying, and summoned her husband to her bedside, bade him "good-by," and earnestly requested him to take care of the children when she was no more. She then became pulseless and gasping, occasional breathing being the only indication of life. A vein was opened in her arm, and one in the arm of her husband, and as the blood flowed from the latter it was transmitted by suitable apparatus into the veins of the wife. After seventeen ounces had been thus injected, the pulse became perceptible, the colorless lips reddened, the glassy eye brightened, and she thankfully said, "I am better." The case has progressed very favorably, and the woman is recovering. Death here was literally robbed of his victim.

The Scarlet Letter.

A curious illustration of an old mode of punishment, immortalized by Hawthorne in his "Scarlet Letter," occurs in one of the earliest volumes of the Records of the General Court of Massachusetts Bay. Under date of March 4, 1633: "It is ordered that Robert Coles, for Drunkenness, by him committed at Rocksbery, shall be disfranchised, wear about his neck and so to hang upon his Outward Garment a D, made of Red Clouth and sett upon White, to continue this for a year, and not to leave it of at any Time when he comes among Company, Under the Penalty of ten Pounds for the first Offence, etc. * * * Also to wear the D outwards, and is enjoined to appear at the next General Court, to continue there till the Court be ended." Hester Prynne, the heroine of Hawthorne's story, it will be remembered, wore the letter A, the initial letter of her offence.

A Piece of Ingenuity.

We were shown the other day, says the Scientific American, a remarkable piece of work, the result of much patience and perseverance. It consisted of a glass bottle, the height of which was only one foot, and in which were constructed several reels of wood, having on them 3437 beads, 120 yards of silk, and 8 china images; altogether this curious bottle contained 3688 pieces, so jointed and framed that they filled the bottle, and had all been put together through the neck. But the crowning work was the stopper, from which four pieces projected in the form of a cross, so that it could not be withdrawn, and the question with us was how was it got in? This bottle is the work of Mr. F. A. Fabvier of this city, and is well worthy the attention of the connoisseur and curious. There are two on exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

Immense Engine and Mill.

An enormous engine and rolling mill are now in course of erection at the Dowlais Ironworks. It supplies blast to no fewer than six furnaces, and its enormous beam and adjuncts weigh upwards of 40 tons, and the flywheel 35 tons. The rolling mill has a driving wheel of 25 feet, and a flywheel of 21, which makes 110 revolutions per minute. One rail mill is to make 1000 tons of rails per week; another rough mill is to manufacture 700 tons per week; and 200 tons of bar iron are to be made up by a bar mill. This enormous rail mill is manufactured to roll both ways at a speed of 110 revolutions per minute, and so to be capable of rolling bars of a length and section never before attempted.

The Florist.

A simple wreath of spotless flowers
Is all my hand has learned to twine;
But do not scorn the humble gift,
'Tis offered from my heart to thine.—MARLAND.

Flower Vessels.

An endless variety of ornamental vessels are used for the reception of flowers, and they are equally well adapted for the purpose, so that the stalks are inserted in pure water. This water ought to be changed every day, or once in two days at the farthest, and a thin slice should be thinly cut off from the end of each stalk every time the water is removed, which will revive the flowers.

Vines in Parlors.

Vines, such as the German Ivy, the convolvulus, and other climbers, may be grown in pots and trained up in the recess of a bay-window, giving a very pretty and tasteful effect to a room. No artificial drapery equals in beauty the trailing foliage of nature. It gives an apartment a summer effect in the midst of winter.

Thermometers.

No amateur should attempt to grow plants in a greenhouse without having a thermometer to consult with regard to the heat. Thermometers may be procured with a long tube for plunging into the ground to ascertain the heat of a hot-bed or tan-pit.

Marking Plants.

The best way of naming or numbering plants in a garden is by means of a stick whittled smooth. Rub a little white oil paint on it, and while moist, write the name or number with a hard black lead pencil.

Vases.

Vases in pleasure-grounds have a very fine effect, particularly when placed on terraces. They should always stand on a plinth broader than the circular base, for nothing has a more unartistic effect than to see vases resting on the bare ground.

The Tree Violet.

The shrubby or Tree Violet, a native of one of the Canary Isles, is a very handsome plant, growing about two feet high, with a shrubby stem, and large purplish-blue flowers; it is usually kept in a green-house, where it flowers in the spring.

Water.

Water as an element of culture is next in importance to soil, for plants can no more subsist without the one than without the other. Even in a moist climate plants need watering, and parlor plants absorb a great deal.

Evergreens.

No garden should be without its due proportion of evergreens. When the flowers are all gone, they impart a cheerfulness even to the dead of winter.

Cut Flowers.

The appearance of a conservatory is very much assisted by a few vases for cut flowers. With care about the water, cut flowers may be kept fresh for several days.

Charcoal.

Outings in Germany are often stuck in charcoal. All kinds of plants grow better in charcoal than in anything else. A mixture of loam and charcoal is excellent.

Lilies.

The hardy kinds, deserving most attention, are the candidum, chalcidonicum and its varieties, tigrinum, concolor, and martagon. These, with our native species are all very beautiful. They should be planted from three to five inches deep, according to the size of the bulb, and need not be taken up oftener than once in every three or four years. None of the species can be transplanted after they have grown without injuring their flowering.

Crocusses.

There are upwards of one hundred varieties of this well-known flower in cultivation attended with universal success. They delight in soils well enriched and kept in good condition at all times, and may either be planted in beds or rows, at least two inches deep and six inches from row to row. They seldom require a removal, unless under special circumstances. Once every three or four years will be sufficient.

Cleanliness.

It is almost unnecessary, we hope, to urge the necessity of cleanliness with respect to house plants. The pots should be washed often, and vermin removed by immersing the entire plant in a half barrel of soap-suds occasionally, where water, saturated with manure is suffered to overflow, and dead leaves to accumulate.

Flower Pots.

When China flower-pots are used, they should have the bottoms pierced with several holes instead of one; and they should be particularly well drained, by being filled to, at least, a quarter of their depth with pieces of broken tiles. Glazed pots are most suitable for plants kept in balconies.

Bone Dust.

Most plants are benefited by an admixture of fine bone dust with the soil in the pots. We also recommend the use of oil meal as an excellent manure. This, together with a plentiful watering of soap-suds, will make almost any plant flourish.

Watering Plants.

There is a great diversity of habit in plants, and consequently much discrimination should be used in watering them. Plants require more water in warm than in cold weather, and those of a vigorous growth generally demand more moisture than the more delicate.

Flowers in succession.

In selecting flowers for the parlor as well as the garden, take care to have such as bloom in succession. And also, in arranging them on the stands, as well as in the garden, reference must be had to the height and to the harmony of color.

Green-house Plants.

Many persons injure their green-house plants by giving them too much heat in winter and too little air in summer, and are then surprised to see them die or become sickly. The thermometer even in sunshine should range rather low, say 53 or 55—rarely more.

Roses.

There are many roses which, like the crimson China, will keep on growing and blooming all the winter, and young plants from cuttings will continue to bloom for many months together, if not quite continuously.

The Housewife.

Hair Dye.

A perfectly safe hair dye presents itself in pyrogallie acid, which may be prepared for this purpose by exposing powdered nut-galls to heat in a hemispherical glass or porcelain vessel, covered with tissue or filtering paper pasted round its edges, and surmounted with a bell glass. The pyrogallie acid thus obtained is to be dissolved in water, purified by digesting the solution with animal charcoal, then concentrated and mixed with some alcohol to prevent its decomposition. This tincture applied to the hair, browns it; but it must not be allowed to touch the hands, as its stain cannot easily be effaced.

To revive Black Lace.

Steep the lace in porter which has stood long enough to become slightly stale; rub it about in a basin until perfectly soaked, then press out the liquid by squeezing, carefully avoiding wringing, which would tear or fray the lace. After stretching it to its proper width, pin it out to dry. This will be found preferable to the use of gum water, for imparting to the lace the requisite degree of stiffening or dressing, and will make it appear as beautiful as when new.

To dye Kid Gloves.

To dye kid gloves brown, yellow, or tan color, steep saffron in boiling soft water for twelve hours, then having sewed up the tops of the gloves, to prevent the dye from staining the insides, wet them over with a sponge dipped into the liquor. The quantity of saffron, as well as water, depends on how much dye may be required, and their relative proportion on the depth of color wanted. A common tencup will contain sufficient quantity for a pair of gloves.

Value of Flannel.

Flannel is, for most persons, the most suitable material to be worn next to the skin. Cotton wool merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woolen flannel conveys it from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and by its nearer exposure to the exterior air it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, woolen flannel is worn by sailors in mid-summer of the hottest countries.

Indian Muffins.

Stir into one quart of boiling water as much corn meal as will make a nice batter; when just warm, stir in as much flour as will make a stiff batter; add half a teaspoonful of salt, and half a wine glass of yeast. Set it to rise, and when risen, pour into muffin rings, and bake rather slowly in an oven. To be eaten hot.

Superior Sauce, for Plum Pudding.

Mix six yolks of eggs with four spoonfuls of sifted sugar and butter together; have a pint of boiling cream, which you will mix with your yolks; afterward put it on the fire, and stir it until it is of the consistency of sauce; then add to it a good wine-glass of brandy.

Black Ink.

Brained galls, three pounds; gum and sulphate of iron, of each, one pound; vinegar, one gallon; water, two gallons; macerate with frequent agitation for fourteen days. To produce three gallons. Fine quality.

Economy in Meats.

The housewife who is anxious to dress no more meat than will suffice for the meal, should know that beef loses about one pound in four in boiling, but in roasting, loses in the proportion of one pound five ounces, and in baking about two ounces less, or one pound three ounces; mutton loses in boiling about fourteen ounces in four pounds; in roasting, one pound six ounces.

A fresh Cod.

This is very nice. Clean it, and before putting it on the strainer rub it with salt, then lay it on the strainer, and cover it plentifully with cold water, and a tumbler full of vinegar; cook it as directed for other fish. An egg sauce must be served with this, which is made by chopping up three hard-boiled eggs, and stirring in well made drawn butter. Serve very hot. Garnish the fish with sprigs of parsley.

Bread Fritters.

Boil half a pint of milk till reduced to half, with a little sugar, salt, half a spoonful of orange flower water, and a little lemon-peel shred fine; have ready some pieces of crumb of bread, cut about the size of half-crowns, but thicker; put them in the milk to soak a little, then drain, flour, and fry them. Glaze them with sugar, and pass the salamander over them.

Calves' Feet.

Clean and wash a set of feet (four); put them on in cold water and let them boil slowly two hours. Whilst boiling, throw in a teaspoonful of salt; skim them carefully. Dish them, but remove the large bones. Sauce, the same as for calf's head; they are very delicate and nice. The broth is good for jelly.

Dried Bread for Crumbs.

Save all the crusts and pieces, put them into an oven to dry, but not brown, then roll them on the paste board, and keep the crumbs in a jar or box, in a dry place, and then they are ready for cooking purposes.

To remove Stoppers.

A simple plan for removing stoppers from glass bottles, is to heat the neck gently over a flame; the neck expands and the stopper is released.

Mildewed Linen.

This may be restored by soaping the spots, while wet, covering them with fine chalk scraped to powder and well rubbed in.

Fresh Air.

Let every room be daily thrown open for the admission of fresh air; this should be done about noon, when the atmosphere is most likely to be dry.

Fish Balls.

Chop the fish very small, add some grated bread, parsley, pepper, salt, a little butter, and an egg. Mix all well together, and make into balls; fry them brown.

To remove Grease.

Oil-grease may be removed from a hearth by covering it immediately with thick hot ashes or with burning coals.

Knife Polish.

Charcoal powder will be found a very good thing to give knives a first-rate polish.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE NEW YEAR!

With the present number of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, we commence the *seventh* volume of the work, having the largest list of subscribers, with one exception, of any magazine in the country. It will be observed, by comparing each successive issue, that we are constantly increasing its value, by adding more matter, and of a better character, as we progress, it being the firm purpose of the proprietor to make the *Dollar Monthly* such a work as everybody will have because of its cheapness, and great excellence and value. Now is the time to subscribe and secure the work for the whole year. In thirty days from the first of last January, we had not a copy left to complete sets, so great was the demand, our rule being "first come first served." Send us *one dollar*, and receive the Magazine at the earliest moment after it is printed, and for a whole year.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?—*Ballou's Holiday Pictorial*—with over *seventy* large and elegant engravings, forming a mammoth *folio* sheet, and something worth preserving. For sale at all of the periodical depots for *ten cents* per copy. Any person who desires a copy of this unique and beautiful sheet, has only to enclose us *ten cents* and a copy will be forwarded by return of mail.

DON'T RHYME.—A poetess down east said, "Shakspeare wasn't no poet because his plays wont rhyme." No more wont Milton's great epic, ma'am, and yet critics consider that "some pumpkins" for a "pome."

A CONSOLATION.—People who die penniless have this fact to console them—that their children always inherit their property. With rich people the case is different, the most of their effects going to the executors.

A MEMENTO.—A haunch of venison reminds us of a deceased friend—because it is the *deer* departed.

STRANGE, IF TRUE.

The following story is going the rounds of the papers without comment. Dr. A. C. Stiles, of Bridgeport, Conn., has a boy professing to possess the faculty of locating and prescribing for the ills which flesh is heir to by clairvoyance. Mr. William Clarke, of Westville, had an ox which appeared to be ailing, and cut off a lock of the animal's hair under the chin, which hair so nearly resembled that of the human head as not to be distinguishable from it by any ordinary observation. The hair was sent by letter to the boy at Bridgeport, and a prescription requested. The boy advised Mr. Clark to kill his ox, as it would not be able to work much more on account of a blow across the back which had injured the kidney and spine. The ox was killed, and the kidney and spine found as described by the boy.

BY THOUSANDS!

Wherever *Ballou's Dollar Magazine* is seen and becomes known, it draws forth lists of subscribers from all classes. The poor man says, "Well, I certainly can afford *one dollar* for such a work, with its fine illustrations, and mirth-provoking humorous pictures, and its *hundred pages* of choice reading each month;" and so he sends his money. He knows that its influence in his family will be good, that at a trifling cost he supplies to his children attractive means of improvement and rational enjoyment. Those who are more liberally supplied with money, are nevertheless ready to save two dollars by subscribing to a magazine for *one dollar* a whole year, in place of the old price, three dollars; and so our popular enterprise goes on, and the subscribers pour in upon us by thousands.

OLD PUT GOOD.—"It's aisy enough," said Pat, "to build a shimney—you howld one brick up and put another under." A good many people undertake to build fortunes on this equitable principle.

WORK TO DO.—The highway commissioners are respectfully informed that the "path of rectitude" sadly needs repairing, though there is so little travel over it.

THE MORMONS IN LONDON.

The English papers are pretty severe in their reports of the sayings of the Mormon knaves and blockheads in the great English metropolis. It seems they had a meeting in Tetotal Hall lately. At the outset the assemblage engaged in singing, in a loud strain, one of their favorite hymns, led on by Elder Bernard, to the tune of "The Low-backed Car." The purport of this song was the long looked-for day when they would all get to Zion (Utah). It seemed to be rather a painful effort to Brother Bernard, and it was decidedly so to those of the audience who happened not to be Mormons. One of the elders sang a song styled "Sectarian Non-sense," one verse of which ridiculed the absurdity of a man when he is ill going to a doctor, as the Gentiles (i. e., all who are not Mormons) do, instead of going to an elder of the church to be healed. Elder George Read then recited a piece about "The Bishop's Banquet," describing the good living of the right reverend prelates—a recitation which was singularly *mal apropos* and in very bad taste, seeing that it was immediately followed by the Mormonite refreshments—apples and pears on damp and dirty waiters, with little cakes and biscuits, which were stale and unsavory. These were washed down by copious draughts of pump water from large jugs. Another elder then indulged in a "little harmony" about "Sleepy Parsons," the chorus to which was:

"Heigho! you sleepy parsons!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! what a lark!
After all your college learning
You will find you're in the dark."

Elder Benson described Brigham Young as the best and holiest man in the world, and said he did not wonder at the sisters falling in love with him. Every good man, he said, ought to have more than one wife. He said he would advise the editors who abused them to consult their works, and they would find everything "as right as tatars." He indulged in a variety of jokes of the same class. Our English friends should learn that these rascals and boobies are as much despised and looked down on this side of the Atlantic as they can possibly be on the other.

TIGHT TIMES.—The state of the money market may be inferred from the fact that a musical organ-grinder refused to discount notes, the other evening, until he received a glass of beer as "collateral."

A GOOD EXCUSE.—One of the Lazy Club was complained of for running. His defence was that he was going down hill, and that it was less labor to run than walk. Complaint dismissed.

INGRATITUDE—AN ALLEGORY.

A wise and venerable bramin of the East, whose austere virtue and expansive benevolence had won for him gifts of mighty power from Vishnu, while meditating in his solitary walks, beheld a small dog fleeing in terror from a ferocious mastiff. The pursuer fast gained upon his panting prey, and had already crushed him to the earth beneath his heavy paw, preparatory to devouring him. The good bramin promptly interposed for the preservation of the oppressed, and by the exercise of the mighty power which his deity had given him, at once changed the little dog into a powerful tiger. The tiger prostrated the mastiff on a single blow, and revelled in his life-blood. The bramin turned and fled in terror from the spot. When being questioned why he feared the tiger and fled from him, when the latter had so much cause for gratitude to him, as the preserver of his life, he answered:

"I am the only living person that knew him as a little dog."

And such is life. Gratitude for favors received is too often smothered in hatred for the giver, because of his knowledge of the recipient's former destitution. In miserable, false shame concerning former circumstances of poverty or destitution over which he could have no control, man often loses sight of the real shame which he should feel for a want of gratitude towards his benefactor. In fact, the very sense of obligation to gratitude seems to engender hate in some men's minds, and a vengeful thirst to injure those who have benefited them. There are many tigers of to-day in the world, who were the puppies of yesterday; and having now slain the mastiffs which sought their lives, their eyes glare wildly in search of the benefactors who have known them as puppies, that they may slay them too, and thus obliterate all knowledge of their former puppy lives. The moral is, O reader of ours, when you make a great man of a puppy, expect no favor from him, look for no gratitude, but shun him as you would the plague.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—A company was formed, two years ago, in France, for rearing bees on a large scale. Its apiaries have this year produced 111 per cent. profit on the original outlay! In one case the original cost was 3838 francs, and it produced 4277 francs.

RATHER UNFEMININE.—There is a lady at Melton, England, who shoes her own horses. She can shape a shoe and fit it to the hoof as handily as e'er a bearded smith of them all. This is Venus usurping the province of Vulcan.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

The inevitable destiny of the Indian race to retire before the white man, and abandon the hunting grounds of savage life to the settlement and culture of civilization, is so clearly written in the past and present history of our country, that even the most mawkish philanthropist cannot interpose a well-founded objection thereto. That a mere handful of savages should be permitted to shut out vast regions of the most available portions of the continent from occupation and improvement by civilized man, simply because they range through these regions and use them for hunting grounds, is a doctrine too absurd to be admitted. It is in direct conflict with the laws of nature, and the best interests of the human race; it is revolting to reason and justice, because it sacrifices the rights and interests of the many to the few. Equally absurd would it be to permit the blood-thirsty treachery and rapacity of the inferior race to prevent the peaceful and beneficial spread of the superior race over the lands thus monopolized by the former. But while the superior thus has a right to dispossess, or rather supersede the inferior, there is a corresponding obligation on the part of the civilized race to protect the savage, and provide amply from its abundance for the necessities and comforts of the latter.

Acting upon the view of the rights and duties of civilization, the United States government has so shaped its Indian policy, that vast tracts of territory have from time to time been reclaimed from the Indians, as the growth of the country demanded, and at the same time the Indian tribes have received ample equivalents for the privileges given up by them, in the shape of money, provisions, clothing, implements of labor, new lands adapted to their numbers, instruction in the arts of civilized life, and protection from hostile tribes. The business of the Indian Bureau of the general government has gradually grown up in the course of time, from the simple duties which a single clerk discharged, to an immense amount, requiring the constant labors of a commissioner, sixteen clerks at Washington, and thirty-three Indian agents, nine superintendents, and a large number of teachers and other employees, in the Indian country. The annual expenditures for Indian purposes is nearly three millions of dollars, and the amount last year paid to the Indians for annuities in money or goods, but mostly money, was about one million of dollars. During the four years past, fifty-two treaties have been made with various Indian tribes, by which about 170 millions of acres of land have been acquired or re-acquired by the

government, at the cost of eleven millions of dollars and upwards in money, besides other considerations of benefit to the Indians, including reservations of land for their occupancy, amounting to over nineteen millions of acres. In this time the jurisdiction and agency of the Indian Bureau has been extended over 500,000 square miles not before included therein.

By these facts it will be seen by our readers that our government does not *steal* land from the Indians, but acquires it by treaty, and remunerates them liberally therefor besides providing for their future location and welfare. There are at the present time within the limits of the United States, about 300,000 souls of the Indian race, the greater part of whom are west of the Mississippi River; there being only about 18,000 east of that river, and they principally in New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, N. Carolina, Mississippi, and Florida. Of those west of the river, there are about 100,000 in California, as many in Minnesota, and the remainder are in Texas, New Mexico, Washington and Oregon Territories, Utah, and on the plains and Rocky Mountains. The present policy of the government for the removal of Indian tribes, differs from that originated during Mr. Munroe's administration, the feature of independence with separate government being now abandoned, and a system of colonization under the supervision of our government being adopted in its stead. Contact with the white race is found to prove fatal to the Indian. He acquires the vices of his white brother, loses his own virtues, and sinks lower in the scale of humanity than before. Therefore the present plan is to colonize the Indians into tracts of country of extents suitable to their numbers, in locations where they will be completely isolated from the whites, and then to administer their affairs by a government agent, introducing schools, religious teaching, agriculture, and the mechanic arts among them.

This plan has thus far produced very successful results, reclaiming the Indian from his roving habits, overcoming his repugnance to labor as degrading, and inspiring him with respect therefor, diffusing the blessings of common schools among the young, and habituating the mature to the restraints of the Christian religion, and comforting them with its hopes. The most inspiring prospects are thus held forth for the improvement and well-being of that race. The system of isolated colonization under government supervision has been successfully introduced among the Indians in California and those of Texas. Last year upon the reservations in Texas, there were colonized about 1500 Indians, showing an

increase of over 400 from the year before. They have fenced in and cultivated 740 acres of land, and have made some progress in erecting houses and other improvements, and are under the care and direction of competent government agents, who express strong hopes of success in improving and civilizing these tribes. One tribe is the Comanches, one of the most fierce and warlike upon this continent; and if they can thus be won over to the arts of peace and the ways of civilization, there is certainly hope of all other tribes. Similar good results are produced in California, where there are some five reservations for colonization, occupied by 10,000 Indians, with 2500 acres of cultivated land thus far, and permanent buildings, and encouraging prospects of still further progress.

This plan of colonization is to be extended to other localities, and by its aid it is hoped that the Indians may eventually be made citizens, and be able to sustain their share in the management of public affairs. It would be a happy circumstance if these remnants of powerful tribes that once roamed over this continent, could be rescued from destruction and incorporated into civilized society—a noble solution of the problem of the red man's fate!

The Indians in Michigan, about 7000 in number, are becoming elevated in the scale of civilization, under these influences. They do not want to emigrate to the far West, nor do the people around them desire to have them go. This speaks well for their progress and good conduct. The Oneidas, at Green Bay, Wisconsin, are also advancing in civilization, and will eventually become citizens. The Wyandots, in the Kansas region, are about to emerge from their tribal condition, hold and own their lands in severalty, and assume the status of civilized life. They have for years had common schools among them, and governed themselves by a code of laws of their own. The Chippeways and Ottawas also cultivate the soil for a living, and have their own laws. The Cherokees and Creeks, as well as the Choctaws and Chickasaws, are already semi-civilized, as well as the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico, a well-behaved and amiable people, numbering about 7000, and among our latest acquisitions. The Seminoles in Florida have been a source of great trouble and expense to our government, and the Seminole war has become almost a permanent institution among us. A part of that tribe some years ago, emigrated to the region of country west of the Mississippi, occupied by the Creeks, and became blended with the latter tribe. They felt humiliated by being thus denationalized and made subject to the

Creeks, and became idle, reckless, and a burden to themselves as well as the Creeks. This state of affairs became known to their brethren in Florida, and the latter have in consequence, refused to emigrate, preferring to infest the Everglades and prey upon the people of Florida. Lately, however, by a treaty with the Creeks, a portion of their country has been set off for the exclusive possession and occupancy of the Seminoles, and there is now good prospect that the Florida Indians will join their brethren in this new territory, and thus in a peaceable manner, the everlasting Florida war be done away with.

The sketch which we have thus given of the state of our Indian affairs, the doings of our government, and the prospects for the future, cannot but be gratifying to our readers, for it seems that this troublesome question of Indian policy is better understood and treated now, than it has ever been before. It must be a source of pride to every American, to see the encouraging and liberal manner in which his great and powerful country deals with this feeble and decaying race. Intemperance is the greatest bane of the red man. Being by nature rash and impetuous, with little mental restraint for self-government, the Indian seems to be the ready victim to the demon of alcohol, and base, selfish men have not been wanting to stimulate and feed this accursed appetite, for the sake of gain. Of late years, by the Intercourse Act, the general government has by stringent measures prevented the introduction of spirits among the Indian tribes, and in this good work the State governments within whose jurisdictions Indians exist, have cheerfully co-operated. The evil of intemperance is therefore much diminished among the tribes, and as the present system of Indian administration becomes matured, the evil will be still further circumscribed. This temperance reform among them is indispensable to the success of any measures for benefiting and improving the Indians, and for the sake of the red man as well as the white race, we most heartily bid it god-speed.

A SLIGHT ACCIDENT.—An old sea-captain who was navigating his way along the aisle of a railroad car, in which there happened to be half a dozen babies, was *struck by a squall*.

NICARAGUA.—The city of Grenada, which Walker's men destroyed during the Nicaraguan war, is being rebuilt.

COMING DOWN.—A hotel in San Francisco which once let for \$72,000 a year, now lets for \$7000—something off.

HANDEL THE COMPOSER.

Handel was a musician not only of great judgment, but also of extreme delicacy. He husbanded his means, and did not always employ them at once. And this is an example which is not much followed in these days. It is stated that an old manager of a certain London theatre, seeing, at a rehearsal, that the horn-players were quiet, asked them why they did not play. On their answering that they were counting their "rests," the indignant manager exclaimed: "Rests, indeed! I pay you to *play*, and not to *rest*; so, either play up or go away." The composers of the present day belong a little too much to the same school as this good man; for they seem to think that the instrumentalists, the kettle drummer included, are not worth their pay if they are not scraping, trumpeting, and rattling away from one end of the score to the other. This has spoilt the taste of the age; for it has led people to believe that the more hands there are at work, the finer the music must be. A great mistake—for the sole effect is to make it more costly.

It is a singular circumstance in Handel's life, that his genius gave him an indirect part in almost all the events of his century. His music was required to celebrate successively the birthday of Queen Anne, the marriage of the Prince of Wales (George the Third's father), that of the Princess Royal to the Prince of Orange, the coronation of George the Second, the burial of Queen Caroline (all great events in those days), the Peace of Utrecht and that of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the victories of Culloden and Dettingen. To this day, there is no great public funeral at which the Dead March in Saul is not used for the purpose of impressing the mind with the solemnity of the occasion.

But let us, in this connection, remind our youthful readers that however prodigious may be the gifts accorded by nature to her elect, they can only be developed and brought to their extreme perfection by labor and study. Michael Angelo was sometimes a week without taking off his clothes. Like him, and like all the other kings of art, Handel was very industrious. He worked immensely and constantly. Hawkins says that "he had a favorite Rucker harpsichord, every key of which, by incessant practice, was hollowed like the bowl of a spoon." He was not only one of the most gifted of musicians, but also one of the most learned. All competent critics admit that his fugues prove that his knowledge was consummate.

REMEMBER THIS.—No entertainment is so cheap as reading, and no pleasure is so lasting.

THE RULING PASSION.

Malherbe's scrupulosity as to grammatical minutiae became, in effect, a veritable religion to him; insomuch that on his death-bed—nay, in the last agony—he gave vent to his irritation at the solecisms of which his nurse was guilty, and, as we are assured, scolded her right smartly, in spite of the remonstrances of his confessor. The poor confessor was only snubbed for his pains. "Sir," protested the dying man, "I will defend to my very last gasp the purity of the French language." And when the good father tried to work upon his patient by describing the life to come, but in a somewhat prosy and unpicturesque manner—and thereupon asked if Malherbe did not feel a great yearning after the speedy fruition of all this happiness—the answer was: "Say nothing more about it, or your wretched style will disgust me with the place altogether."

PLENTY OF SKIES.

Ambrose Phillips, the poet, was very solemn and pompous in conversation. At a coffee-house he was discoursing upon pictures, and pitying the painters who, in their historical pieces, always draw the same sky. "They should travel," said he, "and then they would see that there is a different sky in every country—in England, France, Holland, Italy, and so forth." "Your remark is just," said a brave gentleman, who sat just by; "I have been a traveller myself, and can testify that what you observe is true. But the greatest variety of skies that I ever found was in Poland." "In Poland, sir?" "Yes, in Poland; for there is *Sobiesky*, and *Sarbiensky*, and *Jabonsky*, and *Podebrasky*, and many more skies, sir."

SPEAKING AUTOMATON.—It is said that somebody somewhere has made an automaton which can converse fluently in three different languages, but we guess its only a "figure of speech."

RANK IN CRIME.—An exchange speaks of a certain person as a "first-class scoundrel." Are there "lords, gentry and commons" in guilt as in British society?

A COOL ORDER.—Man with a dog (to barber)—Do you do curling here? Barber—Yes, sah! Man—Well, just see what you can do with my dog's tail, will you?

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—We think it is decidedly a "Boston notion" to hold these institutions in our midst. They are very attractive.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS CLUB.

One of our exchanges chronicles the formation of a club for the purpose of more effectually ascertaining the business of other people generally. It has already attained a large membership, and promises a flourishing institution. The following are some of its rules: Any member of the society who shall be convicted to know more of his own business than of any other's, shall be expelled from the society without a hearing. No member shall be allowed to sit down to his own table until he has ascertained to a certainty what his neighbors within three doors of each side of his house shall have to eat—whether they have paid for the same, and if not, if they expect to. Every member who shall see two or three persons engaged in conversation shall place himself between them until he has heard all they have to say, and report the same accordingly. Every gentleman visiting a young lady more than twice, shall circulate the news that they are going to be married, and said members are required to report all manner of things about the lady to the gentleman. This will break up matches, and afford much gossip.

THINK OF IT.—If every lady in the country would resolve not to buy another silk dress for a year to come, millions of dollars would be saved to our country, which would be a complete panacea for "hard times." The gentlemen might make a similar saving by limiting their consumption of tobacco. Other nations are our creditors for silks, tobacco, and other superfluities, and to pay for them the country is drained of its specie, and money becomes tight.

HOT WEATHER AHEAD.—A French astronomer declares that in consequence of a favorable change in the currents of the ocean, a cycle of heat embracing several years, of which the present is the commencement, may be unhesitatingly looked for. So that the currents of the ocean may have a good effect on the cuprants of our gardens next summer.

SHARP LADS.—"Out West" the law gives damages for apparent breach of promise. The bachelors, however, obviate the difficulty by labelling their cards "Good for this call only!"

TO BE ERECTED.—A model lodging-house at the corner of Tremont Street and the Head Place, opposite the Common.

HIGH PRICE FOR WOOD.—A Miss Wood recently recovered ten thousand dollars damages for a breach of promise from a faithless swain.

THE NAPOLEON HALL.

In the Louvre at Paris is a large hall devote to relics and mementoes of Napoleon the Great. This collection presents a great variety of articles used by the emperor in his daily life. Among the most interesting are his watch, stopped at twenty-five minutes past five; his camp table, of oak, one foot by three; his case of mathematical instruments; a pair of fine gold candlesticks, as left, with candles nearly consumed; his toilet set of gold, and perfume bottles with contents yet remaining; his pistols, swords, hats, coats and vests—the coat worn at Marengo, among the rest; his gold snuff-box, cane, imperial crown and robes, and the handkerchief he used upon his death-bed at St. Helena. These relics of the Mighty Corsican are worshipped by the enthusiastic Parisians with as much fervor as though they were portions of the true cross.

ARCHITECTURE.—"In architectural design," says Ruskin in a recent lecture, "imagination is the first great quality. It is the quality that distinguishes great from mean artists, and no instance is known of a great man with deficient imagination. Industry is essential, but industry alone does not make a great artist." Mr. Ruskin contends that "it is a mistake to separate sculpture from architecture; the architect should be his own sculptor."

GIGANTIC TREE.—There has been cut in Calhoun county, Ill., a tree that produced 5000 staves and six and a half cords of wood, which sold for \$74 50. Square miles of such timber, of less size, but big enough for staves, railroad ties, and all kinds of wood-work, line the Ohio River in Kentucky, at ten dollars an acre, and no buyers.

THE BIBLE IN TURKEY.—The British and Foreign Bible Society has disseminated in Turkey 90,000 copies of the Scriptures in nineteen different languages, but still more are needed; double that number could easily be distributed throughout that empire.

TRUE ENOUGH.—One of our exchanges says that the recent conduct of the Sepoys has been "revolting." We rather think it has been revolting from the first.

AN ODD PURCHASE.—William L. Coby, a benevolent old gentleman of Huron, Michigan, recently bought a little blue-eyed child from her drunken parents for \$3000.

Foreign Miscellany.

The Duke of Cambridge has directed that in future every soldier is to wear the moustache.

Most of the pearls in the world, and all the best, are taken up from beds near Ceylon.

A gallery of paintings illustrating the Crimean War is to be established at Versailles, France.

The French Eastern Railway and the Baden Company have agreed, it is said, to connect their lines by an iron bridge across the Rhine.

A late Vienna (Austria) paper states that scarcely a day elapsed that some bankrupt speculator did not commit suicide in that city.

The financial pressure in Constantinople is severe. The Turkish army in Asia has received no pay for twenty months.

Mehemed Vasif Pacha, the Turkish commander at Kars during the siege, has now the direction of the Turkish artillery.

A life-boat, which cost more than £500 has been presented by Miss Burdett Courts to the town of Margate.

It is said the issue of the London Times each morning makes a pile of paper fifty feet high. Every four days it would make a column as high as the London Monument.

Some thieves recently stole from the Cemetery of Mont Parnasse, Paris, a figure of the Virgin in bronze, making the railing of a tombstone serve as a ladder.

The French emperor has ordered a special gallery to be set apart in the Palace of Versailles for the exhibition of pictures representing scenes in the Eastern war.

A widow named Pichon, of St. Etienne, died in that town a short time since, aged 107. She never used spectacles, and two days before her death was so well that she mended her stockings and took a walk in the garden.

The solemn entry of Prince Frederick of Prussia and the Princess Royal of England into Berlin after their nuptials, is fixed for February 23. Great preparations are making for imposing ceremonies on the occasion.

The Bilbao journals state that there is now living in the neighborhood of Durango a laborer who has attained the age of 110 years, but who still retains all his faculties, works in the fields, and makes tolerably long excursions on foot.

German and Italian emigration is said to be on the increase. During the past nine months of the present year 23,358 emigrants have embarked at the port of Havre alone, being an increase of 7000 above the previous year.

The handsome statue in white marble of the Empress Josephine, which was exhibited during the last summer in the grand nave of the Palace of Industry, Paris, has been removed to Havre for shipment to Martinique, the birthplace of the empress, where it is to be erected.

A Mr. Arthur, of England, has taken out a patent for making bricks from common earth, by means of pressure only. Many scientific gentlemen have witnessed the process, and consider it altogether successful. It promises to introduce a new era in brick making.

Upwards of 100 Austrian officers have offered to take service in the English army in India.

An American lady named Tralaway was lately killed by falling from a precipice on Mt. Blanc.

Steam ploughing machines have been exhibited at agricultural meetings in England with success.

The Spanish government have published a decree admitting coin free into Spanish ports until next July.

Baron Humboldt, who has recently entered his ninetieth year, is quite restored from the effects of his late attack.

M. Manin, the Dictator of Venice when it was besieged by the Austrians, died in Paris, recently of disease of the heart, aged fifty-three.

Mr. Edward Thornton, author of the "History of British India," a "Gazetteer of India," etc., has retired from the East India Company's home service.

It is stated that an immense telegraph line is to be immediately constructed from Marseilles to Constantinople, by way of Corsica, and the various islands of the Mediterranean.

The King of Prussia has presented the Emperor of Russia with eight fine fallow deer for the park of St. Petersburg, and Prince Charles has given two splendid grayhounds.

The pope, it is said, is about to create Tunis a new bishopric, and to nominate to it Cardinal de Bellecourt, formerly Bishop of La Rochelle, in France.

The Chinese, owing to their reluctance to be taught by foreigners, possess very little scientific knowledge, and succeed better in ornamental than in useful works.

The manufacture of sugar from beet root in the kingdom of Saxony has not assumed any great development, it being found more profitable to distil alcohol from the plant.

Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller, has had presented to him the freedom of Glasgow, and a pecuniary testimonial from the city amounting to above £2000.

The Paris Constitutionnel points to the high duties on articles of luxury in England as a proof that that nation, the supposed champion of free trade doctrines, only ventures to carry out her own principles to a limited extent.

A journal of Agen (*Lot-et-Garonne*) accords an extraordinary death from lightning. During a storm at Isachou-le-Haut, near that place, the electric fluid entered the mouth of the Abbe Lebarre, the cure, and went out by the spinal marrow!

Monarque, the French horse that took the Goodwood Cup at the late race, in which Mr. Ten Broeck's horses ran, has just been badly beaten at Chantilly, in France, by one of the English horses, that ran for the Goodwood, Mr. Parr's Fisherman.

The yield of wine in the south of France this year, is said to be unprecedentedly large. It is equal in quality to the famous wine of the great comet year, 1811, and as the present year has likewise produced a number of comets, the peasants have christened it the "five-comet wine."

Record of the Times.

Foreign goods worth \$35,000,000 were lately in the bonded warehouses of New York.

Dickens lets in too much light on his pictures of life and men, Thackeray admits too little.

The Mormons manufacture arms, but have no powder mills. What will they do for ammunition?

The "Country Gentleman" is one of the best agricultural papers in the United States.

George B. Lewis, who shot his wife in Wrentham, Mass., is to have five years' imprisonment.

Freedom with some men is dangerous—that is the freedom which degenerates into licentiousness.

Niels Arnzen, a Norwegian, has bought the famous inscription rock at Dighton, Fall River.

The amount expended by American travellers in Europe is estimated at \$10,000,000 annually.

The chirping sound made by the cricket is a sound occasioned by the quick attrition of its wings.

A new law of Mississippi against passing any bank bills of a less denomination than \$5, went into operation on the 1st of November.

The last appraisement of the famous McDonough estate, in New Orleans, shows a total valuation of \$1,930,098. The expenses last year were nearly \$40,000.

Mr. Anderson, the Wizard of the North, says that during the last twenty years he has paid £25,000 for advertising, £13,000 for bill-printing, and £4500 for bill-posting.

A gentleman from Wetzel, Va., has a shot-pouch made from the hide of an Indian who was killed and skinned by some of the white race a number of years ago.

The amount of specie in the United States is estimated at about \$300,000,000, or equal to \$12 in coin for every man, woman and child in the country.

The twelve greatest English poets are Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Burns, Moore, Byron, Wordsworth, Campbell and Coleridge.

The population of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, according to a census just completed, numbers 44,542. In 1850 she had only 20,061 inhabitants, showing an increase in 7 years of 24,481.

Mr. W. R. Foster, of Bangor, the inventor and manufacturer of a little instrument for sharpening pencils, has just closed a contract for \$100,000 worth of the article. It is a pretty large operation in a small line of manufacture.

There are now published in Iowa 19 daily papers, 109 weekly papers, 1 semi-monthly, and 6 monthly periodicals, in all 133, which, with an average circulation of 1000 copies each, would make 133,000 newspapers published and circulated in the State each week.

There is a family of colored people, in the city of Philadelphia, in which live four children, rejoining in the following cognomens: Henrietta Ophelia Virginia Tumpkins, Horace Walpole Tumpkins, Ferdinand George Washington Tumpkins, and Seraphina Elizabeth Tumpkins.

Isabel is a Spanish name, but is correctly rendered into English by that of Elizabeth.

There are very few marine animals which can live in fresh water.

The earnings of Sing Sing Prison last year fell short of its expenses \$15,000.

There were exported from the United States last year \$1,050,967 worth of boots and shoes.

There has been an asylum for superannuated printers established in the city of Philadelphia.

The entire cost of the Capitol at Washington, with the present improvements, is \$10,000,000.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," is an old proverb, and it is verified in the case of Col. Colt, who, since the India insurrection, is unable to supply the demand for pistols.

One thousand pounds of wheat yield twenty-four pounds of nitrogen. In the formation of five tons of clover, two hundred and forty pounds of nitrogen are consumed.

The population of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, according to the census just completed, numbers 44,542. In 1850 she had only 20,061 inhabitants, showing an increase in seven years of 24,481.

Milton was the descendant of an ancient family of the name, near Abingdon, in Oxfordshire, possessed of considerable estates. The poet was born in Bread Street, London, on the 9th of December, 1608.

"A day or two since," says an American writer, "our blood boils as we write it—several smacks were taken by a British naval officer in Boston harbor; and, what is worse than all, the smacks were taken from a young lady."

The Pacific Sentinel says that an Indian named Pedro died at Santa Cruz on the 7th of September, aged 130 years. In 1784, when the mission there was founded, Pedro was an old man, as is known to many people now residing at Santa Cruz.

A mercantile firm in St. Louis, a few days since, received the sum of \$350 in gold, from a well known missionary, who said that he was authorized to return them that amount of money. He would give no further explanation, and it is presumed to be from some conscience-troubled person, who had wronged them of that amount.

The extent of grape-culture along the banks of the Hudson River is not generally appreciated. A good authority has said that in six years, at the present rate of its increase, enough wine will be produced along those sunny and fertile slopes to supply the whole wine consumption of New York.

Early one morning recently a young man named Parker, residing in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., arose while asleep, dressed, went to the depot, got on board a freight train, and rode in the baggage car fifty-five miles, and was quite astonished when the conductor woke him up for his ticket.

A man named John Fee, living near Bullock's Creek, S. C., in a fit of anger, shot his horse and some cattle and hogs, and the next day set fire to his house, which he had previously locked. His three motherless children, aged from five to fourteen years, are supposed to have perished in the flames. He was arrested.

Merry-Making.

Love, the plague, and the smallpox are often communicated by the clothing.

The tobacco-chewer has been likened to a goose in a Dutch oven—always on the spit.

The following words, if spelt backwards or forwards are the same: "Name no one man."

We wonder if anybody ever picked up a tear that was dropped.

When is a nutmeg like a prison window? When it is "grated."

The man who was "filled with emotion," hadn't room for his dinner.

Among the Mormons, boys of ten and twelve years of age are enrolled in military bands, called the "Hope of Israel."

A witness was asked how he knew the parties to be man and wife. "'Cause I heard the gentleman blow the lady up," was the reply.

Why should we naturally conclude that Adam and Eve gambled? Because they lost a Pair-o'-dice.

A contemporary of ours protests most earnestly that he is always as good as his word. That may be, for his word is good—for nothing.

If you want an ignoramus to respect you, "dress to death," and wear watch seals about the size of a brickbat.

Always do as the sun does, look at the bright side of everything; it is just as cheap, and three times as good for digestion.

It is a very erroneous imputation upon one of our prominent politicians that "he drinks hard." There's nothing in the world that he can do easier.

"Did you say that my brother Jim didn't know as much as Smith's yellow dog?" "No, I said Smith's yellow dog knew more than your brother Jim!"

Dick. Joe, were I to win a beefsteak (such as now grows) upon a bet that I could name the "author of Canterbury Tales," what could I do with the prize?—Joe. Chaw, sir.

In its account of the fire in Saco, the Boston Traveller says: "The hostler and fourteen horses were considerably burned." We should think so!

A contemporary, speaking of one of our western towns, says, "Just think of a community all lawyers and doctors." Indeed we would rather not.

First Citizen. Did you make your deposits in the Farmer's and Citizen's Bank?—Second Citizen. Yes, but I had the good fortune to draw out all my balance the day before the failure of that institution and deposited the same night in the Faro Bank!

Whether or no saltpetre will explode is, we believe, still a disputed point, but that flour will do so was proved by an experiment made recently at Alexandria, Va. The Gazette says, "The flour was perfectly dry—not kiln dried—and when thrown on a flame exploded like powder."

The fire that *went out*, has not returned.

What line (of omnibuses) would be the most uncomfortable for rogues to ride in? The Neck line.

"You see how bald I am, and I don't wear a wig." "True, sir," replied the servant; "an empty barn requires no thatch!"

LOTHARIO. "Ah! dearest Anna, of your love I'm dying,
And at your feet I lie—"

ANNA. "I see you're lying."

If forty rods made one *rude* (rood), how many will make one polite? If twelve dozen make one gross, how many will make a grocer?

MARRY (AND DON'T) COME UP.

A fellow that's single, a fine fellow's he:
But a fellow that's married's a *felo de se*.

Obituary.—The Atlantic Telegraph Company (for the present) has thrown off the "mortal coil."

An Alabama paper gives an account of the divorce of a woman from her husband, a Mr. Putt. It seems she "would not stay Putt."

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

Why should crinoline be abolished? Answer—Because it admits all females, *without distinction*, into the most fashionable circles.

A young lady was asked recently how she could possibly afford, in these awfully hard times, to take music lessons. "O," said she, "I confine myself to the low notes!"

A subscriber to a moral reform paper called at the Northampton post office the other day, and inquired if the Friend of Virtue had come? "No," replied the postmaster, "there has been no such person here for a long time."

An English paper states, "Yankee steamers are so light that on the western rivers, they say they can jump over a sand bar, float easily on wet grass, and are obliged to lie at anchor when there is a heavy dew."

We once heard an old, red-faced doctor say, that he never in his life knew a man to die of drinking. "Some puny things," said he, "die of learning to drink, but no man ever dies of drinking."

The proverb, "Lightly come, lightly go," does not apply to the gout, nor to the rheumatism, nor freckles, nor to a light sovereign; for all these plagues come lightly enough, and yet there is the greatest difficulty in getting them to go.

A jockey at the Maze races, England, asked an eminent Yankee if they had any such swift horses in America. "Swift," said Jonathan, "why, I guess we have. I've seen a horse at Baltimore, on a sunny day, start against his own shadow, and beat it a quarter of a mile at the first heat."

☞ GIVEN AWAY. ☜

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge.
M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

MR. COODLE'S HALLUCINATION.



Had always intended to remain a bachelor.



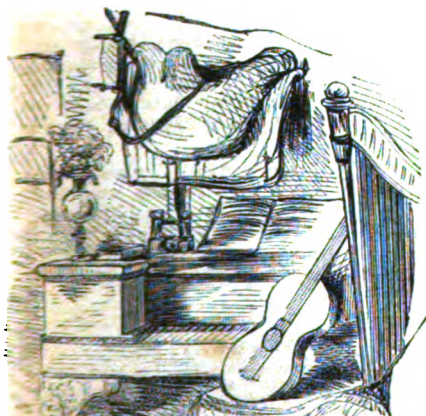
Was floored at last, however, by a pair of beautiful eyes



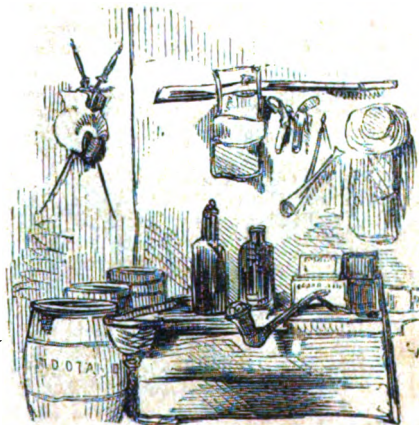
After a year's housekeeping a few bills accumulate.



He finds himself knee-deep in them. He can't stand this



Mrs. C. has many useless expenses, which he specifies.



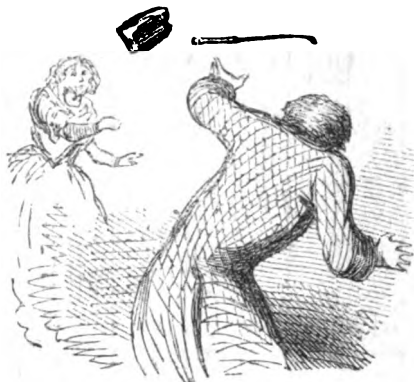
His own little comforts are all comparative trifles.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



He will have an understanding at once, and primes up for the occasion.



Slightly hints his ideas, which set flat-iron and poker in motion.



Goodie is an unfeeling brute—Mrs. C. will leave the house at once.



Goodie trusts she will not hurry herself, nor leave the baby behind!



Mrs. C.'s big brother bursts upon him and shoots him with a double-barrelled foot-jack.



Loud knocking. He awakes a bachelor! (happy Goodie) It was all a dream!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.—No. 2.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1858.

WHOLE No. 38.

A HALF HOUR'S TALK ABOUT VARIOUS MODES OF CONVEYANCE.



OLD-FASHIONED STAGE-COACH.

Every one is interested in the machinery of locomotion, and the modes of getting from one place to another are intimately connected with the progress of civilization. The extraordinary development of civilized power and wealth in the present century is owing to the abundant agencies for conveying individuals and masses from one point to another, which have had their birth within the memory of living men, who are not yet aged. And each day almost yields some il-

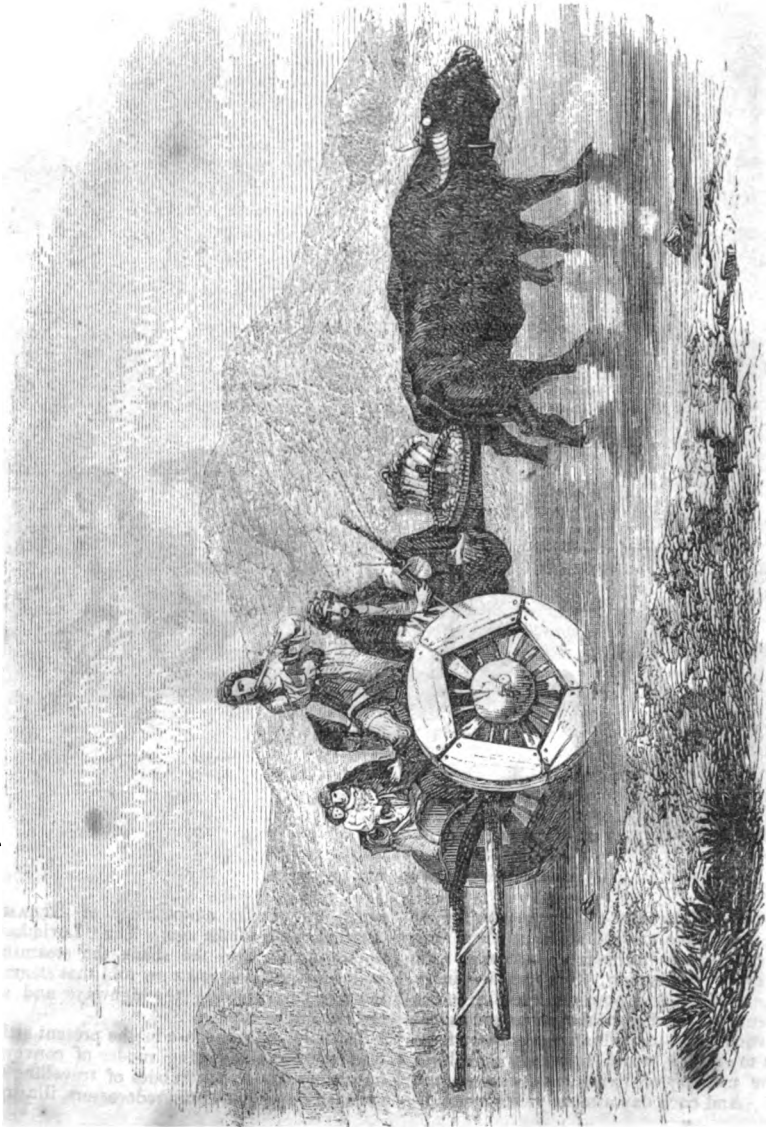
lustration of the adaptability of STEAM, the crowned king of the age. The "Leviathan" of to-day throws into the shade the steamship of yesterday, and we are now told that steam locomotives for traversing the highways and streets are not impracticable.

It is not our purpose in the present article to consider these lightning modes of conveyance; but rather the slower modes of travelling which satisfied our immediate predecessors, illustrating,

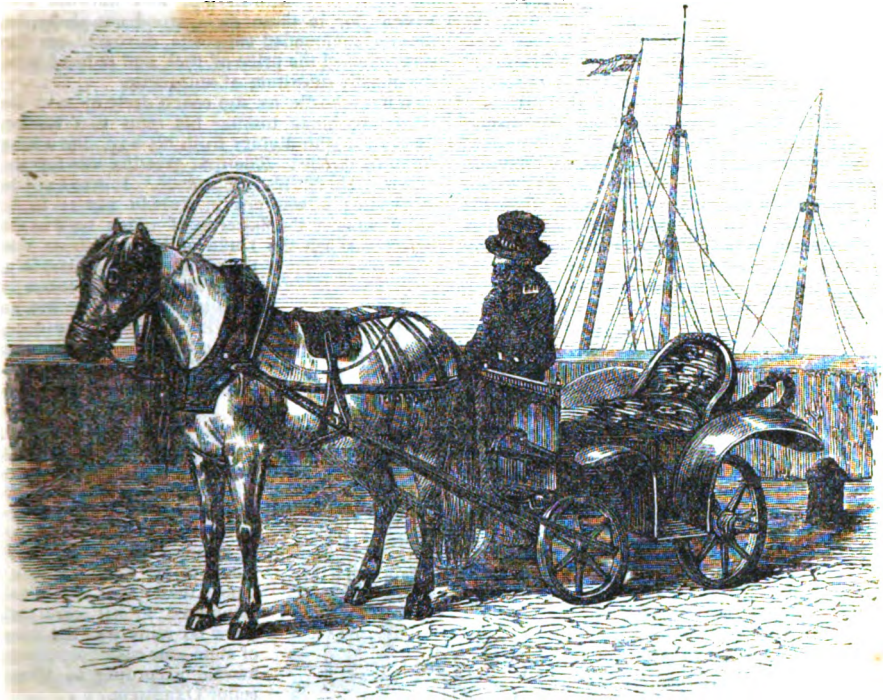
as we ramble on familiarly, the most curious pleasure-carriages and vehicles that we note in casting our eyes over the various quarters of the globe. And our pen and pencil are first attracted to the old-fashioned stage-coach, as it comes sweeping down a country road with its team of four dashing horses, with passengers inside and out, doing its ten miles an hour, including stop-pages.

Within a very few years, as we have said, a complete revolution has taken place in the system of locomotion. The young men about town can still remember, almost vividly, when the first New England rail-car was launched upon its adventurous career. Nay, the machinery of rail-

roads is still a novelty. Though the long trains daily meet our eyes, though we may daily travel in them, though at night their rumble shakes our pillow, and their thunder fills our sleep, still they seem, in a measure, dreamlike and unreal. Their extraordinary power idealizes such unpoetic elements as ribs of iron, plates of steel, ponderous wheels, and masses of wood. What wonder in all the "Arabian Nights" is comparable to this daily marvel? The Arabian enchanter transported his heroes from place to place on a bronze horse, or a flying carpet, or in a house; but on the railroad we behold hourly whole blocks of palaces flitting from town to town and city to city with the speed of light.



FARMER'S CART, KHOSROYAH, PERSIA.



THE RUSSIAN DROSZKY.

But one should never speak ill of the bridge that has carried him safely over, and our enthusiasm for the new system of locomotion should not cause us to forget the old. A thousand pleasant and interesting associations cluster around the good old stage coach system—the reliable dependence of the public for so many years. As we look to those days—not, indeed, very far remote, when our streets were filled with the thunder of arriving and departing coaches, a tender regret takes possession of our soul. For a moment the railroad is out of favor with us. We are willing—for a moment only—to forget the great blessings it has conferred upon mankind, and to remember all the ills that are chargeable to its account. We conjure up dreadful accidents—accidents of enormous magnitude, involving the carnage of a battle; we dwell upon fluctuations of fares and unreasonable suspensions of accommodations; we review the record of defaulting treasurers, and bitterly think of the money sunk in projects of branch railroads that lived upon assessments and died for want of funds. For the time being, we become, not of the present, progressive, but of the past, foggy. Old scenes, old friends, come thronging back upon the memory. We recall the excursions, pleasant, fairy-like, because performed in that golden season of life when fancy paints a rainbow on every cloud, and even tears have their prismatic colors. We recall bright mornings in June, with the dew glittering upon the elms by the wayside, the sunlight backing white villages, and brightening the float-

ing clouds, and dimpling the streams with radiant sparkles. We behold ourself seated beside the coachman—perhaps, O, joy of joys! entrusted with the “lines”—lines drawn, not over the backs of “three blind ones and a bolter,” but four shining bay nags, half-blood, whirling along the freshly-washed carriage, with its nine inside, and a huge pile of baggage on the rack behind, as if it were a feather. Fleetly and gaily the gallant leaders skim the road like deer, tossing their heads, their little sensitive ears in motion, sometimes fondly nestling together, sometimes parting in the freedom of their stride, the heavy wheelers bravely following, up and down hill, at the rate of ten miles an hour. If we can take our boyish eyes off the horses—those magnets of attraction, we have ample time to scan the scenery; for the trees do not whiz by, like a troop of wild witches bound for their sabbath on the Hartz, as they dash by the windows of the cars; but the landscape moves slowly, gracefully changing from one kaleidoscopic figure to another.

We recall, too, pleasant drives in the sharp autumn weather, with nerves braced up like the chords of a drum; pleasant mornings, mellow noons, and cool evenings, coming down on the landscape, and darkening all but the broad track over which our horses patter rapidly, as they approach the welcome village inn, the termination of the stage and the day's journey. What a bustle the arrival of the coach caused! The day's work over, all the male villagers were congregated in the streets. The village blacksmith,

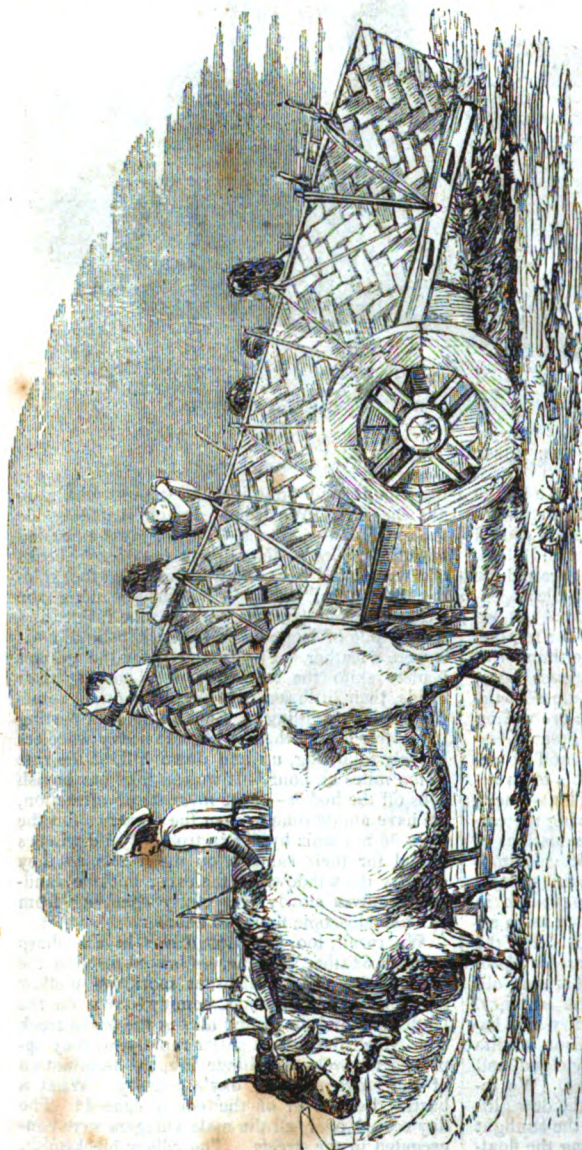
leaving the horse he was shoeing, would come to the door of his shop to catch a glimpse of the coach, and exchange a friendly nod with the driver. The village belle, decked in her best, sat at her window "a love-lighted watch fire;" and how her little heart fluttered in her bosom, when, from the buff gauntlet of the driver, a snow-white letter, a missive from the distant lover, winged its flight to the very window-sill of the expectant maiden. But the largest representation of village curiosity, wisdom, wit and wealth was to be found at the favored hostelry where the stage stopped. The figures of the village idlers and magnates were defined against the glowing

background of the bar-room windows, ruddy with the light of generous oak and nutwood fires within; for, in those days, wood was plenty, before the confounded railroads devoured our forests, doubled the price of fuel, and reduced us to the ghastly substitute of anthracite.

What a bustle as the coach drew up, and the portly coachman, tossing his reins to a hostler, descended with dignity from his box, like a king from his throne! The first greeting was for the driver. He felt his importance. It could not be otherwise; it was not in human nature to be proof against the flatteries of which he was the object. When the Duke of Saxe-Weimar was

travelling in this country, and waiting for the coach in the sitting-room of an inn, an individual opened the door, and presented himself with the following salutation:—"Are you the man that's going in the coach? 'Cause I'm the gentleman that drives you!" The duke was too sensible a man to be offended. The gentleman who held the reins and guided the conveyance over the corduroy roads of Georgia was, at that moment, of far greater importance than the individual committed to his care, and knew no reins but the reins of state—far easier articles to handle, according to Chancellor Oxenstein.

The ladies handed from the coach, the gentlemen extricating themselves, the luggage unstrapped and carried into the house, the male travellers congregated round the bar-room fire, the habitual frequenters of the place, the village politicians, and the village *bon vivants* courteously making way for them, and removing from the focus of generous heat. Then how many questions would be asked and answered! for the stage-coach was the messenger of news. In those days people were not crammed with news, as they are now, when every important village has its journal or journals. Perhaps since the last stage-coach, a packet had arrived from Europe, bringing forty days later intelligence. There was no such thing then as regular weekly arrivals, with scraps of intelligence, trivial items about a queen's sneezing, or a princess's birth. A European arrival could not fail then to bring a good solid budget of news, ample food for discussion for a month. Slow and sure was the motto



A GUJERAT VILLAGE CART.

of that day. We never heard, in those days, of fast young men; and if there were few slow coaches on the road, there were plenty of them off the road. How easy it was to make a reputation! A few verses, written by an aspiring country clerk, who "penned a stanza when he should engross," copied in a clerical hand, sent to a Boston newspaper, and there inserted, coming back with the author's initials, in the "poet's corner," to the chimney corner of the bar-room of the inn, at once made the fortunate writer a village Milton. From that time forward he was the oracle of tea-tables, the idol of blue stockings.

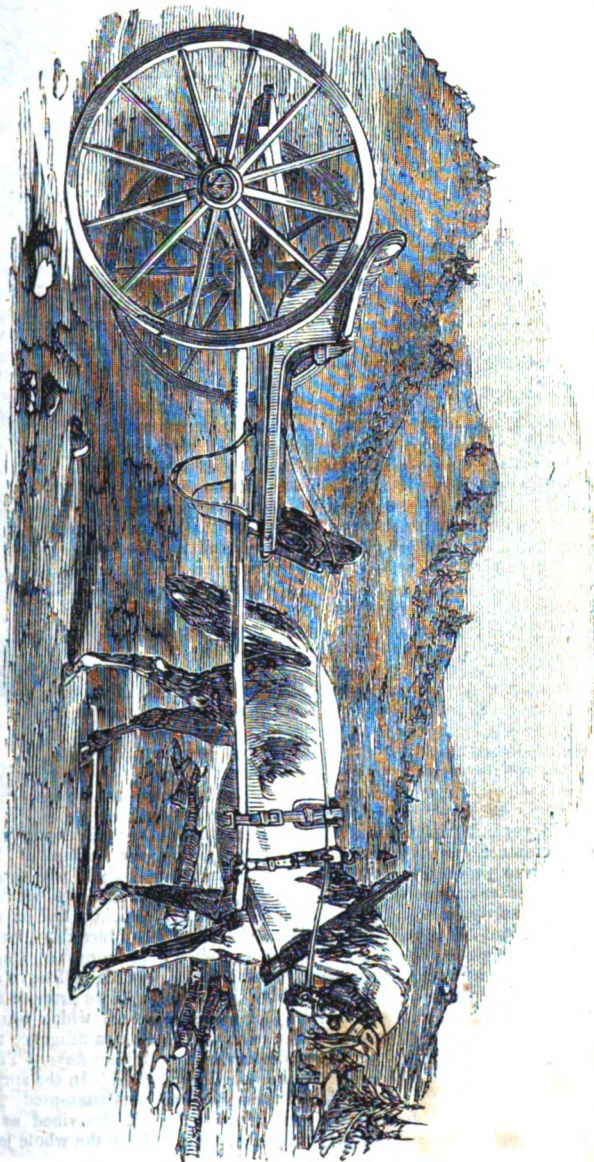
Every bar-room had its brace of political oracles then, the champions of their respective parties; for then the science of multiplying parties was unknown. There was the sturdy old federalist and the sturdy old democrat, hammering away at each other with incontrovertible arguments, and keeping up a never-ending warfare. Then there was the school-master, always appealed to to settle abstruse arithmetical questions, and, of course, the squire. Squires were not created in batches as they are at present, and no one but him who bore the legal title was ever addressed as such by letter or by word of mouth. The squire, of course, was always the high court of appeal in cases involving the quirks and quiddities of law, and if he was well read up in the "Axe relating to a Gustus Pease," of course he gave his decision with oracular emphasis. To complete the picture, throw in a dozen brawny teamsters, huge, stalwart fellows, who drove six in hand, and resided, the greater part of their time, on huge, covered baggage-wagons, beneath which an immense mastiff kept perpetual watch.

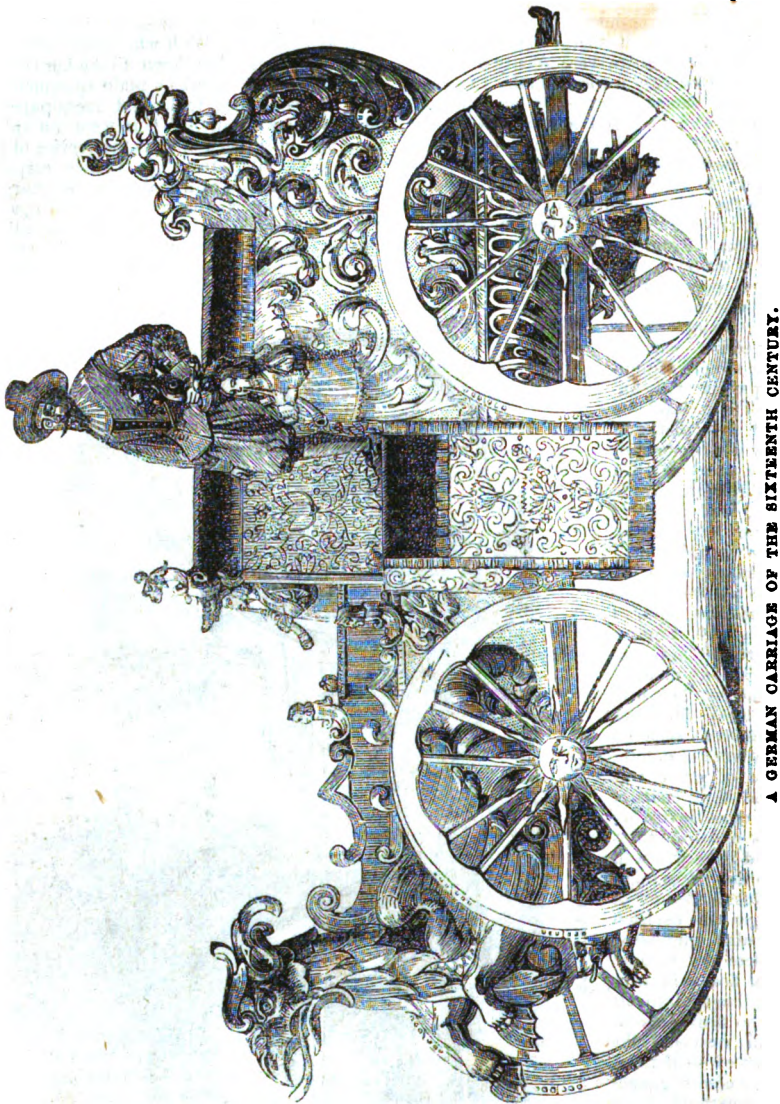
The favorite paper in the country, in those days, was the "American Traveller," a weekly sheet, edited by Royal Porter, and containing, in addition to news, poetry, romantic love tales, letters of travelling correspondents.

But we are keeping our stage-coach company from supper. The bell rings, and a regular stampede takes place to the banquet-hall, as towards the cabin

of a steamboat under the same circumstances of want and supply. With what a relish the stage-coach passengers sat down to the hot supper in the dining-hall! It was a plain apartment, with pine chairs, a pine table, and room-paper curtains to the windows. There were no splendid hangings, no French mirrors, no service of plate, no damask table-cloths, no Turkey carpets, no rosewood chairs, which make up the charges in our modern entertainments. As Hastings says: "We passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in

A NORWEGIAN CARRIOLE.





A GERMAN CARRIAGE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

the bill, yet inflame the bill confoundedly." But solid creature comforts were not wanting. The table quite groaned with hearty luxuries, eaten with appetites unknown in these days of French cookery and dyspepsia. And the cherry-cheeked Phillises, real rustic beauties, added a charm to the hospitable entertainment.

There was a poetry and picturesqueness about those old days of stage-coach travelling lacking to our present mode of progression. The horses were changed every ten miles. The relay was ready, and in the hands of half a dozen active servants. The moment the coachman pulled up, the horses were taken out and found their way to the stable, while the fresh team were "put to" with incredible celerity, scarcely giving time to

the passengers to alight and stretch their legs, in the fashion of Mr. Squeers, Senior. "Stage ready!" was shouted with stentorian lungs, and every one sprang to his seat, the whip was cracked, and off thundered the vehicle once more.

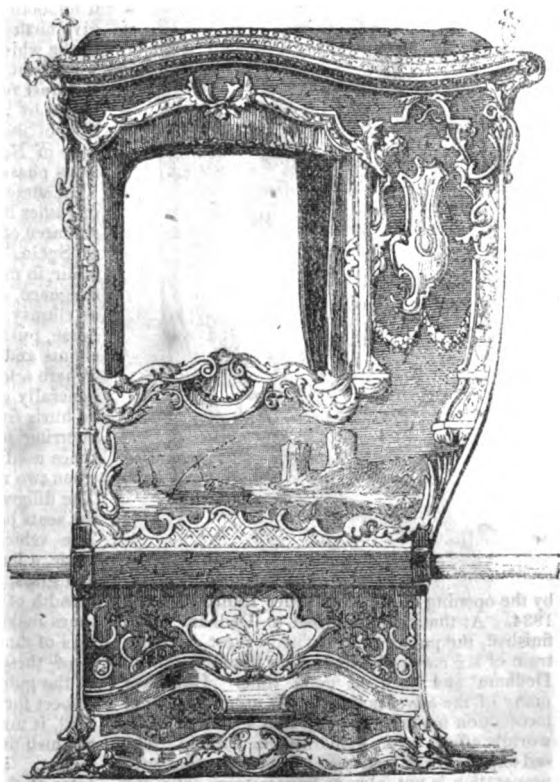
Macaulay gives a picture of the introduction of improved stage-coach travelling in England, which will serve as a contrast to the railroad system we propose to speak of next. "During the years which immediately followed the Restoration, a diligence ran between London and Oxford in two days. The passengers slept at Beaconsfield. In the spring of 1669, a daring innovation was attempted. It was announced that a vehicle, described as the Flying Coach, would perform the whole journey between sunrise and sun-

set. This spirited undertaking was solemnly considered by the heads of the university, and appears to have excited the same sort of interest which is excited in our own time by the opening of a new railway. The vice-chancellor prescribed the hour and place of departure. The success of the experiment was complete. At six in the morning the carriage began to move from before the ancient front of All Souls' College; and at six in the evening, the adventurous gentlemen who had run the first risk, were safely deposited at their inn in London. The emulation of the sister university was moved, and soon a diligence was set up which in one day carried passengers from Cambridge to the capital. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, flying carriages ran thrice a week from London to all the chief towns. But no stage coach, indeed no stage-wagon, appears to have proceeded further north than York, or further west than Exeter. The ordinary day's journey of a flying coach was about fifty miles in the summer; but in winter, when the ways were bad and the nights long, little more than thirty. The Chester coach, the York coach and the Exeter coach generally reached London in four days during the fine season, but at Christmas not till the sixth day. The passengers, six in number, were all seated in the carriage, for accidents were so frequent that it would have been most perilous to mount the roof.

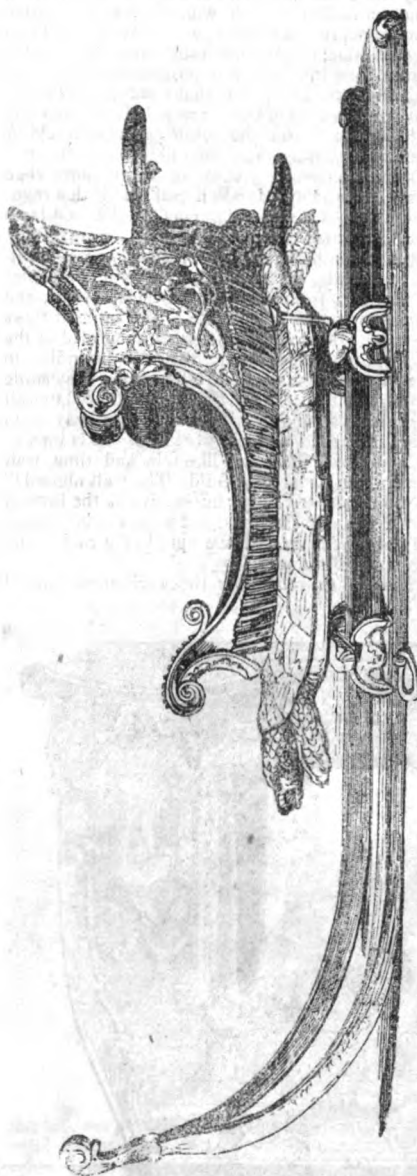
The ordinary fare was about two-pence halfpenny a mile in summer, and somewhat more in winter. This mode of travelling, which, by Englishmen of the present day, would be regarded as insufferably slow, seemed to our ancestors wonderfully and indeed alarmingly rapid. In a work published a few months before the death of Charles the Second, the flying coaches are extolled as far superior to any similar vehicles ever known in the world. Their velocity is the subject of special commendation, and is triumphantly contrasted with the sluggish pace of the continental posta. But with boasts like these was mingled the sound of complaint and invective. The interests of large classes had been unfavorably affected by the establishment of the new diligences; and, as usual, many persons were, from stupidity and obstinacy, disposed to clamor against the innovation, simply because it was an innovation. It was vehemently argued that this mode of conveyance would be fatal to the breed of horses and the noble art of horsemanship; that the Thames, which had long been an important nursery of seamen, would cease to be the chief thoroughfare from London up to Windsor and down to Gravesend; that saddlers and spurrers would be ruined by hundreds; that numerous inns, at which mounted travellers had been in the habit of stopping, would be deserted, and would no longer pay

any rent; that the new carriages were too hot in summer and too cold in winter; that the passengers were grievously annoyed by invalids and crying children; that the coach sometimes reached the inn so late that it was impossible to get supper, and often started so early that it was impossible to get breakfast. On these grounds it was gravely recommended that no public carriage should be permitted to have more than four horses, to start oftener than once a week, or to go more than thirty miles a day. It was hoped that if this regulation were adopted, all except the sick and lame would return to the old modes of travelling. Petitions embodying such opinions were presented to the king in council from several companies of London, from several provincial towns, and from the justices of counties. We smile at these things. Our descendants, when they read of the opposition offered by cupidity and prejudice to the improvements of the 19th century, may smile in their turn." The old stage-coach used to wait for tardy passengers; the modern railway train knows no such amiable weakness. It is inexorable as fate. The cars, like tide and time, wait for no man, woman or child. The "all aboard!" of the conductor is as imperative as the laws of the Modes and Persians, and when the bell rings, off goes the train with the speed of a rocket and the noise of thunder.

Most of us remember the excitement caused



CHAIR OF LOUIS XIV.'S TIME.



SLEIGH OF LOUIS XVI.'s TIME.

revolutionized the social life of New England. They have introduced into its most remote portions the refinement, elegancies and solid advantages of the city. Over these iron conductors, literature, art and music have sped with the speed of lightning. The dweller of the Green Mountains and the resident of Tremont Street have become neighbors. The settler on the Aroostook no longer need be a stranger to the Berkshire mountaineer. And, while to the rural citizen this new mode of intercourse has tended to brighten his existence, to link him in closer bonds of kindness and interest to his fellows, expanding his mind, and filling it with cosmopolitan ideas, it has poured many a ray of sunshine into the dark places of the city. It has enabled families, confined before to murky and unhealthy haunts, to make familiar acquaintance with that nature which they had only known in books. Hundreds of families have availed themselves of this cheap and rapid mode of transportation to remove to the suburbs, where they now enjoy pure air and bright sunshine, and have little patches of flowers and vines clustering round their own little homes. It has invited forth the opulent, who have crowned the adjacent hills with princely villas and liberal culture. It has redeemed from idleness and desolation thousands and thousands of acres of waste wilderness, causing it to blossom like the rose. Say not that railroads are unpoetical, or, if unpoetical themselves, acknowledge that they give birth to poetry and beauty. If the scream of the whistle and the thunder of the train invade some spot hitherto sacred to elegant retirement, we must remember that for every individual annoyed by its invasion, the locomotive unseals the eyes of thousands to the holy and happy influence of Nature in her ever-varying yet ever-glorious phases.

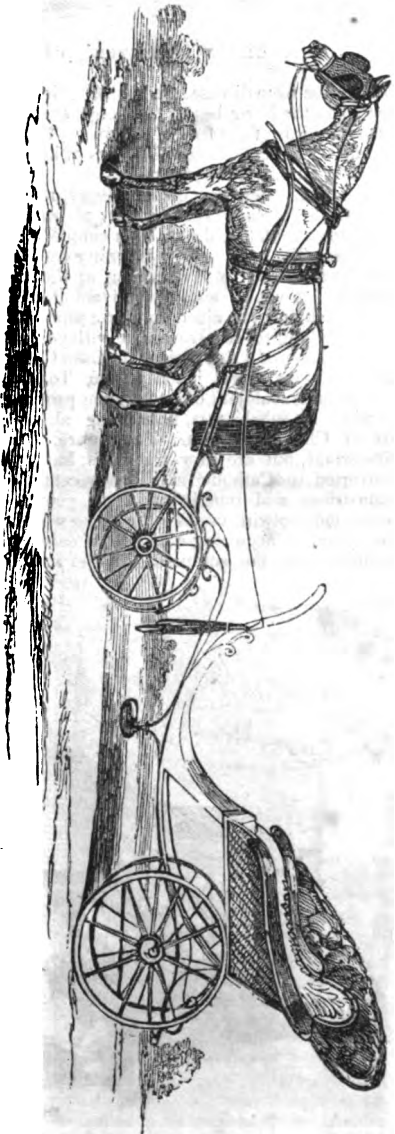
In some parts of the old world, stage-coaches, or rather lumbering diligences, are still the only resource of the traveller, particularly in portions of Spain. The Spanish diligence is a cumbersome affair, in many respects resembling the old French diligence, now nearly fallen into disuse, and quite as clumsy, drawn by nine or ten mules and one horse, pushed to the top of their speed by the shouts and whips of the drivers and postilions. Where a long team of mules is used, the driver generally carries a bag of stones with him, which he hurls from time to time at his animals with unerring precision, and these stones are sometimes used with terrible effect upon each other when two muleteers chance to come into collision. The diligence is divided into three compartments, the seats of which vary in eligibility and price. The vehicle is a quaint and curious old world affair, a huge ark, a mass of timber, iron, leather and glass. It would be top-heavy but for its breadth of beam. Still, the royal *diligencia* sometimes makes good speed, thanks to frequent relays of mules. But "slow and sure" is the motto of these conveyances for the accommodation of the public. Their drivers have a very great respect for the fable of the hare and the tortoise. Still, it must not be supposed that a journey in a Spanish diligence is void of all romance. By no means. To say nothing of the interesting character of the country, with its broad vegas, and stern sierras—its rivers with names as musical as their waves—the storied cities through which you

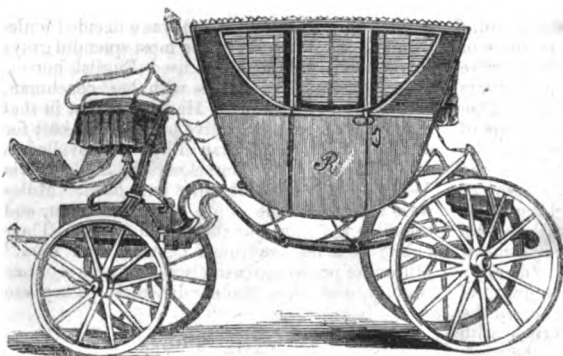
by the opening of the Providence Railroad, June, 1834. At that time, the road to Dedham being finished, the public were invited to test it, and a train of six cars well filled made the excursion to Dedham and back in good time. Doubtless many of the adventurers in that untried mode of locomotion made their wills and settled all their worldly affairs before embarking for the trip. The sad experience of later years has shown that such preparation is not always unnecessary. To say nothing of what they have added to the wealth of the community, railroads have completely

pass—the picturesque but uncomfortable posadas at which you halt—the manners and costume of peasants, innkeepers and priests, which have changed little since the immortal Cervantes wrote his history of “that ingenious gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha,” there are “inklings of adventure,” which occur to almost every one who travels much in Spain, worthy to figure on the pages of romance. What say you to a highway robbery, *Senor Traveller*? The jaded mules are dragging your diligence through a rocky defile skirted with wood on either hand. We will throw in an escort of half a dozen cavalry soldiers by way of picturesque effect. Suddenly a group of fancifully clad villains, such as you see on the operatic stage, well mounted and armed with carbines, pistols and sabres, appear in the road, and the leader, in a loud voice, commands the driver to halt, on penalty of a brace of bullets in his cranium. But you have soldiers—they will beat back the ruffians and clear the way. Not a bit of it. *Tout au contraire*. The escort haven’t the slightest idea of showing fight. They know that pure Castilian blood is too precious to be wasted in a highway brawl. They discharge their carbines at random, and then turn bridle, set spurs to their nags, and gallop off at a furious race, saving their necks if not their credit. Robber No. 1 now makes the driver and passengers alight, appropriating their watches, rings and purses by way of remuneration for his polite attention. The order is now given—*boca a tierra* (faces to the ground), and you must lie down prone to the earth, so that you may not witness the rifling of the diligence. Woe be to you if you raise your head after the command! One of the robbers is on the watch, knife in hand, and if you venture to disobey, he will insert the blade between your shoulders with such practised skill that you will never know anything more in this world afterwards. The robbers are very expeditious in their operations, and in a short space of time you have the exquisite pleasure of hearing the sound of their horses’ hoofs dying away in the distance. Your watch is gone, but you may console yourself with the indisputable proposition of *Bombastes Furioso*—“watches were made to go.” Your spare cash has been abstracted—but you have still a circular letter of credit in your pocket which was of no value to the robbers, and then you have not an extra ounce of lead in your cranium, or a stiletto stick in your pericardium. This is no fancy sketch. On the contrary, such an event used to be very common in Spain, and is still not such a rare thing as to cause any great amount of concern. *Lieut. Slidell* was robbed in this way, and gives a graphic account of it in his “*Year in Spain*.” The *salteadores* of Mexico, in this country, are the legitimate descendants of those of Spain, and their manner of operating is identical. The Spanish mules employed in drawing the diligences are very serviceable, and frequently very handsome animals. *J. N. Hambleton, Esq.*, of the U. S. Navy, as quoted by *J. S. Skinner*, says:—“Mules are more used in Spain and Portugal than in any other countries I have visited. The king of Spain used them for his carriage when I was in Madrid, and most of the grandees. In Lisbon, I was told \$1500 were often paid for a pair of carriage mules. The Duchess of Bra-

ganza (Don Pedro’s widow) was a decided mule-woman, and drove six of the most splendid grays I ever saw. Donna Maria used English horses. I went through her stables with her coachman, who was an Englishman. He told me that in that mountainous country, native horses were best for service—mules better than either. I travelled in the diligence from Barcelona to Madrid, via Valencia, four hundred miles and back. Mules were used the whole route, six to the team, and travelled as fast as our stages usually do. Their public vehicles are much heavier than ours.” Mules are raised extensively in some parts of our country, and have made advocates. They are

PONT PHLETON BUILT FOR QUEEN VICTORIA.





GEN. WASHINGTON'S CARRIAGE.

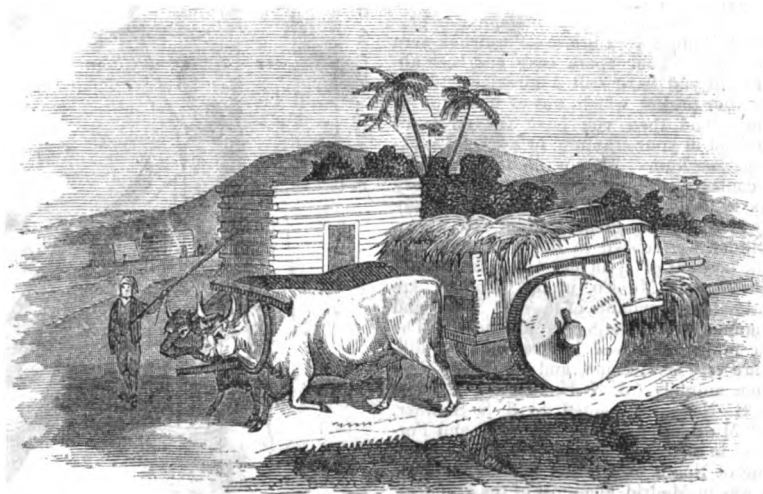
hardy, free from disease, are in their prime at the age when the horse begins to decay, and require but two-thirds of the feed of a horse. Their proverbial obstinacy is rather the effect of bad breaking than a natural characteristic.

The next engraving of our series represents a Persian farmer's cart—a sort of truck with very clumsy wheels, drawn by a couple of buffalo bulls. The rude vehicle is pretty well loaded with passengers, to say nothing of the market baskets. A young man is enlivening the journey by playing an air on a rustic pipe. These people belong to Khosrovah, a village situated in the middle of a fine plain near Lake Ourmyah, three or four days' journey from Tabriz, the capital of Azbaidjan, one of the ten provinces of Persia. Its inhabitants, numbering about 1200, are of Chaldaic origin. They were formerly Nestorians, but are now Catholics, having been converted to Catholicism about a century ago. Industrious and intelligent, these people have succeeded, notwithstanding the taxes which burthen them, in acquiring a degree of ease in their circumstances not common with the subjects of

the Shah. Persia is poor—the people generally occupy, in common with their cattle, miserably cold and smoky huts. At Khosrovah, the houses are clean, large and well built. There are many gardens, and the cultivation of the surrounding lands attests more agricultural knowledge and care than is generally found among the other farmers or rayahs. Artificial irrigation is almost everywhere employed in the raising of crops, and is an art perfectly familiar to the Persian agriculturist, having been practised from the remotest antiquity.

The Russian carriages are quite curious, and one of these—the “droshky”—is represented in our

third engraving. Besides the sledges, which are in daily and general use during the winter, the Russians employ the same carriages used in other parts of Europe; at least this is the case in the great cities, where the aristocracy are getting more and more to adopt the fashions of France and Germany. The true Russian vehicles are always open; only women and old men make use of covered carriages. Among the vehicles in most common use, there are three particularly whose appearance strikes the eye of the stranger—the droshky, the teleka, and the kibitka. The droshky, as our picture shows, is a sort of very low and very narrow tilbury, and is particularly used by officers and young men. Although but one horse is ordinarily used, certain *elegants* add a second outside the shafts. The horses are matched in strength and form, but not in color. The postilion, who is a young man wearing the national costume, sits on one side or in front of the vehicle; he is called the “crier,” because his principal duty is to warn pedestrians who might otherwise be run down by the droshky, driven with the speed of an arrow over the frozen snow,



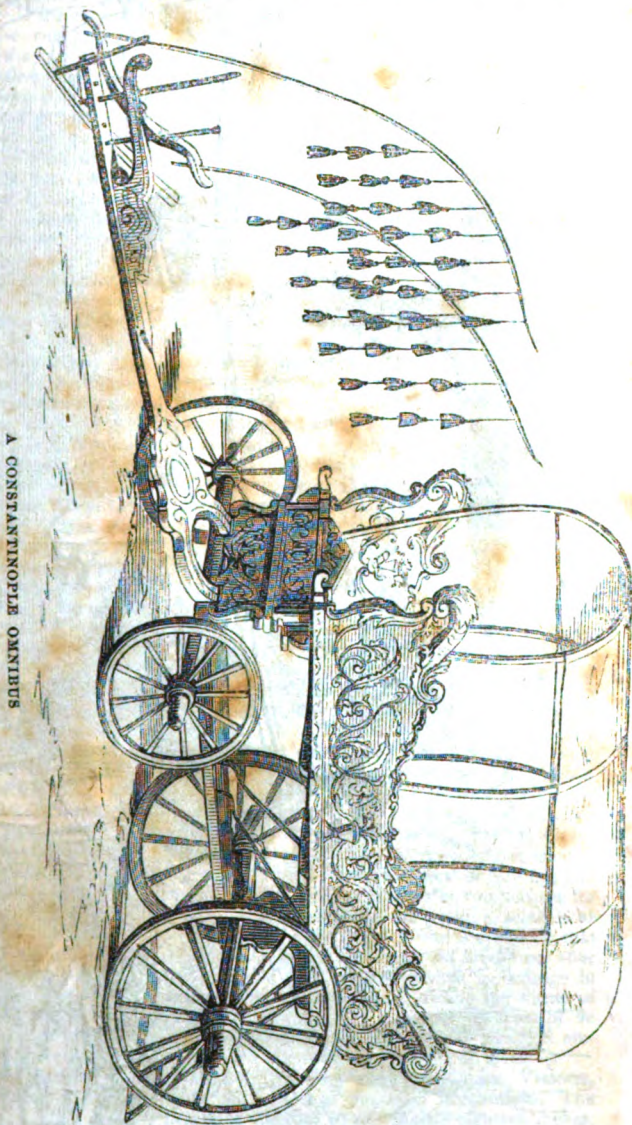
MODERN SYRIAN CART.

which extinguishes the sound of the wheels. The fill-horse is always an excellent square trotter; the other is used for show, and is called the "furious." Shaking his long, natural or artificial mane, goaded by his master, he bounds along, prancing or galloping by the side of his soberer comrade. The droshky, like most Russian carriages, is furnished with furs often of great value, but is otherwise quite plain.

The teleka is a travelling carriage, employed by couriers, officers on missions, or travellers provided with a *padroche*—a document emanating from competent authorities, and which is always a recourse to the posts established by government. These last bear no resemblance to those met with in other countries of Europe, and their organization belongs to Russia itself. For their establishment the government builds a post-house, kept by one employee at every stage. All the nobles of the neighborhood are required to keep a number of horses and telekas proportioned to the importance of their domains, which is estimated by the number of their peasants. Government employees, sent on missions, are served gratuitously with these carriages and horses, travellers furnished with the necessary requisition, pay the postilion about two cents for a stage of four leagues; they are, moreover, allowed to pass the night at the stations, on condition of making up a bed, and furnishing their meal with what they bring in the teleka. The emperor contents himself with keeping up the houses, lighting, warming them, and paying the clerks who have charge of them. The horses employed for these journeys are of ordinary appearance, but very spirited. The Russian postilion never stops singing or talking to his horses, they climb all the hills at a gallop, and thus accomplish about fifteen miles an hour. The kibitka, referred to above, is less of a carriage than a wagon, and is employed only for commercial purposes. The trader who has to transport his wares, his cloths and furs to the fairs established over the whole surface of the empire, has no other means of conveyance. Sometimes you see hundreds of kibitkas on the great roads paved with trunks of trees, like our cor-

duroy roads, driven by a very few men. In this way all transportation of goods is carried on in Russia—the traders stopping at every hamlet where they have a chance of finding purchasers.

The next engraving represents a curious cart used in the agricultural districts of India. There are few things more necessary to good and successful agriculture than suitable farming implements, and proper vehicles for the removal of produce to market, or the conveyance of manures to the fields under culture. The carts used by the people in the cotton districts around Broach, in Gujerat, afford a striking illustration of this, and are probably the best in India, in point of use-





CHINESE MOUNTAIN TRAVELLING CHAIR, IN THE TEA DISTRICT.

falsehood and adaptation to the purposes for which they are required. Without so much as a single mile of made or metalled road in the whole country, these carts, by having the wheels proportioned so as to fit the ruts exactly, move as if on tramways, and are drawn about from village to village by one or two pairs of bullocks, carrying heavy and bulky loads, weighing from twelve to eighteen hundred weight. The village machinist, carpenter and blacksmith make up the carts according to a fixed scale. The frame and other parts are all strongly morticed and fastened by wooden pegs. The pole extends from the axle-tree to the cross-bar by which the bullocks are yoked; it is formed of two pieces of tough wood, running separate from near each of the wheels, and uniting in front in a point. It is a powerful lever in turning or moving the cart. Round about, and forming the sides of the cart, there is, stretched by ropes, a plaited basket-work, made of cotton plant stalks. The wheels are the most important parts of the whole, and exhibit ingenuity and mechanical skill in their construction. Four equal sized segments, of the hard wood of the indispensable *Acacia arabica* tree, are contained in the tire, which is four inches broad; and forms a circle of from three to four feet in diameter. The axles are of iron, and work in plate-iron boxes, let in to the nave. It is very rare to find iron nails used in the fastening of the different pieces of the cart. The morticing is found sufficient, and the framework lasts for many years, also the wheels—in fact, until worn down by time, or broken by constant work. One or two pairs of bullocks are yoked in these carts, and the above sketch gives a very correct representation of the style of cart and cattle. It will be observed that the feet of the bullocks are not visible; this is because they walk in the ruts made by the wheels. They must do so, and the whole secret of the facility and speed which they travel depends on this. The ruts, when once formed, remain as permanent roadways, and particularly in the black cotton soil are distinct and durable, like tramways. They are about five inches wide and as many deep. Very little care is taken to preserve these ruts. The earth itself becomes so hard in the dry season of the year (and it is only from then that carts can be used at all in Gujerat), that a little filling in of loose earth occasionally, by the poor villagers, where holes may happen to be worn too deep, and who get a few pice from the cartmen for their trouble, is all that is ever required, thought of, or attempted. In nothing are the poor people of Gujerat more fortunate than in respect of cattle. The bullocks used in agriculture are remarkably fine, docile, and powerful animals. Large numbers are reared on the extensive sandy plains in the north of Gujerat, and on the borders of the Rann of Cutch, where extensive natural pasturage abounds. Their color is generally white, with the ears, tip of the tail, and circle round the top of hoofs, black. The height at the shoulder of the largest is six feet, but a smaller-sized animal is found to be more useful for agricultural purposes. The large ones are prized by the wealthy members of the community for their carriages and travelling carts. Ordinary sized animals are valued at sixty to eighty rupees a pair.

The "Norwegian carriage," of which we next present a sketch, is of very peculiar construction, and very much resembles a sledge on wheels. It has no springs; the shafts being very long, render the use of them unnecessary, and give the carriage a very easy motion. It only carries one person in the small seat shown in the drawing; and the back portion of the vehicle is intended to carry luggage, but is occasionally occupied by a second person. The harness is very similar to that of a cart-horse of a light description, and the reins are made of ropes.

Following this we have a most singular German carriage of the 16th century. In different special works on the history of carriage-making, or on the improvement of the means of transportation in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we read that a mechanician of Nuremberg, named Hans Haustsch, "made carriages which went by a spring, and accomplished two thousand paces in an hour." Our engraving is a copy from an old German cut representing one of these singular vehicles guided by Hans Haustsch himself. Notwithstanding active researches, we have not yet found any explanation of the motive power adopted by this man of skill: it is probable that the mechanism was very similar to that of a turnspit or a clock, and that the machine had to be wound up at occasional intervals. It was therefore an object of curiosity rather than a useful vehicle. The little toy-wagons, imported from Germany, and which go of themselves for a minute round a table, are perhaps only miniatures of Hans Haustsch's carriages. However that may be, we thought it would not be uninteresting to give an exact representation of one of these old vehicles; it may stimulate the attention of persons learned in these sort of things.

The next engraving represents a highly ornamented sedan chair of the age of Louis XIV. These chairs were carried on poles by two men. They were very convenient, as they could be taken into a hall, where a lady in full dress stepped in and was then transported to the ball, theatre or saloon, without any exposure to the weather, or danger of soiling her dress or shoes. The "sleigh" or sledge of Louis XVI's time is copied from one preserved in the carriage gallery of Versailles, France. It was the property of the dauphin, father of Louis. During the reigns of Louis XV. and XVI. sleighing was a passion with the court, the more so, because snow was, as it still is, a great rarity in France. A contemporary, who was valet de chambre and hair-dresser to Madame Dubarry, has recorded in his memoirs, yet unpublished, that they were short of drivers for this exercise, which, according to the French, demands great experience and special skill. There was a great competition for drivers, and some were paid as high salaries as head clerks. The same historian relates that Madame Dubarry, who occupied Luciennes after the death of the king, and wished to indulge in the amusement of sleighing during the winter of 1778, carried off a very expert driver from M. de Vergennes, on his return from the Swedish embassy, and this cost her the trifle of £4000.

A pony phaeton, used by Queen Victoria, forms the subject of our next illustration. The height of the fore wheels is only eighteen inches,

and of the hind wheels, thirty inches. The phaeton is cane body, of George the Fourth style, with moveable head; the fore part is iron, but very light and elegant, and beautifully painted. The tires of the wheels are wide, to prevent cutting up the lawns and grounds around the palace. The workmanship is very beautiful; it bears no sign of royalty, but a small crown painted at the back.

The small engraving that follows, represents the veritable carriage formerly belonging to Washington. It was left by the general to Elizabeth Powell, since which time it has come into the hands of John Ham Powell, Esq., of Philadelphia, nephew of Elizabeth. It has not had horses harnessed to it for forty years, and is now in perfect order.

The modern Syrian cart, shown in the next engraving of our series, is a very cumbrous concern, with solid wooden wheels, and bearing pretty heavily upon the oxen that draw it. The yoke is of formidable dimensions, and were not the cattle very hardy and strong, they would sink under the burden, placed on them.

The omnibus of Constantinople is a fanciful concern. The body is raised very high above the perch, and the sides are curiously carved in oriental fashion. Attached to the tongue are two light curved rods, which support a series of tassels, purely ornamental additions to the equipage.

The next engraving represents the mode of travelling in the mountainous tea region of China. In spite of its oddity, there might be more unpleasant modes of locomotion. The traveller sits, it will be seen, in a light seat suspended between two stout bamboo poles, supported on the

shoulders of two men. There is a rest for his feet, and with a palm-leaf umbrella over his head, and a basket of refreshments slung conveniently at hand, gets over the ground much more comfortably than his bearers.

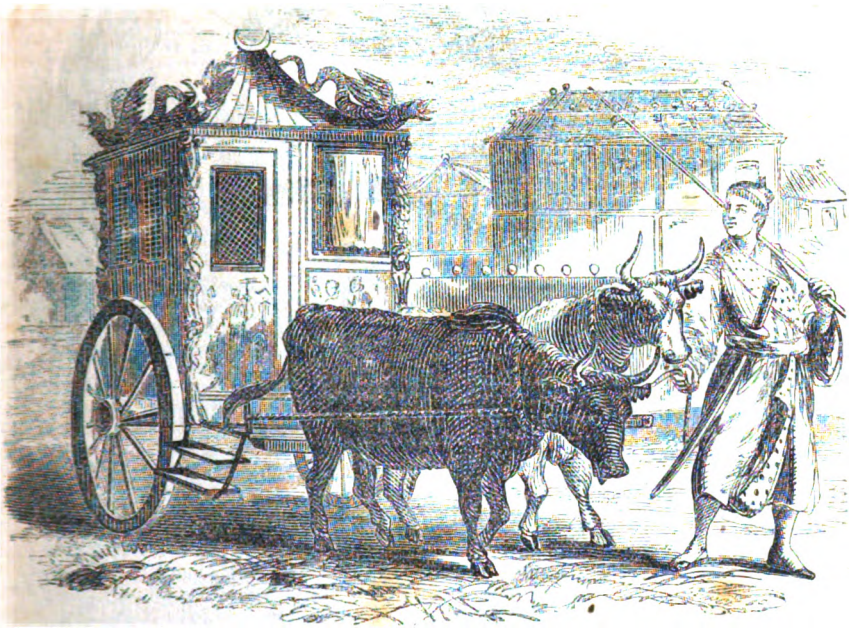
The next picture represents one of those little two-wheeled chariots, in which the maids of honor, according to the Dutch travellers in Japan, are accustomed to take their airings. These are represented as very elegant equipages, according to the Japanese taste; they have gilt and silver plates at the extremities, the spokes of the wheel are of cedar carved and gilded, and the tires are of copper. The seat, which accommodates only one person, is spread with tapestry, which descends between the wheels; the front part, of an oval form, is open, while a stately canopy overhead protects the fair occupant from the sun and rain, and she draws her curtain when she pleases to keep off the wind. The propelling power is a stout man, with poles across his shoulders.

Following this is a representation of the chariot of a noble Japanese lady, drawn by oxen and led by a servant. The oxen are sometimes harnessed with golden chains. There are carriages with steps of eight angles to ascend them, each corner adorned with a couchant dragon. The outside is curiously painted and gilded—with several pictures framed in richly carved panels. The Japanese have certainly exalted ideas of luxury, though they may not coincide with us in their notions of taste. But that there is no disputing about tastes is an axiom as old as Horace.

Our series closes with a graphic and spirited delineation of the Neapolitan "Calesso," or "Corricolo," a curious vehicle, which attracts



JAPANESE MAID OF HONOR'S CHARIOT



CHARIOT OF A NOBLE LADY OF JAPAN.

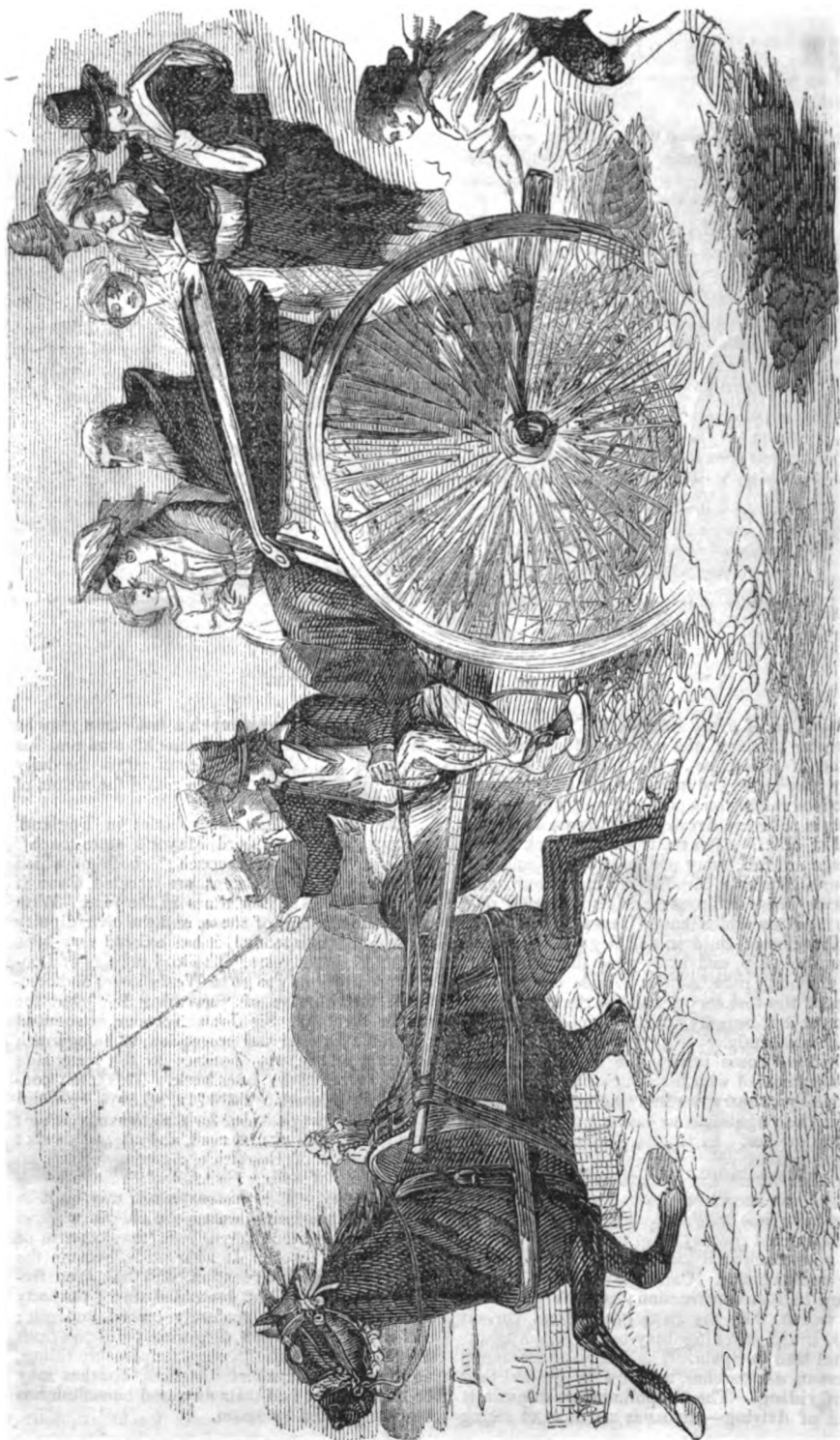
the attention of every stranger in Naples. It is a singular carriage, and may be said to hold any number of passengers. Our picture shows how many may be stowed in and about it. The seat is a tripod resting on a pole with very high wheels, which, in their rapid revolutions, create a constant cloud of dust. After the front and back of the carriage are full, more people clamber on to it, as they will persist in piling up one of our omnibuses or horse railroad cars on a stormy day. Even the net which hangs beneath receives its contributions of children and dogs. The driver cracks the whip, and away goes the "calesso," at a slashing pace, amidst clouds of dust, the cheers of the lookers-on, and the running accompaniment of beggars, the invariable escort of travellers in Italy.

When we come to view the general arrangements connected with the vehicles and the travelling in any country, we find the relative scantiness of the population to have a good deal to do with the matter. In Russia, for example, where desolate plains or "steppes" spread far and wide, and where the climate is generally very rigorous, the accommodations for travelling are of a comfortless kind. Spain, which resembles a half-civilized country in so many particulars, is in a very backward state in all that relates to roads and vehicles. Carriages are few in number and bad in construction; and the roads are even worse than the carriages. From various causes, mule-travelling may be regarded as the national one in Spain. The Italians were among the first to use coaches, and are in general very fond of riding. The Neapolitans are exceeding

ly fond of driving—almost as much as of eating

maccaroni. However much a nobleman may be impoverished in fortune, he keeps his stud and his carriages to the last, and even stints the daily economy of his household to retain the means of so doing.

The two most notable vehicles in England, perhaps, are the "Lord Mayor's state-coach" and the "Royal state-coach;" both of which huge masses of ornament are wheeled through London streets a few times in the year. With respect to the first of these, and the civic dignity for whom it is intended, it has existed very little less than ninety years. The lord mayors of London used formerly to go to Westminster on horseback, on the day of "swearing in;" but the mayor for 1452, Sir John Norman, introduced the water pageant and procession, as being much more imposing, the distance to the water side being travelled on horseback. This plan continued in operation till 1712, when a splendid state-coach was provided for the street cavalcade; four horses were at first used, and afterwards six; and in some of Hogarth's pictures we have an opportunity of seeing the kind of coach presented in his day. The present coach was built in 1757, by subscription among the aldermen; and each successive lord mayor bore the expense of keeping it in repair. It afterwards became the property of the corporation, and has been frequently renovated and beautified since; the body and framework are profusely carved and gilt; and the panels contain allegorical paintings from the pencil of Cipriani. Except for pleasure-riding, however, and for short distances, coaches may be said to have had their day, and horseflesh has been supplanted by steam.



THE NEAPOLITAN CALESSO, OR CORRICOLO.

A SERENADE.

BY LIZZIE MORSE.

When purple clouds float round the moon,
That crowns the eastern breezy hills,
And softly glow their silver plumes
O'er all their blue brake-hidden rills—

Then, love, I'll wake my harp to thee,
And gently touch its softest strain;
For thus at eve thoughts float o'er me,
That dimly all the day have lain.

When purple clouds float round the moon,
Wafted on by the southern breeze,
That shakes the hawthorn's fragile bloom,
And hangs a harp on the cypress trees—

O, list then, love, to the song I'll wake,
A wild and plaintive song 'twill be—
Like the dying swan to his native lake,
Thus my last song I'll sing of thee.

When purple clouds float round the moon,
And silvery mists half veil the stream,
And rose-trees in the bower of June
Are softening in the full moon's beam:

Then wild, exulting songs I'll sing,
Of joy, and hope, and mirth,
And every note in my harp shall ring,
Of thee, dear one, who gave them birth.

THE KING'S PAGE:

—OR,—

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY KATE KEITH.

It was a gay day in Falais. All the French nobles were flocking to witness the signing of the treaty between Henry II. of England, and William the Lion of Scotland; and moreover, the beauty of the kingdoms had wended its way thither. The sun shed its most brilliant beams on the court jewels and plumes, and the eyes that vied with them in brilliancy were lit up with smiles.

William looked around him with a pleased expression, but his gaze became fixed when it encountered the fair form of La Belle Ermengarde, or, in other words, the far-famed Ermengarde de Beaumont. There were many, very many brighter eyes, but none so soft and sweet as her's; there were more blooming cheeks, but her's wore the pure hue of that child of spring—the snow-drop. Yet they became at once the richest diamond, when she perceived the earnest gaze of King William. Other eyes noticed it, too, the jealous ones of rival beauties, the Prince Cœur de Lion's, and, above all, the bright, sunny orbs of a young page, in attendance on William, were fixed on her with eager scrutiny.

8

After the business which had drawn them together was completed, the hours were beguiled with various sports; feats of strength and skill; combats of honor, love, or beauty, while the laugh and joke circled freely. William, and Prince Richard of England, one in heart and temper, joined in the sports with spirit, for William, though yet a prisoner, was detained only till he should fulfil the treaty by rendering homage at York, which would take place ere many days should elapse.

"Did you note the beautiful Ermengarde, Richard?" said William, as they at length sought the solitude of the apartment in which the latter was attended by King Henry's soldiers.

"We will speak of her anon," said Richard, motioning the guards to leave them alone. Then he resumed, "I must first tell thee, ay, and swear it, Will, by all the saints in the calendar, that if ever I sit on England's throne, I will repay all thou hast lost in my cause."

"Nay, nay, Richard. We have had enough of treaties, and castles, and kingdoms, for this day, I will rely on your generous heart; but now, what think you of the lovely Ermengarde?"

"Why truly she is the Norman lily, but I prefer the roses of our own kingdoms. By my knighthood, Will, but I think you are verily smitten. Your hand has set sign and seal to one treaty of homage, and your heart has given witness to another. It has been whispered in my ear, William, that there is a sweet wild flower blooming in your court, and it was thought you might plant it in your bosom. And, furthermore, since you came hither, I have heard that you have transplanted it, to bear it wherever you go."

At this moment William's page entered. Richard gazed curiously at him; he seemed to measure with his eye the tiny foot, and to scan narrowly each graceful turn of the boy's rounded figure; but he hid his thoughts what they might, he gave them no utterance, but rose, and wishing William a good rest, took his leave.

For a minute not a word passed. The boy stood a few yards from William, with a fixed and sorrowful look. At length the monarch held out his hand and said, softly, "Isola!"

In an instant the head was raised, the eyes flashed, and the mouth curved in a bright smile.

"Isola," he continued, "what would you?"

"What would I, William! Bid me not so coolly tell you what I would, because I seek you. What should I want, William, but to read love in your eye? O, I had rather hear you chide me in words of hot anger for interrupting you and Prince Richard; but do not sit with that

pitiful smile on your lips. My brain, my brain, William! I have been sitting in my solitude, and imagining you with your beauty on your throne."

"Isola," he uttered, almost unconsciously, "you know I loved you."

"Loved! Why should it not be love? Tell me, am I so changed since I became—alas! alas! not a wife; but what other words can my lips utter—not that which burns in my brain, and chokes in my throat. William, would that I, too, might say, 'I loved you; but see.' And she advanced nervously to his side, then drooping her head on his shoulder, took his hand gently, and placed it beneath her bosom. He started, for it seemed as if her heart were bursting from her side; but tears came to her relief, and she became calm, for she felt that his were mingled with them, and his arms were round her as they were wont to be.

In a few moments she raised her head. Every trace of tear and sorrow had disappeared, as had also William's thoughts of the young and noble Ermengarde; or, if he gave her a momentary consideration, it was to wonder that he could ever think of any, save the bright, child-like being at his side, who had knelt, and was now twining one of her long, fair ringlets around his finger, while he hummed playfully one of her old border ballads. Suddenly she paused, and gazed earnestly as though embodying on her mind's eye some shadow of her imagination, and she softly murmured:

"She is very, very beautiful; if I might bear to look on Scotland's queen, it would surely be she." But she shuddered convulsively as she concluded.

"Isola, rise!" exclaimed William, as he took the beautiful hand which had now forgotten its task. "Come, love, there is none in my heart save you."

"Ermengarde de Beaumont!" she rather shrieked than spoke; "does not her name thrill your bosom? Does it not bring to your mind all that is beautiful? Does not your fancy place her on a throne?"

"No, no, my own Isola!" replied the king, as he regarded her wild look with surprise; "put your arms softly around my neck, love, and tell me in the tones of old you can forgive me."

He needed not to speak again. Her arms were folded about him—her eyes were living in the rays of his—her lips were pressed on those she loved too well.

"Our child, too, William," she said, smiling, "tell me you love him. You have often told me his eyes were very like to mine."

"Ay, Isola, I love him and you; not a jot too well for your sake, but all too well for Scotland's," he murmured. But at that moment he knew not his own heart.

"When, think you, William, this King Henry will let you depart? I am weary of this masquerade habit; it suits me not. I doubt my own seeming; and I oftentimes fancy you will forget the Isola of Holyrood in the masculine figure before you. And our child—'tis true I see him in dreams by day and night—but I cannot see by his smile that he inherits his father's love. I cannot trace the lines of your brow as he grows in beauty." But had she spoken all the truth she might have added, "I like not our neighborhood with Ermengarde de Beaumont."

"Why would you come with me?" said William; "it is more than conjectured that you are not what you seem. The *Cœur de Lion* has openly avowed his belief that you are—"

"Ah! say it not, William. That word haunts me by day and night. If I kneel to pray, that only will rise to my lips. If I would kiss my child, it rests between his eyes and mine; there is but one time it comes not, I think not of it, with you—with you only! If your smile is bent on me, heaven is in my heart and on my soul. When with you, I am not the guilty wretch of other times; I am then only yours, only yours. But shield me from the eye of Richard; I should tremble beneath his keen gaze." And she sunk on his bosom.

With the next morning's dawn, Isola was tending, as a page, King William's bridle, as the royal cavalcade was wending its way to the seaside, where they were to embark on their way to York. Richard was constantly by William's side, beguiling the way with his ever ready wit and laugh; and even Isola could smile, for she saw that though her sex was no secret to him, he was not one to scorn her condition, nor make it a matter for the gibes of the rude court. Thus they reached York, where William did homage to Henry for all Scotland, and the blood mounted to the temples of Isola, as she heard her heart's idol acknowledge himself the vassal of one, whom, in her woman's pride, she considered his inferior.

As soon as the ceremony was concluded, William was declared free, and received the congratulations of his friends, amongst whom was Prince Richard. After clasping the hand of William, he approached the page.

"Thou art a seemly youth," he said, kindly, and, taking the trembling hand, "wilt thou wear this as a token Richard thought thee so?" And he slipped a beautiful ring on the taper finger.

Isola looked on the face of William for approval, and then, bending her knee, kissed the bestowing hand.

"Rise, rise, young sir," added Richard, "we have noted thy attention to thy master, and could almost find it in our nature to deprive him of such a page, but that he seems to value thee so much."

Again Isola looked in that face she had been accustomed to read, and where she had been wont to see the kindling fire of jealousy, when the nobles of the court made gallant speeches. She looked, and her heart misgave her, for she saw it not there now; she would have given worlds if he had frowned on her, had he spoken harshly to her; but her soul shrank within itself as she noted the indifference of the bow with which he acknowledged the compliment of Richard.

Words may not describe the joy with which this wild, guilty, and yet innocent child of affection, greeted the halls of Holyrood. Her heart bounded, for it seemed to her as if the world had been lost and gained, and that its better security depended on her reaching this home of many happy months; and so indeed her world had been lost and gained; for a woman's world, and I fear me, oftentimes heaven, lies in the little she may call her own, the heart of him she hath chosen whereon to rest her hopes, and centre her deep mine of affection.

Weeks rolled quickly by with Isola, now that she was once again, as she imagined, unrivalled in the affections of King William, and could smile on his child and hers. A buoyant and sunny spirit was Isola's; true, her face had sometimes clouds, as the April day, and lasting, like them, only till the sun should chase away their brief being; and her sun was the bright beam of love, from the smile of him she loved, or the laughing lips of her child.

William's affairs had now become somewhat more settled; Richard of England had succeeded to the throne, and a still closer friendship was cemented between these kindred spirits; consequently, he of Scotland felt secure from any harassing quarrel in that quarter, and was thus enabled to enjoy, undisturbed, many happy hours. It was during such, in the apartment assigned Isola, that she had been essaying all her wit, and her infant's playfulness to draw a smile or an approving look from William, till at length, wearied with the useless labor, and sick in heart and soul—for though he seemed to look on them, she saw that the gaze was vacant, and the thoughts in the society of another—she sat down on a rich cushion, and with the large tears

on her long lashes, she proceeded to hush, with a low, murmuring sound, her child to sleep.

"Isola!" at length spoke William. In an instant the sleeping child was laid down, and she was kneeling at William's side. The tears were no longer on the lash, but were trickling on the hand she was passionately caressing, and when she raised her face, there was a bright smile, and, despite the tears, a joyous eye.

"Isola!" he continued, and his calm tone chilled the warm blood that was rushing to her heart. "I would speak to you on a subject nearly concerning us both. Have done with these childish tears; rise and listen. You know that our brave Lord of Roxburgh has thought much of your beauty, nay, has even asserted its worth in tournaments almost numberless."

"Speak not of it, sire. What should Isola care though the Lord Roxburgh should be pleased to worship her as a saint?" said Isola, still kneeling with her lips pressed on the almost withdrawn hand.

"Why, Isola," he returned, "you might become our Lady of Roxburgh—might be held up as the bright paragon of excellence; and now—"

"I am kneeling where I would rather die, than stand at the altar with another. I am, O, God! an unwedded mother, the murderess of my parents, the scorned minion of him for whom I have done all this. Hear me, William! I will go far from you, you shall not even hear from me; but do not ask me to become the wife of another. Will the child of my guilt be the better if his mother becomes a titled wife? Will my heart be less withered when it beats on another's bosom? Will my soul be less weighed down with guilt, if the velvet robes of much cost grace my limbs? No, no, William; tell me you will give me a drug that shall make me and my boy sleep a long, untroubled sleep, and I will bless the hand that gives it; but never, never believe woman's love so lightly given."

For minutes William sat motionless. He had not expected such a torrent of passion to lie in that meek and loving heart; he had tried others and found it different. But that was where the love borne him was in honor conferred, in the presents given, or the power derived; but Isola's was a virtuous mind, though an erring heart. She had loved but once, and her love was drawn from her soul's depths, and never might rest there again. She now rose with a proud and tearless eye, and a pale cheek, and was about to rejoin her child, but William passed his arm once more around her, and pressed his lips to hers. The scalding tears came to her relief, and

her head rested on his bosom. At that moment he looked as though he wished she had not fallen, for then might he have proudly placed her on his throne, but now it could not be; and the bright imagination which had filled his soul since he left Falais, came to fill up the picture his heart could not have finished without it.

A servant now entered, and having delivered some despatches retired. William took one of the papers. Isola seated herself statue-like, at a distance, but her eyes were on his countenance, her soul in deep communion with his. He read and re-read the vellum, his eye brightening as it scanned anew the lines. This did not escape Isola; she rose, and taking her sleeping child, once more stood beside the king.

"You are paining your fancy," she said, "to find a speech meet to tell me from whom those papers come, but it is not needful. William, I know they have come from Normandy—the Lady Ermengarde de Beaumont has been wooed and won—the beautiful and happy has consented to share your throne; and surely it is well such a one should be your wife! Yes, the word has been uttered, and it has not broken my heart. William, will it please you kiss the child of Isola's shame, and breathe a benediction on his lips!"

"Isola Montclairn," replied the monarch, "sit down and listen to one whose love you know you have, and the fair child of that love. You have wisdom, and must have expected the time when I must seek from some one of the sister kingdoms a queen, to increase our power, and please our subjects."

"Stay, stay!" she exclaimed, frantically, "you are reasoning. I have not the power to listen to the cold, wire-drawn arguments of policy. I have no reason—my soul is dead within me—my brain is on fire, and my heart is in the grave. Will it please you to bless our child?" And she knelt, holding it up to him, whom William kissed fondly and blest; then pressing his lips to the burning brow of the sweet suppliant, he held forth his hand for her embrace. But she gazed reproachfully at him, and murmured, "William, would you now have me rest my lips on that hand? Will it not soon be leading another to the altar?"

"Pshaw! you are but a silly child," he returned. "I will send one who shall comfort you." And he was about to leave her, but she flew towards him, seized the but now rejected hand, and pressed it madly to her lips and heart. She only felt that a long farewell was printed on her lips, and fell fainting on the couch.

William despatched the Lord of Roxburgh to

her of whom he had made mention. In a few minutes she began to revive, and raised her eyes to the face bent tenderly over her, to discover if her head rested where did her hopes; but she closed them again, and relapsed into a swoon, when they met the pitying gaze of him whom William had sent to tend her recovery.

"I see! I see!" said the brave knight, "I see, William, the woful wreck thou hast made. O, Isola! why did you reject my suit when I sought you in your father's halls? You were then a pure, bright and beauteous flower, and William would never perhaps have looked on you but for me. I have done all this, and it shall be my effort now to win you from this degraded state. Alas how did you laugh when I painted such a scene as this to your young imagination, and told me I knew how to plead for myself; but that I should think you much more graceful with a throne for your seat, and a crown on your brow, and that among the court beauties I should soon find one to love better than you. Isola! Isola! the throne I would have wished for you would have been a husband's love, and your crown, purity; and my heart tells me that none of the court have power to call forth its affections like you, all fallen as you are. Can Ermengarde love him better than yourself? No, but her wondrous beauty has enslaved him. Isola," and his breath fanned her colorless cheek, "look up, love, the world's scorn shall not touch you—say you will become my bride."

"Your bride!" she said, faintly. "Whose? I am anything, everything. I was Isola Montclairn, the loving, the loved, the dutious—but a thing of vanity called beautiful; now I am, alas! still Isola Montclairn, but how changed; the undutiful, the mother of a nameless boy, the unloved, the loving still. Roxburgh, do you now ask me to be yours? Look on me; are not my eyes dimmed with anxiously watching his looks? my lips, are they not seared with kisses of guilt? my hair which was once your pride to fashion to your will, by turning it in ringlets about your fingers, does not its touch pollute you? And see yonder, thou knowest whose is that child?"

"Ay, Isola, it is your's. I love you, how well you know; in your father's house I loved you when first I knew you had been false to me. I love you now. I will with pride yet make you mine. I will lavish a father's care on yonder playful infant."

But Roxburgh pressed her no further now, for she besought him to leave her. For minutes after his departure, a stranger to past events would have fancied her a beautiful statue. Her eyes were fixed on the setting sun, which threw

its bright rays on the rosy cheek of her babe, and her hands braced her dishevelled hair; but at length the tears started, and gushed in streams of passion down her cheeks, and she flung herself madly on her knees, with her head bowed almost to the earth. This relieved her burdened spirit, for though tears were ever and anon upon her face, they were only those of momentary depression, which a look of love would kindle into a smile; but these were the overflowings of a bowed spirit, seeking communion with things not of earth.

"I will call on thy name," she said, softly; "is it possible that years have passed, in which I have thought lightly of the spirits hovering around me in my career of guilt? Father, mother, speak to me. Father, I am thy fond Isola, a child, a very child; put thy hand upon my head as thou wert wont to do, and tell me I am like my mother. Mother, let me hide my face in thy bosom; I am thy child; what child? thou askest. O, I heard thee, mother. I will whisper thee the words—I am the child of wickedness and shame. But look on me now. I dare not pray, mother; thy voice will be heard for me at the throne of mercy. Thou wert used to tell me thy ambition looked not beyond seeing me the wife of Roxburgh. Pray, O, pray that I may be worthy to become his wife!"

Thus she laid bare her heart to her God, praying to become the child of truth; but yet passion would have its sway sometimes, and then she would ask of Him, who alone could give it power and strength, to overcome her sinful love. Roxburgh sought her again, and with joy heard the calm words from her lips, when she consented to be his. But had he known thoroughly that heart in its depths, he would have left her to sink calmly, and with the love of God in her soul, to the grave, without seeking to draw her into fellowship with the world.

But he did not know it, neither did Isola. She fancied that when she should be called upon to acknowledge her queen, she could do so without cherishing a feeling unworthy Roxburgh's wife, or William's liege subject. She had communed with the spirits of those with whom her childhood and the first year of her womanhood had been passed so beautifully, and she felt calm and purified, and she fancied she had released her spirit from its guilty thralldom; but no, she was too strong in her own strength. Perhaps had the crown been deferred, she might have really attained the serenity which she now only imagined she possessed.

The Lady Ermengarde arrived—every face wore a joyous smile; Holyrood was filled with

hearts and tongues ready to welcome their new queen. The chapel was gaily decorated, and the court displayed an unusual blaze of beauty, for many were the arts used to outshine the far-famed Norman beauty. On that morning Isola knelt in vain—not a prayer rose to her lips; many supplications were in her heart, but alas, they took not the form of prayer. There was but one form before her, but one name would tremble on her tongue.

William led Ermengarde proudly through the admiring galaxy of wealth and loveliness. The ceremony commenced, and he was about to clasp the ring on her finger, when a wild voice rang through the chapel.

"Ermengarde, wear it not! Once I thought 'twould be a glorious thing to see around my finger—but it eats into my very heart—presses tightly round my brain. But I remember, thou wilt be a queen, and I—" The voice ceased, for the mad speaker was hurried out.

There were many there who knew whence the words came; and many more, amongst whom was the queen, who conjectured them to proceed from the lips of some misused wife. King William knew whence it came, and felt whither it went; but above all, Lord Roxburgh was wounded in his soul's depths, for he bore from the chapel his maddened Isola, and soon after he followed her to the grave.

PORTRAIT OF MISS NIGHTINGALE.

She is rather high in stature, fair in complexion, and slim in person; her hair is brown, and is worn quite plain; her physiognomy is most pleasing; her eyes, of a bluish tint, speak volumes, and are always sparkling with intelligence; her mouth is small and well formed, while her lips act in unison, and make known the impression of her heart—one seems the reflex of the other. Her visage, as regards expression, is very remarkable, and one can almost anticipate by her countenance what she is about to say; alternately, with matters of the most grave import, a gentle smile passes radiantly over her countenance, thus proving her evenness of temper; at other times, when wit or pleasantry prevails, the heroine is lost in the happy, good-natured smile which pervades her face, and you recognize only the charming woman. Her dress is generally of a grayish or black tint; she wears a simple white cap, and often a rough apron.—*Soyer's Culinary Campaign.*

Remember that though the realm of death seems an enemy's country to most men, on whose shore they are loathly driven by stress of weather, to the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some quiet haven of the fortunate isles; it is the golden west into which his sun sinks, and sinking, casts back a glory on the leaden cloud-rack which had darkly besieged his day—*Gospel Banner.*

THE PICNIC PARTY:

—OR—

THE TWO WEDDINGS.

BY MARY B. DAVIS.

"WELL, Frank, what exceedingly wise thought has taken possession of your brain?" exclaimed Mr. John Brown, as he stood in the law-office of his friend, Mr. St. Clair. "I declare, I have been standing here some moments waiting for you to extend your usual salutation; but all in vain—you continued oblivious to everything around you, until I felt constrained to break the spell, fearing bad results from such deep study."

"I beg your pardon, my good friend, for my seeming indifference to your presence; but as you suggest, my thoughts were rather of a wise nature—or at least I trust there will be wisdom in the perfection of them. But I must hasten to make them known to you, as I shall require your assistance to mature a little plan I have."

"Well, let me hear it at once—I am getting impatient," said Brown; "you can safely hope for my ready assistance in almost any undertaking except matrimony—but think I am too much of a bachelor to venture myself there."

"It savors a little of that; I must confess," returned St. Clair, laughingly; "but you need have no fears for yourself. You recollect Marion Miner, my cousin, and also my father's ward? She is spending her present vacation at our house, and it was she that suggested to me the plan I am about to divulge to you. She came dashing into the room where I sat, last evening, with an open letter in her hand—the very personification of indignation—exclaiming:

"How unfortunate, cousin Frank, it is to be rich and handsome! I fully intend, when I get emancipated from school and seriously think of marrying, of changing my name, donning some simple garb, and going into the country to earn my living by my own exertions."

"Well, cousin mine," said I, smiling at her enthusiasm, "what do you propose to effect by your rustic simplicity?"

"Why, win a husband by my own merits—not by my pretty face, name, or fortune. One of my schoolmates writes me of a friend of hers who has been a wife but a year, whose liege lord told her, unblushingly, that it was her beautiful face and fortune that he wedded—not herself. Now, Frank," continued Marion, seriously, "have a care that you do not win a wife through either of these mediums, or through the romance of your name, particularly."

"So you are going to try some such ruse,

Frank, my boy," said Brown, laughing heartily. "And pray tell me in what way I can be of assistance to you?"

"I will. You know how often you have laughed at your plain, unromantic name—Mr John Brown? Well, I have a fancy to borrow it, for a while, and lend you my fortune, with Mr. Frank St. Clair, as a passport into some fair lady's favor; and as you profess yourself impregnable to their battery of charms, you will be in no danger, while I wish to be simply Mr. John Brown, with no pretensions above a fair share of agreeableness, and a tolerably good-looking phiz."

"A new kind of sport, Frank. But where do you propose to go, with your new name?"

"Into some quiet country village, for a few days, shooting and perhaps—"

"Yes," said Brown, interrupting him, "perhaps you will find some 'bright, particular star, and think to wed it. But do not count upon my doing the same thing, for you know I decided long ago to lead a life of single-blessedness."

"Do not be too sure, my dear fellow; you may even get ahead of me, for perhaps you will get a little of my nature, along with your new title. But do you like the plan?"

"Very much; it will be a pleasant change from city life and drudgery. But when do you propose to go?"

"Next week," said St. Clair, "for I am heartily tired of pleas, writs, courts, and in fact everything that appertains to a lawyer's life."

Nestled lovingly beneath the sheltering arms of many a noble elm and chestnut tree, was the quiet village of Glendale, with its picturesque scenery of vine-wreathed cottages and bright-flowered gardens ever tempting the passer-by to stop and admire. Standing coquettishly by itself, on the banks of the beautiful stream which wound quietly through the village, was the residence of Mr. Carson, the wealthiest citizen in the place. Becoming weary of mercantile life, he had left the city, and had chosen Glendale as his permanent home; but being naturally of an active disposition, could not content himself without some excitement. He accordingly purchased a small manufacturing establishment about two miles from Glendale, riding out every day to attend to his business.

He had just returned from the "dell," and was seated in his great arm-chair on the piazza, enjoying the luxurious coolness of the evening, when his youngest daughter Belle, a wild, joyous, madcap creature, came dashing up the gravel walk, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed:

"O papa! will it not be so delightful? we are to have our picnic the day after to-morrow! I have just been to see Carrie King, and she tells me that there are two arrivals in our quiet little place. Only think, papa!" said Belle, without stopping to take breath; "two gentlemen from the city—a Mr. Brown and a Mr. St. Clair!"

"Well, my little wildfire, why does it please you so much? Are you going to take them by storm?"

"To be sure. What an inducement for our party! I have already sent them invitations by Carrie, who has been introduced to them by her uncle who keeps the hotel. But you must let me go now, dear papa, and tell Eva and mama."

"Why Belle Carson! what a looking creature you are!" said both ladies, in the same breath. "Your curls are flying in all directions, and your gipsy hanging upon your arm instead of on your head!"

"O, Eva dear, spare your lecture for another time! I have something delightful to tell you." And she repeated what she had just told her father. "Only just think, Eva! Mr. Frank St. Clair—what a delightfully romantic name! Are you not already in love with him?"

"Hush, Belle! how can you behave so? But what is the other gentleman's name?"

"Listen, sister mine, you shall hear! No more or less than Mr. John Brown! And a splendid-looking fellow he is too, Carrie says."

"Of course—because he has such a horrid name. But I should never fancy him for that; I hate such plain, common names."

"One of them is quite wealthy, Carrie says, and I suppose you will make attacks upon his heart at once," said Belle, teasingly.

"I presume it is Mr. St. Clair," said Eva. "But who have you invited to your picnic?"

"O, all the girls, which will be two for every gallant."

"You have not invited Lily Lee, surely?" replied Eva.

"Surely I have. I would not have slighted her—she is my best friend."

"Are you not ashamed of yourself?" returned Eva, poutingly; and running to Mrs. Carson, exclaimed indignantly: "Mama, Belle should not be permitted to behave as she does. She has invited those gentlemen to meet Lily Lee—a factory girl. I shall die of mortification."

"Not yet, Eva dear, for Carrie is coming to call with the gentlemen this evening. So don't your brightest smiles for the occasion."

The gentlemen were soon announced, and expressed themselves delighted to attend the party. The evening passed pleasantly away—Belle be-

ing the life of the company with her quick repartees and lively sallies.

"I like Mr. Brown the best. But such a name—I would never marry him!" said Eva.

"Do not trouble yourself to win him," said Belle, laughing, "for he is poor, Carrie tells me. St. Clair is my fancy of the two, but I hate rich folks. Besides, he is a professed bachelor."

The sun beamed with unwonted brightness the morning for their picnic. Belle was up early, dancing around as gay and happy as the birds. Not so Eva; she was sullen and dispirited, because Lily Lee was to be of the party—for although poor, she was fair and beautiful, winning all hearts by her gentle, artless manners, and Eva feared her as a rival.

"You will go, Lily, darling, won't you?" said Mrs. Lee, tenderly.

"I do not care about it, dear mama, for Eva Carson will spoil all my pleasure, as usual; but as Belle insists upon my going, I think I will."

"What a contrast between the sisters!" said Mrs. Lee. "I think Belle will try to make your time pleasant for you."

"Most certainly, mama; but you seem so feeble, my mind will wander back often to you."

"O, dear sister," said May, a bright-eyed, laughing creature of about ten years of age, "you must certainly go, and I will stay and nurse mama so tenderly!"

"I know you will, my pet," said Lily, kissing her; "and perhaps I had better go, though I scarcely know how to leave my work for a day."

"My poor child," said Mrs. Lee, wiping away a tear, "what a weary life is yours!"

"O never mind, mama," returned Lily, cheerfully; "I am getting along very nicely, and shall be able to keep Johnny in school another quarter. But I must hasten, as the party will soon be here."

The place selected for the picnic was about a mile from the village, on the bank of the beautiful stream before mentioned; so the company preferred walking, and were paired off—each gentleman having two ladies in his care.

The day passed pleasantly and quietly away, nothing occurring to damp the happiness of the gay party except the ill-concealed chagrin and sarcastic expressions of Eva Carson, because Lily was not slighted by the gentlemen as she had hoped, until about four o'clock, when a scream of pain was distinctly heard, and Belle came bounding in terror to where the company were seated, exclaiming:

"O dear, some of you come directly! Lily has fallen, and is unable to rise."

They all rushed at once to the spot, but Brown

was the first to reach there. Lily had attempted to reach some of Belle's flowers that grew upon an overhanging rock, and her foot had slipped on a loose stone, spraining her ankle. She had fainted. Belle was frantic with terror, but Brown calmed her, and taking Lily in his arms, bore her to the river's bank, laving her temples until she revived sufficiently to realize her situation. Blushing deeply, she thanked her friends for their kindness, and attempted to rise, but could not stand. She begged to be taken home at once, and Belle insisted upon accompanying her. But Lily forbade it, and wished to go with the lad who had brought their things.

This unfortunate accident soon broke up the party, and they started for their homes. Eva had secured St. Clair as her escort, and Brown accompanied Belle.

"I feel so condemned for asking dear Lily to get those flowers for me!" said Belle, tenderly. "Her sufferings will not be light; she will be so troubled, too, that she cannot attend to her work."

"Why does she work in the factory?—is there nothing else she can do? She seems far too fragile and delicate for great labor."

"Because necessity compels it. She has taught our village school several previous summers, but through the machinations of an enemy, she was this year deprived of it. She has an excellent education, and it was a great grief to her to give up her school."

"Could she get no other school?"

"O yes," returned Belle; "but she could not think of leaving her invalid mother for a single night."

"She has no father, then?" said Brown, much interested.

"No; he died about three years since, and Lily by her own exertion has supplied the wants of the family, since she has a younger brother and sister whom she insists upon keeping in school. Their little cottage is their own, but still it is very hard for poor Lily to get along."

"She is certainly a noble girl, and should be honored both for her independence and tender interest in her family. I shall certainly call in the morning and extend my sympathy. Will you accompany me, Belle?"

"I will, with pleasure," replied Belle, pleased with Mr. Brown's approbation of Lily.

They now separated, and Belle drew languidly near her home.

"Why, my little gazelle," exclaimed Mr. Carson, who was in his accustomed seat in the piazza, "what has happened? Have you lost your heart to-day, and found none in compensation?"

"No, no, dear papa, my heart is unchanged as

yet; but I was thinking of our dear Lily. She has sprained her foot badly in attempting to get me my favorite blue bells."

"I am sorry for her," said Mr. Carson, feelingly, "for she is a lovely girl."

"I am not sorry," said Eva, who had just parted with St. Clair at the gate, "only that it gives her that attention from the gentleman which she so coveted. She is an artful, intriguing girl, and I firmly believe she did it on purpose."

"Hush, hush, my child!" said Mr. Carson. "Such a remark is unworthy any one."

"You should be ashamed of such a *thought*, even," said Belle, indignantly. "She would despise intrigue in any form. I think her the loveliest girl our village boasts."

"Except one," thought St. Clair, gazing admiringly upon Belle. He had returned with Eva's parasol unperceived by the girls, but just in time to hear what they were saying of Lily. Eva had made a deep impression upon him, and he had resolved to see her often, while in Glendale; but her malicious, ungenerous remarks of Lily had unmasked her, and broken the charm with which she was fast binding him, placing Belle in her stead. * * *

"Are you not very lonely, Lily?" said Brown, as he was sitting for the sixth evening in the neat little parlor of Rose Cottage (a name given to Lily's home by Belle). "You must nurse your lame foot tenderly, that you may be able to attend a sailing party which we have in view for next week. I shall have to leave your pleasant little village soon, much to my regret."

"I *should* be very lonely, but Belle has been often with me through the days, and you have been very kind to deprive yourself of the pleasant companionship of your friends to relieve the tedium of my evenings!"

"It has been no deprivation, dear Lily," said Brown, taking her hand. "I crave no sweeter companionship than that which I have enjoyed here by your side. And may I—dare I—hope," continued he, earnestly, "for your sweet society through life, to share alike my joys and sorrows?"

"O, my friend," said Lily, smiling through her tears, "your words have made me infinitely happy; but I could not leave the precious charge here given unto my care by a dying father. I love you more than I can tell you, but I cannot leave my feeble mother."

"Nor need you, Lily dearest; we can labor together for them, surely, if we love each other."

Just then Mrs. Lee came in, and the lovers besought her blessing.

"You have it, my dear children," said she, laying a hand upon the head of each.

"My children!" what does that mean, Lily?" said Belle, who came dashing into the room, accompanied by St. Clair. "I am crazy to know."

"It means," said Brown, "that I have been making Mrs. Lee for Lily, and she has given her to me."

"Just what Frank has been about," said Belle, giving one of her ringing laughs. "I had half a mind to refuse him, but papa would not let me, fearing Frank would die of consumption. Was he not compassionate, Mrs. Lee?"

"Yes; but why were you going to refuse him, you little madcap?"

"O, you know how I hate rich folks, and always vowed I would not marry any but a poor man. But Frank has faithfully promised to found an orphan asylum, or some other benevolent institution with his money—so you see we shall have 'love in a cottage,' after all."

Frank and John exchanged significant glances, which puzzled the girls very much.

Mrs. Lee and Mr. Carson were let into the secret of the ruse, and liked it much. The gentlemen were to return in three months and claim their brides. * * *

The little church at Glendale was crowded with villagers to witness the two weddings. Very lovely looked Lily and Belle, as they stood with their chosen ones before the gray-haired pastor, and breathed the vows that gave them the cherished name of "wife."

After the ceremony, the company assembled, at Mr. Carson's request, at his house. All was mirth and conviviality, when Mr. Carson asked the mention of the company and related the ruse of the gentlemen—and the object of it—and taking Belle by the hand, led her forward and presented her as Mrs. John Brown, and Lily as Mrs. St. Clair. Belle was in perfect glee, dancing and skipping around the room, while Lily was silent and subdued.

"You are not sorry for the change—are you, my dear wife?" said Frank, pressing a kiss upon Lily's brow.

"No, my dear husband; but it was so unexpected, I can scarcely believe it even now."

"You may safely do so. I am so happy that you loved me for myself, and also that your weary hours of labor are over! May I ever deserve such happiness?"

A happy company they were, as they started the next morning for their city home. Mrs. Lee and Mr. Carson accompanied Lily, at her husband's request. He urged Eva to go with them, but she, feeling too much ashamed of her own unworthy conduct, to enjoy their society.

"Take good care of my darling pet, John,"

said Mr. Carson, as he pressed a warm kiss upon the lips of Belle. "Remember that kindness will always win her."

Mrs. Carson shed a few tears at Belle's departure; but as Eva was her counterpart and idol, she consoled herself with saying that she hoped that Eva would not throw herself away upon a poor young man, as Belle had done. But Belle was satisfied, feeling that she had thrown herself into arms that would ever shield and protect her from the storms and ills of life.

A CHINESE RACE.

Imagine from ten to twenty shaggy animals of every color and size, from ten to fourteen hands high, some of them resembling bears more than horses, mounted by Chinamen of the most grotesque appearance and costume, and literally covered by housings or saddles nearly as large as themselves. Upon the start being effected, one half of these jockeys are unhorsed, or rather unhoused, and are either biting the dust or waddling after their impracticable steeds. Their companions who manage to keep their seats, and to direct their course in a proper direction, continue to gallop on until some other catastrophe ensues, such as the reversing one of their sheepskin saddles, or the pony bolting with his rider into one of the muddy ditches that line each side of the course; and there are rarely more than one or two survivors that accomplish the whole round. These would, if permitted, continue to gallop to the end of time, or at least, to the end of their ponies, having no idea of the termination of the race, and are often left to do so amidst the cheers of the spectators, so that the one that holds out the longest is declared the winner. The races terminate in balls, dinner-parties, and all the profusion of eastern hospitality.—*Fortune's Travels.*

SCIENCE VS. THE INSECTS.

The insects and vermin injurious to vegetation present a curious and difficult subject of inquiry. A considerable part of every crop of grain and fruit is planted, not for the mouths of our children, but for the fly, the carculio, and the canker-worm, or some of these pests of husbandry. Science has done something, and will no doubt do more, to alleviate the plague. It has already taught us not to wage equal war on the wheat fly and the parasite which preys upon it; and it will, perhaps eventually persuade those who need the lesson, that a few peas and cherries are well by way of desert on the cheerful little warblers who turn our gardens into concert rooms, and do so much to aid us in the warfare against the grubs and caterpillars which form their principal meal.—*Edward Everett.*

TIME.

Time speeds away—away—away;
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Like ferry steed, from stage to stage,
He bears us on—from youth to age,
He plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.—*KNOW.*

"I MUST SLEEP NOW."

BY ANDREW J. WOOD.

I must sleep now; I am weary,
And I fain would rest awhile;
And forget this world so dreary,
In the dreams which men beguile:
I must sleep now; for I'm feeling
A cold hand upon my brow;
And a drowsy is o'er me stealing,
That must blind my senses now.

I must sleep now; for the cold world
Looks upon me with disdain;
As from its respect I am hurled,
Without thought of my deep pain;
It has echoed forth my praises
On the ever-wafting wind;
And while yet the glad song raises,
Casts my form in scorn behind.

I must sleep now; she who kneeling
At the altar as my bride,
While those sacred thoughts came stealing
O'er her husband at her side,
Sacred swore in joy or sorrow,
To be faithful unto me,
All forgot upon the morrow,
And far hence did quickly flee.

I must sleep now; life's no blessings
To detain me longer here;
All the false world's rich possessions
Could not now my sad heart cheer.
Lay me 'neath the waving willow,
Where the stars their night-watch keep,
With the damp earth for my pillow,
For I now must sink to sleep.

* The last words of Byron.

PEALSWEEP'S VOW:

—OR,—

THE CAPTIVE PALE FLOWER.

A LEGEND OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY MARY W. JANVREIN.

A PLEASANT summer twilight fell softly around an ancient, rambling farmhouse, situated in a little clearing on the borders of a dark pine forest in the outskirts of old Salem. The young moon already hung her silver crescent in the west, and threw faint shadows across the little plot of greensward before the old house, where a band of children lingered at their play, filling the still twilight with the hum of merry voices.

One little girl, with eyes blue as the flax flower, golden curls and dimpled shoulders, seemed the especial favorite of the group—for they gave her royal precedence in the good old game, "Queen Anne;" made her judge at "forfeits,"

and carefully shielded her from tripping in ruder games. This was little Mary Crager, born and bred in the neighboring farmhouse, and the pet of all the country children round about, and, despite the cloud that had already darkened the morning twilight of that fair child's life, no laugh rang merrier, no voice was more gleesome than hers. Well is it, that childhood comprehends not the woes that crush the old and stern! Well is it, that even the dawn of human existence is girt with rosy clouds, and we heed not the thunder clouds looming up life's western horizon!

Had little Mary Crager been old enough to realize the terrible blow that made her motherless—that brought a gloom and boding hate to the brow of her dark-visaged father sitting that summer's twilight in the door of the farmhouse, with moody brow bowed on his hard hands—then she had not played so blithely on the green with the happy-hearted little children, who, despite the ban of their mothers—"You must not play with Mary Crager"—had stolen away for an hour's frolic, ere "bed time," which came too early for those eager little ones.

For Thomas Crager lived in the early days of New England, and in the very hotbed of that terrible delusion which found its converts, not only in the unlearned and superstitious, but even in the highest circles—the magistrates, ministers, and even the judges on the benches.

Thus, when the Salem witchcraft ran like wildfire over New England, and scarcely a day or week went by but some "goody" was "bewitched" with divers pains or diseases, and neighbors accused neighbors of sorcery till every man's hand seemed literally against his brother—it was not strange that harmless, inoffensive Goody Crager should be supposed to take the form of a "strange black cat," and perform a variety of feats and a series of attacks which resulted in that goody's apprehension, commitment to Salem jail, and ultimately, in a brief trial her condemnation to be "hung as a witch."

On the gallows in the market place of old Salem, the terrible tragedy was completed which satisfied an excited, deluded populace—which made little Mary Crager motherless, and converted Thomas Crager into a heart-broken morose, gloomy man.

From the execution of his wife, he had turned away with but one purpose—revenge against those who had accused her, and the magistrate who had condemned her to death; and, had not been for the softening, humanizing influence of the prattling child who played around his knee, other tragedies might have been enacted and more lives have been choked out than we

yielded on the scaffold in the market place of old Salem.

But the little Mary restrained him. At nightfall, when he came wearied from tilling his cornfield, she stroked his face, climbed his knee, and diverted his mind from its black thoughts by her endless prattle; but often he relapsed into dreams and plans of vengeance—and such were now working in his brain, as he sat in the gathering twilight, while the new moon inverted her silver burn above the forest.

Meanwhile, the children, wearied with their noisy games, had sat down to rest upon the grass, when little Mary Crager, bounding up, said:

"O, let us all go down to the big oak and play keep house. I will be Goody Stanhope, and you shall all be company! Come!" And she held out her little dimpled hands. "Why, Ruth Whalley, if you aint afraid! I aint afraid of the Indians!" And she ran courageously to the forest.

"Nor I either," slyly ventured little Ruth, "only mother said I mustn't stay long, and then it's real dark in the woods now!" And she timidly drew back, glancing to the wood, where already the night shadows were fast creeping.

"Well, let's play a minute—a little minute before you go home," pleaded Mary. "But you do look just as if you're afraid of the Indians; and I aint—for father said the other day they had gone 'way off to Canada, and couldn't steal little children any more. I'm real glad of it, for I shouldn't want to be stole by an Indian!" And despite the boast of not being afraid, little Mary gave a slight shudder of fear, and looked over her shoulder into the darkness.

"Per'aps we'd better not go to the big oak to-night," timidly ventured another of the group, scanning her eyes in the direction of the forest. "It's real dark there, and I'm afraid—let's go home."

"Yes, let's go home!" said all the little girls in chorus. "Come, Mary!"—for Mary had wandered away in the direction of the big oak on the edge of the wood, at whose moss-grown, gnarled trunk they had spent many and many a long summer's afternoon, playing "party" and arranging a tea-table with bits of broken crockery and acorn cups—"Come, Mary!"

The child turned, and her light summer frock fluttered in the air as she ran towards them. But just then the thick drooping boughs of a giant hemlock in close proximity to the oak stirred—a tall form, copper-colored, and lithe-limbed as the mountain deer, darted from out the black shadows, and with one wild whoop of exultation gripped the child—stifling her mouth with his

heavy hand—and sprang like a wild deer into the depths of the forest. And the little children, pale and shrieking, ran toward the farmhouse, screaming:

"O, the Indians! The Indians! They've carried off Mary!"

Thomas Crager staggered to his hut, grasped the loaded queen's arm which stood behind the door, and dashed among the dusky pines.

Long years before, "a sun's journey up the Androscoggin from its mouth, in a wild glen by the shore of a little lake that was curiously surrounded by a fanciful setting of evergreen verdure, stood the wigwam of a young hunter."

His name was Pealsweep. Among his tribe he ranked as "a swift hunter and brave"—and none brought down the eagle in his soaring height, or the red deer among the passes of "Agiochook" with surer arrow than he.

In Pealsweep's wigwam, Naniko, his handsome squaw, spread his moose-skin couch, cooked his venison and maize cake, and Oronee, a bright-eyed boy, bounded forth to meet him when he returned from the chase, picked pebbles on the margin of the mountain lake, or sped his tiny arrow unerringly at the black crows that came settling down on the cornfield his mother had planted and tended.

One day when Pealsweep hunted a moose among the mountain gorges, a pale face—penetrating into that upland region from the distant settlement at the mouth of the Kennebec—tarried at the wigwam. Naniko set before him venison, and pounded corn for bread; the little Oronee gave him skins and arrow heads for a shining knife, and laid before him his richest stores—belts of wampum and gay feathers; but the pale face was base and treacherous—he crazed Naniko's brain with the baneful "fire-water"—stole her best and softest deer skins—then tossed the little Oronee out into the waters of the lake, "just to see the papoose swim ashore"—and then went down the mountain side, laughing in drunken glee.

Oronee came in, wet and frightened, and crouched down at his mother's feet; at nightfall he fell into a heavy sleep, and when that stupor passed, the terrible wasting fever crouched also in the wigwam, waiting for his prey. Seven suns rose in the east, and wheeled slowly across the sky to their western setting, the while that blasting fever kept watch in the shadows of the wigwam; and all this time Pealsweep went not forth to the chase, nor sat beside the council fires of his tribe, for the hunter's heart was enwrapped in his boy. He had hoped to see him a mighty

hunter, and brave—when the aged tree fell, the sapling must gather strength from its roots; but now, the oak was sturdy and strong, but the lightning had stricken the tender shoot. He buried his face in the moose skins whereon the moaning one lay; he put away food from his lips, and chanted the gloomy death-songs of his tribe; he besought the Great Spirit who dwelt among the rolling clouds on the misty summit of "Agiocheek" that his boy's passage might be swift and bright beyond the sunset.

And swift and bright was the journey of the little Oronce. On the seventh sunset his glazed eyes closed; gaunt, hungry fever clutched his prey, and went out from the wigwam; but the good Great Spirit gathered Oronce to his bosom, and carried him to the happy hunting ground, to launch his tiny canoe on the waters of that bright clear lake on whose margin the foot of the hated pale face had never trod.

Silently Pealsweep hollowed a little grave in the forest, laid his boy therein, placed his tiny moccasins at his feet, and his bow and arrows in his hand, then smoothing the turf above, went into the wigwam. And there, while the white owl hooted from the woods, and the rain dropped down in the black midnight, Naniko recounted the visit of the pale face, which had been withheld from Pealsweep.

The hunter looked long and steadily into the face of his squaw, and the fires of a strong jealousy were enkindled in his heart, a terrible jealousy of Naniko. He spoke no word, but rose and went out into the night. The light had gone out from his wigwam forever. The pale face's steps had defiled it, he had ill-treated his boy, and Naniko had withheld it from him until this late hour. Was not she guilty?

Naniko drooped like a flower under the terrible suspicion that dwelt in Pealsweep's gaze. She had not told him of the pale face's visit, because she felt shame that she had drank of the fire-water; but when little Oronce's step had ceased forever in their wigwam, in her grief the Indian mother told all. But Pealsweep was firm and immovable. When the iron of jealousy had entered his soul, it could not be unriveted. In his heart, he thought Naniko false; and his stern pride was chafed and stung.

"Henceforth my squaw shall eat with the dogs, and shall not sleep at night upon my moose skin!" he said, coldly and tauntingly when he looked upon her again; and from that hour Naniko was his slave, the stain of a cruel suspicion on her head.

But it was not long. As a tender vine torn from its protecting tree, so Naniko drooped and

faded, and though she cooked his bear's meat, pounded corn, and brought water for two moons one nightfall, in "the fall of the leaf," Pealsweep came to find his wigwam empty, and his squaw eyes closed in a long, long sleep on Oronce's grave.

That night, though a terrible remorse fastened its fangs on the Indian's stern soul, he made another grave for Naniko in the forest, and sang wildly the death songs of his tribe.

When two moons more had gone by there was held a great council among his tribe. Pealsweep was arraigned before the tribunal; and an old chief rose, and stretching his feeble right arm indignantly toward the gloomy-browed hunter said:

"You have sent your squaw away before the Great Spirit called her. You are a swift hunter and brave; but never make a footmark among the hunters of your tribe, unless you take the cripple that lives by the river for your squaw!"

Pealsweep curled his lip in scorn, turned his back upon the crippled Indian maiden they had set in their midst, and walked silently away into the forest.

That night, the glare of a pine-knot fire before the door of his wigwam, whereon lay the bodies of Naniko and the little Oronce which he had disinterred, flashed fitfully into the black forest; and when morning broke, he brought a box of stout birchen bark wherein he gathered up the ashes—then, raising his strong right arm in the direction of Agiocheek's hoary head, and swinging his stone tomahawk wildly aloft, Pealsweep swore, by the Great Spirit who sat enthroned amid the clouds, a terrible vow—vengeance against the pale face—and dashed away into the unpathed northern wilderness.

Many years had gone by. Time's swift-clinging wing had brought changes to the dwellers on the mountains. The tribes of the red men were scattered, but a feeble remnant lingering in the valleys below; the "mountain of the hoar forehead and home of the Great Spirit" no longer was consecrated to mystery and eternal solitude, for the white man's foot had penetrated to its summit; and in the fresh smiling Amonocuc vale, settlements had been made, and the smoke of cabin fires curled upward on the blue air.

When these settlements were in their infancy and few were attracted thither save those who came to reclaim the untamed soil of the wilderness into cultivation, a moody, silent stranger appeared in their midst. He had scarce reached the middle age of life—judging by his stalwart

snowy form—and yet, by the gray hair streaked over his temples, and the faded, weary look of his dim eyes, men thought the shadows of years had passed over him. Or yet, perhaps it was some great grief which had shrouded his spirit in its gloom, and made him wan and weary before his time.

The good yocemen at the settlement besought the new-comer to tarry among them, to rear a cabin and till the soil; but nay! his feet climbed the bald mountain sides, gained a sheltered spot among the dwarf hemlocks, where he reared an humble hut, and made his lonely home. Days, weeks and months went by, wherein the settlers vainly wondered why the hermit of the mountains separated himself from his kind, till gradually, as time passed, and he came rarely among them, they grew to forget his existence, or referred to him only at long intervals.

But the Indian, with all the superstition of his race, beheld in this recluse pale face, a long-expected visitant to their native mountains. A superstition prevailed among their tribe, that whoever dwelt among the shadows of the Great Spirit's home, was protected as that Great Spirit's adopted son; and in this solitary dweller on the heights of Agiochook they recognized, in their simple faith, a being whose advent had long ago been predicted by an old seer of their tribe. So years went by; and in the enjoyment of peace and good will from his red brother—supplying his own few physical needs with fish from the rivers, or game from the forests—the life of the White Mountain hermit sped on.

But if the recluse sought the solitudes of Nature to invoke her "healing balm," then he had committed an error; for each season but deepened the gloom of his spirit, and the heavy lines upon his brow.

Below the mountains dwelt the feeble remnant of a once mighty Indian tribe; and by these red men the solitary pale brother was held in peculiar awe. They respected him for the bravery that led him to make a home, like the soaring eagles, among the rolling clouds; they thought the Great Spirit held daily and familiar intercourse with his adopted son; hence, to propitiate his favor, they often brought gifts of dried venison and maize; smoked with him the calumet, and bade him welcome to their wigwams and a seat at their council fires.

During one of these interviews, while the old warriors, grown garrulous with age, sat together repeating stories of their prowess and cunning against the pale faces, the hermit listened in silent apathy; but suddenly, when an old brave related the deeds of a warrior of their tribe,

how he was the subtlest, as well as most daring of them, and most successful in schemes of death against the settlers, and finally closed with the story of the capture of a little pale flower whom he had carried far away into captivity, then the hermit suddenly leaping to his feet, in eager accents demanded the home of the Indian brave. And, early the following morning, ere the white mists began to curl lazily from the mountain, attired in a stout tanned suit, and with his buckskin pouch slung over his shoulder, he set out on a long and toilsome journey through the wilderness.

Through forests unmarked save by the hunter's trail of spotted trees, fording streams that come trembling, foamy and cold from the mountains, and tracking thick underbrushed swamps, the hermit kept on his way, until at the sunset of the third day he parted the hemlock boughs from the doorway of a rude wigwam in the wilderness of Laconia.

An old, gray-haired Indian sat crouching over the hearth whereon a heap of ashes lay smouldering; but he raised his head when the pale face stood before him in the gloom. For an instant the blood of his race was up in his veins, his eyes flashed angrily, and he waved his arm haughtily toward the intruder; then, as if realizing the degradation of his race, and that the white man's foot had indeed gone over him, he bowed his head again upon his clasped hands.

For this feeble Indian, whose footsteps were faint and slow, but whose eye yet flashed defiance upon the hated pale face, whose long life had been but a tissue of revengeful, bloody deeds, wherein he but fulfilled that vow uttered years before to his Great Spirit, was once the mighty hunter and brave, in whose wigwam dwelt Naniko and Oronce—he was Pealsweep!

"What seeks the pale face?" he queried, at length, almost sullenly, casting a defiant gaze upon the visitor in the doorway.

"I have come to learn the fate of my child; where is Mary Crager?" was the reply, in a hollow, beseeching tone.

The Indian cowered for a moment under the strong, eager gaze bent upon him, then turning his own dimmed eyes on vacancy, thoughts which had slept for years, came rushing to his long dulled brain. A panorama of the past swept before him; his own happy home; the squaw whose bright eyes lighted his wigwam; the playful Oronce; and then, two graves in the forest! Again he saw the smoke of the funeral fire he had enkindled; the few faded gray ashes his own hand had scattered on a roaring mountain stream! Would he could have so scattered destruction over the path of the hated pale face!

Then he counted anew the scalp locks of a hundred of the foe that had dangled at his belt—fatal tokens of the fulfilment of his terrible vow; he saw smoking houses, burning villages, and heard the supplications of helpless women and children; and lastly, floating anew before his mental vision, he saw blue-eyed, golden-haired little Mary Crager. Suddenly, recollecting himself, he lifted his eyes. He rose, and taking a pouch from the wall, took thence a bit of bark skin parchment, from which he unrolled a faded bit of coarse blue chintz, and laid it in Thomas Crager's hand!

The strong man, whose hand clutched at it eagerly, grew very pale; great drops of beaded sweat started on his seamed forehead; his knees trembled under him till he sank at the red man's feet; for this faded bit of chintz was a piece of the dress worn by little Mary when stolen!

"Tell me, what have you done with my child? You did not murder her!" And Thomas Crager plucked at the Indian's moose-skin mantle.

"Pale face!" And the old hunter's form was drawn to its fullest height and he waved his right arm aloft. "Pealsweep was once a mighty hunter of his tribe. His wigwam was among his own people; his squaw was dusky-haired and comely; his papoose was bright eyed, light of foot as the young deer, and keen of sight as the eaglet. But Pealsweep went often to the chase, and then the pale face came to his wigwam, defiled his squaw, handled his papoose like a dog, and gave them firewater 'to scorch their blood and the marrow in their veins. Then the fever entered where the pale face's foot had trod, and carried Oronce to the far off hunting ground, where the Great Spirit shall not let the white man come; and when two moons had brought the fall of the leaf, Naniko smiled not—ate no moose meat, nor drank water—she, too, journeyed beyond the sunset. Pealsweep's heart grew big with hate. He made a vow—death to the pale face! And Pealsweep was no coward, his arm was strong and his arrow sure; his tomahawk was of the sharpest stone. Scalp locks grew thick about his belt; he shot down the white papoose like dogs; but he could not kill the little pale flower that smiled up into his eyes. He brought her to his wigwam; he made her his own, till, when she had grown tall and comely, Okeejis came from among the Norridgewogs, and asked the pale flower for his squaw. She followed him to his own tribe on the borders of the big river toward the sunrise; she lives in his wigwam; the pale face must seek her there. Pealsweep hath spoken." And the old hunter relapsed into moody silence.

History records the wealth of the Norridgewogs—a powerful tribe on the rapid St. Francis River, which rushed cold and foaming from the mighty St. Lawrence.

Their village was large, and strongly fortified by natural advantages—the encircling dense pine forests and the rapid river; "their houses were well furnished, and their church richly adorned with plate," says an old New Hampshire historian; and it was among this tribe that the French Jesuits found earliest and strongest foothold in the Canadas, endeavoring to strengthen the cause of the French among them, and excite their enmity against their English pale-face brothers.

And so many a white settler's cabin was fired; his wife and children carried into captivity, afar on the Norridgewogs' homeward trail through the wilds of Laconia, and the forests and snows of Canada, to the Indian village on the banks of the St. Francis.

Already there were many pale-face captives among them—"the hewers of wood and drawers of water" of their conquerors—kept in subjection as slaves and dogs to the red men. Therefore, when the bravest of their braves, the young warrior Okeejis returned from a long southern trail through the wilderness, bringing a fair pale flower for his squaw, to dwell in his tasteful lodge, and array herself in finest fawn skins and gayest eagle feathers, there was much jealousy and bitterness among the dusky maidens of the Norridgewogs.

But Okeejis paid no heed to the jealousies of his tribe. He had won a fairer squaw than any daughter of the Norridgewogs, and it was his pleasure to pay her honor, and to dandle his bright-eyed boy upon his knee.

One night, while the last rays of sunset rested on the rushing river and shot golden arrows through the gloomy pine forests, the pale flower sat in the door of her lodge while her boy played on the little clearing in front. There was something in the twilight, the rays of the sunset, and the proximity of the deep woods, that called up a long-sleeping and dim memory in Mary Crager's heart. Confusedly, as on waking one seeks to weave into form the fragmentary tissues of a dream, so she sought to gather up anew those obscure memories—memories of another home, another people, and another tongue.

The clear brook where Mary went daily to dip water, mirrored a face paler and fairer than any among the women of the Norridgewogs; the Jesuit priest, who visited her lodge often, and learned her the French tongue and the creed of his Catholic faith, had questioned her of her birth and childhood; but memory failed to recall

a connected story of her life's early morning to the poor girl. True, she had an indistinct impression of another home than Pealsweep's wigwam among the mountain forests; but what child of scarce three summers ever carries into its future the vivid memories of its babyhood? Neither did Mary; and from the terror incident upon her captivity, and a long slumber in the old Indian's arms, which succeeded her first burst of baby-weeping, she awoke to be soothed by Pealsweep's strangely tender words (for the heart of the child had unaccountably subdued the savage heart); played and laughed over the gay eagle feathers and scarlet-dyed furs in which he arrayed her; and so grew up in his cabin, contented with her lot; and when Okeejis came to ask her for his squaw, she willingly rose, and putting her hand in his, followed him toward his home, "on the big river toward the sunrise."

Pealsweep had bestowed upon her the Indian name of Wenonah, and she had forgotten any other; but that night, as she sat in the door of the lodge, the setting sunlight gleaming over her faxen hair, which time had scarcely changed to a deeper brown, and her thoughts strangely endeavoring to pierce the dusky past, a bent and travel-stained white man came wandering through the Indian village, till he reached Okeejis's wigwam, then sank wearily on his knees before her, and with beseeching gaze and the father tone in his voice, cried, "Mary! Mary!" Then, the pale flower suddenly sprang forward, a new light pierced the mists of her brain, red and white alternately contended on her cheeks, till she sank with a wild cry into the arms of her father.

"Why does Wenonah kneel at the pale face's feet? Is Okeejis's squaw a dog that she should do this?" sternly exclaimed the young warrior, coming towards them from the forest, his boy holding his hand in shy wonder at the strange scene before them.

"Touch her not; let her rest here upon my arm! You would not part me from my child?" implored Thomas Crager, clasping her closely.

And sternly the young warrior stood a moment silently eyeing the pair, then taking his boy's hand, turned away, and rapidly walked in the direction of the village. Late at night he hurriedly returned, and, standing before Thomas Crager, spoke briefly:

"Okeejis bears no evil against his pale brother; but his tribe must not find him in the wigwam of a Norridgewog. Already the braves are on his trail, and Okeejis cannot save him. Let Wenonah choose between the pale face old man and the young warrior who took her to his lodge and made her the mother of his boy!"

Wenonah rose, unclasped her arms from her father's neck, and put her hand in that of Okeejis. Much as she had experienced of happiness in her new-found father; much as she had learned in those hours when the mists had been lifted from her brain; much as her heart went out toward him, yet the associations of her later life, and the love that satisfied her spirit, could not let her follow him. Here, in this Indian village was her home; in this Indian lodge, with its fawn-skin couch, its ornaments of eagle's feathers, elk's horns, and mats of curiously wrought handiwork, dwelt her household treasures—Okeejis and her dark-eyed boy. At heart she was an Indian! Silently, she stepped to Okeejis's side, and put her hand in his.

It was enough! Thomas Crager staggered to his feet and approached his child, clasped her in a long embrace, then put her away with a look of mournful agony in his faded old eyes; feebly groped away a few paces, then returned, and with his hunting knife severed a long lock of her shining hair, which he folded with the bit of faded blue calico, and hid in his breast; then, leaning heavily on his staff, like one stricken with a great age, walked away in the direction of the southern forest.

And Wenonah dropped a tear upon the face of her sleeping boy whom she took from Okeejis's arms, and bore silently into the wigwam. And when, later, a band of Indians armed with war clubs and spears, came to Okeejis's lodge, and demanded the pale face whom their women had seen at sunset bending his steps through their village, the young warrior, raising his deer skin from over the door, stepped forth and said:

"Braves and brothers,—would ye hew down the blasted tree whence the lightning has already stripped every green twig? The pale face, old, feeble, and just ready to be summoned to his own hunting ground, was the aged tree; Wenonah, who rests on my deer skin, is the tender twig! His feet make their homeward trail through yonder forest; but he who seeks to follow him hath made Okeejis his deadly foe for ever after! Okeejis hath spoken!" And dropping the deer-skin curtain, the warrior left them.

Silently, with no word of demur, the braves went back to the village.

A month after, a party of settlers, climbing the mountains, found—lying stark and dead in his cabin—the White Mountain hermit. His wrinkled face wore the sad expression that had characterized it in life; his attire was torn and travel stained; his rough moccasins were cut into hanging shreds, as though he had been afar

on a long and perilous journey; and, in his stiff, clasped fingers, he clutched a faded bit of calico, and a long, sunny tress of hair. So died Thomas Crager.

Interested recently in the perusal of a valuable little work entitled "Historical Relics of the White Mountains," it occurred to me that a tale woven from some of the old legends therein recorded, might not be uninteresting; thus, in the preceding story, have I borne in mind the assertion of the author of the volume referred to, that "wild traditions that stalk before us like gigantic shadows speaking from the past, say whether false or true, time-honored fictions in this imaginative age, are as much a legal tender for the literary world as modern facts."

Many years have vanished since those early times; settlements have given place to prosperous towns and cities; the name, "Crystal Hills," lives only in old New Hampshire history; "Agiochook," no longer "the mountain of the snowy forehead and home of the Great Spirit," has been christened anew, "Mount Washington;" the red man, with his poetical nature and sublime fancies, has almost disappeared from our eastern border—a feeble remnant wending their weary footsteps ever westward toward the setting sun—leaving no record behind, save the beautiful names with which they baptized our lakes and rivers, and the memory of those wild, fantastic legends which ought not to fade, but furnish themes for the novelist's pen.

SOURCES OF HAPPINESS.

If you would enjoy the theatre, pay for your admission; if you would stand well with your friends, give them good diners and plenty of them; if you are anxious to spend a fortune, publish books at your own expense; if you want to pass a pleasant day, there's the Thames Tunnel open to you; if you are fond of scandal, live in a boarding house; if you have a taste for law, buy horses and be sure you have a warranty with each of them; if your pleasure lies in grumbling, turn vestryman; if you would sleep soundly, keep the baby out of the room; if you would live happily with your wife, never contradict her; if you would live at peace and good will with all men, get the situation of toll keeper at Waterloo Bridge.—*Punch*.

THE BEST TIME TO FRET.

Two gardeners had their crops of pens killed by the frost, one of whom, who had fretted greatly, and grumbled at his loss, visiting his neighbor, some time after, was astonished to see another fine crop growing, and inquired how it could be. "These are what I sowed while you were fretting," was the reply. "Why, don't you ever fret?" "Yes; but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief." "Why, then there's no need to fret at all." "True; that's the reason I put it off."—*Farmer's Cabinet*.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL JACKSON.

In one of the Indian campaigns, while the army was on the march, still in Tennessee on its way to the scene of war, in Alabama, a drafted company was expected daily to overtake the main body of troops. The company at length reached the rear of the train. Information of their approach was immediately carried to the front, where Jackson was at the time. As the messenger passed from rear to front, the fact that his company had come without arms, having left their guns at home, was made known along the whole line. It was known to the entire army before it reached Jackson's ears. Curiosity was on tip-toe to know how the irascible commander would act under such circumstances. A storm was anticipated. Soon the general was observed making his way rapidly to the rear, and to the surprise of all parties, seeming in rather a smiling humor. Finally he met the company. He saluted them. They looked for a volley of curses and immediate dismissal home—the very thing they desired. Not so, however. Old Hickory pulled off his hat, and with the politest and lowliest bow, he expressed his gratification at their arrival, and especially at the fact that they had no guns—the very men that he wanted, just as he desired them, without arms. Forming them for rapid motion, at double quick step, under his own lead, they marched on until a baggage wagon was reached, then halted, and each man furnished with an axe. Forward, march! again was the word. As they passed along the line of march, the general's object was seen, and laughter, loud and uproarious, with many a hearty cheer, saluted them as they made their way to the front. There these axemen were initiated into their campaign duties. They cleared the roads, they bridged the creeks, or carried the wagons, the baggage, ammunition, etc., over on their backs when the bridges were impassable. They were ever in a post of danger, bearing the burdens of the campaign, sharing none of its honors—and the laughing-stock of the whole regiment.—*Mobile Mercury*.

A WALK ROUND LONDON.

When the stone in Panyer's alley was placed on its site three centuries since, the circumference was about five miles. At present, however, to take a pedestrian expedition around the metropolis would to some persons be an undertaking of some importance, as may be seen by referring to the following particulars which have been gathered from a recently published map: From Chiswick to Kentish-town, 12 miles; from Kentish-town to Millwall 17 1-2 miles; from Millwall to Chiswick, 28 miles—total, 57 1-2 miles; very nearly three days' journey at the rate of 20 miles a day; and it will be observed that in the line drawn, Battersea, Clapham, Canningtown and other places, which even at present can be scarcely said to be separated from London, have been left out. "As the crow would fly" across streets and houses from the point whence we started at Chiswick to the furthest east, the distance is nearly eleven miles, and the greatest width from north to south upwards of seven miles.—*The Builder*.

We do not possess what we do not understand.

REFORM.

BY MRS. E. S. ANDREWS.

Reform! reform! on every side
 We hear it echo far and wide,
 Though not in deeds, only in sound,
 Only in precept we abound;
 Reform in dress, reform in schools,
 Heaven help us to reform the fools.
 We scour and scrub the cup and platter
 Outside, supposing 'tis no matter
 How loud or much the inside groans,
 With rubbish, filth and dead men's bones.
 Some seek their own defects to screen,
 By feathers, lace and crinoline;
 With gossamer their webs they weave,
 And some take refuge in a sleeve.
 If we would but cast out the beam
 From our own eyes, more clearly seen
 Might be the mote in others' eyes;
 E'en hoops would lose one half their size,
 For while we prate of fashion's trammels,
 We strain at goats, and swallow camels;
 Far better 'twere to mend our lives,
 Teach by example, and despoil
 The paltry trappings pride and sin
 Clothe their vain, idle votaries in.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

BY EDGAR L. HAMMOND.

It was a plainly-furnished, poor-looking apartment in a small house in the outskirts of the city; and yet, plainly-furnished and poor-looking as it was, this room served as parlor, sitting-room and kitchen, all in one, to those who, until a few months since, had never dreamed of the ills of poverty. It had a single occupant, a pale, sad, anxious looking, yet still beautiful woman, of some thirty-five years, clad in black garments, the robes of widowhood. She was fair, and slender, and delicate; her white, well kept hands showed her unused to toil; but, in the light of the sunset, she was stitching patiently and earnestly away upon some coarse heavy work, ill-fitted for those slight fingers; work such as is found in plenty in close-piled warerooms, by starving seamstresses, but for which is received a pittance that is but the mockery of remuneration, that scarce serves to keep soul and body together. Work, over which are shed bitter, bitter tears of despair and heart-anguish, by strained and toil-worn eyes, that must not close above their labor, even though midnight overtake them, and the dawn find them still plying their task, lest the morrow's bread be wanting, and a more terrible fate shall come.

But Emily Selden, though her tired heart might well give way, dared not weep those tears

that many another wept, pursuing tasks like this. They must be kept back, they were a dangerous luxury, and she had a struggle before her that they would not help.

Six months since, in the capital of a distant State, her husband had been a rich and prosperous merchant; but the tide of fortune has its turns for all, and the man who called himself wealthy, wealthy though he might be that day, was a beggar the next. Then the poverty-stricken family, the father, and mother, and their one boy came hither in the hope of a change. There came a change indeed, in the guise of death that took away the main stay of that little band, and left the mother and her son alone to battle with their fate, strangers as they were, in a strange land. They had lived, and that was all, since then, and now, their slender means, the little sum that Mrs. Selden had left after her husband's funeral, was entirely exhausted.

For many a day back young Harry Selden, a boy of fourteen, had been seeking employment. His mother was glad to obtain even the wretched occupation that engaged her now; but every anxious effort had been unavailing, and upon the miserable sum she earned so painfully, it was impossible to subsist. What were they to do?

To-night, Harry Selden, after a day of weary, heart-breaking, fruitless search for work, came home tired and despairing, his frank, ingenious young face betraying his sad feelings. His mother's anxious countenance questioned him concerning his success, as she put aside her work to welcome the weary lad; but she saw only disappointment in his dark eyes, and her heart sank.

"No better fortune to-day than yesterday, mother," he said, with a half sigh. "No one wants a clerk, no one a salesman. No one wants even an errand-boy." He smiled a half bitter smile as he said it.

"Did you ask to be that, Harry?"

Was the mother to be blamed that a secret pain filled her heart as she asked the question? Her handsome, high-bred delicate boy—Edward Selden's son, of whom he had been so proud—an errand-boy! She had hoped for something a little higher. But Harry himself checked the rising feeling of humiliation that, for an instant, possessed the breast of each. He was very young, and had both pride and ambition; but he had a liberal share of strong good sense, as well; and he saw that pride and poverty, in his case, must not interfere with each other.

"Yes, I asked for that, mother!" he said, quietly and seriously; his voice had no longer the sarcastic tone of the previous moment. "For I could get no other situation, and I thought that.

would be better than nothing; but not even that was to be had."

He sighed again, unconsciously, as he concluded. The sigh was echoed faintly from his mother's lips as she turned hopelessly away. Even more than usual trouble sat upon her brow to-night. The boy's attention was drawn sorrowfully to her unquiet countenance.

"What has happened since I went away—anything, mother?" he asked. "Surely, nothing new in the way of misfortune has befallen us!"

"Mrs. Gray came up this morning, and asked for the rent," his mother's voice trembled as she said it; "it is due two weeks now. She must have it to-morrow, or at least a part of it. It is four dollars, and we have not half a dollar in the world, Harry!"

She turned away again with the tears that would rise now, choking her utterance; and Harry covered his face with his hands, in utter despair. But it was only for a moment, he would not give way long.

"Never mind, mother," he said, "we shall not gain the means to pay it, by lamenting over the necessity. Let us hope, at least. Mrs. Gray, you say must have at least a part of the rent, to-morrow? Then I must get it, that is all. Courage, mother! To-morrow I will try again. Who knows what good fortune I may meet with?"

Even through her tears, Emily Selden smiled.

"Harry, you are a dear, brave boy! You give me courage!"

They talked with each other hopefully that night; but the next morning, with the first waking thought of each presenting to them, bare and harsh, the reality of their almost destitute state, and the debt which they had no means of paying, neither could speak a light-hearted word. Their prospect was one of desolation and dread. What was there—who was there, to keep them from starvation? for it seemed rapidly coming to that.

The boy went out that morning with a heavy heart; and the debt he and his mother owed to Mrs. Gray following him like a spectre. Slowly he walked along the streets, looking with an almost despairing glance about him, in what seemed truly the vain hope of seeing some place where he should be likely to find employment.

With his attention wandering from the path before him, a sudden stumble over some obstacle in the way warned him to heed his steps. Recovering himself, he beheld a huge pile of wood lying on the sidewalk, and the stick which had caused him to stumble rolling off into the street. At the same time the shrill voice of a bustling maid servant was heard in the doorway of the house he was passing, scolding smartly because

"that stupid teamster" had left the load of wood lying there, and brought no one to saw it; and there was nothing to make a fire to get dinner. Her mistress came along, and in her turn viewed the load of wood upon the sidewalk.

"Something must be done, Ellen," she said. "It must not be left lying there, at any rate. Who can we get to saw it?"

It was no wonder if she was a little astonished, to behold a handsome, bright-looking lad of some sixteen years, neatly clad, though with garments a little threadbare, step forward, saying, half eagerly, and yet with evident hesitancy, "Madam, if you wish, I will do it."

His voice trembled as he uttered these words. He seemed to grow pale as he awaited her answer.

She regarded him with curiosity and surprise. "You?" she said, involuntarily aloud, and with an accent of perplexed astonishment.

A burning blush covered the boy's brow for a moment, then faded away.

"Yes, madam," he answered.

She looked at him still, unable to reconcile the boy's appearance with his strange request. He was nothing less than a gentleman's son, and he offered to saw her wood! But he was waiting; and suppressing her astonishment, she answered:

"I should be very glad to have it done, if you are willing—and able. You will find it hard work, I am afraid. Ellen, bring the saw and the rest of the things from the cellar."

It was done. She told the boy he might throw the wood through the cellar window, which the maid had opened, then went in and shut the door.

Harry Selden's face burned again, as he took the saw in his hand, and that hand trembled like a leaf. But a moment, and he resolutely shook off the strange sensation his novel position led him to experience. "Nonsense!" he said to himself, "what a coward! No indeed! I am going to carry Mrs. Gray a portion of her rent money this afternoon."

He set out bravely to perform his task. It was a strange one, but he had watched men doing this work, hundreds of times. It was hard work, as he had been told, but he was not afraid of hard work, he was young and strong. It would take him a long time, but he would be willing to work twice as long, for the reward he should gain. He was only too glad to be permitted to do it at all. A stout, well-dressed, elderly gentleman who was passing while this little scene was progressing, regarded Harry with curious and attentive looks. In the boy's gentlemanly yet impoverished appearance, his eagerness to obtain this employment, humble as it was, and

in the hot, evanescent blush, manifesting a brief feeling of shame, overcome by a strong will, and a truly sensible mind, he read Harry's story.

"There's a lad who'll make his way in the world!" he muttered, to himself, as he passed along.

Meanwhile, Harry had commenced his task, and though he handled it somewhat awkwardly, so that it gave him the greater trouble, he persevered and made tolerable progress. After awhile the saw no longer caught in the wood, and jerked, and stood still, but ran smoothly along, and began to give him some satisfaction. Stick after stick was severed, and added to the now rapidly growing pile down in the cellar. The labor was fatiguing, and Harry's arms ached; but he worked on.

Three hours passed away, and as he plied his task with an unwearied determination, there came along again the old gentleman of the morning. He halted, and looked steadily at the boy.

"You are working hard there, my lad," he observed.

"Rather—yes, sir," Harry answered, speaking quietly, but slightly coloring.

"Not doing it for amusement, eh?" he said.

"Hardly, sir," answered Harry, gently and respectfully; "no, not for amusement, certainly, but from necessity!"

"That same necessity is something of a tyrant! I have found it so myself. But your father might have hired a wood-sawyer" (the old gentleman pretended to be ignorant of the true state of affairs), "your father might have hired a wood-sawyer to do his work. You ought to be at school."

"It is not my father who lives here, sir," said Harry; "the people for whom I do this work are strangers to me, and they hired me, as they would have hired any one else. I needed work, and was seeking for it."

He said all this quietly and straight-forwardly, too manly to feel false shame because of his position.

"O—ah, yes—yes—yes! I comprehend now," said the old gentleman, nodding his head several times, "I comprehend now. So you were looking for work? Well, but you might have found employment of a higher grade than this, I should say?"

"I should have liked something different, of course, sir. I tried, and tried very earnestly; too, for several weeks, to get a place in an office, or a store, or something of the kind; but there were too many applicants already."

"All the places filled, eh? Well, even in that case, a good recommendation may do won-

ders. Had you no wealthy friend to help you?"

"None, sir. I am a stranger in the city."

This answer called two or three fresh questions from the old gentleman, which drew from Harry the history of his family fortunes and misfortunes; and to this account his auditor listened with the deepest attention. There were very few with whom the lad would have been so frank, but there was something in the countenance of his questioner, so much of kindness, of interest and sympathy, in that and in his manner of questioning, that Harry's confidence was at once gained. The old gentleman heard him to the end, and then seemed to fall into thought. Soon, however, he roused himself from his reverie.

"Yours is a very interesting history, my lad," he said. "You have truly fallen into sad circumstances; the exertions you have made to extricate yourself are truly creditable. But there are not many who in your place, would be willing to push those exertions so far; scarce one who would not consider himself degraded by doing what you are doing now. They would be ashamed to do it. How is it with you?"

"I do not feel myself degraded, sir," was Harry's quiet, respectful, yet dignified reply. "I am not ashamed of an honorable employment. I do not like it, it is true—this wood sawing; but it is an honest occupation at least, and as for those who would sneer at it, their opinion would not trouble me, for I should not for one moment think it worth caring for."

Harry continuing his task, did not see the expression of pleasure that the declaration of these independent sentiments caused to light up in the countenance of his hearer. But the old gentleman made no observation concerning them. However, after a moment's silence, he said:

"So, my boy, you would like something different from this to do? some occupation more congenial to your tastes? I think I may do something for you. If you will put on your jacket, now," (he watched Harry narrowly, as he made this proposition,) "if you will put on your jacket, throw aside these tools, and go with me to my office."

Harry had looked suddenly up, with an eager face, and had suspended his task at these delightful words.

"You are very good!" he said, smiling brightly, "you are very good indeed." Here, however, his glance turned, as he bethought himself at that moment, to the work upon which he was engaged. The smile half-faded from his face, lost in a thoughtful and slightly anxious look. "But, sir," he continued, "much as I should like to, I can-

not go just now, anywhere. I have engaged to saw this wood, and I must not leave it until it is finished. You see, however, it is more than half done, already. I should be very glad to see you this afternoon, or in the evening, if you please."

"You consider yourself bound, then, to finish what you have engaged to do?" queried the old gentleman, without answering this last remark directly.

"O, yes, sir," answered Harry, in a subdued, yet somewhat surprised and anxious tone, "certainly I do."

The gentleman slightly smiled, a smile of secret satisfaction at the result of his clever test of Harry's principles.

"Well, well, my lad," he said, cheerfully, "go on with your work, finish it up well, and then go home. And instead of your coming to see me, I will come and see you, this evening at eight o'clock. Let me write down your address, if you please." And he took a pocket-book and pencil from his pocket.

Harry told him the street and the number; the old gentleman noted both, put up the book and pencil, and then gave his card to Harry. "And now," he said, with a smile, "let us shake hands, my young friend. People do shake hands over a bargain, don't they? And ours is almost that."

A cordial smile brightened Harry's face, too; and they shook hands like old friends and parted.

The boy would almost have thought it all a dream, when the gentleman was gone, but for the card that lay in his hand, and which he now examined for the first time. It bore the address of one of the most eminent merchants in the city. He finished his work, received a dollar and a half, and with a light and joyful heart, though with weary limbs, went home. His mother, who had been somewhat troubled at his long absence, welcomed him gladly, while, with a quick glance, reading the good news in his face, she inquired, with sanguine hopes, concerning his success. Her joy was no less than his as he told her.

"It is excellent, Harry!" she said, smiling. "Well, we will pay what you have received to Mrs. Gray. Then you shall have some supper; you need it sadly, my poor, tired boy! and we will talk over your new hopes."

Those hopes were sweet, they were destined not to be disappointed. That evening, according to appointment, and exactly at the set time, Harry's friend appeared. An hour's conversation he held with the lad and his mother, during which time Harry passed an extremely satisfac-

tory examination of his qualifications for the office of merchant's clerk.

The day after, he was at his desk in the counting-room of Mr. R——, engaged at a salary sufficient to support himself and his mother comfortably; the first quarter being paid in advance. The rooms at Mrs. Gray's were abandoned, and a small but pretty house taken, situated in a pleasanter neighborhood.

This was the beginning of Harry's good fortune. The good impressions which he and his employer had received of each other at their first meeting, were strengthened and confirmed as time went by, and the merchant learned to prize his clerk, and the clerk his master. A few years from the time of his engagement there, Harry became a partner in the business; and at the present day, is one of the richest merchants in the city of his adoption.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS IN INDIA.

During the nights in the month of May, it is impossible to sleep with closed windows, and nearly as impossible to do so with open ones. Thus sleep is almost hopeless. The beasts, the birds, the insects, the reptiles, appear to join in one universal tumult, and even human beings seem to take very little repose. In a temple, not far off, a priest is beating a drum, and I conclude, invoking the help of some god or goddess. When the drumming ceases I sink into a doze, but to be again roused by howling jackals, tearing over the flats in pursuit of prey, by the hooting of the "night hawk," (as it is called here, though it is, in fact, a screech-owl), then by the deep-toned note of an enormous frog, mingled with the "chip-chip" of many a grasshopper, and about daylight a lively bird, anxious to be "up and doing," begins a merry chirp, or a crow, with his vulgar "caw, caw," destroys all hope of rest. At last, as day dawns, I see, outside the bed, those little greedy mosquitoes clinging to the curtains, and staring at me, thinking how eatable I would be; and I rise, weary and little refreshed, to go to the launch of a ship at the dock-yard in the fort.—*Journal by the Viscountess Falkland.*

TO WINE DRINKERS.

General Cary, in the address which he delivered before the Sons of Temperance, stated that a friend of his, while travelling in Paris, thought he would take what is called in that city a wine bath. He found it to be very refreshing. He was waited upon by a colored servant who had fled from the United States to avoid the fugitive law. He asked the waiter how it was that such large quantities of wine could be used for such a purpose. "It must be very expensive," said he. "O," said the waiter, "the same wine which you have used is run through all the baths in the establishment."

"And what do you do with it then?" said the verdant American.

"O, we bottle it up and send it to the United States to be drank."—*Medical Journal.*

HAPPY AS A QUEEN.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

EVERY one has seen the beautiful engraving which bears the above title; yet perhaps not every one knows the history attached to it. The engraving itself is a perfect gem. A lovely English girl is returning from reaping. Her full apron is drawn up in one hand, and filled with wheat with the sickle resting upon it. But the glory of her harvest is upon her head, where she carries a full sheaf; and, around the top, her broad straw hat is coquettishly tied, just above where it would rest upon her brow. Her graceful foot is so cunningly arched, that a stream of water would flow within the hollow; and the hands bear no mark of hardship, yet are dark, as if the sun had smiled upon their original whiteness.

Mary Warwick was the daughter of an English clergyman, a man of strong sensibility, nay, of a sensitiveness too deep for his peace of mind, in a community like that in which he tried to dispense the word. They were a rough, unsympathizing, rude and unfeeling people; and the way in which Mr. Warwick's ministrations were received and commented upon, almost broke his sensitive heart.

Rude as they were, they were dear to him as human beings, as souls who were under his immediate pastoral charge; and towards whom he hoped and believed he had done his duty as far as they would accept his ministry. But health, as well as spirits, had given out; and with a beating heart and trembling voice, the worn-out pastor had stood up in the pulpit for the last time, and dissolved the connections which in many respects had been so painful to his feelings.

His wife, a tender-hearted woman, had borne this trial better than he had done. For trial it truly was, to give up the support of his declining years, and to see no way by which the maintenance could be sustained. He decided to retire to a small place which he inherited from his father, some fifty miles distant, and try to cultivate it sufficiently to keep life within them. It could hardly be called a farm, but if care were taken of the land, he hoped to make it productive enough for support. Every foot of it was planted, and they were waiting for the harvest, when Mr. Warwick was taken suddenly ill; and a rheumatic fever, caught in weeding, left him weak and lame.

Mary Warwick was in all this her father's stay and dependence. With her education—for her father had taught her all he knew, and her mother, an accomplished woman, had perfected

the lighter part—she might have obtained almost any remuneration she had required, in some seminary; but she would never leave her father and mother, and preferred to share the poverty which she feared might come with swifter wing, if she were not there to avert it.

The house, which had belonged to Mr. Warwick's father, was an old one, of small dimensions, and with few conveniences. But it was pretty and picturesque notwithstanding, embowered in trees, and with the large flower garden in front, filled with rare and beautiful plants and shrubbery, and with a rustic summer house, made of twisted branches, and the pretty brook that ran gurgling at the foot of the garden. And Mary was almost always out of doors, with her broad straw hat and her loose morning dress, for she had only the assistance of an awkward country lad in performing all her gardening; and it was now a matter of doubt how she should ever get in the harvest. But a few kind friends, newly made, too, came forward and offered their services, and found them gladly accepted. Mary was the queen of the harvest, and she bound sheaves and tied her straw hat over them, and bore them home to her father's room, to let him see how well everything was done in his sickness.

Never had Mary looked so well, so graceful, or so animated, as on this afternoon. The exercise had brought a healthful glow to a cheek which, since her father's illness, had been too pale for beauty; and the graceful poising of the wheat upon her head, added new charms to her fine, free step, and the easy carriage of her whole figure.

Her father looked at her with an expression of deep love, almost amounting to reverence; for to him her face was so like the face of an angel, and Mr. Warwick had ever a sense of the divine in the human. Even in the unhappy boy who, years before, corrupted by the influences of that people over whom Mr. Warwick's vital energies had been worn out—even in him, unkind and ungrateful as he had been, his father recognized a spark of the heavenly fire which, he prayed God, might some day, gleam out into a better life, and bring home the wanderer.

Except for this one recollection of her unhappy brother, Mary Warwick's life passed as beautifully calm and serene, as if she had been cradled in luxury. She loved Nature, delighted alike in the sublime or beautiful manifestations of her presence; and her heart sought for no other home than this, in which to spend her days. The coarse and simple fare, the inexpensive clothing, the absence of all luxury, were matters of small account to her who found her best joys in family

affections, in the study of Nature, and in the resources of a healthful, intellectual training, combined with a perfect and uninterrupted state of health. Reasoning like her father, that in the right time and right manner, Herbert Warwick would be restored, she left the event to God, and never, by giving way to a morbid and useless sensibility, embittered her own or her parent's life.

So, whoever marked the young girl returning on this said afternoon, from the narrow field which was to supply them with bread for a year, would have taken that bright, hopeful, yet serene look for perfect happiness. "Happy as a queen" is too poor an expression for the serene happiness which shone out in her countenance—the consciousness of doing and feeling rightly.

Happy as a queen! Ah, not a crowned head, from Philippa down to Victoria, but might have envied the wheat-crowned maiden of English Roseneath. So thought another person who was looking from an opposite point of view, as Mary began to ascend the little slope which led to the cottage. For lo, as she came between two rows of embowering trees, a pair of bright eyes were gazing with looks of undisguised admiration upon the being whom he had just been sketching.

"You have omitted my favorite tree," pointing to a willow that stood at the extreme end of the avenue where she had entered; and stooping down, she took the pencil, and with a few rapid touches, all encumbered as she was with wheat and sickle, she added the willow to his sketch. The artist looked up surprised, and she had then an opportunity of seeing him fully. He was not young; at least, he seemed somewhat past thirty. A bronzed cheek, and a brow somewhat darker than was probably natural, showed that he had not shunned the outer air; while his hair was not careless nor dishevelled, as is often the case with his class, but curled close to his head, in short, crisp curls. Then, observable above all other features, were the glorious brown eyes, bright yet soft, and bending upon her with a look that told plainly that he was astonished to find such a being, in such a place, and with such surroundings.

The moment that look met Mary's eye, she colored painfully and turned away. What possessed her, she thought, to display her knowledge of drawing to a stranger? She thought now that she would be almost willing to blot out from the landscape the beloved willow, if by so doing she could take back her hasty and inconsiderate act. What could he think of her? She walked off in the mortification of the moment, and hastening to her father's side, she told him the circum-

stances under which she had met the stranger.

"And left him thus inhospitably, my daughter? That is not like you at all. Go out to him again, darling, and if he thinks enough of our poor place to transfer it to paper, he must share its hospitalities."

Conscious that she had left the stranger too abruptly, she went back to him and delivered her father's message. He followed her to the house, where Mrs. Warwick had already prepared tea, and welcomed him with undisguised politeness. Her husband, with his large chair wheeled round beside her, met him with cordiality, and the four sat down to a meal seasoned with cheerful talk of harvests and autumnal scenery and country life. By the time tea was over, they seemed like the acquaintance of months at least.

Mr. Warwick had not been so cheerful for a long time; and when the stranger, who gave his name as Walsingham, arose to go, they urged him so strongly to stay all night and Mrs. Warwick seconded the invitation very warmly, that he accepted at once.

"It is so seldom," said Mr. Warwick, "that in these days, we find a cultivated person to talk to, that we esteem it as a great favor."

"Thank you for the compliment, which I can return with interest. It will give me great pleasure to stay."

And Mary Warwick, hard-working as she had been on that day, went cheerfully to prepare a room for the stranger; their only spare room in fact, but where everything was of the most delicate neatness, and where a hundred little specimens of Mary's industry were gathered.

Mr. Walsingham sat long by the window, after he went to his room, listening to the musical flow of the brook, and revolving in his mind both sweet and bitter memories. We will not look now at his past life, but let it develop itself gradually. It is enough to say, that, in his dearest and most deeply cherished hopes, he had been cruelly wounded and disappointed.

He sat long, and thought deeply. Here was his host, a man of superior education, his daughter evidently well educated, intellectual and accomplished, living in seclusion, and only keeping poverty from the door, by hard and unremitting labor on the part of the daughter. Yet he saw all this submitted to, not only with patience and resignation, but with a true and natural cheerfulness, which made every duty seem like a voluntary pleasure. With wants infinitely fewer and more circumscribed than he had ever dreamed of, there seemed to be a healthful life—a real heart and soul life, as much above the lofty ones of earth whom he had been accustomed to mate

vid, as the heavens were above the earth. Much of this impression of Walsingham's arose from what was said by Mr. Warwick the previous evening, but still more was inferred by his own new power of perception. His was a mind that could seize at once upon the finer qualities of another mind, and placing the fragments together, could make the finest Mosaic—each part fitting just in the right place. Nor was he ever wrong in his estimate of character. Mary Warwick's was as transparent to him on that evening, as it was years afterwards. He saw her as she was:

"A spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."

And he asked his heart if the beings with whom he had associated, the gay, painted butterflies of wealth and fashion, could ever compete with a woman like this. Still, he had learned too much to commit himself. He remembered the time when a show of simplicity could deceive him, and he hardly dared to trust his maturer judgment.

He slept that night, but instead of dreaming of Mary Warwick, as he expected, his sleeping thoughts were far off in the past, that which had been so fruitful to him in bitterness. He was awakened by the broad sun pouring into his chamber window through thin muslin curtains, and on dressing and looking out into the garden, he saw Mary out, feeding the chickens, opening the large gate for the cows to pass out, and, with her own hands drawing water for the old horse who laid his head upon her arm, as if to express his thanks.

He sat still as he watched her tying up the falling trellises, cutting dead leaves and branches, and trying to cheat autumn into the semblance of another summer, by preserving all that was most blooming and beautiful from its fading treasures. When he joined them all at breakfast, he felt that he knew more of their life, internally and externally, than he should have learned of men, by months of intercourse.

It was the first day of England's merry month of May. Mary Warwick was out in the warm sunshine, scattering seeds, and here and there tying up some fallen perennial which the snow had bent too low. Her look was as cheerful as when we last saw her, but somehow, not quite so serene. Mr. Walsingham had come and gone, and had left a memory in her heart like a ripple on the bosom of the summer sea. She dared not ask herself if his presence was necessary to her happiness.

She did not know what a generous errand Walsingham had gone upon. She did not know

that her father had told him what he had never named to any one before—his anxiety for Herbert. In the brief week which the artist had spent in their home the preceding autumn, he had so won upon the heart of her father, that he had unfolded to him his whole life. When, therefore, the old pastor had spoken freely of his son, Walsingham's resolution was taken. He was about to travel, and having an indistinct memory of meeting some one on his last tour, who answered the description of Herbert Warwick, he determined to seek, and if possible to restore him to his family.

In parting, he had been kind and friendly, but had said nothing feverlike or pointed; and Mary, her heart and thoughts full of the interesting stranger, had often wondered if this were the end of an intercourse so delightful as this had been. As if he had read her thoughts, and come to her at the call which her spirit had sent out towards him, Walsingham was at that moment lifting the latch of the garden gate, and stood before her! Blushing as deeply as if he could have read her thoughts for the last half hour, she stood among her rose trees, speechless and ashamed. Not so Walsingham. He met her with a warmth and even tenderness which his formal parting had hardly warranted; asked her twenty questions in a moment without waiting for an answer, and seemed like a man whose cup is absolutely running over with happiness. She thought him strange and incomprehensible; but was reassured when he begged her to conduct him to her father.

They were closeted long together; and Mary and her mother began to think they would never come to breakfast. These two sat in the breakfast room, which was densely shaded with vines creeping over the windows; and they did not see the stranger who, while they sat there, had entered the door, and gone straight to Mr. Warwick's room.

Tired of the long delay, Mrs. Warwick and Mary began impatiently to pace the hall, passing and re-passing Mr. Warwick's room, and musing over the probable spoiling of coffee and toast, when Mary, who knew she would be forgiven by her father for any interruption she could make, drew her mother close to the door and opened it, calling her father and Mr. Walsingham to come instantly to breakfast. Before the words had left her lips, she was aware that some other person was in the room.

On his knees beside Mr. Warwick's chair, was a thin, feeble-looking figure, whose head was bent down upon her father's lap; while Walsingham was standing with clasped hands, as if

thanking God for the sight. The noise Mary made in opening the door, startled them all from their positions. The kneeling figure rose and turned round towards her. The face was pale as a snow-wreath, and made paler by the masses of black hair which hung around the temples, and the long, black beard that concealed the lower part of the face. But the eyes! Mary knew them to be Herbert's, and so did her mother, whom they would willingly have spared so abrupt a meeting. She rushed forward, and threw her arms about her son's neck with a fervor that told him how fully the dark past was forgiven.

"This was your work, Mr. Walsingham," when the excitement of the meeting had in some degree subsided. And the look which she gave him repaid him a thousand times over. He had taken, at least, the surest way to the hearts of the family in whom he had taken so strange an interest.

Herbert would tell his own version of the story, notwithstanding Walsingham's disclaimers. The latter had found the object of his search, by paying large sums of money to different people. He had discovered him at last, just recovering from a fever, which he had unfortunately caught when he was on the point of going home. The fever which had exhausted his strength, had shown him how foolish he had been ever to quit that home, and his resolution to return was strengthened. The follies of his youth had given way to a calm and reasonable manhood; but he had dreaded to test the affection he had so slighted, by returning before.

He had said to himself so many times, "I will go as soon as this, or that is attained!" But his sickness increased and his funds decreased; and he was fast sinking into utter despondency, when Walsingham, like a good angel, came to his relief, and assuming the care and kindness of a brother, he paid his debts, and hurried him off to England—to Roseneath—a great surprise to Herbert, who had not known of the removal from Landedowne. To Roseneath then, he bore him, every breath of his native air bringing new strength to his frame; and never rested till he saw him restored to the arms of the mother who had sorrowed for her child, almost as they who sorrow without hope.

In Mary's mind, there was yet a problem to be solved. How could the poor artist do all this for her brother? Only by the greatest sacrifices, surely; and she felt certain that Mr. Walsingham's next years must be years of toil for this generous interest in their family. The idea pained and troubled her, because they had noth-

ing to repay it; but so far from entering new toils, Walsingham staid on at Roseneath, as if no haste was necessary.

May and June had passed. Herbert was fully recovered, radiant with health, and with a developed character which his early mistakes would hardly have warranted them to expect. An unknown friend had sent him the means of entering into a lucrative business, and he would henceforth live at Roseneath, to cheer and comfort the declining days of his parents, and be a protector to his beautiful sister.

There was one who would gladly take the latter character upon himself—the artist, Walsingham. And in a few brief words, by the pretty willow which hung over the silvery brook—the same willow which she had added to his sketch—he told her that she could make the happiness of his lonely life. The glow which overspread Mary's cheek was not caused by anger. It told him how truly he could trust the faithful heart, from whence it sprang into that speaking face.

When she had accepted the heart he offered, then, and not till then, did her artist lover tell her that he was no poor painter, toiling for daily bread, but a rich, independent gentleman, who, having an irresistible desire to travel, had determined to do so in a way most congenial to his taste. He had been bitterly disappointed in his first attachment, and he wished to find some one who could love him independently of his wealth and position, for himself alone.

Half the year the Walsinghams spend at Roseneath. The winter season finds them at a splendid dwelling of their own, and Mary's place is taken by Herbert's gentle and amiable wife, who is now only second to their children in the affections of Mr. Warwick and his wife. They all knew now who was Herbert's generous friend.

Over the fireplace at Roseneath, hangs a splendid portrait of Mary, as she came from the harvest-field on the afternoon in which she first saw her husband; and in Walsingham's portfolio, among his best treasures, lies the original sketch. Under the latter, is written, **HAPPY AS A QUEEN.**

PEACE OF MIND.

O peace of mind! thou lovely guest,
Thou softest soother of the breast,
Dispense thy balmy store!
Wing all our thoughts to reach the skies,
Till earth, diminished to our eyes,
Shall vanish as we soar.—GOLDSMITH.

When we take people as they are, we make them worse; when we take them as if they were what they should be, we improve them as far as they can be improved.

A YEAR AGO.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

Day softly now is fading,
 And nature's voice low dies;
 The quiet air is laden
 With autumn's perfumed sighs;
 And at this hour of evening,
 When heaven's zephyrs flow,
 I'm full of mournful musings
 Of but a year ago.

A year ago 'twas only,
 My heart with joy was light;
 But now I'm sad and lonely,
 And day within is night;
 For then she stood beside me,
 And both of us were one;
 But she is taken from me,
 And I am left alone.

Though joined, soon rudely parted
 By cruel death's cold hand;
 And one doth, broken-hearted,
 Sigh for that distant land;
 And at this hour of evening,
 When heaven's zephyrs flow,
 I'm full of mournful musings
 Of but a year ago.

THE MINISTER OF WALFORD.

BY MARTIN A. LOMBARD.

THE quiet town of Walford was set in the most terrible commotion, by the advent of a new minister. Old Parson Springer had "dispensed with the gospel," as Mrs. Higgins said, for thirty-five or forty years; and all the prejudices of the elder portion of the congregation were aroused against having any innovation upon the pulpit, in the shape of a modern preacher. But Mr. Springer had evidently outlived his usefulness; and the greater number of the people were clamorous for a change.

Old Mrs. Hurley said it was a shame—so it was—to turn Mr. Springer out to die, like an old horse; and Squire Billings declared that "he nor his'n shouldn't have nothing to do with turning him out, nor getting another in." But the majority were in favor of a new minister, and a new church; and Mr. Springer had the mortification of knowing that a paper was actually in circulation, and funds already subscribed to get a new church built, when he had frequently been obliged to wait a long time for his scanty salary, on account of the alleged poverty of the first parish.

The old church was sold and removed, and the foundation laid for a new one; and the minister had leave given him to withdraw. He gathered

together the little property which he had accumulated, sold his house, and bought a little place out of town, where he advertised for pupils to board and educate. Poor old man! his heart was too sorely crushed by the ingratitude he had met with from those whom he had christened, married, and whose dead he had buried, to allow of his seeking another congregation; so he compromised with the pride which he had left in his heart, and permitted the people of Ashland to think that he retired from the ministry for his own pleasure. In passing, I may as well say that he succeeded admirably and that "his last days were better than his first."

To return to the Walford church. Meetings were called, sewing-circles organized, and moneys raised; and, in as short a time as possible the church was completed. It cost two thousand dollars over the first computation; but then, after they had begun, they could not fall back. The ladies of the sewing-circles furnished the cushions, the Juvenile Society gave the new Bible and hymn-book for the pulpit, and now nothing remained but to get the minister; and this was a much greater task than building the church.

A large number of candidates appeared, preached their sermons, and were dismissed. The people of Walford first parish were growing fastidious. They expected a man of rare talents and superior oratorical powers, to preach in that new church; and the very people who made a difficulty of paying Mr. Springer four or five hundred dollars a year, now talked largely about a thousand or twelve hundred dollar minister. The number of candidates had now dwindled down to two, and the parish were to make choice between them. A great many would have liked the Reverend Mr. Haskins, a man who wore a turned collar, a shawl, and a white vest. He was very strenuous upon points of doctrine, and his discourses were rather prosy than otherwise. He was rivalled in the affections of the people, however, by Mr. Gray, a man of unpretending manners and address, and a thoroughly practical preacher. Notwithstanding the opposition of Mr. Haskins's friends, Mr. Gray carried the day, and was settled as pastor over the first parish. His salary was fixed at twelve hundred, and a handsome house was offered for his disposal at a reasonable rent, close to the church. He closed with the offer, and brought his sister, a pretty young lady, to keep house for him.

This disappointed a great many persons, who had each expected to have the minister to board; but some brightened up with the idea of having all his arrangements to make, supposing his sister to be a young and inexperienced girl. She

proved, however, to be a lady of ripe years, perfectly accustomed to housekeeping, and refusing the first offers of assistance so promptly and decidedly, as to leave no chance to renew them.

Under her care the minister's house was kept in spotless neatness; at least so far as the parlor and study were concerned; for the parishioners never got beyond that part of the house; although many had tried to make some excuse for getting there. Miss Gray was an experienced soldier, and had no idea of having any surprise upon her movements.

In vain old Mrs. Twaddles asked what cooking stove they used, or Miss Finikin the parish dress maker wished to be informed as to the precise length of the bed chambers; Miss Gray gave the name of the stove maker, and the measure of the rooms, with the most provoking calmness, as if she did not know how anxious her questioners were to get a sight at her house, and report. With all this, there were yet several of the old school, who still continued to mourn the downfall of the old church, and the ancient ministerial sway of Mr. Springer; and by these people Mr. Gray was held in small repute. They sighed for the times when the minister was dressed differently and acted differently from other men; and were scandalized at Mr. Gray's waving hair, and his repudiation of the white "choker."

Nor was this the sum of his enormities. He had been known to ride out on horseback with a young lady who was visiting his sister; and what the old school did not find fault with, the new one was all ready to censure. Why couldn't he take a wife from his own parish? What were "out-of-town," girls brought here, to take the affections of the minister by force, when here were Susan Somers and Belinda Thayer and Anna Mulford, and a dozen more, that would have made better wives for him?

But Mr. Gray had no intention of marrying the pretty Ella Morse, his sister's intimate friend. She was engaged to a sailor—a bluff, but honest, good-natured sailor, who would have brought home gold and diamonds for her daily food, if she could have possibly eaten them. They were to be married when he came again; and this was her farewell visit to Walford, and then Horace Gray was to marry them, and his sister was to be bridesmaid—and then the brave sailor and his new wife were to sail for India.

No, this was not Horace Gray's love. Miss Finikin began seriously to believe that she herself was the object of the minister's attachment. In one of her almost daily visits to the minister's house, as she went back and forth on her dress-

making business, he had asked her about the state of the Sabbath school library, and had urged her to take charge of it as librarian. On another occasion, when she had happened in, as she was going to her work, and his carriage stood at the door, it began to rain, and he had politely taken her up to Mrs. Higgins's as she had no umbrella.

The sensitive heart of the spinster was completely subdued by these attentions, and her active imagination began to familiarize itself with the idea of becoming the minister's wife, so completely, that it would have been rash for any one to attempt disabusing her of her delusion. She was completely infatuated.

Mr. Gray had asked leave of absence for two successive Sabbaths, and Miss Finikin's susceptible heart was beating with the hope that she was to be the companion of his journey. But alas, the house was shut up in a most mysterious manner only an hour after she had made her morning call; in which she had vainly looked for the demonstrations of approaching travel, and as vainly asked when they were going, and still more vainly tried to beg the third place in their carriage.

The house was shut up, and the minister and his sister gone. They went on Monday, and could be absent nearly three weeks, by only returning on Saturday before the third Sabbath; and yet for this long absence Mr. Gray had not accounted to a single person in his parish! Floating murmurs of disapprobation were followed by louder and more open demonstrations of anger from the older members of his society, and as to Miss Finikin, she took to her bed. We who alone are in the secret, must whisper whither he went.

To hurry through the marriage ceremony that united Captain Ingalls and Ella Morse together, to leave his sister to make the bridal tour with them, and to make a brief call on his father and mother, was but the work of a single day, with the impatient minister. The glowing sunset of the next day found him walking slowly and wearily up a vine-covered walk that led to a rich and luxurious residence, on the banks of a beautiful river.

So calm and peaceful lay the river, that every object on its banks and the gorgeous sky itself was mirrored distinctly on its surface. It was like an enchanted stream; and that nothing might be wanting to complete the spell, there too was the water nymph—the Naiad—standing, half concealed by the beautiful willows that hung lovingly over its brim. A basket of fresh water-lilies, and her bare, dripping feet, told what her

occupation had been. She looked at the wet feet shining like ivory, and blushed deeply. A hasty wave of the hand and a murmured excuse was all that she deigned to the weary-footed man, who had come far, and travelled long to see this very water nymph.

She returned in a few moments, and invited him into the house. Her manner seemed cold and stately, and the minister was evidently hurt, if not offended by it. He followed her into a room that was hung with crimson. The setting sun was shedding its last rays upon the windows, and heightened the effect of their deep red drape. It rested on the pale cheek of Isabel Maine, and imparted such a flush as the red camelia or rose sometimes does to an alabaster vase over which it hangs.

She did not relax at all from her proud look; and to do the minister justice, he did not look very humble or supplicating either. It was evident that some element had been at work, dividing two souls, which it would seem might come safely and easily together, and which of their own accord would never have parted. Isabel accorded him the same courtesy that she would have given to any stranger, and no more; but she was obviously ill at ease; and had to hide her emotion under pretence of arranging the lilies in dishes of Bohemian glass, making them borrow a tint from their red hue. It was like rosy wine in crystal goblets, in its effect, this mingling of red and white. Horace Gray perceived it, and spoke of its wondrous effect upon the mind, this rich blending of flowers artistically. From this, their conversation broadened into a wider sphere, embracing almost every combination of colors in art or in nature; from the arching of the rainbow, down to the tiny pink shell on the seashore, from the highest painting to the blending of the simplest flowers.

And the lovers—for they had been, nay, were still lovers—conversed calmly and coolly on all these things, and left, untouched, the great sentiment which was filling, absorbing, overwhelming both their hearts, under this cloud of estrangement. Once only they came near. Isabel's hand trembled until she came near dropping the beautiful red dish in which she was arranging the lilies; and Horace, as he saved it from falling, touched her hand. That pressure brought back old memories to each, but neither spoke; and Horace resumed his distant seat.

"You will stay with us to-night, Mr. Gray, of course," said Isabel; "it is too far to the Dale House for you to return."

"That depends—" said Mr. Gray. "I must know first whether my visit is welcome. If not,

the longest walk or darkest night would of course be a better alternative."

"You will not pain me, Mr. Gray, I sincerely hope, by making any allusion to the past in any way. I invite you to stay, in all courtesy, and trust you will accept my hospitality in the same light. I am expecting papa from a journey, but he will not be here until late. We will take tea before he comes."

Not until late; then he would have an unlooked-for chance to renew his suit, or at least to clear off old scores, before Colonel Maine should make his appearance. He had come for a definitive talk with Isabel, and this would give him the opportunity. He acceded to her request to take tea, and followed her to the supper room.

Notwithstanding it was summer time, the trees and shrubs grew so thickly about the house at Bellevue as to make a fire desirable; and this want was met by a large, sparkling wood fire, blazing on the ample hearth of the supper room. It was a fine long room, with painted walls of a cool tint of drab, and hung with pictures. A tiny fountain sprang up near the table, and the light was subdued by shades of ground glass.

The supper table showed the delicate taste of Isabel, in its beautiful napery, and the wealth of her father in costly cut glass and silver.

"I can give her no gauds like these," sighed Horace to himself, as he surveyed the magnificence before him. "How much will she have to give up, if she should consent to share my lot. Ah, will she ever be contented to be the wife of a country minister?"

And truly, as he looked around and saw the luxury by which she was surrounded, he thought that even if their old feud could be made up, he would hardly dare to take her from that home, unless he could give her a corresponding one. Her tastes so refined and fastidious, her choice of society so almost exclusive as he knew it to be, how would she bear the companionship of Mrs. Higgins and Miss Finikin?

Almost for the first time, Horace felt the curse of poverty. This being, whom he would have enshrined if he could in a crystal palace, where no ruder touch should have visited her than the soft pressure of the water lilies she had been gathering, against her cheek; how could he subject her, if even she would consent to the self-denial, the absence of all luxury, the probable discomforts of a third rate parson's residence in a third rate village! He said this last sentence to himself with great bitterness. His eye was resting at that moment on a painting, whose cost would have almost doubled his own yearly salary, and he had come to ask Isabel to share that life!

It seemed at the moment, that it was too absurd to think of—this asking her voluntarily to make a change like that—and yet, how to give up the long dream of his youth! the dream that Isabel had herself encouraged until the last time they had met.

But even when he was a youth at college, and with no visible means of support, the distance between them did not seem so immeasurable as now, that his fate seemed fixed, chained down to mediocrity through life. It almost seemed to him that if Isabel should accept him now, that he should tremble on the threshold of his coming happiness, and dread to fasten her down to such a life as his. These thoughts flashed through his mind in the brief moment in which she had left him to himself.

They sat down to tea, Horace vainly trying to shut out the picture that would unconsciously fill his mind's eye, of Isabel sitting thus at his own table at Walford. The thought made him silent and abstracted, and Isabel seemed hardly equal to the task of playing hostess to her silent guest.

They had sat thus for some time, when a hasty footstep on the gravel walk proclaimed Colonel Maine's return. He entered, looking flushed and worried; and when forced by the sight of a guest to grow calmer, his face assumed a deadly pallor. Isabel hovered around her father, anxious and fearful, yet not daring to ask what was the cause of his discomposure. As she passed her hand caressingly over his hair, she started to find that it was dripping with wet. Surely, the dews had not fallen so heavily as that.

Her father had greeted Horace when he came in, but with a hand as cold as death; and he now sat down beside him and drank cup after cup of strong tea, but tasted nothing else. Horace remembered that this man's pride had partly influenced his daughter to withdraw her affection, or at least the *show* of affection from him. Had he *not* remembered, he could have pitied him more deeply than he did now.

Colonel Maine arose and left the table. His daughter and guest followed him to the wide fire-place, where they remained in silence, until the servant removed the tea things. Isabel looked mournfully at her father, and although some of her old affection for Horace was rising in her heart, she yet wished him away, so that her father might unburden the trouble which was evidently crushing his spirit.

She did not need to wish him away, for as soon as the doors were shut and all was still, her father, with the great drops of perspiration still

beading his forehead, revealed the cause of his present state.

Bellevue, with all its manifold beauties of scenery, its model farm—the pride of Colonel Maine's heart, next to his daughter—his extensive city property, all had vanished away from his grasp, by the villany of a single man, and that man one whom he had befriended!

Isabel listened in tears. She could not at that moment command the heroism and fortitude which she had so often admired in Irving's admirable "Wife." Bellevue was dear to her heart. Here she had been born and reared; within its sacred wood the dust of her mother was sleeping; it would break her father's heart to leave it, for though apparently cold and stern, she knew the depth of feeling that lay beneath that proud exterior. She could not speak peace *then* to his troubled soul. Had Bellevue been spared, she could have borne all else; but this lay too near her heart's centre to be lightly given up.

Horace rose, but Colonel Maine's hand was on his arm. "Do not leave us, Mr. Gray," he said, "your province is to attend upon sorrow and trouble. Do not forsake your old friends now."

Horace was surprised into a sudden expression of sympathy which the moment before he would not have uttered for the world.

"Bless you, Mr. Gray, for this kind expression of feeling towards us. My poor Isabel, do not weep so. We are no worse off than many others. There, there, go to your room, my darling, and bathe that face, and come back to me smiling, if you can."

Isabel obeyed him, glad to relieve herself, by one powerful burst of tears, after which she hoped to go back, calm, if not smiling.

As soon as she was gone, Colonel Maine turned to his guest and thus addressed him, "Mr. Gray, I once treated you cavalierly, when you paid your addresses to my daughter. From my soul I ask you to forgive me for that pride which is now so completely humbled. Would to Heaven that I had acceded to your wishes then. Isabel would then have had a protector in this hour of trouble, which I feel will too surely deprive her of a parent's care. At my age, Mr. Gray, there can be no possible chance of retrieving a fortune so wholly dissipated to the winds as mine is. Mr. Gray, may I ask you if you came here to night with any intention of trying to shake the pride which I showed you when last we met, and which I enforced upon my daughter to imitate?"

"I came here to night, Colonel Maine, to tell Isabel that my lot in life was settled, that as a poor country minister, I could only hope for a

bare subsistence to offer to any woman's acceptance; but that my heart was as devoted to her image as ever, and if pride, or any other obstacle still came between us, I would only look upon her once more, and then bid her farewell—but that no other could share my life; that the dream of my youth, visionary as it was, could never be renewed for another."

"By Heaven, Mr. Gray, I would almost offer Isabel to your acceptance now, so keenly do I feel her desolate situation, were it not that you would have reason to think that I would suffer a man to marry my daughter, whom I would not have received when she was in expectancy of a fortune at my death. But I am thankful that I have it in my power to destroy even that idea, if you should entertain it. Isabel has a letter from me, dated long before this calamity was dreamed of—as far back as January last, in which I distinctly gave her permission to accept you. Her answer I have here."

He took a crumpled letter from the private drawer of a desk, and folding down the commencement, he pointed to these sentences, "Your permission comes too late, dear father, as I shall probably never see Horace Gray again. I hear that he is settled in Walford. I will not blame you, but you do not know how much I have suffered."

"Nor," continued Mr. Maine, "can she know what I have suffered, for that hour of pride and selfishness. Mr. Gray, I was a father, eager and ambitious of honors for my only child. Say, if she were not worth that anxiety?"

Mr. Gray's impassioned assent was prevented by Isabel's entrance, calm and even smiling, as her father had wished. She sat down beside him, not daring to look in his face, lest her composure should again desert her. Colonel Maine rose and left them to themselves. What passed between the lovers that night, of acknowledgment of error, of the clearing up of a whole year's mistakes, of hope, and trust, and simple faith for the future, no one knew but themselves.

The minister returned to Walford as silently as he went. All that the people knew, was that his sister was there several days before him, and that his house underwent a thorough cleansing and freshening up. Bright summer flowers adorned the two rooms which were still the only ones into which even Miss Finikin was admitted. She had the *entree* of the study, to take books whenever she pleased, and she was now fluttering with excitement to welcome the minister, for she had seen his windows open that morning. How was she disappointed when she found he

had not arrived. Alas, poor old girl! she had a greater than that, when on the next bright, dewy Sabbath morning, after the congregation were all seated, Mr. Gray was seen opening his pew door before he ascended the pulpit, to give entrance to his sister, and a young and beautiful woman, in spotless bridal white!

Fans and smelling-bottles were in requisition that day! Miss Finikin almost fainted, and Cordelia Bright, the deacon's daughter, who had been flattered into the belief that Mr. Gray liked her, actually burst into tears.

The next Sabbath after that, Colonel Maine was also present; and at the close of the last service, the whole society were invited to call on the minister the next evening.

It would perhaps be beyond belief, if it were stated that everybody liked the minister's wife; but it may be safely said that no minister's wife ever gave more general satisfaction.

Bellevue was lost to both father and daughter, but Colonel Maine gathered enough from the wreck of his fortune, to keep a comfortable room at the parsonage at his own expense; and in the decline of his life, he found that the cares and attentions of a son, as Horace Gray truly was to him, were better than houses and lands. And truly, the brightening roses on Isabel's cheeks were worth all he lost at Bellevue.

Mrs. Higgins shakes his head, and says "Well you'll never see such a piece of *sculpter* agin, as that old pulpit was!"

BROADEST AT THE BASE.

Young man, one of the first things you ought to consider is *how to build up a character*. Allow us to tell you one fact about it, which we have learned from observation: It must be built like pyramid to be firm and lasting—*broad at the base*. Then the *foundation* must be good, or even a pyramid would crack and fall to pieces. Get a reputation, from early boyhood, for truth, honesty, industry, obedience to parents and teachers, and above all, piety. By-and by your character will be as firm as a pyramid; a host of calumniators could not overthrow it. But if youth and early life is bad, to build a character on such a beginning would be almost as difficult as to build and poise a pyramid on its apex.—*New York Independent*.

GOOD NATURE.

Good nature redeems many faults. More than beauty, wealth, power, genius, it causes men and women to be loved. If there are no shining qualities whatever in the character, even should there be considerable intellectual deficiency, yet if a good temper beams bright on the countenance, we ask for nothing more. We pause not, we do not question or hesitate, but surrender at once to the fascinations of the good and honest soul that has set upon his face the seal of this admirable quality.—*Boston Olive Branch*.

THE HAZEL COPSE.

BY EDWIN L. LOTHROP.

You see that little gray-looking house yonder in the hazel copse, do you? Well, twenty or thirty years ago—I forget which—there was a garden and a farm attached to that house, which is now all cut up into building lots; and a poor set of houses they have put there too. The only picturesque, or even tolerable thing, is the gray house, after all. They have cut down the trees where the orchard stood, and the ground is covered with lime and bits of brick, and broken glass and stones, with all the shabby newness of recently built tenements “to let.” But for the determined will of the old woman, at the gray house, the hazel copse would have gone too; but when they attempted to cut that, she who for seven years had not left her bed, came to the door, and shook her withered hand at the woodcutters, and dared them to touch her property; not precisely the petitioning and pathetic mode of beseeching the woodman to “spare that tree,” but a regular, fierce defiance to the wight who would “touch but a single bough.”

It makes a pretty picture in the midst even of this intolerable newness, does it not? Well, as I said, twenty or thirty years ago, this spot was called Deering farm; and a happy family lived here—James Deering, his wife, daughter and nephew.

Lucy and her mother did all the inside work of the farm; Mr. Deering and the nephew performing the rest. The work prospered, and the “place” was thought to be worth five times as much as any in the neighborhood. Deering farm sent out the best butter and cheese; the best apples and potatoes, the cleanest oats and the finest wheat and rye and Indian corn, of any other round Southfield.

Matthew Holt usually carried the produce to market. He was the son of Mr. Deering’s sister; and was as dear to him as his own son could have been. Matthew was a smart, enterprising farmer, and could mow or reap more than any one in the neighborhood, in a day. Altogether, he was of invaluable service to his uncle, who disliked to hire strange servants, as much as his wife did. Everything about the farm was the perfection of neatness. Not a broken rail, nor an unmended plough, nor a wisp of straw, ever lay about the premises. And in the house, the milk pans and the tin platters shone like silver, and the floors and dressers were white as lilies. Still Lucy and her mother never seemed to work hard. They were always dressed neatly, and

were seldom seen at any laborious or heavy occupation. The neighbors who went in early in the morning, found the same spotless cleanliness; and wondered, as they went home to their dingy floors, if the Deerings had been scouring theirs in the night.

They had their pleasures too, apart from their labor. They kept a good horse for family use, whose sleek sides showed his well-keeping; and with this, in a respectable light wagon, they explored the whole country round. Books, too, were plenty in their house, and the best and most useful papers; and Mr. Deering was not so wedded to his farm, as not to enjoy, and let his family enjoy rational and innocent amusements. Matthew and Lucy, therefore, went to the neighboring village to learn singing and dancing; and so excellent was the farmer’s judgment, in the eyes of his neighbors, that the most rigid and intolerant did not say a word.

There was little said between the cousins, as to any future relation. It was an understood matter, but scarcely ever expressed in words. Lucy glided in and about the farmhouse, with pleasant smiles at Matthew, when she encountered him; and he always thought of the time when she would brighten up his house, just so, but he never said it. Mrs. Deering sometimes wondered that nothing was fixed definitely; but she was a good, mild, easy woman, and she believed that all would come right, in the right time.

So she quietly made up and laid away a good stock of household linen, ostensibly for the use of the house, but really for Lucy’s future dower. It would have done one good to see the piles on piles of sheets, blankets and homemade quilts, which filled the large cupboard behind the chimney; and all there were designed, in her heart, for Lucy.

At the village adjoining, Lucy had become acquainted with a young girl, the daughter of a widow lady. Caroline Lydstone was a pretty, spoiled, indolent girl, the darling of her widowed mother, and a great favorite, because of her beauty and sprightliness. She had never been out of the village; and on her naming that fact one day to her new friend, Lucy earnestly insisted on her coming over to Deering Farm, and staying a week, at least.

She was delighted with the change; but she could not imagine how Lucy managed to do such a quantity of work. How strong she must be! She could never work at all. She was not even able to make her own bed!

Mrs. Deering looked at the bright, rosy cheeks, and the full, rounded arms, and smiled. There was strength enough, but the energy was want-

ing; and she wondered if the poor, slight mother, whom Lucy had represented as so thin and weakly, did not sometimes wish that she had brought Caroline up differently.

All the family liked the young girl. She had a sweet voice for singing, and a sweet temper also. She was never dull nor cross nor homesick; but went flitting round from morning till night, watching Lucy at work, but never offering to help her; or oftener still, out in the field, where Matthew was at work on the hay.

Lucy would watch her, as she stood busily before the window of the cheese room, and as Caroline sat on a fragrant mound of hay, or reclined beneath the great oak tree, with her straw hat thrown down carelessly beside her, she thought there was never anything half so pretty, nor half so useless, as her new friend.

She bounded in about tea time, one afternoon, clapping her hands with delight. Matthew was going to let her ride on Black Bess, to make a flying call upon her mother, and home again by moonlight.

"Alone, Caroline? Are you accustomed to riding?" asked Mrs. Deering.

"No—but then Matthew was going to take mother horse, and he would see that there was no danger."

Lucy saw that the arrangement did not include her; and she thought it would have been more kind in Matthew, to take them all in the wagon; but she did not say anything. She offered Caroline her own habit and cap, and she could not help acknowledging that she looked beautifully in the well-fitting riding dress. They set off from the door, while Lucy was taking care of the milk for the night; and after they were gone, she sat down more quietly than usual, and folded her hands listlessly, without either work or book. Mrs. Deering looked at her compassionately. She knew that Lucy felt Matthew's conduct deeply; but she dared not irritate the wound by touching it.

They sat there together until ten and even eleven struck; and then her mother insisted on her going to bed. Long after midnight, they returned; and Caroline, on going up to Lucy, found her still awake, and with a hot flush upon her cheek like fever.

Something closed Caroline's lips. She did not speak at all of her ride, nor did Lucy make any inquiry; and Matthew, in the morning, glanced all the eyes at the breakfast-table. But the incident passed away, and he was more than usually kind to Lucy. Caroline's visit was soon over, and now Matthew began seriously to talk of being married, Lucy's parents only stipula-

ting that there should be no change in the household arrangements; unless indeed, Matthew might think proper to have some one to assist Lucy in the housework.

Lucy could smile now at the recollection of her nervousness on the night of the ride; and, casting all suspicion to the wind, she generously invited Caroline Lydstone to pass a month with her, previous to the marriage; and her free and unembarrassed manner of leaving her for hours alone with Matthew, proved that she had no feeling of jealousy towards her.

There was little of preparation to make. The house was always neat and clean, and the luxury of a new carpet and chairs, and a neat chamber set of plain furniture, was all that was needed. All was arranged, and everything ready for the wedding on the coming eve, except the cutting of the abundant roses which bloomed all over the garden. Lucy sat at the little window looking out upon the yard, when she saw Caroline glide softly out of the door and go down to the old oak tree. It was not long before Matthew joined her; and there was evidently a long conversation between them. When Caroline came back, she went up to her room stealthily; but not before Lucy had caught sight of tears upon her face. It was a sorrow which she evidently did not want Lucy to share.

It was near sunset, and Lucy was already in her own room, looking at the new white muslin dress and satin ribbons that lay on the bed. One little white rose-bud was in a glass of water, intended for the only ornament to her brown hair, and a delicate fan, Mrs. Lydstone's bridal gift, lay beside it.

She left the bedside, on hearing voices in the next room, ashamed lest any one should find her thus lingering over her bridal paraphernalia. She stood by the window, waiting for the persons, whoever they might be, to enter, and a bright blush came to her cheek. She was perfectly happy as she stood there, arranging the muslin curtain of this little bed room which she had occupied so long, with its little white quilt, now covered by a mass of thin, snowy drapery—her bridal dress. All at once, she heard Caroline's voice say:

"It must not be, Matthew. I must go before the wedding. I *could not* stay. I should die at the sight,"—and Matthew speaking low, soothing words, which she could not hear, as he was evidently weeping. She heard him clasp his hands together, as if in great trouble; and then Caroline seemed to be leaving him, for her voice sounded farther off.

"O, come back to me, once more!" was Mat-

thew's cry, and she heard Caroline go back to where he stood. The room seemed to reel before her; but she controlled herself firmly, and went down to tea. She kept close to Caroline, so that she had no chance to go away, and soon called her to go up to dress, and insisted on her dressing first and letting her help her. She put the white rose in Caroline's hair, and then went back to her own room. Half an hour was spent by her, with her father and mother, and then she slipped back again to dress.

She looked very lovely. Her cheeks were flushed, and when Matthew and Caroline entered, as they did together, she was looking well and composed, but grave.

"Father has gone over to fetch your mother," she said to Caroline, who said simply that she was glad she was coming.

"Come out into this large chamber," said Lucy. "I am suffocating here," and she led the way to it. Her mother sat there in the white easy-chair, and she made room beside her for her daughter. Lucy, still controlling herself, said:

"Matthew, I heard your conversation this afternoon with Caroline. I do not wish to talk much about the matter, but she, not I, must be the bride. I will take her place, and she must take mine."

They sat as if turned to stone. Lucy cleared her voice, and began again very quietly.

"It is so much better that I should know this now, than to learn it afterwards. You should have been more candid, both of you. Think what it would have been when I was a wife, to know that another was preferred!"

She went up to Matthew who looked as if he were paralyzed. "You are only my cousin now, Matthew. You were very cruel to make me any thing nearer to you. If it is your wish, I will act as Caroline's bridesmaid."

Caroline had sunk, half-fainting, on a chair, and Matthew sat motionless, without offering to support her. Mrs. Deering ran to her with her own kindly manner; but when she turned from her as she revived, Lucy's lips were covered with blood that fell down over her snowy dress, in a crimson stream.

Matthew was aroused now, thoroughly. He laid her tenderly on the bed, and stopped the blood with his handkerchief. She looked up at him with a loving smile, and then closed her eyes. Soon her father and Mrs. Lydstone arrived, and a physician who had been sent for.

The latter ordered every one from the room but her father. Her mother was completely overcome, and was carried to her own chamber. A few words from Mr. Deering put the physician in possession of all the facts, and his first

order was for Mrs. Lydstone and her daughter to be carried home; and for a person to be stationed at the gate, to prevent any one from coming into the house. Lucy's life depended upon quiet, and he thought Miss Lydstone would feel better at home, than in a house where so much trouble had arisen through her.

Lucy lived—but her life was never as before. Her color was gone, her strength departed, and she seemed the wreck of what she was. Matthew had entreated to be permitted to fulfil his engagement, but in vain. She had not seen him since her illness—nor would she.

"It can only cause pain to him and to me—and surely we have had enough," was her constant answer; and Matthew, lonely and desolate, and feeling that he was not wanted there, would go over to Mrs. Lydstone's, and talk it over with her and Caroline.

When the autumn leaves fell, they alighted on a narrow mound, beneath the great oak. No marble was there; but on the smooth trunk above, was deeply carved "Lucy, aged 20." Near this tree was the hazel copse. Matthew wrought no longer in sight of that grave. He could not—and he went away into a distant State; and everything seemed to go wrong with him. He never came to the cottage, although he was sometimes seen at Mrs. Lydstone's; and people said he looked shabby and miserable.

Mr. Deering and his wife soon followed their daughter, and Matthew became heir to the estate. But nothing would ever induce him to live there. He married Caroline, years afterwards, when both had lost the look of youth, and had become fretful and peevish. Lucy's name was never mentioned between them, nor did they ever go within sight of the hazel copse.

When Matthew died, Caroline, even then seeming like a woman of sixty, took up her abode here alone. She had outlived all sensibility upon the subject of the past, and had become avaricious and gasping. She sold the farm for building purposes, but she will not let any one touch the hazel copse, although the tree has been destroyed by lightning, and Lucy has been removed, long since, to the burying-ground, beside her father and mother.

Year after year, Caroline lives on in the old gray house, herself as old and gray; and yet nothing will induce her to enter the chamber where Lucy died. To her, hard and insensible as she has become, that room is peopled with the ghosts of the past. They who have had access to the house, when she has been ill, declare that the once white dresses hang in the chamber still, and one has dark stains upon it even now.

POOR ELEANOR!

BY FRANKLIN FORSTER.

Ever unquiet, never at rest,
Eleanor looks from her door;
Wild are her eyes, and her hair undrest
Falls unconfined o'er her silken vest,
Hands on her bosom tightly pressed,
And thus she gazes away to the west,
O'er the dreary, desolate moor.

"When will he come?—when will he come?
Here I wait day after day,
Sitting and sighing alone in the gloom
And cheerlessness of this lonely room,
Waiting for him who never comes home
Cruel lover! who went away
Ne'er to return—O, where does he roam?"

"Yet, methinks they told me a tale,
Many a year ago,
Of a body found in the lonely vale,
Frightful with blood—and with faces pale,
Looks of affright, and many a wail,
Told of the death of Egberto;
Cruel friends—to deceive me so!

"Yes, it was false—for he came that night,
Came and stood by my sleepless bed
With bleeding wounds, but his face was white,
Pallid and ghastly—a horrible sight!
And when I cried aloud in my fright,
Sadly, mournfully shaking his head,
Then and forever my lover fled!"

Thus she murmurs incessantly,
Mind a desert—reason fled,
Wandering unquietly
In haunts where he was wont to be,
Gazing around unheedingly,
Speaking thus of him long dead,
"I must wait—he will surely return to me!"

THE EMBROIDERED VEST.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

Not long since, some young officers dining at Versailles, were rejoicing at the idea of entering Spain and there taking their revenge for Saragossa. Colonel B., who was listening to them, began to smile, and said with dignity and experience:

"Before believing that an expedition beyond the Pyrenees will be a party of pleasure, let me relate to you a little episode of the war of 1810."

"Relate it! relate it!" replied the young people, already quieted by the smile of their superior officer.

Colonel B. emptied his glass, stroked his moustache, and commenced thus:

"At the age of twenty, I was consigned to the arsenal at Metz, in consequence of some nocturnal jokes. I had for a jailor the adjutant Pascal—a Cerberus with gray eyebrows over

lynx eyes—or rather his young wife, an adorable woman of twenty-seven. She was the daughter of a celebrated beauty of the empire, and was called Malvina, in compliment to Mme. Cottin.

"There is no prison so narrow but it has its illusion; all prisoners will comprehend that. Did not Pelisson love a spider? What would he not have experienced for Mme. Pascal? Besides, my jailor's wife united to her charms two great moral virtues: I never wanted for cigars, and had always *kirack* at discretion.

"I went every morning to see her work beside her window, in a little boudoir which she had arranged with perfect taste, and which was contiguous to the corridor of my cell. The coquette, knowing how much the frame adds to the beauty of a picture, placed herself there in a bodice and flounced dress, with flowers on her neck and in her hair, and feet in Cinderella slippers, flanked by her cat unrolling her spools, and her little daughter dressed like a marchioness. An excellent housewife, she plied her needle with prodigious dexterity, looking at me a little oftener than at her work, and readily smiling at my foolish speeches, for she had twenty-two pearls in her mouth. A joyous captive like myself, a balfinch, was singing at the neighboring casement; the cat executed surprising gambols; the child drew, by a rose-colored ribbon, a wooden sheep on rollers; the Mocha was smoking in the cups. It was a picture worthy of a painter.

"Now I had admired the workwoman for a week, when I bethought myself to notice her work. It was a very handsome waistcoat of yellow silk, which she was embroidering with black braid, in the Spanish fashion. These details occasioned some surprise, for they had no connection with the habits of the adjutant. I looked Malvina in the eyes, and said to her:

"For whom is this waistcoat?"

"She did not reply, and seemed affected; so that my curiosity changed into a suspicion. Her husband entered at the same instant, and I thought she was about to conceal her work; but she embraced the adjutant with the best grace in the world, and said to me with her usual smile:

"Ask M. Pascal for the history of the waistcoat."

"The adjutant, as I have said, was a veteran of fifty years; an old guard, with white moustache, scarred brow, and the cross of honor—one of those crosses which smell of powder. One read in the depths of his gray eye forty years of misery, endured without complaint and without bitterness. The cross had paid for all.

"Here is the story as he related it to me, and which will edify you on the delights of Castile:

It was in the Sierra Morena, during the war of 1810. The regiment of Pascal, then a simple sergeant, had just arrived in the little town of A., exhausted, dying with hunger and thirst, decimated by fevers, cut to pieces by the guerillas. Pascal had taken nothing for twelve or fifteen hours, and yet he had still in his knapsack a piece of bread, the last he had received—this treasure that the famished soldier conceals from his companions for fear of being robbed, and which his own teeth dare not attack because it is his last hope. The regiment arranged itself on the square; billets of lodging were distributed, a rendezvous appointed in case of alarm, and each man went his way.

It was eight o'clock in the evening. The little town of A. had all the appearance of an enemy's town. Every door, closed before the hour, opened to the French like a trap. To see the eyes that sparkled behind the casements, one would have said as many poignards awaited their prey in the shadow. Scarcely did a few Spaniards pass along the streets, looking without turning their heads, enveloped to their noses in their mantles, exchanging signs of intelligence.

The coolness of the evening redoubled the fever of Pascal. His gun escaped from his hands; he was on the point of swooning. But he remembered that he had a fresh wound in his left wrist; he re-opened it in removing the bandages, and its bleeding exhausted him still more.

He arrived thus at the house designated. It occupied the centre of a gloomy and deserted square, admirably situated for deeds of darkness. There, the sound of a carbine would be lost in space, and the call of a dying man would awaken no echo.

"Well," said Pascal, philosophically, "if I am not to awake to-morrow, I shall at least sleep soundly."

He raised the knocker of the door. Nothing stirred. He struck it a second time; nothing yet. The butt of his gun made the house tremble; this time, an old woman opened the door.

By the light of an iron lamp, the sergeant saw a solemn and impassible countenance—one of those faces of dethroned queens which belong only to the Spanish. This one had still, at sixty years, the Oriental visage and unfathomable eyes of the Moors of Grenada. She cast a glance on Pascal and on his billet, allowed him to enter without speaking, pointed to a chair, and resumed her work beside the hearth.

The chamber was of Castilian bareness; four white walls, a table of ebony, a worm-eaten chest, the chair of the old woman and that of the sergeant—these were all.

"Ah!" said Pascal to himself; "am I to remain *tete-a-tete* with this taciturn mummy?"

But he perceived a carbine, and a sombrero with a long plume, suspended to the great beam of the ceiling.

"Very well," thought he, "here are men's trinkets; I shall not die like Holofernes."

The most profound silence reigned within and without. The sergeant shivered near the fire. The old woman was watching an *olla podrida*, the fragrance of which was most inviting.

Two hours passed away thus. Suddenly, the duenna raised her head and listened. The sergeant at first heard nothing; but soon steps approached. The knocker was lifted thrice with a firm hand, and a man entered the room.

This was a tall and handsome youth of from twenty-eight to thirty years; he had black eyes, bronze complexion, white teeth, waving hair, and austere face. His gaiters were in fragments, his clothes covered with dust. He had in his cloak, pointed at the bottom, certain round holes which Pascal readily recognized; balls had passed through them. The Spaniard draped himself in this national fragment with the majesty of an emperor.

"Good evening, Joachim!" said the mother.

"God keep you, Manuela!" replied the son.

And as he was about to embrace her, he perceived the Frenchman. He started and recoiled, then examined his carbine, then shook his head with a sigh, then began to sup with the old woman, without uttering a word or looking again at Pascal.

The latter had recognized by all these signs a mortal enemy—doubtless one of those guerillas who had harassed his regiment, and certainly one of those Spaniards who would massacre to the very last Frenchman. The sergeant might indeed be his guest to-day—but beware of the morrow's encounter, by the flash of two guns!

Meanwhile Pascal struck Joachim on the shoulder, and by a gesture asked of him a place at the table. By way of reply, the Spaniard pointed to the empty dish and gave it to his dog to lick. The Frenchman understood, pushed a stool before the fire, sat down upon it, opened his knapsack and took from it his last morsel of bread.

"I will dine to-morrow," said he to himself, "thanks to God and my bayonet!"

"Ah!" resumed he quickly again by pantomime, "and the bed? I am a man who lies down when he has an opportunity."

Joachim, still mute, and still without turning his head, pointed under the stairway, and slowly ascended, with his mother, to the upper story.

This gloomy and silent scene, but of formidable eloquence, had given a diversion to the sergeant's sufferings.

"The deuce!" thought he, when he found himself alone. "Castile is far from Scotland, in point of hospitality."

He arranged himself in his niche, for want of a better place. He took there his gun, his knapsack, his sabre and his chapeau, made his little military preparations, stretched himself upon his gray coat, and overcame with fatigue, fell asleep.

The next morning, at daybreak, the drum awoke him. It was the concerted signal of alarm. The guerillas had re-appeared on the horizon. Pascal heard their rallying cries on the neighboring mountains.

He rose and called his hosts. The old woman alone was there; Joachim had already gone out, and the carbine was no longer hanging from the ceiling.

"Ah! ah!" said the sergeant to himself, brightening up, "he has armed himself with his speaking-trumpet; we shall soon converse together!"

"Thank you for your attentions, mother; it is no matter," said he, gaily, to the duenna; "let the soup simmer and shake up the pillows for to-morrow."

An hour afterwards, the sergeant was in the ranks in the country, opposite a band of guerillas. The combat was bloody, terrible, merciless, and renewed ten times until evening. Pascal was drawn in and pursued between two hills, with the remnant of his regiment. He received there more than twenty balls in his uniform and chapeau, as if he had been a mark for all the carbines of the enemy. By a sort of miracle, he was only scratched in the ear and hand. On his side, he did not lose a cartridge, and never fired without seeing a Spaniard fall.

He aimed particularly at a brown cloak, which appeared before him on every height, and it was not until after he had overthrown that, that he could disengage his men and rejoin the main body.

The guerillas were beaten and dispersed in every direction. Pascal was mentioned in the order of the day, and praised as one of the authors of the victory. The French re-entered the town of A., and the sergeant regained his lodgings of the night before.

He found the duenna alone, and more gloomy, more silent than ever. She had but one thought and one movement—to listen and look out of the window to see whether Joachim had returned.

At the end of two hours he re-appeared, and

his mother uttered a cry of joy, which quickly became a cry of anguish. The young man was pale, haggard, tottering, and blood was flowing from a large wound in his breast.

"It is nothing—calm yourself!" said he to the old woman. "My heart was not reached, but it wanted little of it."

And while his mother bathed his wound with cold water and her tears, he at last began to observe the sergeant, who on his part looked at him attentively. They seemed by degrees to recognize each other, and to be surprised at breathing under the same roof. Manuela followed this scene with a wild eye, assiduously washing the wound of Joachim. Suddenly she extracted from it an enormous ball.

"Saved! saved, my son!" exclaimed she, pressing him deliriously in her arms.

Then, picking up the ball, she examined it with curiosity. "It is a French ball!"

Pascal and Joachim breathed not a word, but they did not take their eyes off each other.

The old woman ran to the sergeant's gun, the arm of adventure and of booty, of which the bore was peculiar. She fitted to it the bloody lead, turned like a fury, and said to Pascal:

"It was you who shot my child! Joachim," added she, "there is your murderer! Let us avenge ourselves!"

At the same time, with the rapidity of lightning, she had closed the door, seized the carbine, and handed a cutlass to her son.

The only reply of the Frenchman was to put his hand to his sabre, and prepare to sell his life dearly. He also, and at the same instant, had just recognized in his host the brown cloak which he had aimed at all day and perforated with a shower of balls. The effect of this triple recognition would have furnished a worthy subject for *Salvator* or *Ribiera*.

Instead of taking the cutlass, Joachim rejected it with horror, and rising pale as a phantom, with the majesty of a Spanish grandee, with a gesture made the carbine drop from his mother's hands, and with another, extended his own hand to Pascal.

"After so warm a day," said he, "you must be hungry and thirsty. Serve the supper, Manuela, and make the bed in the green chamber."

The astonished sergeant restored his sabre to its scabbard and smilingly replied:

"There is no offence; I shall eat with a good appetite and sleep with a good heart."

The old woman was about to protest, but a look from her son silenced her.

"I did not know you yesterday; I know you to-day," said the Spaniard to the Frenchman.

And they supped together, talking over the events of the day.

The sergeant gave Joachim a sovereign balm for his wounds. Then the latter, tapping Pascal on the shoulder, said to him :

"Follow me to your room."

He rose, took a flambeau, and though he could with difficulty support himself, conducted his guest to the second story. It was the finest room in the house, destined for relatives and friends. A large alcove, with curtains of serge ; a high and good bed ; sheets of fine linen and soft counterpanes ; the perfumes of lavender and iris ; refreshments of chocolate and burnt almonds.

The sergeant thought himself in a dream, and had never been so entertained since his mother had for the last time tucked him in, in the old and soft family bed.

The Spaniard wished him good night, and went to bed saying : "To-morrow."

"Pardieu !" thought Pascal, "I have found a hidalgo. These Spaniards are all like their Cid Campeador !"

He fell asleep and did not awake until day-break, at a new summons from his regiment. Joachim, confined to his bed, and watched over by his mother, invited the sergeant to take chocolate at his bedside. They drank each other's health, and the Spaniard said to the stranger, as he bade him adieu :

"You are a brave man, and you fire admirably. Pray for me, if I die ; if I live, I will not forget you. Neither will my carbine, if it finds itself opposite yours. One belongs to his country ; so there shall not be a Frenchman in Spain, while there is a cartridge at my belt."

Two months afterward, as the soldiers of Napoleon were being exterminated at Saragossa, a Castilian, who had killed more than thirty of them, was about to perish under the blows of their avengers, when one of the latter recognized him, and exclaimed : "Joachim !"

It was Pascal, to whom Providence offered his revenge. He saved his ancient host at the peril of his life, concealed him, and kept him until the morrow, and did not leave the city until he had restored him to his mother.

"Remain a Spaniard," said he ; "I shall return to France. You are a thousand times right—one belongs to his country !" * * *

"And this is the reason why my wife is embroidering this waistcoat," concluded the adjutant Pascal, as he finished his narrative, "This will be my thirtieth birthday present to the Senor Joachim Morales y Hedo. When in 1813 Joseph Bonaparte had surrendered the throne to Ferdinand VII., Joachim wrote me first :

"You have seen how I honor the courage of my enemies ; learn how I retain the remembrance of my friends. The last Frenchman having left Spain, I have restored my carbine to the wall, and pray you to drink my health in these twenty-five bottles of Alicante wine.

"Your ancient host, now captain of the town of A. J. MORALES Y HEDO."

"I replied by a hundred bottles of champagne, and our correspondence has never ceased from that time."

"This story of the adjutant strongly affected me," said Colonel B., "and has never left my memory any more than the graceful image of Mme. Pascal. I see her always as I have described her to you, embroidering, between her daughter and her cat, the waistcoat of Senor Joachim. In my soul and conscience I inwardly made her the *amende honorable* for my unwarrantable suspicions, and kissed her pretty hand with the most profound respect, on leaving my prison, the arsenal of Metz.

"And now, gentlemen," said the colonel to the officers of Versailles, "go, conquer Spain, if the thing still tempts you, and if you do not think the price of Alicante wine too dear."

NATIONAL BEVERAGES.

All Europe has chosen its prevailing beverage. Spain and Italy delight in chocolate ; France, Germany, Sweden and Turkey, in coffee ; Russia, Holland, England, in tea ; while Ireland makes a warm drink from the husks of the cocoa, the refuse of the chocolate mills of Italy and Spain. All Asia feels the same want, and in different ways has long gratified it. Coffee, indigenous in Arabia or the adjoining countries, has followed the banner of the Prophet wherever his faith has triumphed. Tea, a native of China, has spread spontaneously over the hill country of the Himalayas, the table-lands of Tartary and Thibet, and the plains of Siberia—has climbed the Altai, overspread Russia, and is equally despot in Moscow as in St. Petersburg. In Sumatra, the coffee-leaf yields the favorite tea of the dark-skinned population, while Central Africa boasts of the Abyssinian *chaat* as the drink of its Ethiopian people.—*Professor Johnston.*

There is nothing innocent or good, that dies and is forgotten. Let us hold that faith, or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it ; and play its part, through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the host of heaven but does it ; blessed work on earth in those that it loved here.

HEALTH.

Nor love, nor honor, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise ;
With health all taste of pleasure flies.—GAY.

WHAT IS LOVE?

BY W. M. CARLETON.

I had a dream the other night:
I thought I sat by a maiden's side,
In a shady bower; midst many flowers
There grew the rose in all its pride.
And as we talked o'er sundry matters,
This question popped into my head:
What is love? I could not answer
No more than I could raise the dead.

"What is love?" I asked the maiden,
As she fanned her lovely brow;
She paused a moment, and then answered,
"Really, sir, I do not know.
Love, I think, is a little traitor,
Falling cheeks and causing sighs;
Breaking hearts that ne'er knew sorrow,
Drying tears from saddest eyes."

Just then I thought the earth did tremble,
The seat on which we sat did shake;
I started, rubbed my eyes, and murmured,
"I do believe I'm wide awake."
And so I was, so far as sleeping
Was concerned, sure enough;
But not enough to solve the question
What is love? O, what is love?

Courtly dame and merry dame,
Comely youth, come tell me true;
Man of years and understanding,
Tell me, for I want to know.
O Moon! who all night long supremely
Reignest, midst the stars above;
Tell me if thou knowest the secret,
Whisper softly, What is love?

What is love? my gentle reader,
With that sad and thoughtful brow;
Hast thou ever known the monest?
Has he cast his darts at you?
Gentle reader, love has never
Touched this stony heart of mine,
This breast has never known a sorrow;
I hope it may be so with thine.

THE BACHELOR'S STAR.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

You asked me in your last, my good friend, to tell you something of the pretty widow, Mrs. Kingwood, whom you saw so intimate with my wife, at the watering place where you met us last summer. Louise thinks there is no one in this world so good, so perfect as her friend. She says that she must be good; for she is perfected by suffering. Although yet young, she has had an eventful life. To give you any history of that life, I must go back to the beginning; and Louise, sitting here by my side, promises to prompt me, when I forget my part.

Simon Hatfield was a farmer. He had broad lands under his feet, and look from whatever window he might, in his house, as far as he could see, it was all his own. He was fifty-five years old, and a bachelor. He married at last, but his brothers and sisters all deserted him, because his wife had been his servant.

Annie Leyden was a good and virtuous, and moreover, a lady-like and educated woman. Her father and mother dying suddenly, and leaving her no property she was induced to enter Mr. Hatfield's family as a servant, merely because no other situation presented itself. There were not then as now, places where a woman may earn her living respectably without being called a servant; and Annie was glad to find a home where she could be quiet, have her healthful food and her simple clothing, for her labor.

Mr. Hatfield was extremely kind to those under his control; and when this gentle little girl came into his house, and he saw how cheerfully she performed labors which were fit only for the strong and robust, he assigned her different and more acceptable tasks; gave her the use of his library, when he found how much she enjoyed reading, and gradually raised her to the dignity of his housekeeper.

His brothers and sisters raised a storm about his ears. They had calculated upon his property for their children, and seemed to feel that Simon transgressed his bounds, when he made any advances towards the married state, and this movement on his part seemed to betoken such advances.

Their violence precipitated the very matter which they were interested in preventing; and before three months had expired, he had taken the mild and gentle Annie for his wife. But as if the evil wishes of his relatives were bound to take effect, Simon began to experience a series of misfortunes, which threatened to crush him down entirely. Disabled by a terrible nervous disorder which painfully attacked him after riding in the wet about his farm, he lost all management of his estate; and Annie, whose whole care was bent upon soothing his bodily ailments, had little time to bestow upon his business affairs.

So farm after farm disappeared into the rapacious grasp of his brothers, until the old place was only a remnant of what it was in its palmy days. The noble forests, from which Simon would never before allow a tree to be taken, were laid low, and one by one, his possessions vanished, until scarcely enough remained to support the family.

Meantime Stephen and William Hatfield were building almost princely houses on the lands

thus wrested from Simon; and enjoying the fruit of the labors which for nearly forty years he had been performing, to bring his estate to perfection. Fortunately, perhaps, he was unconscious of the extent of their encroachments; and when at the age of sixty (five years after he had married Annie Leyden), he suddenly grew worse, and died, the few lucid hours that preceded his death were not clouded by the knowledge that his widow and orphan would have little or nothing, save a house to shelter them. Even this shelter was grudged to them by the rapacious brethren; but Annie was firm in her resolution to keep this inheritance untouched for her little Ida.

I pass over Ida's youth. There is a painful circumstance connected with her marriage. Mr. Ellingwood was an old man, but very wealthy, and her mother, feeling as she did that Ida had been wronged out of her father's estate, was perhaps more solicitous that she should accept him. December and May were not more dissimilar than these two. But to Ida's praise be it spoken, she never appeared otherwise than as a kind and attentive wife. In Mr. Ellingwood's illness, she was a devoted nurse, and her conduct since his death has been most exemplary. Her mother still lives, and Ida resides with her, as well from the affection of a daughter, as from the consciousness that when a lady loses her husband, a parent's care and protection is the most desirable thing left her.

If my brief sketch does not satisfy you, come and see for yourself. The ladies are to be here to-night, on a visit of two weeks, to my wife. You can come as if unexpected; and I am sure that you will not go away without wishing to see Mrs. Ellingwood again. With the united regards of Louise and myself, I remain your friend,

E. TRACY.

Hugh Granville pondered long over the contents of this letter. It was true that he had asked his friend many questions about the fair young widow, whose mourning weeds were not yet left off, although he had understood that her husband had been long dead. Still, he rather shrank from the full history which Mr. Tracy seemed disposed to give him; as it implied that he had desired to be informed of every particular of her life. He felt almost compromised in his friend's overweening zeal to oblige him. It was very gratifying to him to know thus much of her, and yet very provoking that he should be thought of as wishing, or anxious to know it.

And then to be expressly asked to meet her! He, a bachelor, hitherto heart whole and fancy

free—to be running after widows, and to be obliged to do the agreeable, and to come forward in *propria persona*, when he only wanted to borrow his friend's spectacles, and look at her for an hour or two without being suspected!

He knew very well that if he went to the Tracys, he would have a very severe gantlet to run, from them and others whom he believed they were just mischievous enough to invite, to see the sport of a bachelor's heart hunted down—of his heart in particular—for he had denounced matrimony a thousand times in their presence. He was half a mind not to go; and after a severe conflict with himself, it ended as such things usually do, by going straight into the enemy's camp with a defiant "Who's afraid!" look and manner.

There was a great deal that was purely imaginative and poetical in Hugh Granville. He was a man of the most delicate instincts, the quickest appreciation, and the strongest sympathy. He had been twice disappointed where he expected a reasonable share of womanly perfection; and the sudden awaking of his dream had rendered him shy and sensitive. He became nervous and irritable—and disposed to be angry with Edmund Tracy, Louise, and even with the unconscious subject of his thoughts, Ida herself. Then after indulging in his fit of spleen for a few hours, he finally slept it off, and, as might have been expected, had soon made up his mind to face the enemy.

Never had Hugh Granville been so particularly anxious about his apparel, neat and fastidious to a fault, as he always was, as when preparing for Ned Tracy's country house, where it might seem that a little negligence and freedom in dress would be pardonable; and when at last, he stepped forth from his own room, perfectly attired, and yet without a particle of foppishness, no one could have understood the overweening anxiety he experienced.

"Look forth from thy lattice," Ida Ellingwood! One cometh even now, who shall make thy heart beat as it never beat before; and yet his modesty will not believe it until it can be hidden no longer.

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Granville entered his friend's domains. The setting sun shone brightly through the glancing leaves of the wooded avenue, through which he had to walk to the house; and as he emerged into the green lawn before the door, he heard sounds of music from within, and a sweet voice singing snatches of quaint old songs, such as he had not heard since he was a boy. It brought back one of the dearest memories of a man's heart—

the memory of his mother; for it was her voice that had last sung those rare old melodies to his ear.

"Alas!" he said to himself, "we can never have but one mother."

"There is none
In all this cold and hollow world, no trust
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart."

And for a moment, Granville almost believed that he could never substitute another for that which had sufficed to him, until the past year, in which he had parted from that beloved mother.

"So good a son could not make a bad husband," Ida had said when Louise Tracy had related several instances of his remarkable devotion to this good mother; and Louise wisely made no comment, feeling that Ida's own mind instinctively grasped the very idea which she had intended.

His friend saw him from the window, and hastened to meet him; then, knowing his fastidiousness in regard to his appearance, he succeeded in hurrying him to the beautiful room appropriated to his use, before any one else was apprised of his arrival. Had the fairies built a bower for the lonely bachelor, it could not have touched his fancy more. Every spot on which a vase could stand, was adorned with flowers—not of a common or ordinary sort, but selected with rare delicacy, and arranged with special care and skill. The prettiest of furniture, carpet and hangings, the cool green of the walls, contrasting with the pure white of the dimity and lace, and the shady green blinds darkening the room to just a twilight dimness, were all noticed by Granville; for he was peculiar and delicate in his tastes as a woman.

A single plaster cast adorned one corner, a copy of the Egeria; and just beneath her, stood a large marble basin full of water, in which were gold and silver fishes. Outside of the window, an oriole had built his curious nest in the branches of a tree, where Granville could put forth his hand and touch the thick blooms that were hanging there in such profuse fragrance.

He thought of his dull, bachelor home; shut up within walls of brick and mortar, with no green thing to welcome in the summer, save a stunted rosebush, mildewing in the damp yard—no lady-like adornments of drapery to the dusty windows—no pretty ornaments scattered around. On the ample dressing bureau, lay a splendid silk-cashion, inscribed in gold letters "Ida to Louise," and with the sight of this, came back the object for which he had come. He arranged his dress, shook off the slight particles of dust which had annoyed him on his journey, and

joined his friend in the hall, where he awaited his coming.

Tracy had not even told Louise that he was there; and he now entered the drawing-room, and introduced him unexpectedly. Louise welcomed him most cordially, and Ida met him with unaffected kindness and self-possession.

Granville breathed more freely. He found by her manner, that she knew nothing of Tracy's letter to him, and the knowledge that he was not expected to make himself agreeable to her rendered him more than ordinarily social and at ease.

Another visitor was there, whose beauty was much more striking than Ida's. Flora Harwood was a sweet looking girl, lovely as eyes ever looked upon. She was young—apparently not more than sixteen or seventeen, with bright hazel eyes and chestnut curls. Simply dressed in a plain white tarleton, with deep folds of the same, with no ornament but a single gold brooch, and plain gold bracelets encircling her matchless arms, she seemed as though attired in that which just suited her extraordinary beauty; so bright, fresh and glowing was her face—so pure and spotless was her attire. Beside Ida, whose pale face looked still paler in her mourning garb, she was a summer rose brought in contact with a lily.

Granville looked from one to the other. He had never seen two more beautiful women; and the heart which had been so long silent within him, now beat audibly. With that instinctive love of childhood and youth, which had always characterized him, it must be confessed that he looked oftenest at Flora—but a few moments' reflection convinced him how absurd it would be to expose himself to the unequal chances of rejection from this fair and youthful creature; and he turned with a sensation of relief from mortification, to the nobler figure and more mature countenance of Ida Ellingwood. So pale and statuesque she looked in her crape dress, revealing, by its thinness, her white arms; and above which the pure ivory throat looked whiter still, that unconsciously he gave the palm to her.

A few moments' conversation seemed to bring them into an intimacy which some might not attain for years; but to minds attuned to the same chords, it needs but a slight touch to make them vibrate together.

Tracy and his wife often exchanged glances as the conversation progressed.

"There is no need of any interference," said Louise.

"None at all, dear, they are getting along very well together."

Before the autumnal loveliness had begun to wane, Ida Ellingwood was the wife of Mr. Granville; and their home was made the scene of as perfect happiness as mortals are allowed to share. Flora Harwood is with them—for she is an orphan, fair, rich and unprotected by any relative—and Ida's kind heart could not bear to leave her thus alone in the world, with the beauty and wealth which would tempt the unprincipled to draw her, perhaps, into an unworthy marriage. The friends live side by side—for after that sweet taste of country air and freedom, Granville could not bear to go back to the city, except for his daily business. The day after the wedding, he showed Tracy's letter to Ida, of which she had never even heard before.

A RUNAWAY COUPLE.

A runaway couple, "true lovers" of the most fervent Yankee stamp, arrived at a small inn near Boston, and wanted the landlord to send for a minister to "splice 'em," and to be "quick about it." The landlord complied, and the "licensed minister" came.

"Be you the minister?" asked the bridegroom.

"I am," replied he.

"O you be, eh? What's your name?"

"Stiggins."

"Wal, neow, Stiggins," said the Yankee, "du it up brown, and your money is ready;" and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced:

"You will please join hands."

The Yankee stood up with his lady-love, and seized her fervently by the hand.

"You promise, Mr. A—," said the parson, "to take this woman—"

"Yass!" said the bridegroom.

"To be your lawful and wedded wife?"

"Yass—yass!"

"That you will love and honor her in all things?"

"Sartin—yass, I tell yer!"

"That you will cling to her, and her only, as long as you both shall live?"

"Yass indeed—nothin' else!" continued the Yankee, in the most delighted and earnest manner.

But here the reverend gentleman halted, much to the surprise of all present, and to the especial annoyance and discomfort of the ardent bridegroom.

"One moment, my friend," responded the minister, slowly; for it occurred to him that the laws of his State did not permit this performance without the "publication of the bans" for a certain length of time.

"What—what—what in time is the matter? Don't stop here! Put her thru! What's split, parson? Anything gin eout?"

"Just at this moment, my friend, I have remembered that you cannot be married in Massachusetts, as the law—"

"Can't! Wot in natur's the reason? I like her and she likes me; what's to hender?"

"You have not been published, sir, I suspect."

"That's a fact—aint a-goin' to be, nuther; that's the reason why we crossed over into your

'little Rhody'" (the scene was on the border of Rhode Island) "on the sly, you see, parson."

"I really—sir—" said the minister.

"*R-a-a-l-l-y!*—wal, never mind; go ahead! 'Taint fair—don't you see 'taint? You married me, and haint teched her! Now don't stop here! 'Taint the fair thing—by gracious, 'taint now, and you know it!"

"I will consult," said the minister, hesitatingly.

"No, you wont—no, you don't! You don't consult nothin' nor nobody, until this 'ere business is concluded!" And with this, he turned the key and put it (amidst the titterings of the witnesses whom the landlord had called in) in his pocket.

Seizing the hand of his trembling bride, he said:

"Go on, now—straight from where you left off; put us through, and no dodging. It'll be all right; 'if it aint right, we'll make it right in the morning,' as the saying is."

After reflecting a moment, the parson concluded to run the risk of the informality. So he continued:

"You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?"

"Yass," said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

"That you will love, honor and obey him?"

"Them's 'em," said Jonathan, as the lady bowed again.

"And that you will cling to him as long as you both shall live?"

"That's the talk—stick to one another allers"—and the lady said "yes" again.

"Then, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

"Hoorah!" shouted Jonathan, leaping half way to the ceiling with joy.

"And what God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

"Hoorah!" continued Jonathan. "What's the price?" (The parson seemed to hesitate.) "How much? Spit it out—don't be afeared. You did it like a book! Here's a V. Never mind the change! Send for a hack, landlord. Give us your bill. I've got her! Hail Columby!"

The poor fellow seemed to be entirely unable to control his joy; and ten minutes afterward, he was on his way to the railroad depot with his wife, "the happiest man out of jail," said the witnesses who described the scene.—*New York Picayune.*

OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.

Upon one occasion, when the Rev. Mr. Robinson was preaching, he dropped the immediate discourse and made this observation: "It is a rule with me never to use an expression which the humblest of my hearers cannot understand. I have just made use of the term 'ocular demonstration'—I will explain to you. I look into the table pew, and I see a young man in a blue coat and scarlet waistcoat, fast asleep." On pronouncing the last two words he raised his voice considerably, and all eyes being attracted to the unfortunate sleeper, he added in a lower tone, "Of that I have ocular demonstration." He then resumed his discourse in his accustomed manner.—*The Pulpit.*

THE SEWING MACHINE.

In a New England village, both thrifty and neat,
Of a learned divine is the quiet retreat.
The lilies are nodding each pretty bright plume;
And filling the air with their richest perfume;
Glees down by the meadow is rippling along
A river, that glides graceful willows among;
And the green-wooded hills that shut in the view
Here rise up abruptly, there fade into blue.
So fair was the spot where Dame Nature had taught her,
That, lovely and pure, grew the clergyman's daughter,
And there by the window that looks on the green,
Sits sweet pretty Jane, at her Sewing Machine.
One touch of her foot, add one turn of her hand—
From fairies you'd think she had borrowed a wand.

"Just look! Babies' dresses are done in a trice,
And the hems and the backs look so charmingly nice;
Those twenty-four towels, dear mother's demand,
Are folded, completed, and lie on the stand;
Twelve collars for Alfred, those kerchiefs for Joe,
Were finished last night, and placed all in a row:
Two dresses for Katie, my darling—and then
I will fly to the shirts, that are wanted for Ben.
How give me a book; I am free as a queen—
For do I not own this dear Sewing Machine?
A few months ago, of my life I was weary,
The future was all so laborious and dreary:
They told me, I know, I was pretty—but then,
Thou mayest let to be eldest of ten.
Let me do what I would—let me get up at dawn,
Let me work at my needle, at night, noon and morn—
These brothers, no matter how early I rose,
Would wear out, and tear out, and outgrow, their clothes,
And that mountain of garments grew mere and more high,
Until stitch upon stitch brought sigh upon sigh.
There's Mary, our fair one, so tall and so slender,
I really believe I did nothing but mend her;
When baby was born—I'm forced to confess it—
The last thing I dreamed of on earth was to bless it:
I thought of her dresses, wee ruffles and all—
She ruffled me sorely, that baby so small.
With bursters I own it, those brothers and sisters
To me were no more than just so many blisters.
When Willie, our eldest, from college returned,
My work for a moment I hastily spurned,
Then rushed to embrace him; how my feelings were torn!
For I saw at a glance that his bosoms were gone.
With oneness I tried to hide all my fears;
Put my hand on his shoulder, and burst into tears.
He tenderly twisted each wandering tress;
How well I was looking! how charming my dress!
Then laughingly asked that good brother of mine,
For the rest of the dear ones, the gay romping nine,
He whispered so kindly, 'A prize I have won;
Nay, praise me not, Jenny, 'twas easily done;
My rivals were lazy, or else from the start
They had not, poor fellows, such motives at heart;
And now with my earnings I've bought you a prize—
Your slave all the morning, your vassal all night.
To-morrow, dear sister, from sewing be free,
And begin, dearest Jenny, some reading with me.'
I poured out my thanks, while my heart beat with joy—
'Twas such a kind act of the dear, generous boy.
I'm the happiest maiden that ever was seen,
With this dear little, sweet little Sewing Machine."

Ye Oberlin students, she doctors of laws,
Who deem that society's nothing but flaws;
Ye lady divines, and ye female M. D.'s,
Who preach to me sermons, and boast your degrees,
Who vow that this earth never safely can roll
Till you shall wear trousers, and go to the poll;
When you of your rights were raving and fighting,
Who think you the while injured woman was righting?
Tune our best benefactor, one William O. Grover,
His name be remembered the wide world all over,
As being sole author, inventor, and maker,
Of this prince of inventions, the "Grover & Baker."

Profound ignorance makes a man dogmatic.
He who knows nothing, thinks he can teach
others what he just now has learned himself;
while he who knows a great deal, can scarce im-
agine any one can not be acquainted with what
he says, and speaks for this reason with more
confidence.

SIGNS AND FORERUNNERS:

—OR,—

WHAT CAME OF THOSE CHICKENS.

BY ELIA M. HALPINE.

"LET me see—here are nine, and three are twelve, and three are fifteen, and three more make just—"

"Never count your chickens till they are hatched, child," interrupted Grandmother Brown, the lady's afternoon visitor.

"But I am not counting the chickens, Mrs. Brown, I am only making a calculation of how many eggs I can spare, to put under the old speckled hen. As I was saying, three more make eighteen, and here are two which are cracked, which will make it up to twenty."

"I hope you don't intend to put her to setting on cracked eggs, Mrs. Lester?" said Grandma'am Brown, inquiringly.

"Why, Grandma'am Brown—what's the odds—aint they just as good?"

"Well, I don't know anything about your smart, Boston hens; mebbey they can hatch cracked eggs; but our old-fashioned, country biddies never would raise a chicken from a cracked egg if they set on it till doomsday."

"Well, I'm sure, I didn't suppose it made any difference," returned Mrs. Lester, looking slightly disconcerted.

Mrs. Lester was a native of the place so scornfully alluded to by Grandma'am Brown. Not that the good lady had anything against Boston in particular, but she regarded with inef-fable disdain all cities in general, and all city-bred people.

"A proud, lazy, shiftless set," she would say, "who get their living out of the hard-working country people. Never raise so much as a cab-bage, or a pound of pork; or make a pound of butter. But if I had my way I'd starve 'em to it."

Grandma'am Brown did not consider that the city fathers never would have consented to cattle and hogs being pastured in the city; otherwise, she never would have said so; for notwithstanding her oddities, she was one of the kindest hearted old ladies in the world. And as for veg-etables, there were no lack of cabbage heads, while other (than garden) sauce was liberally furnished by newsboys and cabdrivers.

Mrs. Lester, although she was city-born and city-bred, had become a great favorite with the old lady, since she left her city home, and came to reside at the old homestead, as Harry Lester's wife.

And a model farmer's wife she bade fair to be, in spite of all the ill-natured prognostications of the neighborhood gossips; who prophesied that no good would ever come of handsome Harry Lester bringing home a dainty, lily-handed city dame to be mistress of the old Lester homestead.

"Bat, la! child," continued the old lady, as she remarked that Mrs. Lester looked rather annoyed, at the betrayal of her ignorance in regard to the feasibility of raising poultry from cracked eggs. "I'm sure I don't wonder that you didn't know the odds; but, goodness me! you needn't go fur tu feeling a bit worked up about it, fur I presume tu say, that if I had lived in a corpulent city as long as you hev, I should hev been just about as big a fool."

"Well," replied Mrs. Lester, smiling, "as I shall be obliged to use some of them about cooking, I can take these; so it will make no particular difference. They'll raise cake if they will not raise chickens, I suppose, Grandma'am Brown?"

"Sartenly, sartenly, child, and save the trouble of breaking them."

"Well, then, four for some custard pies, and four more, I must have for some cake, for there actually isn't a crumb in the house, making eight; and eight from twenty leaves twelve; yes, I can spare twelve just as well as not, and if they turn out well, it will be as many chickens as I care to raise this spring."

"Gracious me! Mrs. Lester," exclaimed Grandma'am Brown, as she dropped her knitting-work, and with it more than a dozen stitches, "you don't ra'ly mean tu say that you are going to put that ere hen tu setting on twelve eggs."

"Why, yes; why not?"

"Because, child, it's a drestful unlucky number. Can't you spare thirteen?"

"No, grandma'am, I really don't see how I can, any way; you see there isn't a bit of pie or cake for supper."

"Well, then, make it eleven, child, and say no more about it; but mind what I tell you: if you vally having any luck with your chickens, don't put your hen tu setting on twelve eggs."

"But, for goodness' sake alive, Mrs. Brown, why isn't twelve as good a number as eleven or thirteen?"

"Because it's an even number, child; and an even number never brings any luck tu anybody. Any fool oughter know that."

"O, pahaw, Grandma'am Brown, that's nothing but an 'old wife's story.'"

"Well, mebbey it is, Mailda Jane, but it may be a true story fur all that. 'An old wife's story' is wuth as much as a young wife's story

any day." And the old lady drew herself up with an air of offended dignity.

"Well, perhaps you are right, Mrs. Brown; you have had more experience about raising chickens than I have, you know," returned Mrs. Lester, soothingly. "Though for my part I don't see why one number isn't as good as another."

"Well, Mailda Jane, I expect I oughter know suthing or nuthar about it; for when I was a gal and lived up in Varmount, on father's farm, we girls used tu think nothing of raising between two and three hundred chickens every year; besides sights of turkeys, ducks and geese."

"What, and do all your own housework besides?" exclaimed Mrs. Lester.

"Sartenly, child, and that warnt all we used tu du, by considerable. We used tu wean all the calves, rake arter the cart in haying time, feed the pigs, look arter the colts, fodder the cattle, milk from twenty tu thirty cows, besides making heaps of butter and cheese, and choring around the house. And then in the fall, there was the making of pickles and preserves, biling down cider, and the apples, peaches and pumpkins to be cat up and dried; all the sage, peppers and sich like, roots and arbs tu be gathered and hung up in bundles tu dry; and the pork and beef tu be salted down in barrels, the lard and tallow tu be tried out, candles tu be dipped—"

"Good gracious! don't say any more for heaven's sake, Grandma'am Brown. Bless me, it makes me fairly tired to think of it." And Mrs. Lester sunk down in a chair, looking really quite exhausted. "But I suppose in the winter you did not have much of anything to do?"

"Well, child, what with the spinning and weaving I rather guess we warnt idle, nary one of us."

"Well, then, I am sure the women of your time must have been made of very different material from the women now-a-days, Grandma'am Brown."

"Child, child," replied the old lady, impressively raising the knitting needle which she had just drawn from her work, "they were made of very different sort of material; they were made of genuin flesh and blood, bone and muscle, and not got up with starch, hoops, corsets, bustles, and cotton batten. Yes," continued Grandmother Brown, "girls in them days were good for suthing. They warnt brought up tu fool away their time over worsteds and embroidery; reading novels and for everlastingly kicking, screeching by, and pounding an unfortunat piany."

And the good old lady, as she resumed her knitting, jerked the yarn with such energy, that

the mammoth ball of mixed white and blue sprang from her capacious pocket to the floor, and was immediately appropriated by the kitten; who commenced industriously winding it around the legs of the tables and chairs.

"Scat, scat! shew, shew!" exclaimed Grand-ma'am Brown, in pursuit of her yarn. "Git out, you plague. There, now you have broken the yarn; take that, you scamp."

A sound box on the ears convinced puss at once of the expediency of relinquishing the ball and making good her escape; but bent upon accomplishing as much mischief as possible, she sprang upon the table, knocking off the basket of eggs, and a pile of teacups and tumblers, regained at length the open window, and from thence the branches of the old elm tree in the door-yard.

"O, dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Lester, "my eggs are all broken, every one of them!"

"So are your teacups and tumblers," replied the old lady, coolly, as she seated herself in a rocking-chair, and proceeded to unite the severed yarn by knitting the two ends together. "How-somever, it's no more than I expected, fur I never knowd any good to come of putting a hen to set on an even number of eggs—as I told you afore."

"But I have not put any eggs to set yet, and I don't see as I am likely to," said Mrs. Lester, in a tone of vexation.

"Well, child, you had made up your mind to, and it amounts to jest about the same thing; you oughter be thankful that it's no worse. Just think of what sights of trouble Mrs. Johnson had. You know Mrs. Johnson—Esquire Johnson's wife?"

"O, yes, and think a great deal of her."

"Well, jist about a year ago this spring, I went a visiting over there—we are great friends, Mrs. Johnson and I—and she was busy, same as you were, making calculation of how many chickens she would raise. She wanted to set just one more hen, and she hadn't but just twelve eggs left. I told her she had a good deal better throw them into the pig-pen; but between you and me, Mrs. Lester—though Mrs. Johnson is a proper nice woman, and I think a sight of her—still, she had her queer streaks; and one on 'em is never to believe in signs and forerunners. I remember, one night, when we watched with poor Sally—you remember Sally Stephens, she who died of the typhus last summer—well, I sot up the fore-end of the night, and then Mrs. Johnson took my place; but no sooner had I laid down on the blanket with my head agin the wall, than I heard the ticking of the death watch, as

plain as I ken hear your clock on the mantel. I got up pretty quick, I ken tell you, and beckoned Mrs. Johnson to come out into the kitchen.

"'Fur goodness' sake alive! what is the matter, Mrs. Brown?" sez she.

"'It's all over with poor Sally, Mrs. Johnson,' sez I; 'there aint no kind o' use in tormenting the poor critter with any more doctor's stuff, fur Sally Stephens will never go out of the house till she's carried out in her winding sheet.'"

"'I think it's very doubtful about her recovery myself,' sez Mrs. Johnson, 'fur the doctor sez it's a very cricketical case. But hev you noticed any change?'"

"'No,' sez I; 'but the minute I laid down, I heard the death watch, and that you know is a sure sign.'"

"'La, me!' sez she, 'is that all? Why how you skered me; I r'ly thought suthing dreadful had happened.'"

"'All!' sez I, 'goodness gracious, I should think it was enough. Everybody knows that when the death watch is heered in a sick-room, they may calculate on the patient being as good as dead and buried.'"

"'O, sho!' sez she, 'I've heerd it thousands of times—specially in old decayed houses—and I never knowed it to amount to anything.'"

"'Well,' sez I, 'Mrs. Johnson, you just wait and see, and if Sally Stephens don't die some time or nuther, I lose my guess.'"

"Sure enough, the next time we met it was at Sally's funeral."

"'Well, Mrs. Johnson,' sez I, 'what du you think now about the sign of the death watch?'"

"'O, as to that, Mrs. Brown,' sez she, 'I haven't a bit more faith than I had afore. Sally had a slender constitution, and I never thought she would get well, when she was first taken down.'"

"I did r'ly think she would hev owned up when the facts stood out clear as noonday; but as I said before—though Mrs. Johnson is a proper nice woman and will ginerally hear to reason—when she once gets her head sot, she's just as obstinate as a donkey."

"But about those chickens, dear Mrs. Brown," interrupted Mrs. Lester.

"La, yes; I came nigh forgetting all about it. Well, you see, I happened to be a visiting over there that arternoon—the esquire, he was gone away; but then he's just as queer about not believing in signs and forerunners as his wife. Now it was only a week or to ago, the esquire came over to our house to get our Sam to help him about butchering his hog."

"'Goodness gracious! Esquire Johnson,' sez I, 'you aint ra'ly going tu hev your hog killed tu day, are you?'"

"'Well, yes,' sez he, 'if I can get any one tu help me about it.'"

"'O, as fur help,' sez I, 'you are welcome to Sam with all my heart; but I suppose you know that pork aint good fur nothing unless it's killed in the new of the moon?'"

"But he only laughed, and said he guessed he would risk it, as they were wanting some pork over to his house pretty bad. So in course I had nothing further tu say; but a day or two arterwards I happened tu drop in pretty arly in the morning. The breakfast table warnt cleared off, and there, on a platter, I seed sum of the pork. My stars and garters! it was all fried, shrunk, shrivelled and frizzled up; and looked tasteless as shoe leather, and brown as my silk gown. Arter I had sot a spell, and it, cum around handy, I jist axed him if he thought he hadn't missed it, killing his pork as he did."

"'Killing it how, Mrs. Brown?' sez he. 'I don't quite understand what you mean.'"

"'Why, having it killed in the old of the moon,' sez I. 'You may depend upon it, Esquire Johnson, that it's nothing else in the world that makes it shrink up, and fry all away.'"

"'Ho, ho, ho!' sez he, laughing, 'it's more my opinion, Mrs. Brown, that its present uninviting appearance is owing tu the sarcumstance of my wife's leaving it over the fire tu long, while she was up stairs tending to the children; for when I cum in from the barn, the kitchen was chuck full o' smoke, and the pork burned black as my boots.'"

"Now, Matilda Jane, I might hev talked till doomsday, and that man wouldn't hev thought any different. Sum folks never learn by experience, and Esquire Johnson is just one of them sort. Last year he actily planted his pertatoes in the new of the moon."

"'Esquire Johnson,' sez I, 'depend upon it, you wont hev more than half a crop. Pertatoes, and all sich like, had oughter be planted in the old of the moon, or instead of having bottoms, they'll all run to tops.'"

"And sure enough, in the fall when he cum tu dig 'em, the heft of 'em warnt bigger than walnuts. As usual he laid it tu suthing else; and I couldn't make him believe that the moon had anything to do with it—said it was owing to the dry weather, and could be flossically explained, and all that sort o' stuff. But sure as bugs, Mrs. Lester, here comes Jonas with the team, and I promised I wouldn't keep him waiting a minute. Just be good enough to reach me my

bonnet and shawl off the bed in the bed-room?"

"O, Mrs. Brown, never mind about Jonas; stay and take tea with us, and Harry will take you home in the evening. I want to hear about those—"

"Come, grandma'am, aint you most ready?" said Jonas, putting his head in at the door.

"Yes, Jonas, I'm coming right along. Good-by, Mrs. Lester."

"But those chickens, Mrs. Brown, those chickens."

"Caught by a skunk afore they were a week old!" screamed Grandma'am Brown, as she rattled off.

HOW TO TELL A GOOD TEACHER.

A gentleman from Swampville, State of New York, was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others he had tried school teaching.

"How long did you teach?" inquired a bystander.

"Well, I didn't teach long, that is, I only went to teach."

"Did you hire out?"

"Wal, I didn't hire out, I only went to hire out."

"Did you succeed?"

"Wal, I giv it up for some reason or another. You see I travelled into a district and inquired for trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickless was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickless—named my object—introduced myself—and asked him what he thought about letting me try my luck with the big unruly gals and boys of the district? He wanted to know if I really considered myself capable, and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few questions in 'rithmetic or geography, or showing my handwriting. He said no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his gait."

"Let me see you walk off a little ways," said he, "I can tell jist as well as if I had heard you examined," says he.

He sat in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish, but I was considerably frustrated, and didn't mind it much, so I turned and walked on as smart as I know'd how. He said he would tell me when to stop, so I walked till I thought I had gone far enough—then I 'spected suthin' was to pay, and looked round. Wal, the door was shut, and Mr. Snickless had gone.

"Did you go back?"

"Wal, no, I didn't go back."

"Did you apply for another school?"

"Wal, no, I didn't apply for another school," said the gentleman from Swampville, "I rather think my appearance was against me."—*Spirit of the Times.*

KNOWLEDGE.

Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime Wisdom; what is more, is fame,
Or emptiness, or foal impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek. —*MILTON.*

ROCK RAYMOND.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITZS.

[This is a noted ledge of rock some two hundred rods west from the Merrimack. It is in itself a great curiosity. It is an outcropping of gneiss from the midst of a sandy plain, being an immense mass of that stone some three hundred feet in length, one hundred and fifty in width, and some seventy or eighty feet in height. The ledge extends nearly in a north and south direction, rising gradually from the north, so as to be of easy ascent in that direction, and ending in an abrupt precipice towards the south and southeast. This rock is seen at a considerable distance up and down the valley of the Merrimack, and from its top is a splendid view of the city of Manchester and its neighborhood. There are ledges on the eastern bank of the river equally high with Rock Raymond, but they are covered mostly with soil, while this, by some convulsion of nature, is left, projecting its frowning battlements to the skies.—*Poet's History of Manchester, N. H.*]

Bared is his rocky breast,
Hoary and gray.
Sunbeams at close of day
Stream from the golden west,
Long on his towering crest
Linger and play:
Silently, silently,
Die they away.

Winter winds round him roar,
Summer winds wall.
Vainly the torrents rail,
Hardly the ages score
High on the rock their tale:
Faint are the signs they wore.
Wearily, wearily,
Time makes assail.

Gaze on his giant side,
Mark well his mig. t.
Thus shall he stand in pride,
Watching the centuries fight;
Yes—when the earth shall hide
Millions now glad in light!
Steadfastly, steadfastly,
Shall he abide.

LORENZO Ghiberti.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

You should hear the story as it was told to me—under the shade of the vine, with the glowing sun beating through the neighboring trees. Here, in this damp northern atmosphere, and in sight of that forbidding brick wall, I fear that I shall spoil it all.

More than five hundred years ago, Lorenzo Ghiberti came from Rimini to Florence. He was then a mere stripling in appearance, and scarcely more than that in age. He was of slender form, had flowing black hair, and eyes large and expressive, but rather deficient in the fiery energy with which many writers of romance like to adorn the orbs of their heroes. Ghiberti was a native of Rimini; and had first attracted the attention of its lord by his prettily-formed play-

things, modelled in wood and clay for the amusement of the village children. Awakened to admiration at the talent which he could not but perceive, the Count Malatesta took the boy-peasant into his own house, and had him duly instructed in the rudiments of learning, and, as far as the circumstances would allow, in that art of sculpture toward which the genius of the boy inclined. The count was a widower, and childless—and had therefore adopted a niece of about the same age as Ghiberti. The latter, closely applied to his studies in a remote apartment of the castle, saw not much of Maria Malatesta till several months of his seclusion had passed. Nevertheless, the consciousness of her neighborhood gave a charm to the dull old walls; and, toiling at his book, or turning gladly to his clay models, an airy vision floated around the youth, in which golden-tinted ringlets, blue eyes, and archly-curved lips, bore a conspicuous part.

These scarce conscious reveries were, after all, of no moment—just such as are wont to befall every youth at the period of quitting the teens. So the time passed on. Ghiberti increased in the favor of the grim count, who every day spent a half-hour or so in the studio, watching the labor of his favorite, or chatting with him in a condescending way. Maria came with the count, occasionally. She was silent and demure, at these times; but her eyes would now and then speak, whether she chose or no. And thus a cousinly acquaintance was commenced. Afterward, once in a great while, the girl would steal, unheard, over Ghiberti's threshold, tweak his hair, or play some like mischievous prank, and then spring back into the gallery with a merry laugh, quickly escaping thence into the open air.

Two years went by. Ghiberti, grown to manhood, began to think it time for him to seek his fortune in the world. The lord of Rimini was by no means rich; and even had he been so, Ghiberti's pride would have revolted at the thought of remaining a mere dependant.

"They tell me," he said to himself, "that I have genius, and capacity for an honorable destiny. I will go to Florence. There I will see the famous artists. Who knows but that I also may by-and-by enter among the number? Such things have happened—why not to me?"

Then his thoughts lapsed, unawares, into reverie. In fancy, he beheld himself returning, years hence, to Rimini, dressed in rich costume, with a sword by his side, drawing on himself the envy of all the village youths. The old count and his niece stood ready to receive him at the castle gate with a cordial welcome. His name was famous throughout the land. After this,

came dim fancies of a betrothal, in which he, and a fair young maid with laughing blue eyes, bore the chieftain part. From such imaginations, he was aroused by the approach of the count.

"Ho, sir dreamer!" said the patron. "Thou wilt to Florence then? Indeed, it is not so foolish a thought of thine, after all. Thou must have a few gold pieces in thy purse, and Father Clement's blessing, by way of a fair start, and to-morrow thou shalt be on the way. There is here no field for a youth like thee. So, so; and go take thy leave of Maria to-night—for I dare say that the girl will not be up by the time you depart in the morning."

In obedience to this counsel, Ghiberti arranged his little wardrobe, and laid aside a few drawings and pieces of carving which he desired to take with him. This done, he sought to find Maria. Near the hall entrance he discovered her, half hidden in an alcove, plaiting a bracelet of hair. As he approached her, he held in his hand a small moulding of the Virgin and Child, copied in relief from an old illuminated manuscript which the count had in possession.

"I am going to Florence to-morrow, Signora Maria," said Ghiberti, addressing the maiden with a bashful air.

She looked up, smiling and throwing back the ringlets from her brow.

"Ah, Master Ghiberti, you are to become a great artist—are you? Who then will furnish dolls for the little ones of the village? We shall miss you much. But no doubt one of these days, when you are become famous and rich, you will come and see us poor country people. But what have we here?"

Ghiberti placed in her hand the piece of carving.

"I made it for you," he said.

"For me! O how pretty it is! But then you should have knelt, in presenting it, and made a speech. I really should be angry with you, were not your present so very pretty in itself. However, I do not know that I shall give you anything in return. The old housekeeper knows everything that I possess even to that old brass brooch."

"What a beautiful braid of hair!" exclaimed Ghiberti, glancing at the object on which she had been employed.

"Fie, Master Artist!" replied the girl. "You must know that I am braiding this for my foster sister Giulia. But I care not, after all. You may as well have this, as to have nothing; and it will make no difference to her, as I have abundant material for another."

Maria appeared more careless of his departure than he could have wished. He passed a sleep-

less night, disturbed by a natural regret at quitting his home, and, possibly, still more by thoughts of the future on which he was now about to venture. On the morrow, at early daylight, the young artist commenced his journey to Florence. On the hill which gave to him the last view of Malatesta's castle, he paused and cast backward a lingering look. As he did so, perceived he not something white floating like a kerchief from Maria's window? He doubted. It might be the distant glimmering of the light, deceiving his vision. He went on; and as the towers of the castle drooped from sight, his last thought was of Maria.

Ghiberti entered Florence, and as soon as possible, presented himself at the studios of several well-known artists, among whom was the noted sculptor Luoga—to whom the youth bore a letter from the lord of Rimini. The old sculptor seized the letter abruptly, ran it hastily over, and then, sharply regarding Ghiberti, said:

"You come to an over-stocked market, my lad! So you have specimens of your skill to show me? Pretty—pretty! But it is hard telling what sort of flower will come from the bud! However, you need not to be cast down; I have known worse than you to become very tolerable workmen. There, then—go! go! You may come, if you like, some other day, and we will talk your affair over at more leisure, for I am quite busy just now."

Ghiberti left him with spirits sensibly lowered. On the whole, his various receptions were not too encouraging. Some praised him languidly; some warned him strenuously against imbibing the ideas and the style of their rivals, and were in turn equally denounced by others. The majority of those whom Ghiberti visited regarded him and his medallions with positive indifference—affording him few maxims for the guidance of his studies, and even these rather contradictory among themselves. The youth took counsel with himself. His funds were scanty—too much so to afford him a thorough course of instruction in the studio of Donatello, the only master to whom he as yet felt willing to commit himself. He determined for the present to attempt his own guidance, studying natural forms and the visible works of art around him. He procured a room, clay, a few tools, some small fragments of marble, and sat himself assiduously at work, living in the most frugal manner.

He had thus placed himself in a position which quickly dispelled all the flattering illusions of his imagination. He placed his medallions of carved fruit and flowers in the shop windows, and in the public places. Few stopped to gaze,

and none to buy. Now and then he would procure from some tradesman an order for a carving to place above his door, or a florin or two for a sculptured head in relief of some townsman whose acquaintance he had formed. Thus starvation was kept from the door. Ghiberti's faith in himself had been strong; but it could not otherwise than yield to the slow and sure advances of discouraging adversity and neglect. In this condition were his fortunes, when the anniversary of his departure from Rimini arrived. The day found him sunk in melancholy. His labors were thrown aside; they were no longer attractive. Even necessity had lost its power. Despair had already usurped its place. Stretched at length on the floor of his poverty-stricken studio, his thoughts wandered far away, endeavoring to force themselves into an uneasy forgetfulness of the present. Plunged in this state of stupefaction, he heard the door of his apartment open, but marked it not. The rustle of a dress, a face bending over his own, and a cloud of soft ringlets, aroused him in astonishment.

"You here, Maria?"

"Why not, my poor little Ghiberti?" was the half gay, half sad, reply. "I have come to see how you were getting on. And such a toil as I have had to find you!"

"To see how I am getting on?" echoed Ghiberti, glancing about the apartment with an expressive look. "Very well; you perceive I am not yet famous!"

"Hush, my little one!" exclaimed the ardent girl, while the tears rushed to her eyes at the unintended bitterness of his tones. "All that you need is some one to cheer you, and spur you over the barrier that is already about to yield. Here, now, is a talisman which I bring you; use it for my sake, and see if it will not open to you good fortune."

With these words, she seized his hand suddenly and pressed within it a heavy gold coin. No sooner, however, did Ghiberti feel it, than he shrank quickly back, and the gold fell to the floor.

"This from you, Maria! No, no!"

His face was pale, his lips bloodless. Maria, trembling, regarded him for a moment in silence. Then, extending toward him her arms, the blood flowed over her face and neck, tinged all with a warm, impassioned glow.

"Ghiberti," she exclaimed, "I love you! You also love me! Will you then mistake my foolish offering? Hear me! I will be yours. We will work together; and I can give hope and love to inspire you in your efforts."

A bewildering haze for a moment obscured the

eyes of Ghiberti. A vision of happiness glittered before his vision. But common sense, and the realities of the present, marshalled quickly against the flattering illusion.

"No, Maria," he exclaimed, with a cold but forced composure; "I am a poor and unknown carver, struggling for his daily bread. Were I to snatch you from your father's arms, from plenty and ease, the folly would bring ruin upon us both. I, who can scarce sustain myself—how should I find bread for two?"

Maria's pride was touched to the quick. She deemed that she had been deceived. That composed and icy manner repelled the advance which she now most earnestly repented having made.

"Pardon me, Ghiberti!" she said, turning away pallid as marble. "I must have been beside myself, truly. Let me then bid you farewell."

The door was already open for her departure, when Ghiberti, with a half-stifled cry, sprang forward.

"Dearest Maria," he said, "I have offended you. You know not—indeed you know not my heart. You misjudge me! I cannot with honor say more."

A smiling lustre again overspread her countenance.

"I am not, then, altogether in the wrong. Adieu, Ghiberti! You are right—I must go! But it will not be long before we meet again."

No sooner had the fair vision departed, than Ghiberti relapsed into dejection. But on the next day, his courage returned.

"At least," he said to himself, "I can endeavor to make myself worthy of her regard."

A new project presented itself to his fancy. Two days ago, the thought would have seemed to him the height of mad presumption. He would present himself as a competitor for the gates of the Church of St. John. More than ten years before, Andrew of Pisa had undertaken to make, in bronze, the southern gate of the ancient Church or Baptistry of St. John. So beautiful was the work which, after years of labor, he produced, that the magistrates of Florence, with all the foreign ambassadors, went in state to visit it. The skilful Andrew received the highest praise; the honor of citizenship was conferred upon him, and his name resounded throughout all Italy. So great was the admiration which this masterpiece received, that the government of the city resolved to offer the execution of the two remaining gates to the competition of artists of all nations. From those who should present themselves for the purpose, a certain limited number were to be selected as designers. These were to be allowed a year, each, for the execution

of the designs. Each of these chosen competitors, furthermore, was to be allowed a sufficient sum for his maintenance in the meantime. At the end of the year, the final selection was to be made.

On this very day, those who desired to enter the list as designers, were to present themselves at the church before the judges. Of the claimants, Ghiberti resolved to be one. At the appointed hour he presented himself, amidst a number of illustrious persons, before a tribunal composed of two cardinals and thirty-four of the most excellent artists who had agreed to exclude themselves from the contest. These severe critics exercised a thorough examination of those who sought to enter the honorable list. Ghiberti could scarce sustain their questions.

"Who are you?" they asked. "Whence come you?—and what have you done?"

What could he answer? He had executed clay figures. He had made some small sculptures in marble. Possibly they might find some merit in one or two medallions which he had brought with him for examination. They barely glanced at these, and then, smiling at each other, summarily set him aside. He drew back covered with shame, and conscious of the derision of his companions. Before he had opportunity to depart, however, he was again summoned before the judges.

"Young sir," said one of their number, "your youth and unfriended situation, joined to some indications of talent, have induced us to recall our determination, and to admit you among the number of the designers. You will be furnished with a sum for your year's expenses. It may be well to add that you owe this directly to the intercession of that excellent artist Signor Simon de Bolle, who has himself entered the list. Nor (we are bound in justice to say) are we at all convinced that your qualifications exceed those of many others whom we have found it necessary to exclude. Nevertheless, your youth and want of advantage deserve all fitting encouragement, and we wish you all the success which you may be able to obtain."

It was but a sorry admittance, yet not to be despised by one in Ghiberti's condition. He returned home, and applied himself sedulously to his task. Maria, who had for a time found domicile with a Florentine kinswoman, whom she had left home ostensibly to visit, was not forgetful of the young student, but sent him little messages from time to time, sometimes looking in herself, cheering him with bright eyes and kindly words, and even occasionally adding a spur to his genius by her own suggestions. Ghiberti was happy

for the time being. His necessary wants were provided for, he was absorbed in a congenial labor, and, whatever might be his success in the present undertaking, he could scarce fear that his fortunes should fall lower than they had been. Week after week, month after month, passed away, and found Ghiberti bringing forward his designs, laboring morning and evening with undiminished energy. Maria returned to Rimini; but the light of her presence seemed in a great degree to remain, for the artist still worked cheerfully on. At length the expected, the dreaded day, approached—arrived.

A platform had been raised for the judges near the centre of the church, and thither the contending artists came with their designs. A crowd of citizens and others, men and women, filled all the space around; for the contest excited the liveliest interest in the city and the region surrounding. Even the bustle-hating lord of Rimini had joined the concourse—having been induced by the much urging of the gentle Maria to adventure with her on a journey to Florence. One by one, the various contestants were called forward and their designs taken up for examination. Last of all Ghiberti was summoned, and placed his drawings in the hands of the judges. He who first received them eyed them closely, nodded to the next in order, shook his head gravely, and passed the drawings on. A cloud settled for a moment on Ghiberti's brain. His drawings had been rejected. Yet what else could he have expected? He resolved, if possible, to bear his fate without a single inward murmur. Was he not fortunate to have been afforded the honor of contending with such a number of illustrious artists? Looking about him, he caught sight of Maria. Her looks were fixed upon him earnestly, seeming to say—"whether thou fail or succeed, I care little, except it be for thy sake." At length, one of the judges arose and raised his hand. At the signal, all became silent as death.

"We have carefully examined the various designs which have been submitted to us," he said, "and very beautiful as some of them are, it is plain that the palm lies between those of Donatello, Bartoluccio, and Brunellesco. Between these three, we confess ourselves unable at present to decide. We must, therefore, retain them for further consideration. The other competitors will receive their designs forthwith."

The three great artists thus designated as rivals came forward and glanced at each other's designs in a friendly manner. As they were doing this, Donatello took up a drawing which lay by their side, examined it briefly, and gave it into the

hands of his two companions. This action attracted the attention of Cardinal Narni, one of the judges.

"A very meritable drawing," he said, "when we consider the circumstances; and although it cannot compare with such designs as yours, yet we think there is some promise in it. Do you not agree with us?"

Donatello, who had been more particularly addressed, seemed not to observe the question.

"If your reverence and the other judges are willing," he said in return, "we would ask that you delay the dispersal of this assemblage for a few moments. We think it possible that we may adjust our respective claims among ourselves. If, therefore, you see fit, we would ask that our three designs may be delivered to us, that we may endeavor to come to some decision."

The request was speedily granted, and the three friends and rivals retired into a corner by themselves. The assemblage at large, albeit not fully understanding the scene, awaited their return in silence. They did not wait long. Donatello and his two companions stood before the judges. The sculptor paused an instant; then raising a paper high in the air, he said with a clear, loud voice:

"This, honored sirs, is the drawing which we have united in choosing. We have no doubt that it surpasses all others in excellence. On it I see written the name of Lorenzo Ghiberti."

Ghiberti was thunderstruck. He staggered, and would have fallen, had it not been for the ready support afforded by Brunellesco, near whom he had happened to approach. The multitude of spectators, with one impulse, filled the vast edifice with their acclamations. When the sound died away, the Cardinal Narni rose again.

"We must take fault to ourselves," he said, "that we have not sooner, and more fully appreciated that excellence which we can now so clearly perceive. Doubtless," he added, smiling, "our eyes were somewhat dazzled by the fame of these masters of art, who have, with so great magnanimity, awarded the prize to a youth hitherto unknown. To Lorenzo Ghiberti, we, the judges appointed, do now commit the task of forming the gates of St. John. And with the omen of that high approval which he has just received, we doubt not that he will worthily emulate the work which has made Andrew of Pisa immortal."

Again the lofty roof shook with applause, and the multitude began to disperse. But, by the side of the Count Malatesta, still delayed by the throng of people, Maria bent her head on her hands, and wept silently tears of mingled joy

and sadness—an emotion inexplicable even to herself, now that Ghiberti had suddenly attained a success greater than she could have dared to hope for him. Meantime, Lorenzo hurried from the judges' stand. Eagerly he sought Maria with his eyes; and, forcing himself through the crowd, pressed on, unconscious of the complaints which he caused.

"Beware, malapert!" exclaimed a citizen whom he jostled. "Hast thou no fear, or thinkest thou that I am made of stone?"

"Hush!" replied a stout burgher. "Do you not see that it is young Ghiberti himself? We can afford to pardon him for once. 'Tis plain he scarce knows what he does; and no great wonder, considering all things."

Ghiberti bowed respectfully to his former patron, but at the same time audaciously seized the hand of Maria.

"I owe it all to you," he whispered.

"You will not forget us, now?" inquired Maria, in a broken voice.

Ghiberti's heart rose in his throat. He could only reply by a more fervent pressure. At this moment, another person joined the now isolated group. It was Donatello, who, with his arms close folded in his mantle, cast a significant glance at the count, as he addressed him aside.

"Worthy sir," said the sculptor, "I suspect that our artist has been aided by other inspiration than that of his art."

"In faith I begin to think so," replied the count, his features relaxing into a grim smile. "And since the youth has so well prospered, he may mate the girl if he will. But I should scarce have said it yesterday."

"Even so," replied Donatello. "Yesterday he was poverty-stricken and unknown. To-day, there is not a man in Florence but might envy him. His fame is sure; and both my name and yours will stand the brighter for the honor which he will reflect upon us."

Ghiberti toiled for years on the bronze gates, which, when finished, far excelled the work of his predecessor, and even the promise of his own designs. Their completion found him rich, and among the first in Italian fame. As he put the last stroke to the second gate (in a side panel of which he had joined his own head and that of his beautiful wife), he turned to his loved Maria, and letting fall the chisel from his hand, pointed to his finished work with the single exclamation: "I owe it all to you!"

The gay attire of the coxcomb makes him a leaden rapier in a golden sheath, a cork-leg in a silk stocking.

OUR MARTHA.

BY EDWIN L. RANSOM.

She grew in beauty by my side,
 A frail and tender blossom;
 Cherished, loved, ay, fondly loved,
 Within my youthful bosom;
 I loved the warm and sunny smile,
 To memory so dear;
 Bound by a sister's tender ties,
 Her heart was always near.

As from one parent tongue we learned
 Our simple, childish prattle,
 She, with a sister's words of love,
 Returned my boyish rattle.
 Where'er my childhood's fancy led,
 Her heart beat near to mine,
 With sympathy for every woe,
 Tender, true, and kind.

The pain I felt so keenly,
 The heart alone can speak,
 As I watched the youthful bloom depart
 From off her pallid cheek;
 O, sad disease, that nips the flower,
 That sips its early bloom,
 And bears its victim ever on
 In silence to the tomb!

Angels, who had only lent,
 Called us to restore her;
 And as I saw the cold, cold earth
 Close forever o'er her,
 The thought that that fond sister's arms
 Would clasp me never more,
 Was anguish to my fevered brain,
 And wrung my bosom's core.

Gone to a sainted mother's home,
 Beyond the starry clime,
 She waits, that loved one she has left
 May see the realms of time:
 Seraphs smile around her there,
 And chant their heavenly lay;
 Halo of immortal love,
 Heaven's brightest ray.

Her spirit's cold and earthly cell
 Lies deep from earthly calling,
 O'er which, an emblem of decay,
 The autumn leaves are falling:
 And soon, in turn, we must go down,
 To moulder, free from pain;
 For "dust thou art, and unto dust
 Shalt thou return again."

THE FIRST CZAR.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

THE Slavonic tribes were, in the early ages of civilization, numerous, and as their name implied, full of glory. Inhabiting the vast plains of northern Europe and Asia, it was not seldom that they drove down, like hail-storms, over southern countries, ravaging, destroying, and returning triumphantly laden with spoils to their

own homes. Divided into many branches, the largest, and at the same time the least noble and warlike, confined their stations within the great boundaries of what is now termed Russia. At this time the Norsemen, who in comparison with the Slavi, were civilized and gentle, were dispersing themselves almost imperceptibly in search of Asgard, the ancient city of Heaven, and thus by frequent expeditions across Russia to the Caucasus, became acquainted with and greatly revered by the barbarous tribes, while from their wanderings gaining the appellation of Varingians. During several years previous to the opening of our sketch, a company of gigantic warriors, not numerous beside the myriads of other bodies, but universally respected and feared, had been traversing Europe, now and then with expeditions to Angleland, wild, frolicking sails to Iceland and the North, or skimming in their elastic skiffs the foamy sea between the peninsulas and sharp, rocky islands of Denmark, of which latter realm Harald was king. In this company the youngest, bravest and noblest was Ruric, whose exploits were chanted in Runic rhymes by the prophetesses of the main tribe, and his name was already a terror to the Frank and Saxon. Over his brass corselet, graven, with many a dint, flowed the long locks of his golden hair, his eyes, which could be mild as a woman's, more frequently glistened like blue flame, and instead of a helmet he wore round his head only a narrow band of gold set with an immense ruby, like a star, above the forehead, at once an indication of his exceeding bravery and of his princedom, for young as he was, in his veins alone of all the warriors was said to flow the mythical blood of Odin, from whom he was lineally descended. Reverenced and idolized by all his followers, one in particular, old Troll, a staunch heart of war, guarded him, sleeping and waking, with a jealous care, bestowing upon him in double measure all the love and honor he had given in earlier life to his father.

It may be supposed that the presence of this redoubtable force in Denmark gave King Harald some uneasiness, and, though nothing was further from the Norseman's thoughts, that he constantly feared lest he should be deprived of his kingdom, and of course viewed them, while frequently making their abode in one of his woody promontories, with no favorable eye, and used a thousand stratagems to rid himself of them; but they, on the contrary, evinced no determination to leave till such time as should be convenient to themselves, and secure in their woody fastness, from whence, in case of trouble, they could easily take to their ships lying on the

northern edge, or march boldly and conquering through the opposing land, they still made Denmark their head quarters.

Harald and his court had been hunting in another forest, somewhat distant, and having started a beast from its lair, were pursuing him at full speed up the long avenues of the forest, now separating through the devious paths, and now meeting in dark green glades and starting wildly off again with inspiring peals of the hunting horn. The king by courtesy had led the train, while many of the ladies, most fearless riders, were close behind, and his daughter Gerberta rode as became her nature, most generally at a tangent from the rest of the hunters, now in advance, and now beside him, and now with those lords and ladies in the rear. Thus it happened that the others had preceded her some distance, and she sat endeavoring to disengage her dress, which had been caught in some briars, while her restless steed pawed impatiently to follow the chase again. Most unlike the Danes in her beauty, for her mother (now long since dead) had been stolen in a foray from Italy, she inherited with their clear northern whiteness of skin the dusky, languishing eyes, fine, thin features, and dark, glossy curls of the South; while her form, slender, exquisite and erect, was like a reed beside the oaken growth of the North. Perhaps the little annoyance that parted the crimson lips and displayed the pearly teeth with impatience, did not at all diminish her beauty, and she was still continuing her task, when a musical voice beside her, often heard before, said—"Let me assist thee!"

"Ah, Prince Ruric, is't thou?" she answered, instantly relinquishing her occupation, which he did not immediately assume, perhaps in order to prolong the time. "I did not know," she resumed, "that thou hauntedst this forest, too. My father would give up the ghost this moment, if he dreamed it!"

"King Harald may keep his ghost. Indeed, princess, he greatly wrongs my race by fear and suspicion. We have no desire to harm him, even were not his beautiful daughter a safeguard through which no Norseman's sword would pierce!"

"So!" returned she, biting her lip with a look of disturbance. "Prince Ruric flatters! I, too, who have favored the Norse, shall begin to distrust them now!"

"What! are we not friends? Thou and I? Would any under my command then injure thee?"

Gerberta was silent a moment, and then said:

"How finely thou assistest me! See! my dress is quite free from the thorns!"

At which broad hint, Ruric at once, with his gauntleted hand, tore the thorns away, released her, and ungloving his hand, laid it on her horse's mane, while he said:

"There now, thy highness, I think my words will have detained thee no longer than the thorns would, had I not come!"

"Truly!" she answered. And then, surveying him a moment with her shadowy eyes, she exclaimed: "Pardon, Prince Ruric! but thou art the least like a Goth of any I ever saw!"

"Pardon!" returned he, proudly. "But I am no Goth!"

"And what then?"

"The invincible North gave me birth, and though all Goths are Norsemen, all Norsemen are by no means Goths. I am a knight of Asgard and a Varangian!"

"Shall I tell thee, Knight of Asgard! what I last night heard the counsellor tell my father?"

"If thou wishest, and thine honor allows."

"Bah! I have no honor—and honor need not be concerned in the affair! He said it at table. Now dost thou know the only punishment I ever received was through this man's telling of my fault—"

"Thou art therefore going to avenge thyself?"

"Thou art precise. Very well, my prince. then I sha'n't tell thee that the great Slavi nations are deliberating on the choice of a ruler, and that report says—"

"Thou'rt not telling now?" he asked, laughing.

"Ah well! If Prince Ruric doth not care to hear— When he is ruler of all that enormous Russ territory, I will tell his ambassadors to Denmark that my father's counsellor foretold it!"

"Thou hast taken, begging forgiveness, a roundabout way to break confidence!"

"Indeed! I have yet to learn that what a tipsy counsellor says over his wine is confidence!"

"And is what a tipsy counsellor says over his wine to be relied on, then?"

"Good morning, prince!" she returned, after a moment's pause, and then a laugh. "Since the day I first saw thee, thou proud one, at my father's court, I have believed that thou standest on some hilltop of the world to see all events an hour before they happen! There is to be a banquet and masque at the palace a week yea-treen, Prince Ruric!" And gathering up her reins, she dashed off, turning, however, to look at him where his magnificent and unbent stature towered in the sunlight, upon which, waving his hand, he disappeared in the shady intricacies of the wood.

What Gerberta had told him of the delibera-

tions of the Slavi only confirmed what he already knew; but since their consultations might extend over several months, he judged it most becoming and prudent to remain silent and apart. Nevertheless, Troll, who was elated at the prospect and opportunity of power about to open before his lord, would have had him gone, as he said in that night's council, and put an end to their talk by taking forcibly the new sovereignty.

"And who knows," O Knight of Asgard!" said he, "but that somewhere in that vast unexplored region, the Heavenly City may stand illumining long wastes of territory by its splendor? Take it, prince!"

"Nay, Troll," was the answer. "Is it not a greater office to be prince over my handful of boldest warriors in the world, than to rule a race of cowards, though countless as the sands of the sea! Tell me, braves! could this sovereignty add a ray to the glory of him in whose veins runs Odin's blood?"

The shout of scorn on the Slavi, that answered him, sufficiently attested the coincidence of opinion.

"Then, my heroes, if this race call on us, we will go in to tell them what true wisdom and courage are, to make them like ourselves, and found an innumerable nation whose desires shall centre on the search for the Heavenly City. And if they do not want us, they do not deserve us, and we are happiest and most glorious as we are!"

He stood a little apart from the rest, and the soft moonlight that fell on him alone seemed to surround him with a halo and radiance that separated him from them and made him unapproachable till he should step from the magic circle, while in unspeakable reverence they bowed acquiescence. Perhaps this close judgment, calm power of self-denial, and keen eye for the glory of his race, constituted as much of his power over these grially warriors as the Odin's blood that ran in his veins.

That same night, Gerberta leaned over her balcony, half lost in thought, and half with an ear to the maudlin old counsellor who wandered with Harald through the garden walks.

"Surely," she thought to herself, "we are equals. To be sure, no Odin's blood runs in my veins, but then for hundreds of years all my fathers were kings—and so forsooth were his! And yet he is so great, so noble, there is a superiority about him which half awes me and makes me feel small. I know he kindly scorns me—I am too little and not half brave enough! O I never, never could deserve his love—and I love him with all my heart! Besides, if I were

queen of Rome, I don't believe he would wed any woman who was not of the Norse. I'll ask him!" Here she paused. "Unmaidenly!" she began again, as if answering the suggestion of her thoughts. "Very well. Who cares! I've been maidenly and commonplace long enough; we'll try a little of the other, just for change."

Here the voice of the counsellor arrested her attention.

"But then, your majesty," said he, "the ambassadors declare that the King of Hungary only awaits your invitation to the mainland."

"But I've heard my daughter a hundred times declare her contempt for Olaf, and it's of no use inviting the king here unless she accepts him, which thou knowest it will be impossible to force her to do."

"The King of Hungary?" muttered Gerberta. "I rather think it will!"

"Impossible!" quoth the counsellor. "The King of Hungary is very powerful and a strengthening alliance, and since the maiden has been let dismiss some dozen suitors ere now—"

"Her head is so full of these cursed Varin-gians!"

"It is time that thou didst assert thy parental authority and make her accept Olaf!"

"Humph!" said Gerberta. "We'll see!" And she lightly swung herself down from the balcony, which was not over three feet from the ground, and confronted the pair of wise heads.

"I doubt much—" Harald had begun.

"There is no necessity for doubting at all, my father," said Gerberta, as they started back, "As for taking *Olaf* for a husband, rest assured I never will!—and red-hot irons shall not stir me from my resolution. And as for thee, Sir Counsellor, let me say, once for all, attend to thine own affairs, or if some night thy evening draught don't put thee to such sleep that thou never wakest again, I'm not Gerberta and thou'rt not a meddling simpleton!" So saying, she darted away again.

It was some time before the two regained their equanimity, but the next day messengers were sent, with an escort, inviting the Hungarian monarch to the metropolis of Harald, where he shortly after arrived, to be greeted with wondering eyes and utter disdain by the lady of his choice, which the crafty old counsellor assured him was the proper Danish way of receiving the first advances of courtship.

Meanwhile the great gathering of the tribes of the Slavi had not yet broken up, but encamped on one of the enormous steppes, continued the business of their assembly, and calmly drew on to the inevitable conclusion that there was no

one among themselves capable of taking the exclusive rule of so great a kingdom. In the remarkable history of these wild tribes, this is, perhaps, taken in all its bearings, the most remarkable event; and we are not able to look back on their barbarism, in other respects, without a sentiment of earnest admiration at the decision so full of perfect self-knowledge, combined with rare self-denial and destruction of narrow, personal ambition, that, trusting to his magnanimity as they knew of his genius, called in a stranger to absolute control over themselves. Their resolves having finally settled on Ruric, they had arrived at the point of sending a courier to him, determined that if he was willing to trust himself, with only one other attendant, in their hands, they would not hesitate to swear allegiance to him. But all this had not transpired without many of the European sovereigns offering their services for the important post, and one after another having been laughed at and taunted by the bold Slavi. Harald, who always did everything a little too late, met with no better fate through his messenger dismissed in scorn, and Olaf of Hungary, who, thinking that a king in person might meet with more success, had entered the realm himself, was turned back in the direction whence he came, being assured with mock politeness that the sovereign whom the Slavi should choose must be as big at least as the smallest of them, which was rather reflecting on Olaf's extremely insignificant size. But Olaf's excursion had been the means of his learning on whom their choice was to fall, and with what conditions; and angry at his failure, he designed, if possible, to break up the whole affair, which he began to do by informing Harald of it. Immediately selecting two Danish servants, the king, on Olaf's arrival at Hurdurn, summoned them to receive his instructions, and bade them, when Ruric departed with the courier and the one attendant allowed him, to follow at no great distance, and then to join him in the great assembly, proclaiming themselves Varangians who dared not trust their prince alone with such savages.

"That will finish it!" said Olaf. "For these Slavi would die for one word misinterpreted, ere they'd allow themselves to be disobeyed. Of course Ruric will deny it, and then do you reproach him for ingratitude and adduce fictitious circumstances to prove your acquaintance."

"And if that fail?" asked one.

"Why, then," said Olaf, "threaten to raise every nation of Europe to war against him!"

"Nay," said Harald, who was not quite a fool, "in that case they will make common cause

with Ruric and defy the whole world!—and they are strong enough to do it. Hearken! Kill him, if thou canst! I've hated him long, and now shall we see his empire large enough to swallow ours and not know it?"

It was the night of the grand banquet and masque, and Gerberta, who had offered the obtuse Olaf every manner of indignity, passed him now in her attire of black lace and diamonds, with her mask and mantle, like a diminutive tragedy queen, without in the least arousing his suspicion of her identity. The suite of rooms were brilliantly lighted and decorated, and the King Harald in his crown, and Olaf, not to be behind, in his, mingled familiarly among the revellers. The ladies of the princess made the scene gay with rainbow hues, with jest and laughter, and pleasant music floating over the scene, softened all the tumultuous sounds. The princess stood rather apart, in an alcove, overlooking the others, and as if expectant of some one, after having wandered up and down, now like a shadow and now like a sparkle, when some one, whom she suddenly perceived beside her, slipped her arm through his and remained still silent and looking at the dancers. At last, not at all embarrassed by the silence but tired of saying nothing, she turned and lifted her mask a little on one side.

"Well," said she, "Prince Ruric probably despises this frivolous gayety!"

Her companion in turn lifted his mask, with the Danish cap and plume he wore, and replied:

"On the contrary, I have joined many as frivolous in forest dells, by moon and starlight, or with some mountain tree blazing a grand illumination from trunk to spire."

"Ah? And report says thou'rt about to take one of the dancers and so dance through life with her?"

"Report is generous. But which one, pray? I have danced with many in every court we know of."

"Tell me, prince—I have summoned great courage to my aid this moment—canst thou marry out of thine own race?"

The prince, from behind the shield which his mask afforded as he held it before his face, looked down in wonder.

"O thou art dismayed!" she continued.

"Pardon—ten thousand pardons! But answer!"

"She who becomes my wife," said he, in a deep, low tone, "becomes also of my race."

The words thrilled through her. "Thou hast answered me," she said; and then relapsed into silence.

There was a singular contrast between the two forms, as they stood together—she so slender and matchless in her symmetry, he so massive and noble in height and structure. Her arm still resting on his, he drew her gently from the alcove, down the broad marble steps and into the dusky garden alleys, where the noise of the gayety came only in faint gusts of music.

"It is pleasanter here," said he. "One born and nursed in the free air can ill brook the crowded halls. Thou seest," he added, smiling, "how much of the barbarian clings to me."

"I see," she thought, "what a paradise thou canst make of a rude cavern in a hillside even!" But she said nothing.

"Thou art silent," he resumed, "and melancholy too, methinks."

"Thou knowest," was her reply, seeing he awaited it, "that Olaf of Hungary is here; that he leaves in twice seven days, and thinks to take me with him. Thou mayest well know, since, though weak and silly as I am, thou hast long condescended from thy beautiful loquacity of thought and freedom to be my friend, that I hate Olaf—that I had rather die, and yet cannot see how I may avoid him! I may well be melancholy." She felt a quick shiver pass through his arm while she spoke.

"Thou mayest well be melancholy," he echoed. "I am thy friend? Dost thou allow me that bliss? If I lack courtly phrase, believe well that my heart is in my words. Could I tear thy dark eyes and winning ways from my memory, I were wretched and lonely enough! Give not thy consent to this villanous Olaf!" He shut and set his teeth at the name. "Parry him for two weeks, and I will save thee! Canst thou trust?"

A strange, happy joy of hope, that she had never felt before, danced through her heart as she answered: "Thou shalt see how entirely."

"Some proof, Gerberta!" he added, bending over her.

She took a ring from her finger.

"It will go over no finger of mine!" he said, gaily. "Nevertheless I keep it, and when it comes back to thee, know I am near thee, and though thou be at the altar with Olaf, Ruric will save thee! Nor will he receive the ring again unless the giver go with the gift. Thinkest I shall wear the ring?"

He looked fixedly at her, till raising her eyes, she said: "Thou wilt receive the ring again."

The happy, contented smile that lit her brow, proclaimed the firmness of her belief in him.

"A singular thing, that a king's daughter should need protection of any!" he continued,

as if to himself. "Will right and truth never rule the world?"

"But what takes thee off so long?" she said. "Art thou?"

"Ay, I go, and alone with Troll. Thinkest that Harald will grant to the knees of the Slavi, to the emperor, to the czar, to all the tides in creation, what he would laugh at the nobler prince of the Varangians for asking?"

"He will never grant thee anything!"

"Idle, then, were it in me to wait the banquet, and in an hour I am on my way. Notwithstanding, I fear treachery from these two kings—and if I adopt violent measures, and thou hearest of them, do not start, Gerberta."

A moment's silence, he folded her in his arms with a fervent pressure, one long kiss, he was gone, and she stood alone in the shadow. It seemed as if a happiness too deep for expression were opening before her, and in her trust she forgot the dangerous nearness of Olaf. With a different mien from the earlier part of the evening, she joined a group and entered the palace.

Mounting a swift charger, tied not far off, Ruric plied his spurs and galloped off in haste, shrouded soon by night and distance. After a few miles he overtook Troll, who lingered on the way, and as Ruric approached, drew from his mantle a bloody head, with staring, wide eyes and clotted hair. Ruric reined up in astonishment, since he knew of none with whom just now they were on hostile terms. But Troll, shaking it, whispered:

"Two of them, my prince, were sent to follow and spoil our journey by false swearing! Ha, ha, ha! Methinks I've shortened the way for one of them! I knew it from the first, but thought better to put an end to a cursed Dane, and so let them start!"

"But Troll—"

"Interrupt not! Hardly had I stepped into the skiff, when I saw them following close at hand. By Freya! My short sword did the work for him. And I've been bothering my head scrawling a billet to deck his head with. As for the other, he escaped. Therefore, dear prince, go alone, and defy Harald's plans!"

"And thou?"

"I go back to hurl this bloody missive on Olaf's plate!"

So saying, Troll galloped on the backward path, and Ruric went forward alone to his new kingdom.

The banquet was at its height, back in the palace of Harald; the wine was flowing freely, cheeks were crimsoned, eyes were sparkling; Gerberta had just ceased a song whose sweet-

ness vibrated on the air, when another voice, harsh and strong, burst through the place.

"Prince Ruric's toast!" said the voice; and at the word, the gory head of one of the spies whirled through the air and rolled across the festive board to Olaf.

Dead silence and sharp consternation seized the guests.

"Balked!" cried the unpitiful Harald.

"Dead!" whispered the frightened Olaf, while the others, hardly breathing, neither spoke nor moved.

Harald rose and strode round. A piece of parchment, on which some rude characters were scratched in blood, clung to the ghastly forehead.

"Runic," said Harald, inspecting them. "Who reads them? By my sword, that is one thing I cannot do. Some insolent message! Who of you read Runic? Hither, Gerberta! Thou didst dabble in this once, somewhat. Read it!"

With a trembling hand, she took it and read audibly:

"Troll, frosted with winters seventy-and-three,
Troll, hating the tyrant and serving the free,
Troll, the old warrior, with sharp brand slew me!
Troll, great Ruric's captain, if he can will slay thee!"

"It seems, then," said Harald, when she had finished, "that we can do no more now. Let us wait. Time will curse him for us!"

And with all festivity and mirthfulness destroyed, the company separated, but not before the other messenger had bounded in among them, declaring the omnipotence of the Varin-gians, and his inability to proceed with that demon Troll hovering round. Thus it befell that Ruric reached the great Slavonic council, unarmed and, except the courier, quite alone. Delighted with this mark of utter confidence, as one noon the tall, young stranger appeared, followed by their messenger leading his horse, they hailed him with vociferous applause and exclamations of admiration at the beauty of his countenance, the symmetry of his great stature with its lithe erectness, and the whole kingliness of his commanding air, and before sunset they had formally invested him with all the honors of their seignory.

"Thou wantest but one thing now!" said the oldest and most privileged. "There is no maiden fair nor fine enough among us for thee, my czar. Thou wantest a wife."

And Ruric's answer was the despatch of an embassy to request the Princess of Denmark's hand.

"Hear it, Olaf!" said Harald, when they made known their business. "The Slavi humbly ask for my daughter. Too good by half!"

The old counsellor, plucking him by the sleeve, whispered that now Ruric was an emperor, it was as good an alliance as that with Hungary, and far nearer neighbors."

"And what of that?" demanded Harald. "I like Olaf—I hate Ruric. The fellow was too full of his pride when a Varin-gian, and now that he is emperor and has the very place I wanted, shall I add an iota to his pleasure, or not take my revenge? Trust me—not I! Tell thy master," he added, turning to the ambassadors, "that when Hurndurn is an island, he shall wed Gerberta, and not before!"

Gerberta, sitting at her embroidery, had heard the whole, but a quiet laugh, which a week before she could not have given, expressed her only care.

The festival of the twelve beggars had arrived, and the princess, as was her wont, with the king and court, were to go through the streets washing the feet of the twelve beggars. Already she had performed the slight ceremony to eleven, and approached the twelfth, a powerful, shaggy man, whom she remembered to have seen before. As she stooped, he dropped a ring into the basin; it was that she had given Ruric, and quietly slipping it on her finger, she wound her way back to the palace.

Meanwhile, full of indignation, the Slavi heard the rejection of their monarch by the petty Harald, and would have marched under his direction to destroy the Danes from off the face of the earth, had not Ruric persuaded them that his purpose could best be effected by a few, and rejoiced at what they considered the indomitable determination of both their leader and their race, muttered that they would have her yet.

The time fixed for his marriage by the impatient Olaf was drawing near, and still Ruric was neither seen nor heard of; but once in a while glancing at the ring she wore again, Gerberta's heart did not fail her, although not knowing any of the circumstances concerning the death of the spy, she had at first been filled with vague fears and questionings. But a chaplet of pure white roses thrown in at her lattice one night, revealed somewhat of the whereabouts of her lover, and a thousand delicate artifices seemed to spring up around her as she walked, to reassure her of safety, and fill her with certain hope. It was the day of great ceremony, and still Ruric did not appear, but all the night long, previously, strange sounds, in the channels outside the harbor on the isthmus that joined the peninsula of Hurndurn to the main land, were heard by those dwelling near, strong hammerings and heavy piling up of

enormous tree trunks ; and with dawn a narrow rill was setting across the isthmus, increasing constantly every hour, while one of the Norse ships lay quietly at anchor in the offing. As the morning grew brighter, the vessel shook out a sail or two and bore down upon the shore nearer to the city, while the peasants, never thinking to identify her with the catastrophe, vainly strove to repair the damage and to stem the torrent rushing in from the sea. Intelligence of these events had not reached Harald when he sternly ordered his daughter to attire herself in the rich garments prepared for her, for two hours would see her the Queen of Hungary. Scornfully she obeyed, albeit each moment found her full of anticipation and disappointment. Listening to every sound, but without speaking, she sat patiently suffering her maidens to cluster her ringlets, and drop the heavy chains of pearl where they should drag her among them, to bind the ancestral tiara around her snowy forehead, and array her in the stiff silks and cloudy gossamers that so well became her ; and at last when she stood adorned before the public view in all the radiance of her own beauty, shrouded in lace, and glittering with gems, all the world would have confessed that never had such loveliness crossed the royal threshold of the Danes before. Harald surveyed her with just pride, and Olaf too, was there, triumphant and leering, and chuckling as he thought that this splendor was his property, and that before long he should exhibit it to coveting brother sovereigns at his own capital. Many a lady in the jubilant assemblage glanced pityingly at her, since her disgust and hatred of him were no secret ; many an elder thought of her young mother and blessed her as she passed, and many a noble heaved an unenvious sigh at thought of the sacrifice. All seemed ready for the final stroke, and for the first time a fear and a suspicion darted across her. Could it be possible that Olaf knew of Ruric's designs, had frustrated them, and in order to obtain her consent, had deceived her by those means which had hitherto kept warm her faith in Ruric's saving strength ? Her courage began to faint, her cheeks grew flushed with expectation, and her heart beat with great pulses, as the procession slowly started on foot to wind up the narrow, rocky street to the church. Scorning to touch Olaf, who stalked along with what dignity he could assume, beside her, Gerberta glided onward, now and then lifting her veil to peer out for one who did not come. Suddenly a great hue and cry arose on the left, and Troll, standing on a rude rostrum, waving the banner of the Varangians, and tearing that of Denmark to

ribbons, was seen for one moment and then completely lost sight of.

While the whole procession, pausing, turned to look, a rider dashed down the stony path from above, tore through the amazed ranks, wound his arm round the destined bride's waist, and lifted her to the saddle before him.

"One cannot reckon at every bridal who shall bear off the bride, Sir King !" rang the clarion notes of Ruric's voice, as Gerberta's head lay tenderly on his bosom, and her sweet face smiled down on the throng. "Behold the channel on your isthmus ! Hurdurn is an island, and by thine own words, Gerberta is mine !"

Before the stupefied court and people could gather their wits, the hoofs of his lightning-like steed had clattered down the granite causeway, and Olaf, standing aghast with wide-gaping mouth, saw the white sails of the Norse ship winging across the straits, while they carried to Russia the first czar and his bride.

HINDOO PREJUDICES.

A little European child went, one forenoon, into his father's garden, just as the Hindoo gardener had finished cooking a large mess of *chaples* (unfermented cakes) for himself and a party of friends. The child touched the end of a plank, on which the food was placed, with a stick he held in his hand ; his doing this so highly offended the prejudices of the too scrupulous gardener, that he immediately threw the whole away as polluted, and with his friends fasted till evening. A Hindoo may be convicted of aggravated crime, still, on returning home, he is not excluded from the privileges of caste ; but were the same man to take a glass of water from the hands of a Christian, he would be considered an outcast ever after. Even the administration of remedies to native Hindoos in dangerous sickness, is often difficult, when Europeans have to compound for them ; some would prefer to take no medicine at all, rather than receive a remedy from the hands of an European.—*Ledyard*.

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

You can always tell the mother by her boy. The urchin who draws back with double fists and lunges his playmate if he looks at him askance, has a very questionable mother. She may feed him and clothe him, and cram him with sweetmeats, and coax him with promises ; but if she gets mad, she fights. She will pull him by the jacket ; she will give him a knock on the back ; she will drag him by the hair ; she will call him all sorts of wicked names, while passion plays over her face in lambent flames that curl and writhe out at the corner of her eyes.—*Mother's Magazine*.

Nothing is more favorable to love than a little discord—as the frost makes the grapes tender and richer.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MARY W. JANVRAIN.

"THEY used to say the old house was haunted, I believe, grandfather?" said Porter Weston, closing his Greek lexicon on the table, and coming closer to the fire blazing up the wide old-fashioned chimney-place. "Whew, how the wind rattles the shutters! It wouldn't be a great flight of imagination to fancy disembodied spirits abroad on such nights as this. No wonder they said the old place was haunted." And the lad brushed the brown curls from his white forehead, and got up a very comic assumption of terror, peeping meanwhile through his fingers at pretty Mary Ellery, busy with her work at the table.

"The house was haunted, lad," quietly replied Uncle Nathan, as the neighbors all termed him, taking his pipe from his mouth a moment, and puffing upward the cloud of smoke that enveloped his face.

"Was haunted, uncle? You speak in a very positive tone," exclaimed Porter, looking earnestly toward the old gentleman, who now sat smoking with renewed energy, his silver head resting on the high back of his arm-chair. "Why, grandfather, I didn't suppose that you gave credence to such old superstitions." And the lad transferred his gaze to pretty Mary, and straightened his tall form as if to disavow his belief in such superstition, and assert his manliness to his fair cousin.

Old Nathan Ellery sat erect, and laid down his pipe on his knee.

"Porter, I do believe in the ghosts, for I saw one once, and can't a man trust his own eyes? Sit down, my boy; and Mary, child, put by that flagstone work, and come here and sit down by my knee, while I tell you how I saw the ghost of the Ellery house. And mother, come, don't snap your knitting-needle at that rate, unless you mean to drown the story." And a roguish twinkle lurked in the old man's dim blue eyes as he glanced furtively toward the ancient, prim, yet slightly smiling partner of his fifty years' wedded life, who sat in the chimney nook opposite, and whom he always addressed as mother.

"Now Nathan—" began Aunt Sara; but a loud and prolonged "hem!" followed by a long clearing of his throat, preparatory to the story, effectually drowned the old lady's remonstrances, until she passively resumed her knitting.

"Here, granddaughter, sit here. Porter, push along that stool for your cousin, and now all's right; but what are you casting sheep's eyes at Mary for, you rogue? Be quiet there, sir, or no story of the haunted house to-night."

A few minutes more set all right again: with Mary Ellery's curly head on her old grandfather's knee, and Porter, the personification of repentance, in a high-backed chair opposite, and Aunt Sara plying the knitting-needles afresh, with a curious smile lurking in the corners of her handsome mouth. So Uncle Nathan began:

"It was on just such a night as this, upwards of fifty years ago, that—amidst the darkness and rain—Jerry Stetson and myself got home here at the old Ellery house. I say home, because I had never known any other. My mother I cannot remember; and my father died when I was a boy of four years, leaving me with a snug fortune, in charge of his cousin, Tom Ellery, as good a man and farmer as ever drew breath in New England. There was a great family of them: Tom, and Dick, and Harry, and Molly, and Martha. Tom, poor fellow, died in boyhood; Dick went to sea, and took the ship fever, and died in port, in sight of home a' most, poor Dick; and Harry, he was the genius and scholar of the family, and took to his books, and became a respected and wealthy doctor in Connecticut; and the girls married well off and moved away from the old homestead; but I tell you, Porter, there wasn't a happier or likelier family than the Ellerys, all together, found in old Vermont.

"I forgot to tell you, though, about little Sara, the youngest and handsomest of the flock, with curly rings of hair, and eyes as black as sloes; as full of fun and frolic as a wild colt, just such another witch as little Mary, here—eh, mother?" And Uncle Nathan gave a mysterious glance toward the old lady, knitting in her corner.

"I am not 'little Mary,' if you please, grandpapa," pouted the beauty. "I am fourteen to-morrow, and a great deal taller than grandma'am."

"So she is, and she shall have a bean, and go to the next ball in town," said Uncle Nathan, stroking her curly head fondly, with a low, chuckling laugh, whereat Miss Mary drew away quite offended, though blushing confusedly.

"The story, the ghost!" exclaimed Porter, rather impatiently; and secretly vexed at his grandfather for thus treating as a child his beautiful cousin, who, in his own eyes, was quite a full-grown and consequential young lady, already swaying (and rather vaingloriously too) her sceptre of incipient belledom.

"O, yes, the ghost, Master Impatience, your most gracious pardon; we will proceed with our story!" And the merry old patriarch went on. "Well, as I said, it was just such a stormy night as this that Jerry Stetson and myself got home to the Ellery house. Jerry lived in the next

town; but the rain and darkness, and moreover the sparkling eyes of Molly Ellery, were sufficient excuses to detain him over night, and so he gladly jumped from the wagon and gave his fast horse into old Robert's hands to be stabled.

"We had both ridden far that day, for I had come from Montpelier early in the first stage—for I was in business for myself there, taking for capital the balance of my property left after my educational expenses were deducted—and meeting by chance with Jerry Stetson in an adjoining town where he had also gone on business, was glad enough to exchange the lumbering old coach for his light buggy, and a talk, as we rode along, of home.

"I had been away for upwards of a year—the family were not expecting me until the annual Thanksgiving; but taking advantage of the dull season, and leaving business to my partner, I concluded to run down and give them a surprise. Besides, Dick was just fitting out for sea, and Harry about to leave for college, and I couldn't bear the idea of not seeing the boys before they started. And so, luckily, I fell in with Jerry Stetson; and in the evening, amidst the storm which had come up at nightfall, we drove up at the old place—for we called it the old place then, children, full fifty years ago, and it don't look much older this day.

"It was in this very room—" and Uncle Nathan glanced around the dark panelled walls—"in this very room that we all met; and such hearty shakings of the hands as the old folks and the boys gave us; and then such kisses from the girls! I always thought Molly made the mistake on purpose, in kissing Jerry, and pretending she thought it was I. And little Sara, the rogue, I hadn't seen her for two years; when I used to take her on my knee, and call her my little wife—for they must needs send the pet of the family off to a fashionable boarding school—little Sara, grown handsomer than ever, really pouted because I hugged her as I had been used to in the old days!"

Grandma'am Ellery, in her arm-chair, blushed quite like a young girl. Mary laughed a little, and looked teasingly and triumphantly toward Porter, whom she had that very day denied a like cousinly favor, while the lad hurled back a very don't-care sort of glance, and pretended the deepest interest in his grandfather's recital.

"Well," went on Uncle Nathan, "we had a hearty supper, for which our ride among the mountains and the chilly storm gave us the keenest appetites; and then we all sat down around the fire and talked over old times, till the old folks grew sleepy and went to bed, leaving

us young ones to our own gay, rattling conversation. Never before had I seen little Sara look so handsome, nor heard her rattle on so; and, certainly, I was head and shoulders in love before the evening was over, and wished I might call her my little wife in good earnest.

"Perhaps Dick thought as much, for happening to observe me slyly endeavoring to imprison the little white hand that lay so temptingly near me, while we sat in a circle around the fireplace, with the candles dying in their sockets, the hickory firelight leaping high every now and then, and the storm roaring at the windows—just such a storm as there is to-night, children—happening to spy me, he cried out roughly:

"'I warn you, Nat, to beware of that little demure puss at your side. We call her the family flirt—Miss Quicksilver—always shifting and changing. She boasts of the hearts she splintered to atoms off at boarding school. Says she never means to get married till the ghost of the west chamber is laid—and I've no doubt of that at all, for I prophesy she'll die an old maid!'

"Spite of Dick's warning tone and glance," went on the old man, "I ventured and succeeded in securing the little dimpled hand that Sara could not wrest free, spite of her struggles; and then, turning to Dick, queried an explanation of his words, 'the ghost of the west chamber.'

"'O, I forgot; it's something that turned up since you left us,' he replied. 'You see,' he went on, in a low voice, glancing around in the dark corners, 'on nights of storm, such as this—and by the way, Nat, perhaps you never heard the story of old Hugh Ellery, a miserly old hulk, and more's the shame, the progenitor of the respectable family of modern Ellerys; how one night of storm he was very unceremoniously sent to his account by a poor, desperate laborer whom he had wronged of his wages—well, on such nights as this, it is said the heavy tramp of old Hugh's thick boots are heard on the stairs, and his ghost, "all in white," as novels say, goes through the old west chamber, counts his hoarded gold, and then lingers by the bed which stands where he slept the night of his murder.

"'You don't suppose I believe it, Nat,' he went on, 'but the girls here have actually frightened father and mother; and Molly declares she saw the ghost "plain as day," the other night, and wouldn't sleep in the west chamber for the world! As for Sara, here, she vows she isn't afraid of any ghost—don't believe in 'em—but only yesterday, when Molly affirmed that she really "did see it," Sara gave in; and vowed, moreover, that she never would be married until the troubled spirit was laid. Suppose that you

should take upon yourself that task, Nat, and sleep in the old west chamber to-night ?

"That is what I intend to do!" I answered.

"O, Nathan, you sha'n't—you mustn't—that is—'but Molly's look of fear and terror, as she turned pale and glanced from me to Jerry Simon, betrayed her.

"I laughed in high glee. 'Don't be afraid, Molly,' I said, 'that I shall let the old fellow's ghost get hold of Jerry, for I'm going to take Dick along for a bed fellow, and you can have a chance to linger here half the night and tell Jerry whether you've concluded to settle over at the Sisson farm, if you've a mind to. Come, Dick, I'm getting sleepy, and want to get a nap before the old fellow gets on his nocturnal spree. Suppose he don't get round before midnight, does he?' By that time I'll get in prime order to collar him—"lay him"—pretty effectually—and then we'll dance at your wedding, little Sara!" And with a stolen kiss, which, it must be confessed, my cousin did not resent very decidedly, we broke up the circle about the fireplace, leaving the two lovers, Molly and Jerry to themselves."

Tickle Nathan paused here; and Aunt Sara's knitting-needles clashed more furiously than ever, while that blush deepened over the old lady's still handsome, smiling face, and crept away into the silver gray hair banded over her forehead.

"Hey, mother, why don't you look up, and say something! The children here are all eyes and ears, but somehow you don't seem to care much about the ghost story," humorously ejaculated the old gentleman.

The children glanced toward their grandmother, noting the strange, confused look on her face; but they did not fathom the mystery yet.

"I suppose it is nothing new to grandma'am," said Mary. "Of course she has heard it many times before. I wonder you never told us about it, grandpapa."

The old man smiled, and the knitting-needles clattered afresh while the story proceeded.

"Well, Dick and I went to bed," went on the old gentleman, "and as I was pretty tired, and Dick was never troubled with wakefulness, it wasn't long before we both dropped off. I guess I had slept an hour or upwards—it was late when we went to bed, but I knew it must be past midnight—when suddenly I found myself wide awake, and sitting up in bed. This was unusual, for I scarcely ever awakened; but first I thought I was owing to the storm, though I found my mistake when I saw the clear starlight through the parted curtain; then I laid it to Dick's excessive nasal organs, for he lay snoring on his side, 'as the rate of ten knots an hour,' he said

next day. I lay down, and endeavored to sleep again, but could not, and lay for some moments in silence. Suddenly came a sound on the staircase: a heavy tramp, tramp, as of iron boots coming directly up the stairs, along the gallery, and toward my door. I lay very still, and listened. The footsteps paused before my door, there was a momentary delay, but no sound, then the door softly opened, and, plain as I see your grandmother sitting yonder, children, a figure, clad in white, moved slowly across the floor, noiseless as a spirit, and approached the bed."

"O, grandpapa, I guess you were frightened!" exclaimed Mary; while Porter resolutely straightened himself in his chair, looking valiant enough to fight all the ghosts in Christendom.

"Well, children, I must confess that I was rather unnerved, not frightened; only a little nervous, that's all!" replied the old man. "Hey, mother's actually laughing, as if she doubts me."

And Aunt Sara really paused, laid down her knitting, and broke forth into the mellowest of laughs, though neither Porter nor Mary saw anything so remarkably funny in their grandfather's recital. At length the old lady resumed her knitting, and the story was continued.

"Yes, I was a bit nervous, lying there with that tall figure in white bending over me, and Dick all that while snoring furiously at my side. All at once the ghost bent lower, and a hand, cold as ice, was laid on my face. That broke the spell. I sprang upright—but to waken Dick with a furious shaking, and to watch the figure glide out of the door with a rustling sound.

"What the deuce is the matter, Nat?" inquired Dick. "Can't a fellow sleep without your taking the top of his head off, nudging your elbows into him? What's to pay?"

"It's come!" I whispered, 'the ghost!'

"Jerusalem! You don't say? Why didn't you speak to it?" he exclaimed.

"How do you know but I did?" I answered, the fear of being laughed at getting the better of my terror, I mean nervousness. 'You'd never hear me, if I carried on a conversation with all the defunct Ellerys that ever lived, snoring away like a saw mill under full headway.'

"Now, Nat Ellery, you don't mean to say that you've really seen the ghost?" asked Dick, now sitting up in bed, and shivering violently; whether in fear or laughter I never ascertained.

"But I suspected the latter, and immediately an idea flashed into my head: they had been playing some trick upon me—I would ascertain—and immediately I jumped from the bed.

"Don't go, he will certainly meet you again!"

"But his apparent unwillingness was but a

new reason why I should brave the discovery of his ghostship; besides, at that moment, feeling very sure that Dick was cramming the pillow into his mouth in convulsions of laughter, I noiselessly slipped on my clothes, and quick as thought flung wide the door. The ghost was there, tall, white, immovable as a statue! I might have cowered; but the sound of Dick's smothered laughter came from the bed.

"Back, disturb not the dead! I am the spirit of Hugh Ellery!" said the spectre in a hollow voice.

"And I am stout flesh and blood, Nat Ellery, bound to clear up the mystery of your ghost-ship!" I exclaimed boldly.

"Whereat the figure turned and glided swiftly through the long, dim gallery. Stumbling over something lying on the threshold, I gave chase—my speed increasing, as shout after shout of laughter came from Dick in the west chamber—never losing sight of the flying figure, or ghost. Round and round the old galleries—you know, children, the old upper hall, where you have all played many and many a time at Christmas and Thanksgiving—round and round, I chased the white figure, till I gained it; caught it in my arms, and drew it near the great hall window, where the starlight came in. Already I had some faint suspicions how the ghost would turn out, and was not much surprised when I pulled away from its face the great white sheet which enveloped the figure, and saw—"

"Who, grandpapa?" breathlessly asked Mary.

"Why, can't you see?" rather scornfully inquired Porter, glancing toward her.

And then Mary followed the direction of his eyes, which were withdrawn from her own, and rested on—Aunt Sara Ellery!

"Yes, I see it all now—and—but, dear me, who'd have thought of such a thing: you a ghost, grandma'am!"

"Sure enough, nobody. Not one of the family, but madcap Dick, who was in her confidence, ever doubted but it was old Hugh Ellery's ghost, instead of a wild, romping school girl, full of fun and frolic. Even Molly, clinging to Jerry Stetson, came forth, pale as a ghost, from the sitting-room, where they had been 'sitting up' till long past midnight.

"But I forgot to tell you," said Uncle Nathan, laughing heartily, "that those were Dick's thick boots I stumbled over on the threshold where the gipsy had slipped them off before entering the west chamber. And moreover," he added, "that as I had laid the ghost, I claimed the reward, and on Thanksgiving night was married to your grandmother there, Sara Ellery."

DANIEL WEBSTER'S "DOUBLE:"

—OR, THE—

"DO"-INGS OF HIRAM BILKER.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

It was a cheerful, bracing, autumnal evening, towards the close of August, in the year 1846, when a solitary horseman rode up at full speed to the door of a tavern, recently built and commodious, which stood on the outskirts of a small town in Pennsylvania, about forty miles distant from the city of William Penn. He was a smart, dapper fellow, about thirty years of age, with a sort of confidential, domestic-servant air about him, a shrewd, restless, lively expression of countenance, and an unexceptionable appearance in the matter of dress. A one-eyed old stableman happening to be at the inn door when he arrived, the new-comer, with a consequential air, bade him take care of his horse, and then strutted into the office, where he was immediately welcomed by the clerk, who, judging from his appearance that he was either a Senator, or a member of the House of Representatives, on his way to Washington, awaited his orders with a respect not always vouchsafed to your commonplace travellers.

After hemming and hawing for a minute or two, during which his busy eyes travelled over every part of the office, which at that hour of the day was deserted, the stranger said, apparently satisfied with the result of his scrutiny:

"Yes, I think it will do; style of the accommodations better to all appearances than one could have expected; so I make no doubt Mr. Webster will—"

"Mr. Webster, did you say?" inquired the clerk, in his most deferential manner.

"Did I say Mr. Webster?" replied the stranger, coolly, "O, true, I believe I did say so. Mr. Webster—Mr. Daniel Webster, I mean, is a few miles behind on his way to Washington; he prefers quietly jogging along in his carriage to riding in the cars, and has sent me on to see if there is any good fishing in this neighborhood, and if so, whether he can have accommodations here for the night."

"Fishing! I believe you," exclaimed the delighted clerk. "Why, Johnny Frost, as they call him, took forty fine fellows out of Peachy Brook only yesterday, and as to accommodations, he can have the very best of—but perhaps I'd better call the proprietor. Here Mr. Bilker! you're wanted, sir. Daniel Webster! O Lor!"

The "proprietor," Mr. Hiram G. W. Bilker,

a tall, long-nosed, sallow-faced man, with a keen gray eye, and a cigar in his mouth, quickly made his appearance, and having been informed of the cause of his being summoned, addressed the new-comer in such terms as these :

"This way, sir, if you please. Follow me up stairs, and I'll show you a set of rooms that I flatter myself will give satisfaction to Mr. Webster. I heard he was on his way to Washington. Wonderful man, sir! *Stupendous* man, sir! *Speaks like* a statesman, sir, and always to the point."

"Are you acquainted with his person?" inquired the stranger, carelessly.

"Never saw him in my life, except in the print-shop windows, so it will be quite a treat."

"Ah, then you have formed no proper idea of the man. Not one of the many portraits ever taken of him, represent the man exactly as he is. You wouldn't recognize him from any of the vile daubs passed off on the public as his likeness."

"Dear me," said Mr. Bilker, "these artists are queer fellows—not to be depended upon—I always thought so; but I shall have, I hope, the pleasure of seeing the great man—I'll wait on him myself. But here we are, sir," he added, throwing open the door of a spacious dining-room, which was separated from a suite of bedrooms by a long, narrow landing-place, at the extremity of which, facing the stairs, stood a statue of George Washington, flanked by a pair of table lamps.

Mr. Webster's domestic seemed well satisfied with the room, especially with its mahogany sideboard, which he suggested would show to advantage, if set out with a handsome service of plate, and then accompanied the landlord into an adjoining bed-chamber, one of whose windows looked out on a small yard, divided from an open field by a low wall.

"A cheerful, airy apartment enough," observed the stranger, attentively examining the lookout, "and one that will be sure to suit Mr. Webster. I see it communicates with the next room."

"Yes, but the door is always kept locked and bolted," observed the landlord.

"Indeed. Then pray let it be unfastened, and I'll take the room myself, so that in case Mr. Webster (who is somewhat of an invalid in consequence of his having over-studied some great speeches which he has to deliver during the coming session) should require my services in the night, I may be at hand to assist him. And now that the matter is settled, I must hasten back to him, for I left him at D—, awaiting my return, to determine whether or not he should go on to the next town."

"Go on to the next town!" exclaimed the alarmed Mr. Bilker. "Don't think of such a thing; it's a long way off—road hilly, and in wretched order, and so bleak that an invalid would be sure to catch his death of cold at so late an hour." And the shrewd speaker conjured up all sorts of horrors.

"Well, well, I agree with you; it would be better we should stay here for the night; so get everything ready against our coming, and let the dinner be served up in your very best style. Never mind expense, you know Mr. Webster never cares about money."

"I heard so," observed Mr. Bilker, gleefully.

"Do your *best*, that's all, and charge accordingly." So saying the speaker hurried down stairs, remounted his horse, and was out of sight in an instant.

All was now commotion throughout the establishment. Mr. Bilker went into his cellar, whence he issued speedily with sundry bottles of his choicest wines. The landlady paid a visit of inspection to her larder; but being dissatisfied with her scrutiny, ordered fresh poultry to be killed, and sent Johnny Frost to procure some fish from Peachy Brook. The servants were set to work rubbing up the dining-room furniture, and all the most valuable silver plate was taken from the safe, and arranged ostentatiously on the sideboard. The chambermaid was directed to put the best linen sheets on the bed, and one of the attendants was privately instructed to hire a few dollars' worth of mob to cheer the great orator as he came in, and also to present to the boys of the village money enough to enable them to buy gunpowder and fire-crackers.

Having seen these orders duly attended to, and the culinary operations put in a proper train, the landlord hastened to indulge in the luxury of a clean shave, and rig himself out in his best habiliments, while his wife exhibited to equal advantage in a showy flowered silk gown, and well oiled side-curls.

Twilight meantime fell, and the flies began to cluster about the elms that grew in front of the hotel, as Mr. Bilker stood at the door listening with evident anxiety for the sound of wheels.

At length, just as the village clock struck seven, two ragged little boys rushed frantically up to the hotel, and bursting through the crowd that was gathering in front, roared out at the top of their voices: "They're coming! they're coming!"

Instantly a loud shout was sent up by the loafers. "Hurrah for Daniel Webster!" cried one. "The constitution forever!" shouted a second. "Harra for Black Dan!" bawled a

third, while the one-eyed stableman rendered himself conspicuous above all by waving the stamp of a broom in circular flourishes round his head.

"O, Hiram!" exclaimed the landlady, who was rather sentimentally inclined, clasping her husband's arm as if to support herself, "I do feel so agitated—so faint—I shall go off—I'm sure I shall!"

"It's an impressive moment, certainly," replied the landlord; "but hold on, hold on."

Scarcely had he spoken, when the tramp of horses was heard, and presently up dashed Mr. Webster's confidential servant on horseback, followed by a travelling carriage and four horses, wherein sat America's greatest orator and statesman, the great Expounder of the Constitution, the vanquisher of Hague—Daniel Webster!

And now the great man alights, amid cheers that you might have heard a mile off, and is received by Mr. Bilker at the door, with a reverence bordering on the idolatrous, while his equally awe-struck wife kept bobbing and curtsying as if she would disappear through the floor. It was, as the landlord justly observed, "an awful moment;" and all within and without the hotel felt that it was so, with the exception of the two ragged urchins above mentioned, who expressed a bitter sense of disappointment, at Mr. Webster looking just like any other man, when they had confidently reckoned on seeing him, to use their own emphatic phraseology, "as bright as a new dollar."

The instant Daniel Webster, the lower part of whose face was muffled in a thick, woollen comforter, had set foot in the passage, lights were brought, and preceded by Mr. Bilker, he ascended, bowing gracefully right and left, to the apartment prepared for his reception, on reaching which, he cast a smiling glance at the array of plate on the side-board; threw off his loose overcoat, and ordered dinner to be served forthwith. He then dismissed his servant to settle matters with the driver who had brought him on; but as he was unable to do so, owing to the landlord's inability to change a one hundred dollar note, it was agreed that Mr. Bilker himself should defray the charge, and place it to Mr. Webster's account.

During dinner, the landlord, who together with his own servant was in attendance upon Mr. Webster, was greatly struck with the good-humored and condescending manner in which he made known his several wants, and when he went into the kitchen, he assured his gaping audience that the great Daniel was a gentleman, every inch of him; adding, by way of climax,

that he never saw a man pitch into victuals as he did, which the whole household agreed in considering as a great compliment to the establishment.

Dinner over, and the wine and fruit, each of the most delicious kind, placed upon the table, Mr. Webster dismissed his servant from further attendance, who therefore proceeded to consult his own creature comforts; and after feasting in the landlord's private apartment, scarcely less luxuriously than his master, he insisted on his host cracking a cool bottle of champagne with him.

"Take a scat," he said, motioning him to a chair. "Really, the wine's not amiss. Your health, Bilker!"

"I hope, sir, Mr. Webster found everything to his satisfaction."

"Perfectly so. The wine stands with you, I think."

"He's every inch a gentleman," continued the landlord, replenishing his glass. "Did you observe how he bowed to us all when he came in? Mrs. B. says she'll never forget his bow to her; it flustered her, the honor did. And no wonder, for she's very susceptible."

"She looks delicate," observed the other. "By-the-by do you snuff?" he added, taking a massive silver snuff box from his vest pocket. "If you do, I can recommend this mixture. I import it—at least Mr. Webster does from Macairabo."

Mr. Bilker applied a small portion of the titulating mixture to his nose, but being unused to it, he was seized with such a fit of sneezing as caused his nose and cheeks to assume the deep purple hue of a Dutch cabbage.

"The bottle stands with you again," said Mr. Webster's servant. "You seem afraid of it, as if it were physic. It always looks suspicious when a landlord fights shy of his own wine. Come, I'll give you Mr. Webster's health. You won't refuse to drink that, I think."

"With the greatest pleasure in life," replied Mr. Bilker.

"No heel-taps, remember."

"O, of course not," and the speaker filled his glass to the brim, and after duly acknowledging the toast, observed, "I had no idea Mr. Webster was so young a man. The prints make him look ten years older."

"That's because he's generally painted when making a speech, or studying one, which of course adds greatly to his appearance of age. Another pinch, Bilker? What, you won't? Well, I must. By-the-by, the bottle's out."

"Bottle out!" exclaimed the landlord; "well, have another, then!"

"Couldn't think of such a thing," replied the guest, with a delicate show of reluctance.

"Not a word—I won't hear a word."

"Well, since you're so pressing; but really I'm ashamed to—"

Before he could complete the sentence the landlord had quitted the room, and returned almost immediately with a fresh bottle, saying: "Ah, this is the right sort—the very best in my cellar. My service to you." And with a familiar nod to his companion, he filled his own glass, and then pushed his bottle to his guest.

"Capital indeed," said the latter, and he tossed off the sparkling wine with all the gusto of a connoisseur.

When the bottle was more than half emptied, the landlord's eyes began to twinkle, and his articulation to thicken; his face, too, assumed that shiny look peculiar to fuddled landlords, and a patch of fiery red glowed like a live coal on the top of his nose.

"Do you know," he said, "putting on a look of uncommon sagacity, such as men are apt to wear when about to be delivered of a bright conception; 'do you know, I've more than half a mind to call this hotel in future 'the Webster House!' The idea struck me when I was in the cellar just now; and I can't help thinking that Daniel would be pleased with the compliment!"

"Admirable idea—never heard a better!" And the servant pushed the bottle towards his host, himself discreetly avoiding it, like a sensible and respectable domestic who expected every moment to be summoned into his master's presence.

Gratified by his guest's approval, the landlord discussed the proposition with great eagerness, and was declaring his intention to have a sign painted without delay, when suddenly the good man's nether jaw dropped, and he exclaimed in tones of alarm, "That's my wife's voice, and now I shall catch it. Between you and me," he added, in a subdued whisper, "she's an excellent woman is Mrs. Bilker; sticks close to business—but such a vixen! Then, too, she's given to the 'sterics, always going off in some fit or other—"

He was here interrupted by the abrupt entrance of the lady in question, with her eyes flashing, and her cap half off her head.

"So, there you are, Bilker!" she exclaimed, in her shrillest tones; "I've been calling half over the house for you, and a precious condition I find you in! What *will* Mr. Webster think of you, when he sees you with that great, staring nose?"

"I can't help my nose, Mrs. B——; it was the gift of Providence, and it is a sin and a shame to find fault with it."

"Hold your tongue, Bilker, you're drunk!"

"Me drunk?" exclaimed the astonished landlord; "how can you stand there, Mrs. B——, and tell such a bouncer?"

"My dear madam!" exclaimed Mr. Webster's domestic, thinking it best for all parties to practise the soothing system, "I am sure a lady of your good sense and delicate feeling will see at once that your husband, as the head of this establishment, could hardly have done otherwise than take a cheerful glass, in honor of Mr. Webster's visit, more especially as Mr. Webster has expressed himself so highly delighted with his reception."

"Why, that certainly does alter the case a little," replied the mollified dame. "Nevertheless, Bilker, I can tell by your nose that you've drank quite enough; so go and wash your face and make yourself tidy, for there's a deputation come up to wait on Mr. Webster with a complimentary address. Perhaps, sir," addressing the servant, "you had better go and inquire Mr. Webster's pleasure on the subject."

"I fear, ma'am, indeed, I'm quite certain, that Mr. Webster will decline receiving the deputation, for he's travelling for his health, and as a private gentleman; however, I'll go up and ascertain his pleasure."

In a few minutes he returned, and informed the deputation, consisting of several respectable citizens, headed by a sly attorney with a smooth face, that Mr. Webster deeply regretted his inability to receive them, which he should have considered the "proudest moment of his life," but he was laboring under a partial indisposition, and must therefore postpone the honor until his return from Washington.

Having with difficulty digested this disappointment, the deputation quitted the hotel, and then the landlady, who had by this time got over the first awe of his lordship, bursting with the natural curiosity of her sex to see more of so celebrated an individual, took the opportunity of knocking gently at his door under the pretext of inquiring at what hour he would wish to have breakfast in the morning. She soon returned to the kitchen, slightly flushed, and simpering with supreme satisfaction, and informed her husband, who at Mr. Webster's servant's instigation was busy getting up an extempore supper for all his household, the cost of which was to be defrayed by the illustrious visitor, that Mr. Webster was by far the civillest and pleasantest spoken gentleman she ever saw, without an atom of pride in him.

While the delighted dame was thus running on, in praise of her celebrated guest, the chambermaid entered the kitchen, and drawing one of

the helpers aside into an adjoining pantry, said :
"O, John ! I'm so shocked, you can't think."

"Indeed, what's the matter, Ella ?" inquired the surprised helper.

"Why, when I was coming out of Mr. Webster's bed-room just now, I heard him talking and laughing with Mrs. Bilker in the dining-room, the door of which was ajar, and just as she was coming away, what do you think he did ?"

"Can't imagine."

"Why, he actually kissed her !" and the chambermaid looked the very image of horror.

"What, the great Daniel Webster kiss Mistress Bilker ? Impossible."

"But, I'll swear he did ; for though I didn't see it, I heard the smack. O, John, John," added the moralizing chambermaid, "what *will* the world come to ?"

"Kiss Mrs. Bilker !" repeated the helper.
"The great Expounder of the Constitution kiss a tough old piece of goods like that ! No, I'd just as soon believe our minister did it !"

But the girl stuck stoutly to her text ; she had heard the smack, and as there can be no effect without a cause, her deduction was legitimate enough that the kiss was the cause of that smack. Finding her thus positive, the waiter did not contest the matter ; he was a man of the world, and had seen many extraordinary things in his time ; so after musing a few seconds, he exclaimed, with a philosophic shrug of the shoulders :

"Well, well, Ella, it's no affair of ours ; great geniuses are queer, very queer, and there's no accounting for tastes."

Further conversation was here put an end to by the summons to the supper table, at which the whole household were assembled, the landlord presiding over the entertainment. The great man's confidential servant took his post at the right hand of the landlady, having previously ascertained that Mr. Webster would not require his further attendance, and by his jests, his queer stories, and watchful civilities, speedily won the favor of the company. Such jokes as he cracked, such droll stories as he told ! The landlady simpered ; the landlord's nose blushed like a poppy ; the one-eyed stableman grinned from ear to ear with ecstasy. Bowls of strong drink disappeared like lightning, and it was not till nearly twelve o'clock that the revellers broke up, the servant remaining among the last ; and as he rose to quit the table, he warned the landlord not to be surprised or alarmed if he should happen to hear Mr. Webster stirring about his room in the night, as he was a very indifferent sleeper, and seldom enjoyed rest until an advanced hour in the morning. He then squeezed his host's hand

and bade him a cordial good night ; and soon after all parties retired to their respective dormitories, where—thanks to their hearty supper—they dropped into instant slumber.

It was now deep midnight, and not a sound was to be heard within the hotel, but the melodious thorough-bass of the landlord's nose, as he snored a duet with his wife. Bright visions of the future passed through the good man's brain. He dreamed of fortune rapidly acquired through the influence of his illustrious guest, and of more delights than he could remember when he awoke next morning.

In the excess of joy occasioned by these flattering visions, the ambitious Bilker suddenly awoke, and suddenly started up, for he imagined that he heard a noise like the stealthy opening of a door in the chamber beneath him, which was the one occupied by Mr. Webster. He listens—hark ! there is a slight creaking of the boards ! Presently a footstep traverses the floor—and a minute or two afterwards the window is thrown up ! Could the great man be suddenly taken ill ? Was he restless and harassed by political anxieties, or was he merely walking in his sleep ? Mr. Bilker knew not what to think ; but being unwilling to interfere, after the caution given him by his valet, he rubbed his eyes, yawned, fell back on his pillow, and was soon again wandering in the phantom-peopled land of Nod.

At an early hour next morning, when the household were just beginning to stir, and the drowsy man-servant was taking down the shutters in the dining-room, and letting the fresh air into that close, heated apartment, a horseman, whose stoed seemed nearly spent with exhaustion, dismounted at the door of the hotel, and began thundering at it with all his might.

"Who's there ?" inquired the man, thrusting his head out of the dining-room window.

"What do you want ?"

"I want to speak with your master, Mr. Bilker," replied the stranger.

"He's not come down yet."

"No matter—I must see him, for I've come on business of importance which admits of no delay."

On hearing this, the man hastened to the door and let in the stranger, and then went to call his master, who hurried down directly in his slippers ; and no sooner saw the new-comer, than he recognised in him the landlord of the head inn at D—.

"Hey-day ! what's the matter now, Jackson ?" exclaimed the startled Mr. Bilker.

"Swindling's the matter—forgery's the mat-

ter—you're done, Bilker—done brown, as the saying is. Mr. Webster—"

"Well, well, what of him?—no bad family news, I hope?"

"Family news!" repeated Jackson, with a grim laugh. "Yes, family news enough and to spare. Mr. Webster, as he calls himself, is not only one of the 'Do' family, but one of its most distinguished members. He's a rank swindler, Bilker, and so is his sham servant."

"Impossible!" said the landlord, beginning, nevertheless, to turn exceedingly pale.

"Fact! They arranged, it seems to inform themselves accurately of the real Daniel Webster's movements, and learning that he was expected down the road about this time, they left Philadelphia yesterday, in a carriage and four, and by paying their way with counterfeit notes they contrived to escape detection till last night, when an express came to me from the livery stable keeper from whom they had procured their turn-out, acquainting us that he had discovered them to be swindlers, and requesting my aid in apprehending them, and also in exposing them as quickly as we could along the road. I had my suspicions of them when they changed horses yesterday at my house; but the fellow who played the part of Dan Webster looked so like him, and was, besides, so artfully muffled up, that I was afraid to take any decisive steps. However, the moment I learned how things were, I determined to lose as little time as possible in putting people on their guard. So I started off this morning just before it was light, thinking if they had passed the night here, as they were talking of doing, we might nab them before they were up."

"And so I will, by ——!" exclaimed the ferocious Bilker. "The infernal villains! If they'd only gone to any other hotel in the town, I shouldn't so much have minded; but to come and do me, who have been only six months in business—"

"Have they done you to any extent, then?" inquired Jackson, with a smile which he could not repress; for as Rouchefoucault has shrewdly remarked, there is something in the misfortunes of our friends which always causes us amusement.

"Done me?" thundered the exasperated Bilker. "Haven't they? I should think so, indeed! They've cleared my pantry, and cheated me out of some of the best wine in my cellar, and what makes the case still more aggravating, is that that valet, not content with drinking himself my best champagne, actually made me assist him in getting rid of it! The scoundrel got to the blind side of me by showing me a hundred dollar note, and telling me a story about Mr. Webster's

being indisposed, though I might have known it was all gammon, for the fellow ate more like a horse than an invalid. And to think I should have gone bowing and scraping to such a scoundrel! Here, John, go instantly for the constable!"

"O, sir! Mr. Bilker, here's a pretty to do!" screamed the chambermaid, rushing along the passage where the above dialogue was held. "They've gone—both off—the bedroom's empty—the window's wide open, and a rope ladder's hanging out of it!"

"Gone?" gasped the bewildered Bilker, exhibiting serious indication of apoplexy. "Gone! that accounts for the noise I heard last night, and which I was told to take no notice of. Gone! O what an ass I've been!"

"O, Hiram! Hiram Bilker!" exclaimed the landlady, who now joined the group, "not only are the villains gone, but all the plate on the side board's gone too! O, Hiram! it's an awful blow! I shall go off; I'm sure I shall!"

"Go off!" roared the half-frenzied husband; "d'ye think there hasn't been enough going off already this morning?"

Stung to the quick by the sarcasm, so unusual in her generally placid husband, and forgetting even the loss of her plate in the affront offered her before a stranger, the indignant landlady rushed in a paroxysm into the kitchen; and as a family quarrel generally runs through a household, she immediately let loose the flood-gates of her wrath on the unoffending cook; the cook resolving not to be the only sufferer, lost no time in abusing the porter; the porter visited his indignation on the one-eyed stable-man, and finding no one else he could safely attack, consoled himself by flinging a broom at the cat; so that in a short time the whole establishment was in as pretty a state of uproar as could be desired.

The landlord, meanwhile, continued stamping and swearing in a way dreadful to think of; the whole of that day he kept on swearing in different directions, while his friend Jackson posted placards on every wall for miles round; but all was in vain, the rogues were never caught; and to this day, though so many years have elapsed, Mr. Bilker never hears Daniel Webster's name mentioned, without shivering as if he had got an ague fit.

All medical men unite in declaring that nothing is more beneficial to health than hearty laughter; and surely our benevolent Creator would not have provided, and made it a source of health and enjoyment to use it, and then have made it a sin to do so. The prevailing temper of the mind should be cheerful, yet serious; but there are times when relaxation and enjoyment are proper for all.

Curious Matters.

Ornithological Clock.

As botanists have constructed a flower clock, so (we read in the foreign journals) a German woodsman has recently invented an ornithological clock, by marking the hours of the waking and the first notes of the little singers. The signal is given by the chaffinch, the earliest riser among all the feathered tribes. Its song precedes the dawn, and is heard in summer from half-past one to two o'clock, A. M. Next, from two to half-past three o'clock, comes the black-cap (*Sylvia atricapilla*), whose warblings would equal those of the nightingale if they were not so very short. From half-past two to three o'clock the quail is heard. From three to half-past three the hedge sparrow. Then, from half-past three to four o'clock, we have the blackbird, the mocking-bird of our climates, which imitates all tunes so well that M. Deraud de La Malle made all the blackbirds of a French canton sing the Marseilles hymn, by letting loose a blackbird which had been taught that tune. From four to half-past four o'clock the lark pours forth its melodies; from half-past four to five o'clock the black-headed titmouse is heard. Lastly, from five to half-past five o'clock, the sparrow, the *gamin* of the skies, awakes and begins to chirp.

A romantic Case.

An interesting trial is about to take place in Bucharest. One of the great families of this country, that of Brankovan, was supposed to have become extinct some years ago, and the last member of it adopted the son of Prince Bibesco. An old man, seventy-five years of age, in the service of Russia, has, however, just put in a claim to the property, on the ground that he is the lawful successor to Catherine II., Prince of Brankovan, and Volvoide of Wallachia, a century ago. This person was, it appears, accused of high treason, and the Turkish government sent janissaries to his palace, who decapitated him, and carried off his children to Constantinople. There the children were ordered to be strangled, and they were all killed except one, who by some means escaped, a negro boy being killed in his place. The little Brankovan was conveyed to Georgia, and when he grew to man's estate married a princess of the country. By that princess he had a son, who is the person who has now come forward.

Curious Fact.

A proof of the well known fact in natural history, that a toad continues to live, although deprived of food, light and air, was witnessed at Kinnahaird, in Ross-shire. One of Mr. Ross's sons, on the 12th of August, 1866, placed a live toad in a box about four inches square, and buried it a foot and a half under ground. On the 12th of August, this year, the box was dug up, and, on removing the lid, the toad was found to be alive, and apparently in excellent health, and it walked off as if nothing had happened.

Strange Delusion.

Curious delusions as to the powers of sorcery still occur from time to time in criminal courts—witness the following instance which we clip from an exchange: "Hannah Banks admitted, recently, before the public tribunal at Hull, England, that she had roasted a toad alive, pounded it with the food of her fellow-servant, to induce him to love her—but alas! unavailingly."

A white Negro.

Once, and only once, during my life, says Waterton, I have had an opportunity of examining minutely an entirely white negro. In the year 1812, there lived in the town of Stabrock, the capital of Demerara, a man of this complexion. He was a robust young fellow—by no means what they called an Albino, as his eyes were just of the same color as those of his tribe. He went by the name of Buckra Jem, or White Jemmy, and was a tailor by trade. I found his skin in all respects the same as my own, saying that where the sun had given mine the appearance of mahogany, his was blotched with broad freckles of a lighter tint. In other respects he was in reality a negro from head to foot. He stood apparently about five feet nine inches in height, with a finely expanded chest, and a back as straight as an arrow. But he was deficient in the calves of his legs, while you could not help remarking the protrusion of his heels, so remarkable in the negro. Both his father and his mother were healthy jet black negroes. He appeared to be about twenty years old, and was probably the only white negro ever seen in Demerara.

A New Cannon.

The "Journal de Geneve" gives an account of an experiment made a short time since of a mechanical cannon, which loads itself and fires twenty shots a minute. The inventor thinks that he will be able to arrive at thirty. The balls crossed the Rhone without the gun, which was mounted on a plateau, making any recoil worth speaking of. This cannon is the invention of M. Ravel, a manufacturer of musical instruments; and among the persons present at the experiments was an old general of the empire, who proposes to send a report of the affair to the French Artillery Committee, as well as several other officers, engineers, etc., who were all astonished at what they saw, and warmly congratulated the inventor on his success.

Singular Grecian Antiquities.

The "Esperance," of Athens, states that near the village of Arnaouth, not far from Pharsalia, a tomb has just been discovered which has been ascertained to be that of Hippocrates, the great physician, an inscription clearly enunciating the fact. In the tomb a gold ring was found, representing a serpent—the symbol of the medical art in antiquity—as well as a small gold chain attached to a thin piece of gold having the appearance of a band for the head. There was also lying with these articles a bronze bust, supposed to be that of Hippocrates himself. These objects, as well as the stone which bears the inscription, were delivered up to Housin Pacha, Governor of Thessaly, who at once forwarded them to Constantinople.

A Curious Case.

A case came before the Surrogate's Court of New York, lately, in which a rare point occurred. Mr. McLooney, a gentleman worth some \$150,000, dying in Paris, left \$9000 to a niece in Dubuque, Iowa. The niece or legatee died on the same day as the testator. If the hour of her death preceded his, the legacy lapsed; if it succeeded his, the legacy is vested in her. The time of their decease was so nicely identical that it is supposed it will have to be determined by the difference between solar and true time, the legacy thereby depending upon a question of longitude.

An Odd Adventure.

A curious circumstance took place recently near Paris. A nobleman driving hitherwards with his family from his chateau, had alighted to walk, while the carriage went on. Suddenly a man attacked him, pistol in hand, with the usual polite invitation to yield up his "tin" under pain of extermination, to which our count agreed, surrendering his effects with as good a grace as possible. The robber thereupon demanded his elegant paletot, considerably offering his own somewhat tattered garment in exchange; even this unreasonable barter was agreed to. Salutes were exchanged, and the count made the best of his way to his carriage, much to the amazement of his lady, who nearly took him for a highwayman. Shortly after, on putting his hand into one of his coat pockets, he was agreeably astonished to find his own gold watch, and in the others all the articles he had given up, besides a gold snuff box and other valuables which had evidently been stolen from some other victim. The robber had forgotten the contents of his pockets when he exchanged his old garment for the count's paletot!

An extraordinary Surgical Triumph.

The Lowell News says that some twenty-seven months ago, a young man named W. K. Foster had the whole of one elbow joint torn out by an accident. He was taken to the hospital, where Dr. Kimball, advised by Doctors Graves and Dickey, proceeded to saw off the fragmentary bones, shortening them some two and a half inches, and then uniting them so as to make a new joint and arm. He moves the joint with perfect ease, though not quite so fully as the other, and can, as he says, hold out twenty and a half pounds with the hand at arm's length. The arm is now nearly three and a half inches shorter than the other, and is a good and reliable arm for all the purposes of labor to which Mr. Foster is called.

Remarkable Discovery.

Among other remarkable stories we have a wonderful "fish story." While a company of miners were working a river claim on the middle fork of the American River, California, they came upon a bed of quicksand, in which they found imbedded seven fish suckers, which, upon being taken out and put into a pump hole, which contained some four feet of water, immediately plunged to the bottom, and in their movements exhibited every evidence of being again in their native element. The quicksand in which they were imbedded was twenty-two feet below the present river bed, and was overlaid by a strata of red clay, as well as sand, and boulders large and small.

Strange Proclamation.

There is a proclamation extant, addressed by Russia to the Circassian chiefs, in 1837, in which it is asked: "Are you aware that if the heavens should fall, Russia could prop them up with her bayonets? The English may be very good mechanic artisans, but power dwells only with Russia. No country ever waged successful war against her. If you desire peace, you must be convinced that there are but two powers in existence—God in heaven and the Emperor upon earth."

Singular Idea.

In the cemetery at Nuremberg is a tomb to the memory of a beautiful girl, who was killed as she lay asleep in her father's garden, by a lizard creeping into her mouth. The story is represented in bronze bas relief, and the lizard is so constructed as to move when touched?

Curious Law Question.

As the late Earl Fitzhardinge's rent roll is supposed to have been about £40,000 a year, a nice point, it is remarked, may arise on the question of the precise hour of his death, which is announced as having taken place "about midnight" between the 10th and 11th of October. His rents were payable at "old time," that is, Old Lady Day and Old Michaelmas Day. Old Michaelmas Day fell this year on Sunday, the 11th of October, and the day begins at midnight. Now, the rent is due upon the first moment of the day it becomes due, so that at one second beyond twelve o'clock of the 10th, rent payable at Michaelmas Day is in law due. If the earl died before twelve, the rents belong to the parties taking the estate, but if after twelve, then they belong to, and form part of, his personal estate, so that the difference of one minute might involve a question as to the title of about £20,000.

Instability of Fortune.

Mr. Beeton, a timber merchant of Bristol, some years ago, retired on a fortune of nearly £4000 a year, the proceeds of a landed estate which he had bought in Herefordshire. Unfortunately for Mr. Beeton, he did not spend all his income, and wanting more money, he put a few thousands into the firm of Brisford, Byer & Co., a mercantile house, by which he became a sleeping partner though his name did not appear before the public. Recently this firm broke, and Mr. Beeton was summoned to Bristol, and found that every shilling of his fortune was swallowed up in the debts of the house.

Strange Disease.

French papers state that in the southern portion of the province of Helsingland, in Sweden, a singular disease has lately manifested itself in the pine forests. The leaves and branches of the tree gradually change their ordinary color for a reddish brown. Life ceases at the same time, and one after another the trees die. The disease was first noticed a couple of years ago, since which time it has spread over the whole district. It causes much alarm among the inhabitants.

Remarkable Tree.

An apricot tree, at Hantewille, has for many years past given a produce which would be incredible, if the fact were not notorious. In the year 1855 this tree yielded no less than 16,000 apricots, and this year the produce has been at least 10,000 full-sized and perfectly-ripened apricots. The tree, which is, we believe, upwards of forty years old, measures twenty feet in height, and has a span of sixty feet, thus covering a surface of 1200 feet.

Perfumery among the Ancients.

Homer but twice alludes to anything of the sort being in use among the Greeks; and centuries after the Jews had been commanded to make incense, the Athenians were forbidden by Solon to use perfumery. Among the Lacedaemonians the luxury was always discountenanced, and perfumers were expelled from the city as wasteful of oil, upon the same principle that they dismissed all who dyed wool because they destroyed its whiteness.

Natural Indicators.

Munkrat, it is said, proportion the thickness of their cell walls to the temperature of the coming winter; and as they are building them very thin this year, a mild winter may be expected.

The Florist.

Madonna, wherefore hast thou sent to me
Sweet basil and nightshade?
Emblem of love and health, which never yet
In the same wreath might be.—SHAKESPEARE.

Flowers.

Many of these are excellent indicators of approaching changes by their opening and shutting, and other motions. We wish some observing friend would note these, and give us the result. For instance, the evening primrose, opens at sunset, and closes at daybreak. Linnaeus has enumerated forty-six flowers that possess sensibility to the weather. 1. Meteoric flowers, which less accurately observe the hour of feeling, but are expanded sooner or later, according to cloudiness, moisture, or pressure of the air. 2. Tropical flowers, that open in the morning, and close before evening, every day; their hour of expanding becoming earlier or later, as the length of the day increases or decreases. 3. Equinoctial flowers, which open at an exact hour of the day, and, for the most part, close at another determinate hour.

The Pistol Plant.

There is a hot-house plant, *Pilea allitrichoides*, of tender, brittle, and juicy aspect, which looks as if it would be good to eat in a cooling salad, but which is really of so explosive a temperament that it might fairly be called the pistol plant. When near flowering, and with its tiny buds ready to open, if the plant is either dipped in water, or abundantly watered, each bud will explode successively, keeping up a mimic Sebastopol bombardment, sending forth a puff of gunpowder smoke, or a little cloud of dusty pollen, as its stamens suddenly start forth to take their place and form a cross. It is no novelty; but it is still an amusing toy.

The Persian Iris.

This is a low plant which sends up a stem shorter than the leaves, a single, very powerfully-scented flower, washed with blue on a light ground. It is propagated with difficulty either from seeds or offsets, and does better in a pot under a frame, in the same compost as is used for hyacinths, than in the open ground. The Scorpion Iris is a curious and striking plant, producing in early spring two or three sweet-scented bright blue flowers, on a very short stem.

Bulbs in Glasses.

For growing in glasses the narcissus, hyacinth, early dwarf tulip, jonquil, Dutch and common iris, Persian and dwarf Scotch crocus are suitable. Dark bulb-glasses are most congenial to the formation of roots, but the transparent glasses exhibit the progress of growth, which is an interesting spectacle. The water should be soft, and the bulbs just reach through the neck to the upper chamber, so that the bottom of the bulb should be a little immersed. Fresh water should be given every few days.

Verbenas.

No family of plants better rewards the care of the cultivator, and none can be more beautiful than the Verbenas. The old scarlet *Verbena melindres* is the most brilliant of all kinds, though one of the most tender: it is a prostrate plant, and when pegged down, it is well adapted for covering a bed in a geometric flower garden; or it may be planted in a vase, or rustic flower-basket.

Camellia Japonicas.

The superb appearance of this shrub, with its persistent foliage of glossy green, and splendid flowers, place it without dispute in the first rank among greenhouse plants. It is a plant of hardy habit, and will sustain a slight frost without injury of a serious nature; but it is liable to disease and ultimate death in a greenhouse or sitting-room, where the temperature greatly varies—as is frequently the case with dwelling-rooms, where the heat is high by day and low by night. Indeed there are few plants more susceptible to change, and the buds will from such transitions frequently become discolored and fall.

Aloysia.

This is a half-hardy shrub, with panicles of small pinkish white flowers and very fragrant leaves, which fall off in winter. It requires rich but light soil, well drained; and when grown in pots, it should never have water kept in the saucer. In winter, after the leaves fall, it should be kept quite dry till the buds begin to swell, then watered frequently and abundantly, but water should never be allowed to remain round the roots. It is easily propagated by cuttings, and only requires to be protected from severe frosts.

Primula Sinensis.

A pretty plant, flowering all winter, giving a variety of shades in its blossoms, varying from red to blush, and even white. It will grow in any soil, and may be propagated by side shoots, which manner of propagation will preserve any particularly handsome variety. The plants seed easily, and the seeds may be sown in any season. There is a double variety of rose color and white.

Transplanting.

The points to be attended to in transplanting, are—care in taking up, to avoid injuring the spongy roots of the roots; planting firmly, to enable the plant to take secure hold of the soil; shading, to prevent the evaporation from the leaves from being greater than the plant in its enfeebled state can support; and watering, that it may be abundantly supplied with food in its new abode.

Indian Jasmine.

A beautiful parlor plant, which gives out its odor only by night, and is the flower alluded to by Moore in the following well known lines:

The timid Jasmine buds, that keep
Their odor to themselves all day;
But when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious fragrance out
To every breeze that roams about.

Warratah.

A very beautiful plant, so called because its bright crimson color resembles the true Warratah plant or *Telepea* of Botany Bay. It should be regularly watered in the flowering season; but it may be kept almost dry during the winter months. It is propagated by cuttings or suckers, which it has in abundance.

Order.

In a botanical point of view the word Order signifies a number of genus, which coincide in several important particulars. As for example, according to the natural system, the order Cruciferae includes all the plants that have their flowers like a Greek cross; and according to the Linnæan system, the order Trigynia includes all the plants belonging to any particular class, the flowers of which have these styles, etc.

Gathering the Perfumes of Flowers.

The perfume of flowers may be gathered in a very simple manner, and without apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible, and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil. After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them into a coarse cloth, and squeeze the oil from them. This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated, according to the strength of the perfume desired. The oil, being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirits, and shaken every day for a fortnight; then it may be poured off, ready for use.

Spring Flowers.

Following the early bulbous flowers, comes next in succession, several very early herbaceous perennials, among which are the *Claytonia*, the *Hepatica*, *Adonis*, wood anemone, *Phlox subulata* or moss pink, pansies, cowslip, sweet-scented violet, creeping *Phlox*, *Dodecatheon*, and *Erythronium*. About the same time with some of these appear the hyacinth, daffodils, jonquils, and the brilliant varieties of tulip.

Dwarf Plants.

Take a cutting of the plant you wish to dwarf, say a myrtle, for instance, and having set it in a pot, wait until you are satisfied that it has taken root; then take a cutting from it, and place it in a miniature flower pot, taking care to fill it more than three parts with fine sand, the remainder with mould. Put it under a glass, on the chimney-piece, or in any warm place, and give it very small quantities of water.

Heath-mould.

Heath-mould is very often confounded with peat-bog, by amateur gardeners; but the fact is, they are naturally different. Black peat consists of vegetable fibre prevented from decomposing by a superabundance of water, but heath-mould is peat mixed with sand.

Other Perennials.

The tulip is followed by a rapid succession of herbaceous perennials, some of the finest of which are the *Veronicas*, the earlier *Phloxes*, the *Lupins*, *Iris* of many sorts, *Columbines*, *Oriental* and *Caucasian* poppy, and the magnificent varieties of the herbaceous *Paeonia*.

Autumn Flowers.

These are obtained largely from the successful culture of annuals, and from the hardier green-house plants, among the most successful and desirable of which are the verbenas and salvias. The blue salvia is a splendid flower, and contrasts finely with the scarlet.

Chrysanthemums.

The chrysanthemums, including the dwarf or "pom-pom" flower almost every winter. They are hardy, and will succeed, if planted in open ground, with a shelter, and full exposure to the sun during the latter part of autumn.

Midsummer Flowers.

The *Spiraea*, the *Cypripediums*, the *Lychuis*, Chinese *lily*, peach-leaved and large-flowered *Campanulas*, *Chenitis erecta*, the *Aconites*, several *Pentstemons*, *Dianthus*, *Coreopsis*, etc.

Leaf Printing.

After warming the leaf between the hands, apply printing ink, by means of a small leather ball containing cotton, or some soft substance, or with the end of the finger. The leather ball (and the finger when used for that purpose), after the ink is applied to it, should be pressed several times on a piece of leather, or some smooth surface, before each application to the leaf, that the ink may be smoothly and evenly applied. After the under surface of the leaf has been sufficiently inked, apply it to the paper, where you wish the impression; and, after covering it with a slip of paper, use the hand or roller to press upon it, as described in the former process.

Hollyhocks.

The hollyhock is a showy and brilliant flower, and used to be the glory of old-fashioned gardens. It was then banished by fastidious taste, but has again come into favor. The Dutch, however, make a pot plant of it, growing it as a dwarf. It is a gross feeder, and requires rich, unctuous soil. It is chiefly valuable as an out-door plant, and fine groupings may be made with it in gardens, interspersed with the shrubbery.

Early Flowers.

The earliest bulbous flowers are *Snowdrop*, single and double, *Bulbocodium vernum*, *Crocus*, several colors, and *Siberian squill*, all of which appear in bloom as soon as the snow disappears from the ground. It seems premature to speak of this occurrence, but now is the time to lay plans for the ensuing year, when there is plenty of time to deliberate.

Villa-Shrubby Creasroohet.

This is one of the few *Cruceiferae* shrubs. It is evergreen, and only grows two or three feet high, with glaucous leaves and bright yellow flowers, which appear in April and May. It will thrive in any garden soil. It is propagated by cuttings of the young wood planted in sand under glass.

Chorosema.

One of the prettiest of the pea-flowering family, *C. varium* or *varia*; has a leaf almost like holly, and when raised from the seed, scarcely two will be alike in foliage. It thrives in one-third loam and two-thirds turfy peat. This variety is naturally shrubby and handsome.

Monopsis—Lobeliaceae.

A very beautiful trailing plant, having dark blue flowers with conspicuous yellow anthers, and the flowers on long fort stalks. It is a native of the Cape of Good Hope, and should be grown in sandy peat. It is suitable for rock work.

Brachysema.

A very ornamental New Holland climber, with fine large glaucous leaves and crimson flowers; it grows freely in loam and peat, flowering abundantly, and ripening seeds; by which, or by layers or cuttings it may be easily propagated.

Fothergilla.

American dwarf shrubs, with large, handsome leaves, and white, fragrant flowers. The plants should be grown in a moist, peaty soil, and are injured by severe frosts. The flowers appear before the leaves.

The Housewife.

Economy in Eating.

Hall's Journal of Health makes some timely remarks on economy in eating. It says: "When the best beef steak is selling at twenty cents a pound, the butchers are glad to sell the 'rein' piece at eight or ten cents a pound. It has no bone or fat. Three pounds of this for twenty-five cents will make soup enough for a family of eight or ten persons two days, besides the meat for one dinner; it is a hundred per cent cheaper than the purchase of a knee joint, at forty cents, for soup. Of all the parts of corned beef, that is the most nutritious and cheapest which is called the round, which has neither bone nor gristle, nor waste fat worth naming. Both in the purchase of meat and fish, persons are generally falsely economical in choosing an article with bone in it, at two or three, or more cents a pound less than a piece which has none.

Syrups of Fruit.

These are prepared in a similar manner to capillaire, substituting the juices of the fruit in place of the water; in this way it is very easy to make syrup of oranges. Before the oranges are squeezed, to express their juice, each orange should be well rubbed or grated with the lump sugar—by so doing the fine flavor of the rind is preserved. All these syrups are drunk by diluting them with water. About a wine-glassful of syrup to a tumbler of water will be found to make a pleasant draught.

To whiten Linen that has become yellow.

Cut up a pound of fine white soap into a gallon of milk, and hang it over the fire in a wash-kettle. When the soap has entirely melted, put in the linen, and boil it half an hour. Then take it out; have ready a lather of soap and warm water, wash the linen in it, and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last.

Turkey hashed.

Cut up the remains of a roasted turkey; put it into a stewpan with half a gill of Sherry wine, shallots, truffles, mushrooms, chopped parsley, salt, pepper, two spoonful of culls, and a little stock; boil half an hour, and reduce to a thick sauce; when ready, add a pound of anchovies and a squeeze of lemon; skim the sauce free from fat, and serve altogether.

Forced Turkey or Fowl.

Take all the bones from the turkey; fill it again with either good sausage meat or veal forcemeat, with or without truffles, as may be required; braise it in a cloth, keeping it a good shape; when done, glaze the breast a good color; use silver skewers to ornament with, and any of the sauces named, or a fricandeau sauce, under it.

Candied Orange Peel.

Soak the peels in cold water, which change frequently, till they lose their bitterness; then put them into syrup till they become soft and transparent. Then they are to be taken out and drained.

To bake Apples.

Gouge out the eyes and fill them with sugar; set the apples in a pie plate, pour in a teaspoonful of water, and bake. Eat with cream and the juice found in the dish when done.

Art of Tea-Making.

Use soft water, and be sure it boils. If you are compelled to use hard water, throw into the kettle a piece of carbonate of soda; but the latter should never be used unless the water requires correction, and then very moderately, for it is apt to destroy the delicate roughness of the flavor. Put your tea into the empty pot, and be sure you use enough. Some persons practise a foolish economy in this matter, and use so little that the product is not much better than plain hot water. Then place the pot before the fire, or on the hob, or, still better, on the hot plate of an oven, till the tea is well heated, but, of course, not burnt; then pour upon it the boiling water; and a fragrant infusion of good strength is instantly produced.

Apple Sauce.

Pare and core three good-sized baking apples, put them into a well-tinned pint saucepan, with two table-spoonful of cold water; cover the saucepan close, and set it on a trivet over a slow fire a couple of hours before dinner,—some apples will take a long time stewing,—others will be ready in a quarter of an hour; when the apples are done enough, pour off the water, let them stand a few minutes to get dry; then beat them up with a fork, with a bit of butter about as big as a nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Some add lemon-peel, grated, or minced fine,—or boil a bit with the apples. Some are fond of apple sauce with cold pork.

To give a fine Color to Mahogany.

Let the tables be washed perfectly clean with vinegar, having first taken out any ink-stains there may be with spirits of salt. Use the following liquid: Into a pint of cold-drawn linseed oil, put a mixture of alkanet-root and rose pink, in an earthen vessel; let it remain all night, then, stirring well, rub some of it all over the tables with a linen rag; when it has lain some time, rub it bright with linen cloths.

Bologna Sausages.

Take equal quantities of bacon, fat and lean, beef, veal, pork, and beef suet; chop them small, season with pepper, salt, etc., sweet herbs and sage rubbed fine. Have a well-washed intestine, fill, and prick it; boil gently for an hour, and lay on straw to dry. They may be smoked the same as hams.

Tripe.

After being thoroughly scoured, tripe should be soaked in salt and water about a week, shifting the water every eight and forty hours; then boil till tender, or from eight to ten hours; then pickle, fry or broil. Pickle it the same as soups.

Cure for Corns.

Take two ounces of gum-ammoniac, two ounces of yellow wax and six drachms of verdigris, melt them together, and spread the composition on soft leather. Cut away so much of the corn as you can, then apply the plaster, and renew it every fortnight till the corn is away.

Excellent China Ink.

Finest lamp-black, 75 parts; thick mucilage, 15 parts; strong ink, pale new, 50 parts; ox gall, 12 parts. Grind them well together, and if too soft evaporate a little of the water by a gentle heat; if too thick add more ink.

Apple Island.

Stew apple enough to make two quarts, strain it through a sieve, sweeten it with fine white sugar, and flavor it with lemon or rose. Beat the whites of twelve eggs to a hard froth, and stir into the apple slowly; but do not do this till just before it is to be served. The apples should be stewed with as little water as possible, and those that are not very juicy are to be chosen. Put it into a glass dish. Serve a nice boiled custard, made of the yolks of the eggs; or the imperial cream to eat with it. Half this quantity makes a large dish full.

The Knickerbocker Pickle.

To three gallons of soft water, put four pounds and a half of salt, coarse and fine, mixed; a pound and a half of brown sugar, an ounce and a half of saltpetre, half an ounce of saleratus, and two quarts of good molasses. Boil the mixture, skim it well, and when cold pour it over the hams or beef. Beef laid down in this pickle does not become hard, and is very fine, when boiled gently and long. Some persons consider this the best of all methods for curing beef and hams.

Victoria Fritters.

Take a loaf of baker's bread, slice it into pieces an inch thick, cut each slice in the centre, trimming off the crust, and place the bread on a flat dish. Take a quart of rich milk, a salt-spoonful of salt, eight beaten eggs, stir the whole together, strain it, and pour it over the bread several hours before dinner, that the bread may be equally moistened. Fry in hot butter a delicate brown, and eat with a sweet wine-sauce.

Fruit Stains in Linen.

To remove them, rub the part on each side with yellow soap, then tie up a piece of pearl-ash in the cloth, etc., and soak well in hot water, or boil; afterwards expose the stained part to the sun and air until removed.

To sharpen Razors.

Water half a pint, auratic or sulphuric acid three drachms: mix; and steep the razor in this for half an hour, wipe it, and set it on the hone. A saturated solution of oxalic acid is also recommended.

To renovate black Crape.

Skim-milk and water, with a little bit of glue in it, made scalding hot, will restore old rusty black Italian crape. If clapped and pulled dry, like fine muslin, it will look as good as new.

Rheumatism.

Flannel waistcoats, after being washed, should be fumigated by burning sulphur in a box, such as is used by bonnet cleaners. Scarlet flannel should be preferred.

Relaxed Muscles and Nerves.

Rhubarb powder, seven grains; powdered Peruvian bark, two scruples; cascarrilla bark, ten grains; mix with a glass of port wine or water. To be taken twice a day.

Vanilla Chocolate.

This beverage is apt to affect many constitutions, exciting the nervous system by tremors not unlike those caused by drinking spirits.

Universal Liniment.

The following liniment is useful for rheumatism, lumbago, sprains, bruises, unbroken chilblains, and insect bites. Take one raw egg, well beaten up, half a pint of vinegar, one ounce of spirits of turpentine, a quarter of an ounce of spirits of wine, and a quarter of an ounce of camphor. Beat these ingredients well up together, then put them in a bottle, cork it, and shake them for ten minutes, or till they are thoroughly mixed. Then cork very tightly in order to exclude the air. For rheumatism in the head, rub the back of the head and behind the ears, and for other complaints the parts affected.

Rice Balls.

Put a pound of rice into three half-pints of cold water, with a little salt. Boil it very soft, adding more water, if necessary, to swell it perfectly. Stir in a teaspoon full of butter while hot, and grate in half a nutmeg. Set it aside till cold, and then beat two eggs; make the rice into balls, and dip them in the egg; then roll them in fine cracker crumbs, and fry them in hot fat.

Scurf in the Head.

A simple and effectual remedy is to drop a lump of fresh quicklime, the size of a walnut, into a pint of water; let it stand all night, then pour the water off clear from the sediment or deposit, add a quarter of a pint of the best vinegar, and wash the head with the mixture. Perfectly harmless; only wet the roots of the hair.

Dr. Clark's Pills for Nervous Headache.

Scottrine aloes, powdered rhubarb, of each one drachm; compound powder of cinnamon, one scruple; hard soap, half a drachm; syrup enough to form the mass. To be divided into fifty pills, of which two will be sufficient for a dose; to be taken occasionally.

Calf's Foot Broth.

Boil two feet in three quarts of water, until it is wasted to three pints. Strain it, and set it aside in a cool place. When cold, take off the fat. Heat a little at a time as it is wanted, and add salt, nutmeg, and, if approved, a spoonful of good wine.

Horseradish Powder.

The time to make this is during November and December; slice it the thickness of a shilling, and lay it to dry very gradually in a Dutch oven (a strong heat soon evaporates its flavor); when dry enough, pound it and bottle.

To cure Spasms.

Take two pennyworth of camphor, and infuse it in one pint of brandy. Let it stand forty-eight hours, and then it is fit for use. When the attack comes on, take one teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water.

To cure a Cold.

Take the juice of two lemons, three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, simmer it half an hour, then add two table-spoonful of paregoric. Teaspoonful three times a day.

To cure Hiccough.

It is not generally known that a piece of loaf-sugar will instantly stop the most troublesome hiccough.

Candied Lemon-Peel.

This is made by boiling lemon-peel with sugar, and then exposing it to the air until the sugar crystallizes.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

MEDICAL FREAKS.

Il Medico Poeta (the Physician and Poet) is the title of a folio by Dr. Cammillo Brunori, published at Fabriano in 1726. The leading object of his work is to prove that there is nothing in the nature of things to forbid the banns of marriage between poetry and medicine; that an excellent physician may be an excellent poet, and *vice versa*. The example of Dr. O. W. Holmes, of this city, who has written some exquisite poetry, and who is equally distinguished as a son of Esculapius, will occur to our readers as substantiating the doctor's position. But his own heavy work, in twelve ponderous cantos, tells rather against him. It is a sort of medical *ars poetica*; and it is followed by a hundred and seventy-two sonnets, on all diseases, drugs, parts of the body, functions of them, and curative means. We have a sonnet on apoplexy, a sonnet on blisters, etc., with a compendious account in prose of the subject in hand appended to each on the opposite page.

In this strange mess, among other curious notions, the medical uses of the human skull are gravely insisted upon. All skulls, Dr. Brunori informs us, are not of equal value. Indeed, those of persons who have died a natural death are good for little or nothing. The reason of this is, that the disease of which they died has consumed or dissipated the essential spirit! The skulls of murderers and bandits are particularly efficacious. And this is clearly because not only the essential spirit of the cranium is concentrated therein by the nature of their violent death, but also the force of it is increased by the long exposure to the atmosphere occasioned by the heads of such persons being ordinarily placed on spikes over the gates of cities! Such skulls are used in various ways. Preparations of volatile salt, spirit, gelatine, essence, etc., are made from them, and are very useful in epilepsy and hemorrhage. The notion that soldiers have, that drinking out of a skull renders them invulnerable in battle, is a mere superstition—though respectable writers do mention that such a practice is a preventive against scrofula. Verily medical science in Italy in the beginning of the last century must have been at a very low ebb indeed!

ROSSINI.

Rossini has lived to see his own creations undiminished in public favor through a period which embraces a Bellini, a Donizetti, and a Verdi. The old man is often seen strolling along the Boulevards, Paris, his restless and still brilliant eye never failing to recognize the approach of a friend. Time has been wonderfully sparing with that rare mind. Rossini is still in possession of all his mental faculties, and converses with the animation and enthusiasm of a temperament winged with a joyous elasticity, such as one might imagine was in full vigor when the "Barbiere de Siviglia" was created. He takes a lively interest in the political condition of Italy, and will speculate on the regeneration of his native land in the language of a patriot. He never visits the theatres, and seldom speaks of music; but whenever he does refer to the art of which he is so brilliant a star, it is ever to bestow a kind word on those who have followed him. Another noble feature in the character of Rossini is his kindness in receiving unknown artists and composers. It may easily be imagined how many aspirants of the musical art are anxious to be presented to the immortal Rossini, and how much value they place on his opinions and advice; yet he seldom refuses the request of a friend to present any artist of promising talents. He is very charitable, and although possessing limited means, frequently performs acts of charity, only a few of which are known to the world. His habits are simple, and his intercourse with the world exceedingly limited. He receives a small musical circle once a week, the evening hours being occupied with conversation and occasionally a little music. Rossini himself seldom touches the piano. We do not hope that he will ever write again; he has frequently said that he has done his best, and has no wish to give the world anything after the "Stabat," which was the solemn heaven-painted sunset of his glorious day; it is the religious hymn of a soul conscious of its approaching flight. We do not remember any great man who has lived so many years after the consolidation of his fame as Rossini.

SATIRISTS.—They are ever the least in talent who become malignant and abusive.

THE ROBIN RED-BREAST.

The gay, bold, flaunting robin of our gardens and orchards, though a beautiful bird, is a very different creature from the little gentle robin red-breast of England, which a young Briton would no more think of shooting than he would of killing his grandmother. The sacredness of the English bird is attributable to the part he is represented as playing in the touching old ballad of the "Children in the Wood:"

"No burial this pretty pair
Of any man needeth,
Till Robin Red-breast plonely
Did cover them with leaves."

It is not uncommon to find in poets of all ages some allusion to the pious care of these birds for the bodies of the dead. Thus Collins, in his "Dirge on Cymbeline," says:

"The red-breast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With heavy moss and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid."

In the earlier edition of "Gray's Elegy," the following exquisite lines were inserted before the epitaph:

"These scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The red breast loves to build and warble there,
And hither footstep lightly print the ground."

In a book entitled "Communications with the Unseen World," an allusion is made to a "sweet superstition current in Brittany, which would explain the cause why the robin red-breast has always been a favorite and *protégé* of man. While our Saviour was bearing his cross, one of these birds, they say, took one thorn from his crown, which dyed its breast; and ever since that time, robin red-breasts have been the friends of man."

NATIONAL PARADOXES.—Somebody once remarked, that the Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; the Scotchman and Frenchman is never at home but when he is abroad; and the Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting; while the Yankee is never easy unless he is driven to death by business.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.—Why were we, in the easy times of last winter, like a man whose father secretly leaves him a tin-shop in his will? Because we didn't know that there was a Pannikin-store for us!

A WEALTHY ACTRESS.—Miss Charlotte Cushman is said to be worth a quarter of a million of dollars—and she deserves it.

VERY GOOD.—Punch speaks of venison as the deer departed. 'Taint nothing else.

ANIMAL FOOD.

Housekeepers have had their wits and their purses well probed for several years, on the question of how to keep up with the increasing price of animal food. According to the statistics from 1840 to 1850, the increase of our population was more than 35 per cent., while the increase of stock to supply food was only 172.3 per cent. In New England and the Middle States, during the above decade, while the population has steadily augmented, the stock has decreased nearly 8,500,000 head. In the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri, there has been an increase of 7,500,000 head of stock, but the rate of increase in people has been vastly greater. At the same time, the export of provisions was in 1845 to 1846 inclusive, \$110,521,000, and from 1852 to 1856 inclusive, \$233,079,000. To account, then, for the high cost of provisions, we have an immense increase in population, decrease in stock, and a vast increase in exportation. The business of farming is therefore not yet overdone.

FIRST DISCOVERERS.—There is a penalty for doing more or better than your neighbors. Galileo gained only imprisonment by his discoveries. The inventors of printing did not fare much better. The first who discovered the power of steam was confined in the Bicetre, at Paris. Dr. Darwin was considered almost insane because, in his inflated verse, he predicted the uses to which it would be applied. These were all discoveries of men who, rising above their fellows, toiled at the shadows of the great things their minds conceived or saw. Statues and bronzes now celebrate the merit that was denied them at the time.

OHIO.—We see by a statistical pamphlet, which some western friend has sent to us, that Ohio produces a crop of wool this year worth \$6,000,000. This is real wealth, no stock bug, about six million dollars worth of wool.

A DUTCHMAN'S PIG.—A lawyer asked a Dutchman in court, what ear-marks a pig had that was in dispute. "Vell, he has no ear marks except a very short tail."

A QUERY.—When the poet speaks of "striking the trembling lyre," does it not suggest the image of a schoolmaster flogging a quaking urchin for uttering a falsehood?

THE TIES OF INTEREST.—The trade of England with the United States represents an annual total of £40,000,000, or \$200,000,000.

FIGHTING AND PRAYING MEN.

Among the sternest duties that devolve upon mankind is the occasional necessity of taking up arms, and going forth to slay or to be slain in some great cause. War, from whatever point of view it be contemplated, is a frightful evil. It is accompanied by immediate and followed by remote and permanent misery, too well understood, alas! to be commented and dilated on. That many wars have been unnecessary and unjustifiable is also well understood—unholy wars that have been called holy, but from which the inexorable hand of history tears away the veil that conceals the abhorred features of the Moloch. But amidst the mist arising from innumerable fields of carnage tower some forms of warriors clad in the panoply of truth, before whom the muse of history kneels in admiration and respect, at whose feet she lays laurels ever green and fresh, and glorious, though the crimson drop may rest on their enameled leaves. There are the Washingtons, the Tells, the Hampdens, who have drawn the sword only at the call of their country, in whose hands the shining weapons are the rods with which God chastises the tyrants and oppressors. While condemning and deploring war in general, we must except many an individual struggle, such as that of our own Revolution, in which the shedding of blood was justified by the national conscience and the voice of religion.

And who, it may be asked, have ever been found the bravest among the brave, the most fearless, the most reliable, the most lenient in victory? Not the Dugald Dalgettys of military service—not the paid Hessians and the hiring Switzers, but the men of principle and prayer. Sternest and bravest in battle, were the iron followers of Cromwell—the men of the “Bible and the sword”—the followers of Gustavus Adolphus, the Huguenots who trod in the wake of the “white plume of Navarre,” and the descendants of the rigid Puritans of New England; men who planted the starred and striped banner on the topmost heights of glory. Nor are there wanting examples of these praying and fighting warriors in our time. At a meeting of the Hibernian Bible Society, held in Belfast a few weeks since, the Rev. Mr. Graham, of Bonn, one of the missionaries of the Irish Presbyterian Church to the Jews, mentioned this fact: He had to tell them that General Havelock, who is now so distinguished in India, although a Baptist, was a member of his (Mr. Graham’s) Missionary Church at Bonn, and his wife and daughter were members of it for seven years. He could also narrate an anecdote regarding the great and good

man, which he had heard from the lips of Lady Havelock. When General Havelock, as colonel of his regiment, was travelling through India, he always took with him a Bethel tent, in which he preached the gospel; and when Sunday came in India he usually hoisted the Bethel flag, and invited all men to come and hear the gospel—a fact; he even baptized some. He was reported for this at head-quarters, for acting in a non-military and disorderly manner—and the commander-in-chief, General Lord Gough, entertained the charge, but, with the true spirit of a generous military man, he caused the state of Colonel Havelock’s regiment to be examined. He caused the reports of the moral state of the various regiments to be read for some time back, and he found that Colonel Havelock’s stood at the head of the list; there was less drunkenness, less flogging, less imprisonment in it than any other. When that was done, the commander-in-chief said, “Go and tell Colonel Havelock, with my compliments, to baptize the whole army.”

And what influence over his men such a character obtains, may be seen in the following letter from a sergeant in the 78th Highlanders, to a brother in Scotland: “*Cawnpore*, August 17—Cholera, etc., breaking out amongst us, we were obliged to put back for Cawnpore. It has been justly said, ‘The British soldier should never show his back,’ and so it seems, for no sooner had we done so than we were assailed by a legion of these black devils, accompanied by a battery of cannon, in overwhelming numbers. We immediately showed our foes a bold front, and, as our regiment was reduced to one hundred and twenty men, you may fancy what a contemptible appearance we made. But appearances are deceitful. All eyes were turned on our noble general (Havelock) to see what his orders were; and I still think I see the peculiar look he gave us, and in which the man appeared to triumph over the soldier. I felt as if he said, ‘78th, I know that these guns must be taken, yet Heaven knows how. At the same time I am exposing you to certain death; duty bids me give the order “forward,” and humanity bids me stay—what say you, Highlanders?’ But, as if an electric shock had passed through us, a simultaneous movement was felt throughout our columns as each grasped his musket and rushed on to take the guns. Onward we flew, and so decisive was our attack that the rebels appeared stupefied as we captured the guns, and returned, strange to tell, without losing a man. I think I can never forget old Havelock as he gazed upon us, his eyes filled with tears, and his voice tremulous with

emotion, while, in the fulness of his heart, he exclaimed, 'Thank, you, 78th, you have saved the army!' Such words, from such a man and at such a time, will never be forgotten."

The moral of this is, that religion, instead of unfitting men for the practical duties of life, renders them in the highest degree serviceable and efficient—in fact that religion is the vital element of every true character.

TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND.

Dickens tells the following story of an American sea captain: "On his last voyage home the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions—a phrase I use as one being entirely new, and one you never met with in the newspapers. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentlemen passengers, and in return she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend the captain. The captain being a man of an original turn of mind, says to the young lady, 'Jump overboard, and marry the man that jumps after you.' The young lady, struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather, as it then was, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat manned in case of accident. Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea, head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers were got out again, she says to the captain, 'What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?' Says the captain, 'Take the dry one!' And the young lady did, and she married him."

THE TEACHINGS OF SORROW.—Sorrow is God's school. Even God's own Son was not made perfect without it; though a Son, yet learned his obedience by the things that he suffered.

HOT BREAD.—Don't eat hot bread—we beg ye want. Do you wish to know the reason why? Because it never digests. Now go and cut a slice off that stale loaf.

CONVERSATION.—The business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour, more than a day's fasting would do.

WAR USELESS.—The race that shortens its weapons, lengthens its boundaries.

EARLY PRINTING.

In the infancy of the art its results were comparatively very rude. The type used was intended to imitate writing, and partook of the character of gothic and script. In punctuating, they employed no marks at first other than the period and colon; an oblique stroke was afterwards introduced, and fulfilled the purpose of our comma. Pages had neither running title nor number. The divisions of words and sentences were very imperfect, and the language was not divided into paragraphs. Capital letters were not used to commence a sentence, nor in proper names. No rules seem to have regulated their orthography, which was entirely without method, and their abbreviations were so numerous as to cause the necessity, in time, of publishing a book, by the directions in which they could be read. But one kind of letter was used throughout. A space was left at the beginning of chapters for the illuminator, who wrote in various colored ink the initial letter. These were often elaborately ornamental, and very costly, being embellished with flowers and figures, and sometimes variegated with gold and silver. The first presses were fashioned after the common wine press. For a short time the paper was printed on but one side, the blank leaves being pasted together. The only forms of books were the folio and quarto. Two or three hundred copies were then considered a large edition. Dates were often omitted, and the name of the printer, when given, was placed at the end of the book.

DRY GOODS.

When our friends come to Boston to purchase dry goods, let them not fail to call on S. J. WILCOX & Co., our next door neighbor, at No. 24 Winter Street. The great advantage possessed by this extensive establishment is, that they purchase their goods for cash, and can sell their goods so much cheaper in proportion to their customers. We venture to say that a greater variety of ladies' wearing material, or a more excellent stock as to quality, cannot be found in Boston or New York, while the prices defy competition! Messrs. Wilcox & Co. have a splendid new store, and an entire new stock of goods.

THEN AND NOW.—The Territory of the United States in the year 1785 was about 800,000 square miles, and now it covers an area of little less than 3,000,000.

A BAD BILL.—A bill (Wm.) that promises to pay and does not, is a liar-Bill-ity.

THE TOIL FOR GOLD.

Until long after the great gold discovery in California, when all the world flocked to the shores of the Pacific, and the thirst for mining seemed to seize on every one, high and low, cultivated and uncultivated, and those who were prevented from following the tide were regarded with the deepest commiseration, very erroneous ideas with regard to the nature of the labor were universally prevalent. We saw the glittering dust, or the flakes of virgin gold sent home as specimens by our friends, and we fancied they were obtained as easily as one might scoop up the sand from Nahant beach, or gather the pebbles at high-water mark. Alas! with few exceptions, the gold is obtained only by the severest labor. Thousands of broken hearts and ruined constitutions have swelled up the cost of the gold poured in from California. Here, on the Atlantic seaboard, we see the effect, but not the cause. We rejoice at the timely arrival of a million and a half of specie from the golden gate, but fancy does not picture the racking toil by which it has been wrenched from the bowels of the earth. Much of it has been attained by hard manual labor, compared to which ditching and building railroad embankments is pastime; much by aid of ponderous machinery that crushes up rocks in its jaws as a Dutch nutcracker crunches almond shells. Let us take an example of a costly and laborious process, river-mining, premising that the facts are furnished by *Hutchings's California Magazine*, and those of our readers who have "truant dispositions," will no longer envy the miner in his distant home.

When it becomes desirable to chain the mountain torrent which is heedlessly rushing past, and turn it out of its natural channel to obtain the gold lying in its bed, the miner talks the matter over with a few trusty and hard-working camp-miners, and they mutually agree to make an effort to obtain the glittering *Oro*. The ways and means are accordingly devised; sometimes by making up a company of eight, or ten, or twenty, or any other desirable number; and as the cost will be about so much, each member of the company has to contribute his share of the amount agreed upon, as the work progresses. Should it cost less or more—generally it is the latter—the proportion is diminished, or increased by assessments according to the number of shares. At other times a number of men who live together on the same bar, and who, being well acquainted with each other, and tolerably well informed of what the other possesses, will raise whatever timber or tools may be required, from among themselves, and "get along as well

as they can for the balance"—which often is but very indifferently—and go to work with a will to accomplish their object. To do this, sometimes a race has to be dug; at others, a flume has to be built, requiring to be of sufficient capacity to take in the whole amount of water running in the river. This being done, a dam has to be constructed across the river, that shall be water-tight, or nearly so. To build this dam, very often requires that men work in the water, which is generally very cold, for, as it comes from the melting snows, it cannot be expected to be very warm; at least, before the river is very low, and men seldom wait for that—they therefore enter the river; and by rolling up large boulders into a line for building a wall, they turn the water from the one side towards the flume on the other, and when one wall is thus rudely but substantially constructed, another is built behind it; when all the light and floating sand is cleaned out, that it may not be in the way of making the space water-tight between the walls; a clayey soil is then filled in and well tramped, until the dam is tight; and the water is running through the race or flume. Sometimes a tree or log is felled across the stream (if one can be found long enough to reach, and in the right place), when slabs or split timbers are put in, in an inclined position, and either nailed or pinned to the log, when the whole space in front is filled up with clayey soil and fine boughs of trees, until it is made water-tight. The river now being turned into the race, wheels are erected across it; and pumps are attached by which the water still remaining in the river's bed is pumped out. Now river mining is commenced in real earnest; men begin to remove boulders, wheel out rocks, fix toms, or sluices, and take out the precious metal—if there is any. Five thousand two hundred and twenty-seven dollars have been taken out from behind a boulder, in a single pan of dirt. Should the fall rains be late before commencing, every opportunity is given to work out the river claims to advantage—or at least to test them sufficiently either to work or abandon them. If on the contrary—as frequently occurs—the rains should come early, the whole of the summer's labor and expense are swept away before a dollar can be taken out. Many men are thus left penniless, after the toil and hope of a long and scorching summer. Taking the losses with the gains, it is very questionable if more gold has not actually been invested in river mining than has ever been taken out.

When men speak ill of you, says Burke, live so that nobody will believe them.

CHURCHYARD GLEANINGS.

Very many volumes, entertaining and instructive, have been made of curious epitaphs, faithfully transcribed from the records of the cities of the dead. A large proportion of epitaphs provoke a smile in the reader, however *grave* the subject. Many are designedly ludicrous, but many more unintentionally so. It would seem as if epitaph-writing were the most difficult species of composition, to judge by the numerous failures.

The following is in the churchyard of Crayford, Kent, England:

"To the memory of PETER IZOD, who was thirty-five years clerk of the parish, and always proved himself a pious and mirthful man.

"The life of this clerk was just threescore and ten,
During half of which time he had sung out Amen.
He married when young, like other young men;
His wife died one day, so he chanted Amen,
A second he took, she departed—what then?
He married, and buried a third with Amen.
Thus his joys and his sorrows were treble, but then
His voice was deep bass, as he chaunted Amen.
On the horn he could blow as well as most men,
But his horn was exalted in blowing Amen.
He lost all his wind after threescore and ten,
And here with three wives he waits till again
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out Amen."

The following is from the churchyard of Melton Mowbray:

"This world's an Inn, and I her guest;
I've eat and drank and took my rest
With her awhile, and now I pay
Her lavish bill, and go my way."

One of the most curious epitaphs extant is on a tablet in Limerick cathedral:

"MEMENTO MORI.
—Here lieth Little Samuel Barrinton, that great Under
Taker
Of Famous Citty Clock and Chime Maker;
He made his one Time goe Early and Latter,
But now He is returned to God his Creator.
The 19 of November Then He Seest,
And for His Memory this Here is Pleast
By his son Ben 1693."

ETERNITY.—A Yankee discoursing on the sublime and bewildering subject of eternity, said, by way of illustration: "My friends, after millions and trillions of years have passed away in the morning of eternity, it will be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time."

SHAVING NOTES.—Mrs. Partington inquires in the New York Picayune what kind of razors are employed in shaving notes. Mr. Pic respectfully informs her that they are generally razors of money.

RAILROAD SENTIMENT.—The following sentiment was given at a recent railroad festival in Cleveland, Ohio: "Our mothers,—The only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

THE WAY HE DID IT.

A Philadelphia paper relates an amusing incident which occurred in one of the banks in that city, during a recent run. In the crowd of anxious holders of checks, notes, etc., was a plain-looking individual, with something under his arm. The people in his immediate neighborhood seemed to think that he had a large bundle of promises to pay, and of course each man was interested in keeping him out until every other one had got the shiners. At last the man with the bundle exclaimed, in a loud voice: "Look here, gentlemen, if you only knew that I had ten thousand dollars in gold under my arm for your use, instead of keeping me out, you would push me in." The way he went into the bank after that was illustrative of the truth that not only "money makes the mare go," but the man also.

A NEW PROCESS.

A patent has been taken out in England for splitting rocks by heat without explosion. The mixture used for the purpose is said to be composed of 100 parts sulphur, 100 saltpetre, 50 sawdust, 50 horse manure, and 10 common salt. The saltpetre and common salt are dissolved in hot water and mixed with molasses. The other ingredients are then added, the whole stirred until thoroughly incorporated, and the mass thus produced rendered fit for use by being dried at a gentle heat. The composition, prepared in this manner, is introduced into holes bored in the rock in the same way as blasting powder, and is ignited by means of a fuse. It does not explode like gunpowder, but generates heat of sufficient intensity to split the rock.

POVERTY.—"What is poverty," beautifully says Jean Paul, in an allusion to his own stern experience, "that a man should whine under it? It is but like the pain of piercing the ears of a maiden, and you hang precious jewels in the wound!"

JOHN BULL AT DINNER.—At a harvest-home dinner, given by the Messrs. Roper, in Kent, fifty-six persons disposed of 133 pounds of beef.

RUSSIAN INDEBTEDNESS.—The public debt of Russia is said to amount to 6,933,000,000 francs, about \$1,386,600,000.

EARLY RISING.—Tom Hood said:

"He that's fond of early stirring
Must be a spoon."

STATISTICAL.—We see that the aggregate wealth of Georgia is estimated at \$328,927,618.

Foreign Miscellany.

Active preparations are making to lay the Atlantic Telegraph cable next June.

Submarine telegraphic communication between Sardinia and Austria has been established.

In the Chelsea Water-works London, 3,000,000 of gallons of Thames water are purified every day.

The telegraph lines of Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Wurtemberg, Baden, Mecklenburg and the Netherlands are to be united.

M Emile de Girardin has returned to Paris with his first comedy. It is entitled "La Fille d'un Millionnaire."

Cholera has begun to decline in Sweden. It is stated to have carried off 5000 persons since its invasion.

There is in Sweden a Ladies' Bible Society which presents a copy of the Bible to every newly-married couple.

Six silver bedsteads have been ordered in Paris, by the Pasha of Egypt, for his son, who is soon to marry the present Sultan's daughter.

The expenditure for shoes of the population of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has been estimated at \$75,000,000 per annum.

The winter bonnets made in Paris come farther forward on the head and are larger than those worn during the summer—a very sensible improvement.

Turkey is said to have applied to Austria to act as umpire in the affair of the revolted district of Albania, claimed simultaneously by Turkey and Montenegro.

The Journal de Constantinople announces that the Turkish government have decided upon constructing a line of telegraph to Bassoran on the Persian Gulf.

Odessa (Russia) firms have offered to sell to the Austrian iron founders, at low prices, the English and French cannon balls which were collected at Sebastopol.

The marble tomb of the French Admiral Brant, who died on his voyage home from the Crimea, is now completed at the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise. It stands near that of General Foy.

The French government has presented a small vessel (the schooner L'Hirondelle) to the Liberian republic, and the British government has consented to repair at its own cost the Liberian schooner Lark.

In Persia, considerable damage has been caused by shocks of earthquake, particularly in the Adherbidjan. The small town of Teseng has been almost entirely destroyed. In Georgia, the Kour (the ancient Cyrus) left its bed, and inundated the country and several towns on its banks.

The sum total of racing prizes for the past year, in England, has been calculated in *Bell's Life* at one million and forty-seven thousand dollars. Doncaster races figure highest, reaching \$78,250; Goodwood, \$77,575; Epsom, \$62,000; the six Newmarket meetings, \$200,000. The receipts at the Grand Stand at the Doncaster races amounted to \$18,941.

The immigration to America from Hamburg, at late accounts, was going on extensively.

Madagascar terrapin are among the luxuries enjoyed by the people of Honolulu.

The annual export of guano from the Chincha Islands to all parts is about 400,000 tons.

The French theatre at St. Petersburg costs the Russian emperor \$100,000 a year.

Alex. Dumas, senior, is said to receive thirteen cents a line for everything he writes.

The Lord Mayor of London has \$35,000 a year to pay for his civic hospitalities.

The public debt of Russia is said to amount to 6,933,000,000 francs, about \$1,386,600,000.

The British government are talking about the establishment of three new episcopal sees in India.

A weekly newspaper in Arabic, conducted by native editors, is the latest novelty at Beirut.

Since the Indian mutiny, 53,416 native troops have revolted, and 24,710 been disbanded.

One of the new streets in Nottingham, Eng., has been named Havelock Street.

A tax upon foreign and local newspapers has been imposed in Austria.

Cardinal Wiseman is about to publish his "Personal Reminiscences of the last Four Popes."

In 1750, the average weight of cattle in Smithfield market, London, was 370 lbs., of sheep, 28 lbs.; now the average weight of beeves is about 800 lbs., and of sheep, 80 lbs.

M. Tissot, an engineer of some standing, has communicated to the French Academy of Science, the description of an engine entirely worked by the expansive power of ether.

A monument to Dr. Adam Clarke, the commentator, is in process of erection at Portrush, Ireland. It will be an obelisk forty-two feet high, and a statue of the great commentator.

A weekly newspaper is about to be established at Beirut. It will be the first ever issued in Syria, and will be in the Arabic language, and supported and conducted entirely by natives.

The system of Portuguese telegraphs, in direct connection with those of Spain, France and England, have just been opened. They have been carried out by English contractors.

The population of the kingdom of Belgium in 1850 amounted to 4,426,202 souls; the number of births to 131,416; the deaths to 92,820; and the marriages to 33,762.

Mr. Layard, late M. P. for Aylesbury, has gone to India, in order to visit the seat of the rebellion, and judge for himself as to its cause and results.

The Queen of Madagascar has expelled all English and French residents. The reason assigned is that the Europeans entertained the project of dethroning the queen, and placing her son on the throne.

The sulphur treatment of the vine in Portugal seems to have done as much harm as good. The benefits in the treatment of the vine disease have been counteracted by its effect on the flavor of the wine. Sulphurated "old crusted port" would not be so delicious!

Record of the Times.

A parlor coal fire, in twelve hours, renders 42,000 gallons of air unfit to support life.

It is estimated that there are 50,000 convicts confined in the prisons of the United States.

Mobile has been remarkably healthy the last season.

Modesty is both the preface and ornament of rising merit. Doubt youthful genius, if arrogant.

The highest habitation in Europe is on the summit of the Aiguille de Goutte 18,000 feet above the level of the sea.

A superbly equipped carriage, costing \$2000, has been completed at Philadelphia for Postmaster General A. V. Brown.

An official report states that there are at present fifty-two Sabbath schools in Chicago, with five hundred teachers and six thousand scholars.

The fire engine and apparatus belonging to Waldoboro', Me., was recently taken on execution and sold to a private company.

Omelia City, Kansas, has been designated by the Secretary of the Treasury as a point for a new depository of public funds.

The increase of the Free Public Library of Boston, during the past year has exceeded the assumed average of 6000 volumes.

The population of Canada is now computed at 2,571,432. Upper Canada exceeds Lower in populousness by 130,000.

There is no religious sect in which woman is more honored and earnestly cherished than by the "Friends."

Sergeant Lefferts of the New York Police Detectives, has caused to be taken the daguerreotype of every noted rogue who falls into his hands.

The Burlington (Vt.) Sentinel says that the amount of butter produced the present season in the dairy counties of that State, exceeds that of any previous year by about one-third.

The Hartford Times says artificial fish breeding has been carried into successful operation at Saltonstall Lake, Conn. Excellent fishing is anticipated there in two or three years.

A Louisiana paper gives an account of a fight on a steamboat between a lady and gentleman, over a backgammon board. The cause of this novel affray is not stated. Probably the gentleman *trej-deuced* his fair partner.

Brigham Young, who defies the government and threatens the armies of the United States, is a native of Whitehaven, Vermont, and is fifty-six years of age. His father was a farmer, originally from a town in the vicinity of Boston, and young Brigham is said never to have been at school but thirteen days.

A man in England was recently killed by a turnip, which a woman he was abusing threw at him. He was the worse for liquor, and fell backwards on the ground. He was taken up insensible, and removed to an inn, where medical aid was at once procured, but after lingering for two hours he died, never having spoken after the occurrence.

A long time ago, excellent paper was made from wood, by a French process, in Paris.

In Quebec there is not to be a single new vessel put upon the stocks this winter.

There is a proposition to establish a founding hospital, on the French plan, in New York.

European scholars denounce the word "telegram" as a substitute for "telegraphic despatch."

In Indiana they have been paying from \$3 to \$5 a week for the services of female domestics.

The religion of Brazil is Roman Catholic, but other creeds are freely tolerated.

The number of licensed carts in New York city at their renewal last year, was 5180.

In Winsted, Connecticut, two of the tanneries do an annual business of \$300,000.

The population of Ireland has decreased, from the effect of immigration, 2,127,746 in 16 years.

Dr. Franklin Bache, of Jefferson college, is the eldest son of Franklin's only daughter.

For the last five years, the increase of the population of Canada has been 729,172 souls.

In 1855, the taxes of New York city were four million dollars — this year they are eight millions.

By doing good with his money, a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven.

If men would take as much care of their characters as they do of their clothes, they would show fewer stains, nor would there, probably, be so many holes picked in them.

In the annual report just published, of the steamboat inspectors for Cincinnati, the annual imports and exports of that city are valued at \$115,000,000. More than two and a half millions of dollars are invested in the means of river transportation.

A new and singular material for paper has been recently received from London and passed through the New York Custom House. It is the residuum of beet root after pressing for syrup, and the present is the first parcel that has been imported into the United States.

At a recent trial in Broome County, N. Y., it was decided that a passenger having purchased a railroad ticket from one point to another, had a right to ride on any train he chose—stopping over at any place on the road a day or more at his pleasure. The notice "good for this trip only," was of no legal force.

Levi Sumrall died in Clarke County, Miss., on the 21st ult., leaving fifty-nine grand-children, one hundred and twenty-seven great-grand-children, and two great-great-grand-children. Besides his own children, all now living in the County of Clarke, he has also had twenty-two grand-children who died before him.

There is at last a prospect of a line of mail steamers being put on between Panama and Australia. The West-India Mail Company, and the Australian Mail Company, having amalgamated, a bi-monthly line will be established as soon as the government sanctions it, and a small subsidy can be obtained. The packets will then run alternately by Panama and Suez.

Merry-Making.

When are wet clothes like a bell? Ans.—When they are getting rung (wrung.)

Why is the letter T a friend to the hatter? Ans.—Because it makes a rim trim.

"Good morning, Jones. How does the world use you?" "It uses me up, thank you."

An insult to a negro—to tell him he hasn't as much color as usual.

Why is an unwelcome guest like a shady tree? Because we are glad when he leaves.

Can a new watch with a second hand be called a second-hand watch?

When a farmer is reaping, and hears the dinner bell ring, what disease is he generally seized with? The *dropical* complaint, (*drop sickle*.)

A whistling cobbler will earn as much again money as a cordwainer who gives way to low spirits and indigestion.

The other day a fellow named Tom was lying upon the floor, when his mother observing him, asked, "are you ill?" "I am rather low," replied Tom.

Rousseau was one day showing his Ode to Posterity to Voltaire. "Do you know," said the sage, "I am afraid your 'Ode' will never be forwarded to its address?"

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed old Mrs. Beeswax, "what will the importance of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as treasonably tell me that the man had six heads in his hat."

A bankrupt, on being consoled with for his embarrassment, replied, "O, I am not at all embarrassed—it is my creditors that are embarrassed."

An impertinent fellow wants to know if you ever sat down to tea where skimmed milk was on the table, without being asked, "do you take cream?"

Why is the letter U the gayest in the alphabet? Because it is always in fun. Yes, but why is it the most unfortunate in the alphabet? Because it is always in trouble and difficulty.

An exchange paper tells of a parson who prefaced his sermon with, "Let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the chap who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

An independent man is one who blacks his own boots and shoes, who can live without whiskey and tobacco, and shave himself with brown soap and cold water, without a mirror, says a knowing contemporary.

An Irishman, who lives with a vegetarian, writes to a friend, that, if he wants to know what illigant living is, he must come to his house, where the breakfast consists of nothing, and the supper of what was left at the breakfast.

A buffoon, at the court of Francis I., complained to the king that a great lord threatened to murder him for uttering some jokes about him. "If he does," said Francis, "he shall be hanged in five minutes after." "I wish your majesty would hang him five minutes before."

When is a forest like a flower? Ans.—When it is "Piney" (peony).

When is a farmer like a seamstress? Ans.—When he sows tares (sews tears).

A *Slice of Ham*.—"I'll thank you for an elegant extract from Bacon."

A *Celestial Con*.—Why is wit like a Chinese lady's foot?—Because brevity is the sole of it.

Why are the ladies of Missouri so sweet? Because they are *Mo. lasses*.

Our business men in these days, like the leaves of autumn, should put their best faces on their falling fortunes.

The science of getting on well with a woman is like violin playing. It depends principally on the beaung.

What is the difference between Noah's ark and a down east coaster? One was made of Gopher wood, and the other was made to go for wood.

A Michigander brags of his pumpkins, which grew twelve feet in a week. Our government ought to plant some of these vines to carry the mails.

New York advices prominently mention a state of things which is surely common enough in most places. "Those in want of money were obliged to do without it."

"Mr. Smith, you said you boarded at the Columbian Hotel six months; did you foot your bill?" "No, sir; but it amounted to the same thing; the landlord footed me."

A man came near dying in California, by putting on a pair of clean stockings and drinking a glass of cold water—an experiment he had not tried for many years before.

Did the defendant approach the plaintiff's *seriatem*? inquired an attorney, in a case of assault and battery, the other day. "No, sir-ee," was the reply; "he went at 'em with a poker."

A Western editor closes a pretty long article by saying, "We have no rum for further remarks to-day." He had better send out and get some if he can't possibly manage to write without it.

A distinguished writer says: "There is but one place in the Bible where the girls are commanded to kiss the men, and that is the Golden Rule, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'"

There is a capital story of some one who prayed that the Lord would "bless the potato crop, which seemed to have been smitten in his displeasure, and regard with special smiles the few planted in our back garden."

"May it please the court," said the learned counsel, on rising, "if ever there was a case which more than any other case required careful comparison with former cases, this case is that case." And the judge, interrupting him, asked, "Which case, brother?"

GIVEN AWAY.

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge. M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

SKETCHES OF A MODEL OPERA TROUPE



Gifted Impresario (late a second rate Jew), that half the young men are proud to take as their standard of taste.



The lovely Prima Donna indulging in her pet yells.



The Contralto, chosen solely on account of her limbs—
voices altogether a secondary consideration.



The sweet Tenor, who is adored by all the ladies, at
\$1500 a month.



The Baritone making a declaration of the tender passion



Basso wildly soliloquizing.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Lovely Present Girls at a village wedding, by the female chorus.



Chorus Master as an A 1 conspirator.



Other conspirators, by members of male chorus.



Operatic Papa.



The manner of a Tenor's death, usually singing for half an hour at the top of his voice after being run through.



Finale—the Prima Donna is buried in the bouquets she has bought for the purpose.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.—No. 3.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1858.

WHOLE No. 39.

BIRMAH AND ITS INHABITANTS.



MENDOTH-MEN, EMPEROR OF BIRMAH.

Before proceeding to a description of the various spirited engravings on the first few pages of the present number, let us rapidly glance at the far-distant country we have selected for our theme, and pass in review its position, physical

aspect, productions, government, etc. Our details of peculiar manners may then prove more intelligible and instructive. Birma is the most westerly of the Indo-Chinese states, and is bounded as follows:—north by Assam, east by Yun-nan, a Chinese province, and Siam, south by Pegu, and west by Bengal, Chittagong and Aracan, comprising an area of 120,000 square miles. The empire is composed of a series of longitudinal valleys sloping to the south, and traversed by the Irawaddy, and its affluent, the Kyen-dwen, by the Setang, and by the Salnen, which last stream forms the eastern boundary. These valleys are formed by spurs of the Himalaya Mountains, which decrease in elevation as they proceed south. The most important are the chain of Amoopectoomoo, forming the western frontier, and terminating in Cape Negrais, in the south, and the chain which separates the basin of the Irawaddy from that of the Salnen. The highest point of the former chain is 8202 feet, and of the latter, 12,434 feet. The southern part of the empire is a comparatively level country, interspersed with lakes, and intersected by branches of the Irawaddy and Setang. The northerly part is quite elevated and broken, but interspersed by delightful and fertile valleys; but the extreme north has all the characteristics of a wild mountain region. The largest river of the empire, the Irawaddy, rises in the Himalayas, flows south, near the western frontier, receives its affluent, the Kyen-dwen, near latitude 21° , passes through Pegu, and falls by numerous mouths into the Gulf of Martaban. The main river is navigable at all seasons for vessels of 200 tons as far up as Ava, and during the rainy season, as far as Bhamo, 800 miles from the sea. The other navigable affluents of the Irawaddy are, the Bhamo, Langt-chuen, Mukiaung and Myeen-gaga, all of which enter it above the Kyen-dwen. The Setang rises in Lake Gnaungrue (latitude 21°), is a comparatively small stream, and has a course of 300 miles to the gulf, which it reaches through a broad estuary and several small offsets.

It has no continuous channel of greater depth than four feet. The Saluen, or Thanluy, ranks next to the Irawaddy in volume, and falls into the sea between Martaban and Moulmein. It rises in Lake Bonka, in Thibet, and is a river of great length. There are numerous small lakes, but the only ones of considerable importance are Nandokando, north of Ava, more than forty miles long by twelve in breadth, and Gnaungrue, which is ten miles long and five broad.

The geology and mineralogy of Birman present many interesting features. The northern and easterly parts, as far as seventeen degrees south, are of crystalline schistose formation; a belt of tertiary stretches from the north of Ava to the southeast, and near the confluence of the Kyen-dwen is a patch of the transition series, including the carboniferous formation. All the rest of the country, south and west, seems to be composed of alluvium, apparently covering limestone in various states. The low hills in the delta

of the Irawaddy are composed of blue limestone, calcareous sandstone, breccia, quartz and orange-colored iron ore. The minerals known to exist are gold, silver, tin, iron, antimony, lead, arsenic and sulphur, all except the first two said to be abundant; besides these, marble, nitre, salt and precious stones, including rubies, sapphires, amethysts, garnets, chrysolites and jasper. Coal is abundant, and also petroleum; and in the northern parts of the empire there are valuable mines of pure amber.

In the lower districts there are two seasons, a dry and a wet one, similar to those of Hindostan, the latter season being from April to October, during which from 150 to 200 inches of rain fall, and the former from November to April. North of the delta there are three seasons, viz., cold from November to February, hot from March to June, and rainy the rest of the year. All the lower parts of the valley of the Irawaddy are subject to annual inundations, which continue

from May to October. In the south earthquakes are frequent. The climate, however, is healthy, where the land is cleared. The vegetation is rich and varied. In marshy places, rice, which constitutes the staple food of the people, is produced in abundance, and maize and millet are raised in the dry ground. Around Ava, and some of the larger towns, and in the more elevated spots, wheat and tobacco are grown, and also indigo, sugar and cotton. The "lapet," a Birman tea-plant, is grown on the hills in Ava, also tumeric and various dye-stuffs. Timber is abundant, including teak, soondry, oak of several kinds, fir and ebony. Elephants are numerous in the low country, but are never used as beasts of burthen, except in times of war; and the white elephant, occasionally met with, is an object of superstitious veneration. The king always possesses one, which is considered the second dignitary of the state, and has a regular cabinet of ministers, with numerous attendants and guards. Rhinoceroses, tigers, leopards, buffaloes, hogs, civets, wild cats, apes, deer, antelopes, otters, etc., are more or less numerous. The domestic animals are oxen and buffaloes, used extensively for agricultural purposes; horses, small but vigorous, and used only for the saddle; hogs, sheep, goats and common fowls.

The inhabitants of Birman belong to a common stock, the Indo-Chinese, and are divided into several tribes. The most important of these are the Birmans, occupying the middle portion of the basin of the Irawaddy; the Shans, in the east and northeastern provinces; the Kyens, spread over the centre of the country; and the Karians, between the Setang and the Sal-



GENERAL ORGONI, PRINCE OF THE EMPIRE.

men. Tartar and Thibetan tribes occupy the northern parts. Siamese slaves are numerous, and the mines are wrought by the industrious Chinese. The Burmese are a short, stout, active and well-proportioned race, of dark-brown color. Station is designated by dress; that of the priests is yellow—a color held so sacred that it is sacrilege for any other class to wear it. Tattooing, chiefly in the legs and lower parts of the body, is practised by the Burmese and some of the other tribes, and the chewing of betel, and the smoking of tobacco, is almost universal. The dwellings are generally made of timber or bamboo. The total population may be stated at about four millions.

The manufactures of the empire are unimportant and inferior. The cottons manufactured by no means equal those of the Hindoos and Chinese. Durable though coarse silks are also made, and pottery-ware glazed and unglazed; sword-blades, coarse cutlery, and clumsy gold and silver jewelry. The Burmese also understand gilding and dyeing, and make paper, umbrellas, cordage, sandals and inferior gunpowder. They are famous as bell-casters. Commerce, individually, is on a small scale, but in the aggregate considerable. In the lower provinces, internal traffic is conducted chiefly by water-conveyances; in the hilly districts, by land communication, oxen being the beasts of burden. The principal articles of export are teak-wood, catechu, sticklac, beeswax, elephants' teeth, raw cotton, orpiment, gold and silver. The cotton is principally sent to Dacca, where it is manufactured into the fabrics of that place. The principal imports are European manufactures, and the cotton piece goods of India.

The government is despotic. The king is styled "Lord of Life and Property," and he rules by a council called "Lat d'han," composed of from four to six officers, which exercises legislative, executive and judicial functions, acting for the king, whose name never appears. The laws are taken from the celebrated Menu code, and are, in many respects, distinguished for the wisdom of their provisions. The only hereditary public officers are the *Taubwas*, the tributary princes of the conquered provinces. The revenue is derived from a tax upon cultivated lands, fisheries, mines, petroleum wells, exports, etc. There being no military class, and the standing army being small, general levies are made in time of war. The troops have no regular pay, but are maintained at the public expense.

Excepting some of the barbarous mountaineers, the inhabitants of Birma are half-civilized, and adhere to Buddhism, worshipping Guadama,



AYE-MEN, HEREDITARY PRINCE.

one of the incarnations of Buddha. The priests are numerous, vowed to celibacy, and eat but once a day. There are monasteries for both priests and priestesses. To the priests is committed exclusively the charge of public institutions, and nearly every person receives an elementary education. The principal spoken idiom is Birman, but Pali is the language of religion and literature.

Manchobo, the capital, is built on the west branch of Lake Nandokando, 28 miles northwest of Ava. It is enclosed by a wall of brick and mud, with an external dry ditch. It was selected as the seat of government after the earthquake of March 23, 1839, which destroyed the cities of Ava, Amarapura, and others. Population, 14,000. Ava, the old capital, lies on the left bank of the Irrawady, and is divided into an inner and outer town, each surrounded by a brick wall and ditch, the circuit of the whole being five or six miles. The houses in general are

mere huts, but a few are of superior construction. The inner town, about a mile in circuit, is chiefly occupied by the palace, government offices, arsenal, etc. Ava contains also some dilapidated monasteries. The bazaar, including one without the walls, are eleven in number, and were at one time richly stocked with merchandise. The population, in 1826, was 30,000, but it is now much less, as every substantial edifice in the city was destroyed by the earthquake of 1839. Sagainy is a straggling town of mean houses on the opposite side of the Irawaddy, and may be considered as a suburb of Ava. Amarapura, 10 miles northeast of Ava, lies about three quarters of a mile east of the Irawaddy, and consists of a large fortress with extensive suburbs, stretching for about four miles along the river. Throughout the city are numerous temples and pagodas, with golden roofs. Before the removal of the government to Ava, in 1819, it contained 175,000 inhabitants—the present population is about 30,000. Bhamo, a large trading town and seat of a viceroy, is situated on the upper Irawaddy, 179 miles north-northeast of Ava, and 35 from the frontier of the Chinese province Yun-nan. Bhamo is the chief entrepot between Birma and China. Population, 20,000. Magaung, in the vicinity of which are the famous amber mines, is about 70 miles north-northwest of Bhamo.

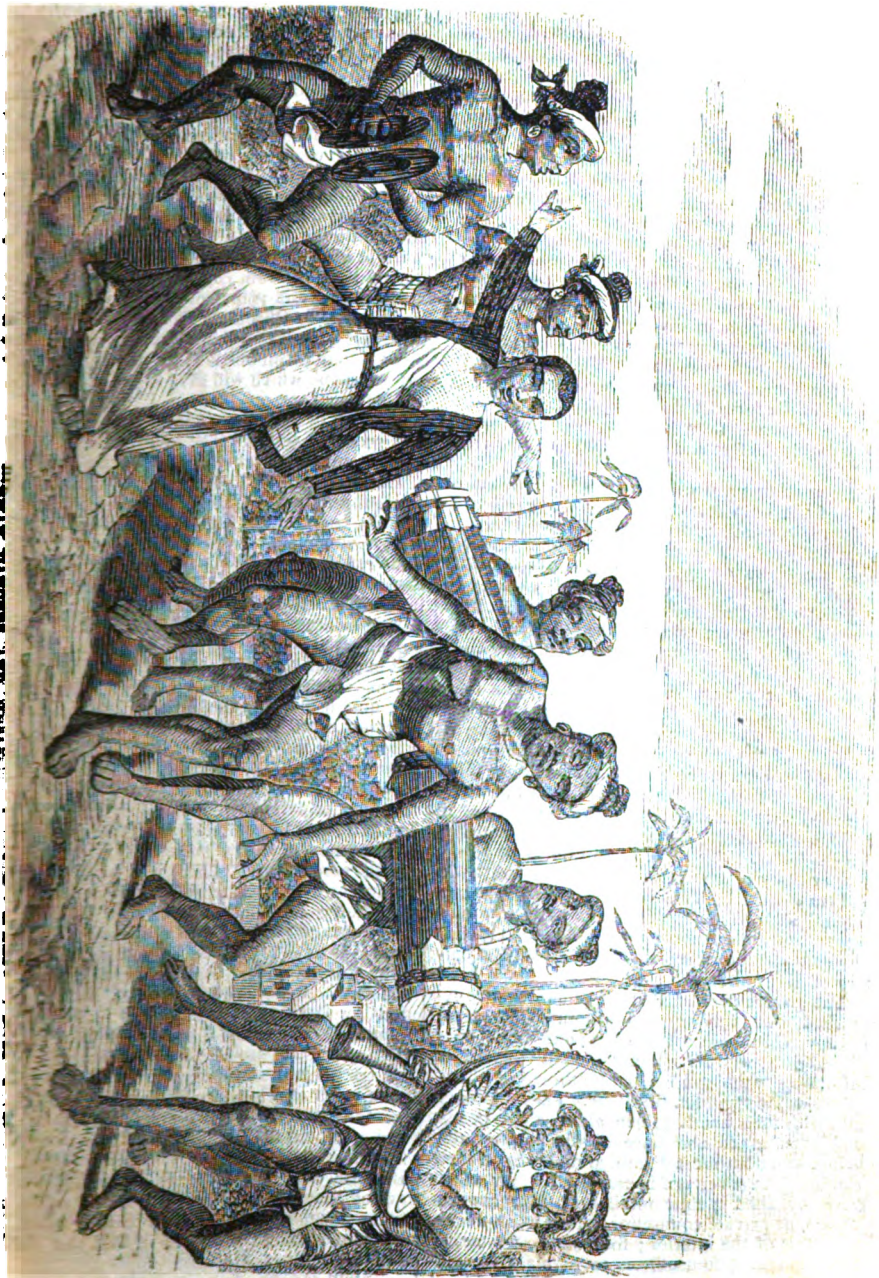
We derive many interesting particulars with regard to the Burmese from General Orgoni, a French officer in the Burmese service, who was created at Ava, a *bagie*, that is, cousin to the emperor, whose portrait forms the subject of our first illustration. Mendoh-men, emperor of the Birmans, ascended the throne the 20th December, 1852, at the age of thirty-three years. He succeeded the emperor Pagham, his older brother, who was forced to abdicate because of incapacity; incapacity which had favored the invasion of Pegu by the East India Company. The emperor, Mendoh-men, is descended in a direct line from the grand Alompra, or Aloung P'Honra, founder, in 1753, of the present dynasty, which, since that time, has reigned without interruption in this great Indo-Chinese empire. The characteristic traits which General Orgoni attributes to Mendoh-men are: high intelligence, a truly royal liberality, great justice, mild temper, courteousness, sincere piety, and even a tendency towards Catholicism. The prince, Ayeh-men, whose portrait we also give, is his younger brother, two years younger, and although the emperor has thirty-eight children, it is this prince who is heir-presumptive to the crown, in virtue of a nearly general custom which prevails in Asia, which wills that the succession belongs to the oldest of the family. The character of this imperial prince, writes General Orgoni, is distinguished by very great energy, a marked taste for military operations; and he promises, the opportunity offering, to show himself a great and terribly resolute and enterprising man. His enemies will find him indomitable in adversity. Everywhere is reproduced the spectacle which the war in the East gives us; everywhere Asia is forced to bow before the civilization of the West; everywhere is she calling upon the Europeans to aid her to defend herself against the Europeans. It is to this fatal law that General Orgoni, whose

portrait succeeds that of the emperor, owes the brilliant fortune which he had at the court of Mendoh-men, in spite of the traditions of national pride, which until then had excluded strangers. The East is still a country of adventure, and the history of Orgoni is more romantic than many fictions. At twenty-two he had already been a captain of cavalry and knight of two military orders. He was seized one day with a curiosity to study the military and political organization of that gigantic house of commerce, which, under the name of the East India Company, governed a hundred thousand souls; and for this secret end he travelled, during many years, over Hindostan, thus preparing himself for the struggle which, at a later period, he was obliged to sustain with his counsels and his sword, against the invasion of India, under the standard of the emperor of Birma. It was to this perseverance—this fatiguing and dangerous work—that the “daring Frenchman,” as he was called by Anglo-Indian journals, owes all the honor he now enjoys. It was thus that he rose, at the age of forty-three years, from captain to general of forty thousand men and prince of the Birman empire. The “Yangoun Chronicle,” of the 28th of January, noticing the last promotion of General Orgoni, contains an account, from which we give a few extracts, which will give some idea of their court customs.

“The 4th of January, 1854, before noon, General Orgoni, or rather, as he ought to be called now, *Neh-my-ti-hi-zeh-ah*, went to the palace of the hereditary prince, and presented himself with all the formalities required by the etiquette of great occasions. As soon as he arrived, after having exchanged some ceremonious compliments with him, the prince gave the royal signal to set out for the golden palace, and was accompanied by a cortege which advanced in the following order: immediately after the prince marched the four secretaries of state, in the midst of whom marched General Orgoni, in full uniform; then came the president and fifteen counsellors of the *lotto*, or supreme judicial court; at last, behind them, pressed a great number of courtiers and imperial secretaries of all ranks. When the cortege had reached the first hall of the golden palace, the general, with only his people and interpreters, waited, according to etiquette, a quarter of an hour, until he was summoned to the emperor's presence by the grand master of ceremonies. There was stationed upon his way, in the numerous apartments which lead to the throne hall, a double line of officers, whose dress and golden swords formed a brilliant spectacle. His majesty was seated upon a kind of throne, of the most magnificent appearance; he was surrounded by the princes of blood, ministers and grandees of the kingdom. After having punctually acquitted himself of the salutes and testimonies of respect, usual on such an occasion, the general took possession of the place assigned to him, immediately behind the hereditary prince. There was a solemn silence of five minutes. Then the emperor, addressing the general in the most complimentary terms, informed him that he was to be invested with a title which had never yet been invested upon an European. Then an imperial secretary read, in a loud voice, an edict, showing in full the differ-

at motives which determined his majesty upon this promotion, and made known in detail what were the honors and authority attached to this dignity. The reading finished, a herald advanced into the middle of the hall, pronouncing, with all the strength of his lungs, the following words: 'Orgoni, Neh-myo-ti-hi-zeh-ah!' which in *pali*, or classical language, signifies, 'Orgoni,

cousin of the emperor, man of fine appearance, general of victory!' These words of the herald were immediately repeated in chorus by all present, and from hall to hall, by all the officers, till the echo reached the great court of the palace, where were assembled a numerous body of troops. Three cups of gold, filled with pure silver, symbolical of grandeur and richness, were presented



to the general, and there the ceremonies terminated. The emperor retired, and his new cousin left, accompanied by an immense number of courtiers and officers of all ranks. There was still another formality to be attended to. In conformity with an ancient custom, the new member of the imperial family must proceed with the cortege to the palace of the White Elephant. It appears that this august personage is far from being so much venerated as those who have never had the honor of approaching him would have us believe. But probably it is a question of dates. The influence of the gods has been decreasing for a long time. Happily, if faith is lost in them, the institution will remain for a long time; there is always something. Thus, however little venerated he is in reality, the elephant had been clothed in more magnificent caparisons to receive the new prince. The intelligent animal did not play his part with less dignity; and it was with a perfect seriousness and majestic condescension that he terminated the audience by passing to the prince, with his trunk, his statuette in silver.

The next engraving represents a band of Birman dancers and musicians. The instruments are trombones, flutes, and long hautbois; the harp is in the form of the Egyptian harps. As for the dancers, they dance, as everywhere in India, with the feet and arms, and not with the body.

On another page will be found a representation of the emperor's state carriage, a curious and cumbrous affair, drawn and followed by his loyal subjects. The elephants in the last design are those equipped for the transport of armed men and artillery, according to the plan and under the direction of General Orgoni. The tower and defensive armor of the elephant in the foreground of the picture are mounted with iron, covered with double pieces of buffalo hide, and ball-proof at a very short distance. The four musketeers who are in the tower reach it by means of a rope ladder which is seen hanging at the flank of the animal. The men at their post, the ladder is drawn up to the highest hook. The lances fixed horizontally at each side of the tower are used only in a melee, and take the place of a carbine when a line has been broken through by the elephants. The other part of our plan shows how artillery of great calibre is put on the back and transported. This artillery can reach any ground and be placed in battery in a few moments. One elephant carries the necessary implements for limbering and unlimbering a battery of eight pieces.

The government of Birman is, as we have remarked, an hereditary and absolute despotism, the sovereign being "lord of life and limb" over his subjects, who style him "golden," speak of informing "the golden ear," throwing themselves at the "golden feet," etc. They approach him with their hands joined above their heads, and even make obeisance to the palace walls, before which all must dismount and take off their shoes. The sovereign is assisted by four woongees, or chief public ministers; four atweenwoons, or private counsellors; four woon-docks, ministers of the interior; four state secretaries; four reporters; four officers to regulate ceremonies; nine to read petitions, etc. Their several

ranks are determined by their dresses, coronets, and number of gold chains; the monarch himself only being privileged to wear twenty-four. The whole nation is divided into the royal family, nobles and commonalty, and none dare assume the dress of a superior grade. The Birmanese have no farther distinction of caste, as in India, nor any hereditary distinctions; although in other respects a kind of feudal system prevails; and the king can command the appearance of his nobles in the field, with their quota of vassals. The religion is Boodhism, believed to have been introduced by Guadama, the chief deity himself, in the sixth century B. C. This faith is universal here, except among foreigners, individuals who have been converted to Christianity, a few Zodi, believed by Sangermano to be Jews, some hill tribes, as Khyens, Karyens, and Cassays, in the lowest stage of idolatry. Those who are curious in religious creeds may find that of Boodh at full length in the translation of Sangermano. The priests, called rha-haans, are much respected; they are bred up, like monks, to their calling from an early age, and observe celibacy; but may at any time renounce their vows and marry. They are voluntarily maintained by the population, and not suffered to engage in manual labor; their chief occupation being the instruction of youth. All foreigners are allowed the fullest exercise of their religion, and may build places of worship anywhere, and have their public festivals and processions without molestation. But, though thus tolerant to strangers, they are most intolerant to their own people. No Birmanese dare join any of these religions, under the severest penalties; and the most rigorous measures are adopted for suppressing all religious innovations.

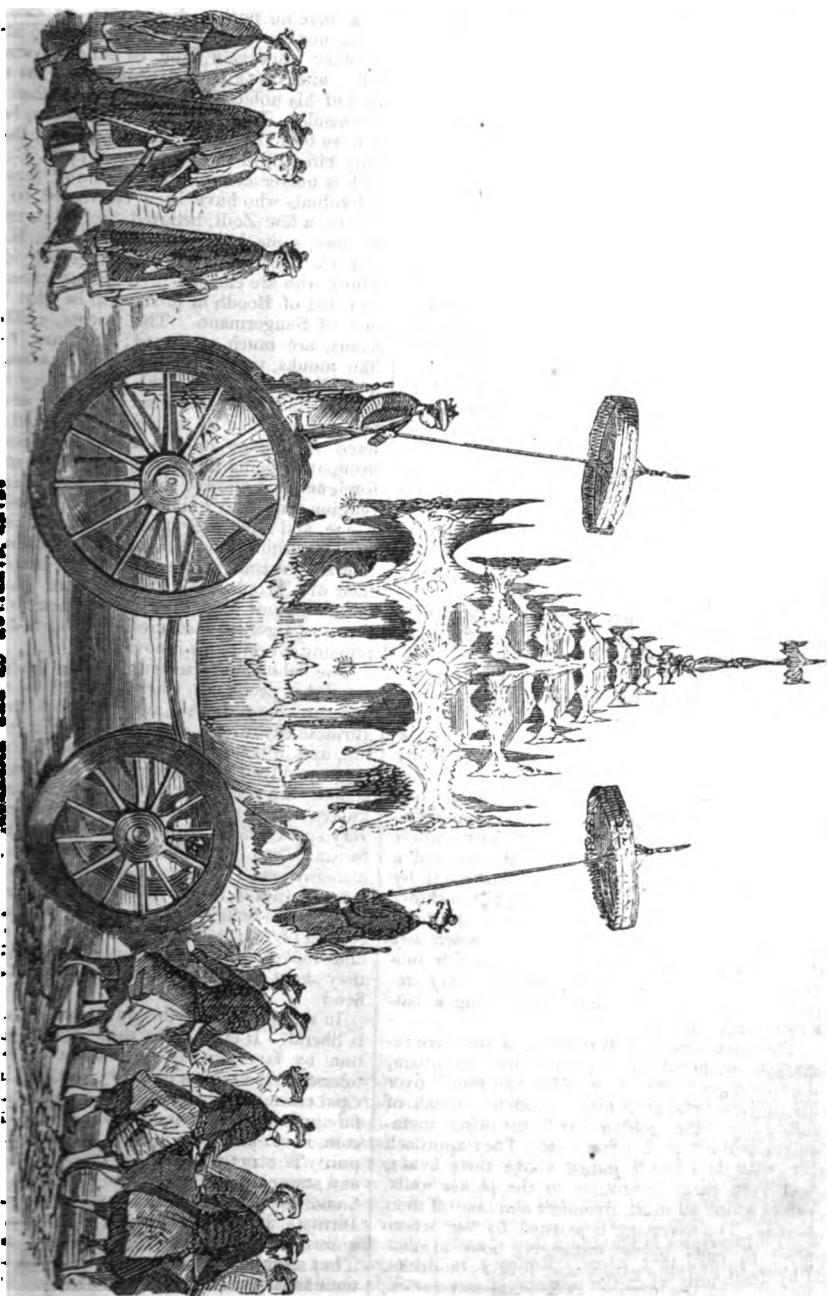
The habits and customs of the Birmanese are somewhat peculiar. Chewing betel is common, and smoking universal, even with children. The Birmanese eat twice a day, viz., early in the morning, and in the evening: their food is served up on trays, in red lacquered plates, and small cups; spoons are used, but not so much as fingers; knives and forks are unknown. The people are very superstitious, consult the stars, believe in fortunate or evil times, wear talismans, practise alchemy, etc. If any member of their small communities of four or five houses chance to die, the Khyens believe the evil spirit has taken possession of the place, break up their settlement, and move away; when an earthquake occurs they shout and beat their houses to expel the fiend.

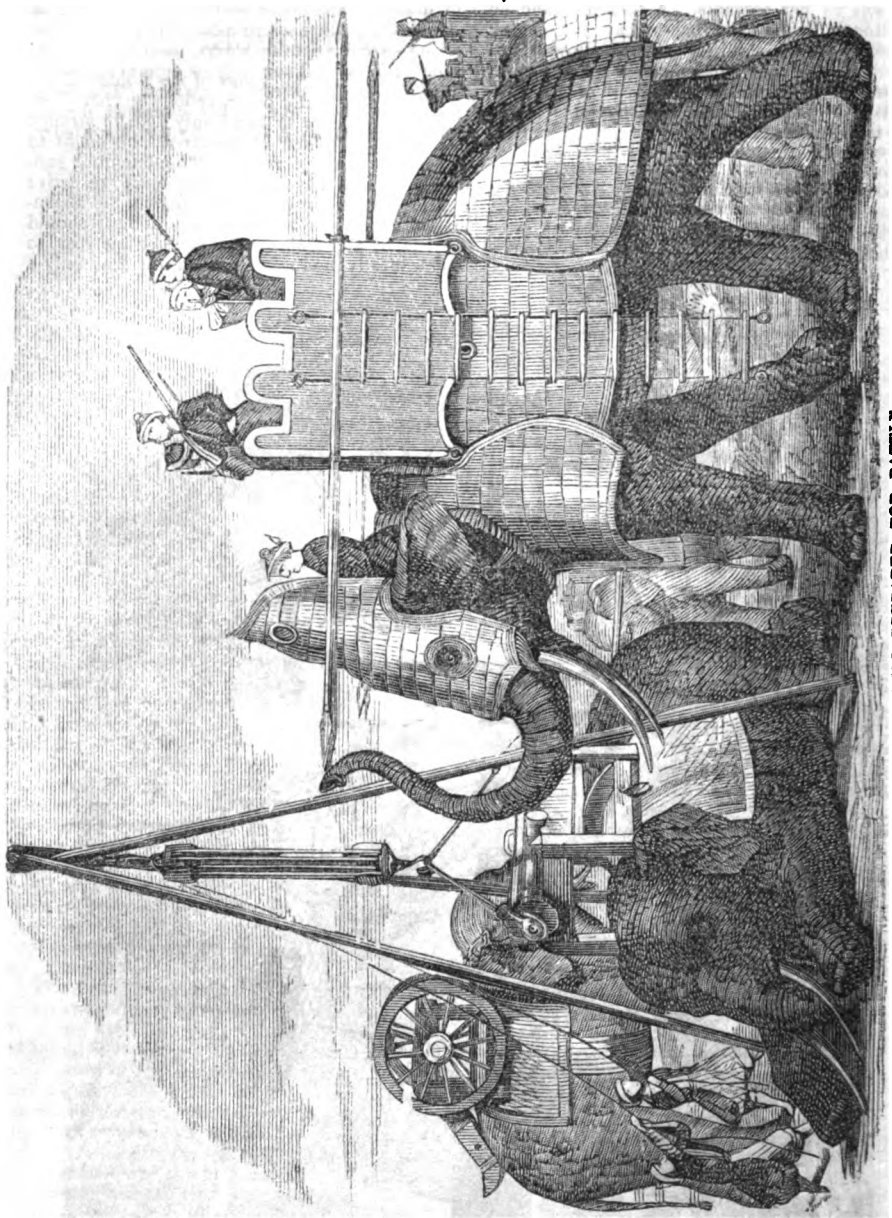
In many respects, the government of Birman is liberal. It encourages the increase of population by favoring the settlement of foreigners, tolerates the religion of every nation in its principal cities, and encourages the intermarriages of foreigners with Birman females. Instead of coin, silver and lead in bars are used, and their purity is strictly tested in trade. The forging and stamping of these bars forms a particular branch of business. The buildings among the Birmanese are very slight, as the government requires them to be chiefly of wood or bamboo. They slaughter no tame animals, and live simply, their food being chiefly vegetables. No Birman can have more than one wife, though he may maintain several women, who are subjected to

the wife as her servants. A foreigner and an adult male Birman are free to leave the empire, but females and children are not allowed this privilege. Females cannot appear before a court of justice. The chief amusement of the Birman is their theatre, where declamation, dancing and music alternate; the higher classes are fond

of dramatic spectacles and like entertainments. The literary Birmans translate from the English all important scientific works, particularly astronomy and law. Their religion enjoins no bloody sacrifices, and is extremely tolerant. The clergy are literary men, and highly esteemed for the purity of their lives, their piety and knowledge.

STATE CARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR.





WAR ELEPHANTS PREPARED FOR BATTLE.

The Birmans are ingenious artificers, and a trophy of the war of 1825, exhibited in London, excited admiration at their skill. It was a great state carriage devoted to the service of the gods, 19 feet high, 14 feet long, and seven feet wide, probably similar to the imperial carriage of which we have furnished an illustration. The civil and criminal code of Birma is very judicious; general principles are first laid down, and then applied to particular cases. Robbery is punished by death only when the property stolen

is very great, or the offence is aggravated by particular circumstances. Capital punishment is commonly inflicted by decapitation, and extends to those who eat opium freely and to drunkards in general. The magistrates have a great discretionary power to mitigate the punishments of the law, and few penal laws are executed in all their severity. It is only by a great struggle that the Birma empire, once so great and extensive, but now shorn of its fine proportions, still maintains its political independence.

A GLANCE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Leaving the cities of Farther India, of which we have had a glimpse in the preceding article, let us transport ourselves in fancy, and for a brief space, to Constantinople, the famous City of the Sultan, or rather to Stamboul, for the Commander of the Faithful does not recognize a title bestowed by a Christian emperor. And yet, but for Christian aid, perhaps, the rapacious two-headed eagle of Russia might now be floating over the mosque of St. Sophia, and casting its

black shadow on the waters of the Golden Horn. If it were possible for the traveller who visits Constantinople for the first and only time, to arrange the period and hour of his arrival, he ought to double the point of Serai, at the moment of sunrise, on a fine May day; or better still, to arrive by moonlight during the rejoicings of the Ramadan. Indeed, the view is so beautiful that it should be seen at every hour and epoch of the year, to enjoy it fully, and this is a pleasure that only a



TOMB OF THE SULTANA VALIDEH.

long sojourn in these enchanted regions can command. It is our present purpose, however, only to indicate the impression made by the first aspect of the city, which a poet has well characterized by saying that it is here Europe finishes and Asia begins. At the issue of the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora, appears the triple city of Constantinople—Stamboul, Scutari and Galata. Your craft advances, painfully ploughing the rapids of the European coast. On the left you begin to see through a violet mist the Castle of the Seven Towers, that Bastile of the Sultans; then the picturesque suburbs and walls dipping into the sea, and over the battlements, houses, trees, domes and minarets. We soon follow the foot of the wall of the Seraglio, that mysterious palace celebrated in the dramatic history of the Turkish emperors; the scene of pleasure, voluptuousness and sanguinary intrigues. From the summit of their terraces which seem to sink under the thick crown of verdure that overflows them everywhere, how many victims of Ottoman policy have been precipitated into the waves! To the right, on the Asiatic shore, you perceive Scutari, the ancient Chrysopolis, the city of gold, a vast depot of the merchandize which the principal cities of Asia Minor send to the capital. A light-house, placed on an isolated rock, which the Turks call Kiz-Kouleci, the Maiden Tower, rises above the waves. In front, the Bosphorus, with the graceful villages and kiosks which line the banks, glides away in a serpentine course; but a few ship's length ahead we shall enter into that marvellous port, encumbered with the barks and vessels of all countries; a true forest of masts, above which in admirable perspective are prolonged the undulating lines of Stamboul, with their profusion of elegant mosques and minarets, gardens and palaces. Hardly have the wheels of the steamer stopped, when a cloud of boats seek to carry her by storm; there are officious porters, who offer their address, and without waiting for a reply, dispute for your baggage and your person; a torment which the traveller begins to experience as soon as he enters the countries of the south of Europe. To land, to scale the mountain of Pera, and to install yourself in a hotel, occupies about an hour.

The first thing one does in Constantinople is to go to the bazaar, for, if you make but a short stay, you must bring away those dressing-gowns, slippers, soraglio pastilles and essences of rose and jessamine, far more interesting, as everybody knows, than the lumbering architectural monuments of the city. One of our engravings presents a very accurate and spirited representation of the Grand Bazaar. A perfume of rose, musk and sandal-wood announces the neighborhood of the bazaar, and you soon penetrate beneath its sombre and cool arches. Coming from the outer light and heat, the transition is very startling and must be guarded against. The most interesting part of this labyrinth, where alleys cross each other in every direction, is unquestionably the Bezestein; old arms, furniture and antiquities of all kinds are here sold at auction; and if the stranger who sojourns but a little while wishes to obtain an idea of picturesque and Oriental life, he should pause and take a seat in the booth of one of these merchants, who in the first place hastens to offer him a pipe and coffee. One or two hours passed

there in observation by the painter or writer will be usefully employed. All the riches of Asia, Africa and Europe, all the luxury and pure taste of the Orient, are displayed in these bazaars so as to tempt the most indifferent. At sunset all the doors of the bazaars are closed, fire and lights being interdicted for fear of conflagrations.

Among the features of the city, the magnificent mosques cannot fail to awaken the traveller's admiration. All the mosques of Constantinople, and the turbe or tombs by which they are surrounded, are deeply interesting, both in the details of art and their picturesque character. On crossing the Hippodrome, where lies the obelisk of Constantine, and where the Janizaries were annihilated, we turn round the beautiful mosque of Ahmed, with its six minarets. The sight of its four façades conveys to the traveller an idea of the elegant style of these immense edifices, which a vast courtyard, enclosed by walls and adorned with ancient fountains and plane trees, still surrounds. The street of Mohammed, of which we give an engraved illustration, is a type of the Turkish streets, narrow but picturesque, with projecting stories, quaint lattice windows, and here and there a tree or clump of flowers. The itinerant confectioners, the indolent Turk with his pipe, and the veiled female, are figures appropriate to the scene.

Our last engraving presents a view of a Turkish cemetery at Eyoub, which is a suburb of Constantinople, an enchanting place, full of mystery, shade, freshness, sadness and poetry. In its mosque, which is holiest among the holy, repose the ashes of Saint-Eyoub, the companion in arms of Osman. Another of our pictures represents a bath scene, an elegant and cool interior, where the graceful architecture of the East is effectively displayed. A Turkish bath has been often enough described. The sufferer passes through many degrees of temperature, and undergoes severe tortures, but when he is finally finished, he comes out completely regenerated and rejuvenated, as if, like Ariel, he could run on the sharp wings of the north wind.

No traveller should leave Constantinople without visiting the tomb of the Sultana Valide, a representation of which forms the initial picture of the present article. It is in the purest Oriental taste, as our engraving finely shows. Light, elegant and graceful, it lifts its arched roof and arabesque tracery on high, and challenges the admiration of the most fastidious. Tourists agree admirably in asserting that Constantinople has nothing picturesque but its situation, and that one must not think of entering the city unless he wishes to dispel his illusions; for they say that the streets are shocking; there are no individual objects of attraction, and it is only the general whole which is remarkable. These gentlemen, whose feeling of art is reduced to certain preconceived notions, admitting admiration only for what has been officially and beforehand agreed upon to admire, take no account of the picturesque; they look not at the fountains, baths, bazaars, mosques or cemeteries; nor at the details of gateways, coffee-houses, shops, chariots, barges and costumes, which, at every step, make up delicious pictures, and would occupy the most laborious existence of a society of artists. The generality of tourists would undoubtedly think the city improved if it



STREET OF MOHAMMED.

were built on a flat plane, like New York or Philadelphia, with streets crossing at right angles, and houses made as much alike as possible. Such people would exclude even trees, if they were not planted in straight lines parallel exactly to the curbstone. Certainly at Galata and Pera, a Frank quarter, peopled with merchants, there are few objects of art, but as for Scutari, Tophana and Stamboul, we hesitate not to assert that few cities offer so much that is interesting in every point of view. You find, it is true, many dirty places and wretched hovels; the streets are in general badly paved, we are free to confess, but

such things are seen in all great cities, and only serve to increase the effect of the splendid edifices at every turn. Constantine surrounded the city with walls, chiefly of freestone, flanked at variable distances by towers. These have been in many parts demolished at different periods by the violence of the sea, and by frequent earthquakes, and on the side facing the port are especially in a very ruinous condition. The city was increased towards the west by Theodosius II., who built the walls on the land side, which still bear his name. These consist of a triple range, rising one above another, about eighteen

feet apart, and defended on the outside by a ditch twenty-five or thirty feet broad, and twelve to sixteen feet deep. The outer wall is now much dilapidated, and in many places it is only a little above the level of the edge of the ditch; it seems never to have had any towers. The second wall is about twelve feet in height, and furnished with towers, of various shapes, from fifty to a hundred yards apart. The third wall is above twenty-feet high, and its towers, which answer to those of the second, are well proportioned. These walls are constructed of alternate courses of brick and stone; and notwithstanding the ravages of

time, earthquakes and numerous sieges, are still tolerably perfect. On both the other sides of the city the walls are only double, and generally speaking, not so lofty. They are frequently adorned with crosses and other ornaments, which have not been removed by the Turks; and in many parts there are bas reliefs, and inscriptions by the Greek emperors who have built or repaired the several portions. When Dr. Clarke visited the place, he says there were in all four hundred and seventy-eight mural towers, and probably about the same number still exist.

The season of the Ramazan at Constantinople



THE GRAND BAZAAR.

gives rise to many singular scenes in this celebrated city. Beauchamp, a vivid French writer, thus describes some of the features which passed under his own observation :

"Belated people scarcely lingered before the stalls of the dealers in chickens, quarters of lamb and roast mutton, the bakers and pastry-cooks, they made their purchases and hurried away. When the cannon fired over the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, and the voice of the muezzins echoing from minaret to minaret, announced to the believers the setting of the sun, and the close of the fast for this day, you might have seen the poorer people, who, for lack of more seductive lodgings, take their meals in the open air, swallow a few mouthfuls hastily, apply to their lips the tube of a chibouque or a narghileh, and direct their steps to Tophana. At two o'clock—nine o'clock of our time—the approaches to Tophana were encumbered with people; a row of halikas filled with Turkish women, had found means to pierce the crowd and reach the square; the cafes, the terraced courtyard of the mosque, and the neighboring streets, swarmed with people of all religions, countries and costumes, equally curious and impatient to see, some for the first time, some for the twentieth, the son of the Khadir Ghezzesti. It is a popular festival, but it is truly a brilliant one with its illuminations and fireworks. I know persons at Paris who, during fete-days, shut themselves up or leave the city from hatred of the noise, the tumult, the rude gayety, the dust and the smoke of the lamps. I cannot blame them, but at Constantinople I would advise them to be lookers-on, for, with the exception of the Europeans, nobody gets drunk here or makes any disturbance. The illuminations, for the most part, are hung very high. There is infinitely less dust on the square or the terrace of Tophana than on the Champs Elysees or the Place de la Concorde, and none at all on the Sea.

"The surroundings of the mosque of Noustria, the centre of the festival, would have been insufficient to contain the population gathered from all parts of Constantinople; but at Constantinople there is as much water as land, and the harbor, covered with boats of all sorts and forms, contained a population much more numerous, and better situated to enjoy the anticipated spectacle than that which crowded about the mosque.

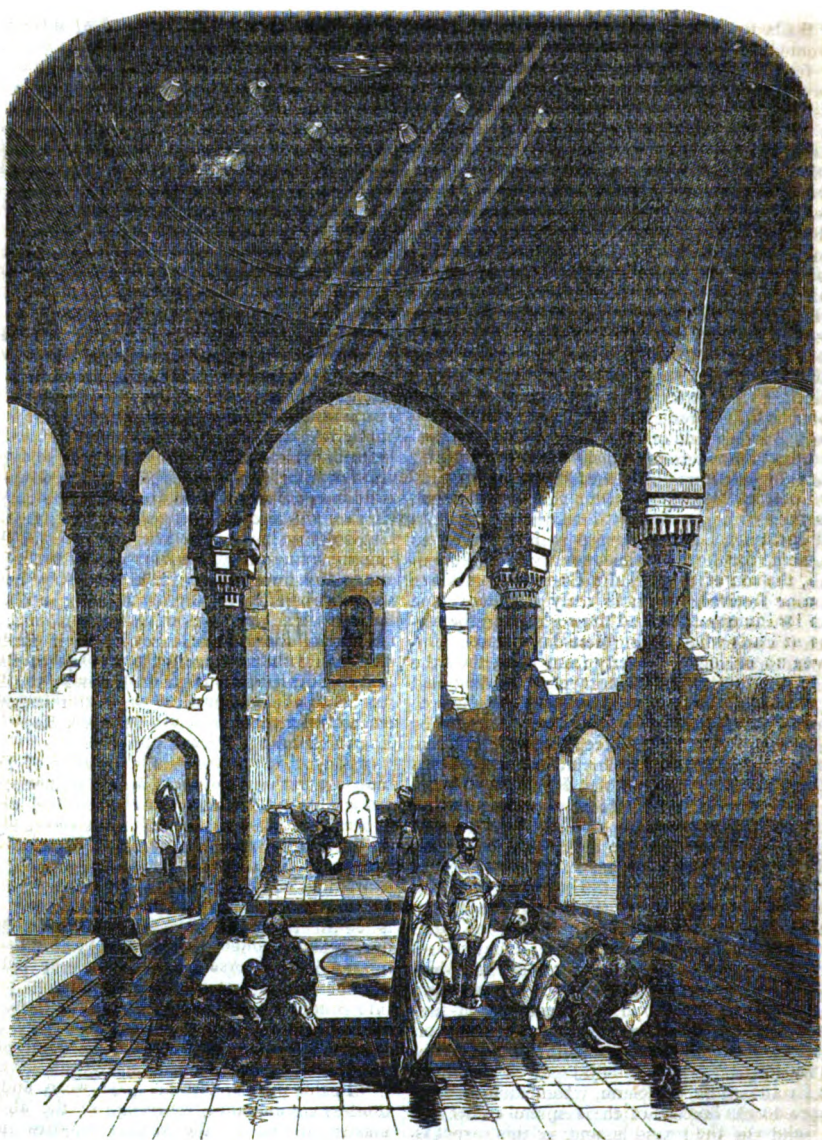
"In the same enclosure, which forms a long square on the borders of the sea, are comprised the palace of the grand master of artillery, the sultan's kiosque, the mosque, and its fine terraced courtyard, separated from the sea by a vast space in which are ranged piles of cannon-balls. Tophana (the square of cannon) occupies a similar position on the left bank of the Golden Horn as that of Serai-Bournou on the right bank; the roadstead which spreads before it is the mouth of the Golden Horn and the commencement of the Bosphorus. Thence you see a portion of Stamboul, the gardens and buildings of the Serai, Scutari, the islands of the princes and the green shore of Asia. This immense and beautiful harbor which washes Tophana was covered with boats. With great difficulty a free space had been kept before the mosque, but twenty vessels were in full sight of the Noustria; they were

there, like huge opera-boxes, filled with people; every captain and ship owner had issued invitations.

"At nightfall, while the galleries of the minarets of Stamboul, Scutari, Fondukli and Galata were illuminated by a triple circle of fire, and groups of colored flames blazed up on the square, a crowd of boats carried the happy guests to the vessels moored in sight of Tophana. They spread in groups before the quay. When the clock of Tophana struck two (about nine at night), everything was ready and everybody expectant. From the harbor even, at a great distance, could be seen distinctly the cipher of Abdul-Medjid, surrounded by standards, over the workshops, cannons, piles of balls, guns on their carriages all flaming, the two minarets illuminated from the gallery of the muezzin to the extremity of the spire, linked by a gigantic sheet, which bore, in glittering characters, the inscription, 'Abdul-Medjid Khan the Victorious.' The cannon thundered. Immediately there appeared in the water, along the Bosphorus, a double row of lights from Tophana to Bolma-Batche, and, in the middle of this hedge, floating flames seeming to glide and course after the others. At the moment these lights moving on the water passed near Melanpur, the English guardship had just been covered with lights running up all her masts. The fireworks were let off from the lower part of the mosque, throwing their gushes of flame into the air during the passage of the sultan. You soon distinguished, among the crowd of boats, the beautiful caïque with thirteen pair of oars, surmounted by a scarlet canopy, landing in the midst of Bengal lights.

"Everybody in the smallest capital of Europe may have seen more brilliant illuminations and fireworks, and a manager of spectacles, or even a Parisian street loafer, might have the right to sneer at the splendors of the Byzantine show, but in no country of the world, perhaps, could the most splendid illuminations or the most superb fireworks produce such an effect. What gave this festival a special and inimitable character, rendering it incomparable, was the place where it occurred,—the immense and beautiful harbor by turns bathed in shadow and light. When a bomb, projected from one of the corners of the Tophana square, burst over the sea, you saw, more clearly than by broad daylight, the sudden apparition of a forest of masts decked with flags, and, floating before the quay, the innumerable caïques of Constantinople, the most elegant and swift barques that ever glided over the surface of the water; and behind the Nostratia, you saw the hill clearly defined with its wooden houses surrounded by emerald gardens; then suddenly everything was plunged into obscurity again, and you only saw about you lights close to the water, lights in the midst of invisible masts, and in the distance the illuminated minarets of Scutari and Constantinople. Every time a bomb, bursting in the air, scattered its blue, white and green stars into the Bosphorus, the darkness disappeared for a few seconds, and a light like that which would be cast by a moon of ten times greater splendor than our terrestrial moon, exhibited this magic spectacle which we could not help pronouncing fine.

"When the padishah had landed and entered



BATH OF SOLIMAN.

the mosque, amidst the acclamations of his people, everything ceased, and for two hours you only saw on shore the Noustratia with its minarets sparkling above it, and the piles of balls glittering at its base, which shone white on a black ground, and afloat only the motionless lights, too feeble to define the form of the boats, canoes or caiques which bore them, or the vague profile of a little steamer lit up by a row of lamps moving with it. From time to time, notes of music were heard coming from the ships of war at anchor in the port.

"At four o'clock (about eleven at night, our time), a long murmur arose from the crowd col-

lected about the mosque; the cannon thundered at Tophana, Serai-Bournou and Scutari; rockets soared up into the air, and firework shells bursting afresh over the bay, changed darkness into light. Roman candles and Bengal lights were kindled on the quay of Tophana; the luminous lines were formed anew from Tophana to Bolma Bathe, and the handsomest caiques darted off at top speed. A few minutes afterwards, cannon and fireworks in the distance announced the return of the padishah to his palace. The caique and crafts of all kinds dispersed, and regained the steps of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn; the crowd tranquilly subsided, and half an hour

after the last rocket, Constantinople had resumed its wonted aspect during a night of the Ramazan. The festival of Khadir-Ghezzesti, which takes place the 27th day of the month Ramazan, precedes by six days the feast of Bairam, of which it is the herald, and announces the approaching end of a month of fast and abstinence."

The writer from whom we have translated the above description gives us also a sketch of the three days' rejoicings which follow the conclusion of the fast. The commencement of this joyous season is announced by salutes of cannon, while the sultan gives a public reception to the great dignitaries of the empire.

"Behind St. Sophia extends a vast and almost naked courtyard, on which open the ancient Greek Church of St. Irene and the mint. It communicates by a broad and beautiful gate with a smaller, but still very spacious courtyard, planted with cypresses, plane-trees, and sycamores; on one side of this courtyard, you see fifty little domes terminating in thick chimneys; these odd structures are the kitchens; in the lower part, the commentement of the buildings of the Serai, a gate which communicates with a third courtyard, and it is under this gate Top-Kapou, or rather the species of covered gallery which projects into the courtyard, that the throne will soon be placed as under a great immovable dais. From the ceiling hangs a golden globe, to which is suspended an enormous gold tassell. At the precise moment when the sun rises, the sultan appears on horseback, traverses Top-Kapou, and, followed by his guard, rides to Mehemet Djami. Commonly he goes to pray at Sultan-Achmet-Djamissi. This year, Mehemet-Djami, at about half an hour's ride, had been selected, that the Tunisian troops, the Egyptians of the armies of Roumelia and Mingrelia, and of the old Anglo-Turkish contingent gathered at Constantinople, might parade in the squares and broad streets the sultan and his escort were to ride through.

"In the second court of the Serai, the soldiers of the guard, quietly busied in smoking and talking, rose hastily and fell into line as they heard the Turkish hurrah. Some led horses, superbly caparisoned, their heads decked with plumes; then the body guard or icoglans, and a few pashas, formed the entire escort preceding or following the sultan. Almost all the suite stops at Top-Kapou; Abd-ul-Medjid passed on horseback, and enters the Serai. Immediately they bring a black carpet, which is spread under the tent and the gold tassels, and in this carpet is placed the throne, a long and broad divan covered with gilding. The icoglans keep a space of a few square yards clear before the throne. The people, that is to say, everybody, strangers and natives, Mussulmen or Christians, great or small, in uniform, frock or caftan, crowd behind the hedge of soldiers, or hunt for some elevated point from which they can see the ceremony, and this is not easy. There are no stagings, no privileged tickets, nor reserved places, except for the Turks who are to take part in the ceremony. Here are ladies who in despair have addressed themselves to the minister of foreign affairs, who has some chairs brought for them, and here is an English lady who puts herself under the protection of a black eunuch.

There is nothing official except what is strictly necessary; there is no need of a great display of force to repress a crowd which is naturally decent, calm and respectful. Certainly this courtyard of the old Serai forms a much more picturesque and curious scene than if everything had been arranged, ordered and prepared beforehand. I amused myself a long time in looking at a group of Arabs with green, orange and sky-blue caftans, their tanned faces full of life and expression, who had fixed themselves a few paces from the throne, at the foot of an old sycamore. They were too numerous for the narrow space; a part of the wooden rail which separated them from the crowd was detached and fell. Ashamed at the accident, they left their post, and a soldier came up, at support arms, to forbid approach to the sycamore. But a Turkish prohibition is rarely inviolable. This man, moreover, accustomed to Mahomedan ways, was puzzled what to do, when a woman, as bold as she was inquisitive, with no yakmak to conceal her features, came up and stood beside him; after her came her friends, then some French, English and Sardinian generals and officers, and I was able to glide opportunely into their midst. Presently the band played a Turkish air well adapted to the solemnity; the cannon thundered, and one shout rose from the crowd—'Long live the Sultan!' It was the grand seignior, who, issuing from his palace of Top-Kapou, advanced slowly and alone and stopped before his throne. After some preliminary formalities, the sultan was seated. The four greatest dignitaries of the church after the Sheik ul-Islam, the mollahs of Eyoub, Stamboul, Pera, and Scutari, were admitted to kiss his foot. The imams, in violet, blue and maroon caftans, afterwards passed by, not admitted to this honor, but almost all obtaining a look. Hurrah! all the pashas, all the dignitaries, all the soldiers, bow their heads in the dust and rise, laying their hands on their hearts and heads. The padishah rises and retires tranquilly and slowly as he came. The 'alai' is over. Some minutes afterwards, the crowd had silently rolled away; the pashas had remounted their horses, which had been held by grooms in the first courtyard, and were pacing into Stamboul or directing their way to the steps of the Golden Horn, where their carriages were awaiting them. The cannon soon announced that the grand seignior himself had left the old Serai.

"In this prince, with his pale, worn and motionless countenance, we recognize the absolute master of one of the vastest empires in the world. He is the absolute spiritual and temporal master of a numerous people; having nothing to fear from his subjects, born to the throne, blindly obeyed as an infallible being, having no need of external pomp; solitary at the height at which he is placed, having no equal, and feeling no one above him but the Supreme Master. Seated on his superb throne of gold, in the midst of the glittering uniforms of his officers Abd-ul-Medjid alone was dressed in black in the European style; a white glove in his left hand, his right hand bare; only on his fez a clasp of diamonds secured an aigrette of heron plumes, the sign of sovereign power." Such are some of the scenes which regale the eyes of the traveller in the famous city of the sultan.



STREET IN THE ORNEMERY AT EYOD.

THOUGHT AND ENERGY.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

Like two vast rivers of unfeeling flow,
 Are Thought and Energy. Solemn, and clear, and deep,
 Taking its mighty way with silent sweep,
 To Time's all-whelming ocean, Truth doth throw
 Each mirrored object back with perfect youth,
 And with unfretted waters moveth by,
 Bearing each burden with a quiet ruth,
 Flows fair along: its face reflects the sky.
 But hark! the loud thunder shakes the rocks around,
 And rushing waters rend the rumbling ground,
 While awe-struck nations laud the turbid sound,
 Confessing wisdom with its minstrelsy;
 Thus noise and silence—Thought and Energy!

IOWA, THE SNOW-FEATHER:

—OR,—

THE INDIAN HEART.

BY MARTHA W. BENTON.

FAR to the Northwest, among the shades of that long, deep stream that stretches from northern boundary to southern bay, and whose waters flow through the most varied and delightful scenes, our little adventure is laid. It was, two hundred years ago, a region remote from noise and broil; the woods were unscathed and the soil unbroken, where no daring prow had yet disturbed the waters that laved the territory of the Chippeways. And here the wigwams clustered, the council fires were lit, the calumet broken, and the war-path chosen. None had taught to the "children of the forest" the dangerous flame of pride, and no hand had then fanned the wishes of ambition.

The days rolled on, and every life was spent as those in centuries gone; the mountain's top, and the river's changeful flood, supplied the wants of the red man; and hardy and brave to every woe and want, the marks of age impressed them with slight hand, and they yielded up their breath, as their sires had done, with sternness, and gaided their canoes through the silver rivers in that celestial hunting-ground beyond the vale of death. And now as "we lift the twilight curtains of the past," and retrace, in imagination, the haunts here described, though we pity, we cannot but admire the characters and the figures of these groups that so beautify and hallow the memories of Columbia.

Hawk-Eye, the chief of chiefs, and the most fearless and vindictive of his nation, the sachem of the Chippeways, sat in council and decreed his stern will in those shady and well-watered solitudes that we have described as arching the

birthplace of the Queen of Waters. His wigwam rose in its picturesque beauty deep among the forest solitudes, with its walls of pine and roof of bark, down through which the sunlight gleamed on the bear's-hide and the red deer-skin that formed the royal couch of his daughter, the Indian princess Iowa, or the Snow-Feather.

No deer that bounded amid the moonlight shades of the Missouri, was fleet of foot or more delicate in form—no wild bird that warbled its morning song amid the forest-leaves, had a sweeter voice than Iowa; and no gentle maiden, with all the soft love that genial clime and fond encouragement can actuate, had a greater power to soothe the wretched and sympathize with sorrow.

It was ten weary summers since the forest-leaves had been heaped to form the mound where she who gave the maiden birth was laid with funeral pomp. And this only child beguiled the warrior's heart, and cheered with woman's gentlest power, when sorrow, that makes the boldest hearts yield, laid its burden on him. So with a laugh that rang like the gladdest echo of April's sky, and eyes that flashed in their dark pride when the slight form bounded to greet the warrior returned, or, shrouded in their dark lashes, watched the tiny fingers that were stringing beads and shells, or weaving bright-hued mats beside the lodge fire, this child of the forest strengthened and roved free.

Slightly robed, with dark hair flowing over her graceful shoulders, Iowa swam the lake, climbed the tree, and with her minute arrow struck the bird upon the wing, tracked the hunter's path through the winter's wood on her snow-shoes, and glided in her frail canoe down the Mississippi's tide. Such was Iowa, the princess of the Chippeways. Stern, rigid and unflinching, Hawk-Eye regarded each wayward freak of his lovely daughter with a jealous eye. Each warrior bowed before her hut; none, as yet, had been allowed to touch the slender hand, or glance into the depths of the dark eye and seek to read its lore.

One morning Iowa, the Indian maid, actuated by that fondness for dances through the green-wood and in the forest shades, amid dark flowing foliage, sprang away from her couch while the morning mists yet hung upon the lake and mountain-top, and with traditions filling her mind, allowed the sun to reach its high noon, and even the shades of evening to draw their curtains over day, ere she retraced the path which, with a mind full of memories and legends, she had traced through the forest.

Wakba-nunge, the Big Elk, a young son of

of the Winnebagoes, had long watched the glowing beauty of the princess of the Chippeways. Old feud and wrong had broken the calumet between the tribes, and the haughty demeanor of Hawk-Eye, of the Chippeways, had only served to widen the breach, and they had now come to open war. Notwithstanding the hatred of the dark sachem, it seems not to have been transferred to the daughter; and at wayside meetings on the deer trail, Iowa and Big Elk had allowed to the heart of each other that electric influence that to them had grown at first sight.

The warrior's mien, as he bounded this morning to the side of Iowa, was gentle, and his tones, for one so used to the war-cry and the yell of victory, was soft and melodious. The haughty bird, whose plumes mingled with his coal-black hair, could scarcely, when in the pride of life he darted from his cliff, have shown a loftier spirit than the sachem of the Winnebagoes, when he took the slender hand of Iowa in his, and bowed his head to whisper in her ear his tale of constancy.

"Snow-Feather! when I came to the wigwam of the Hawk-Eye to bring the tomahawk of war, my eye noted thy beauty, and my heart owned thy gentleness and grace. The Son of the Winnebago points not his arrows of flint at the dark-haired Iowa, whose eye is like the star, and her foot fleet as the woodland deer! The Son of the Winnebago would bring thee to his own wigwam, would wear thy wampum, and bring to thy home the trophies of the chase."

The Snow-Feather held down her head for a moment; then erecting it again, like the antelope that pauses ere it flies from danger, she turned, and bending her deep gaze upon him, she whispered:

"The Hawk-Eye has broken the calumet with the Son of the Winnebago. My father's quarrels are mine; but Snow-Feather would save the Big Elk from her father's ire. When the sachem brings his warriors into the field, let the Son of the Winnebago take no scalps from the Chippeway warriors, but let the white deer-skin bring the war-paths together, and the hatchet be buried where they meet. Then Snow-Feather may sit at the feet of the Big Elk, and weave his wampum and braid his mat."

Ending her speech in this abrupt manner, she darted from the sight of the Winnebago chief, and like an arrow fled through the forest to her father's wigwam, where Hawk-Eye sat among his braves, and meditating on the scalps of their enemies.

He was a noble specimen of the Indian king, tall, sinewy and lofty in mien, with the most in-

telligent eyes and boldest voice—a true type of the stoic of the woods, and the fear of all who were not his allies. His scalp-lock was adorned with a tuft of gray eagle's plumes, and his mocassins were ornamented with the most elaborate skill. At his belt hung the scalp-knife and the glaring tomahawk, and a necklace of shark's teeth and the finger-nails of the wild cat and the bear, and ear-hoops of monstrous dimensions, completed his dress. New wrongs had been heaped upon them by their enemies, and the council had been convened in the wigwam of the sagamore. Nervous with the swelling rage of one who broods on hoarded wrongs, Hawk-Eye rose and thus began his harangue:

"Children, I call to arms; the Chippeway warrior would not yield his claims to the hunting-grounds of his father, I know! and the Winnebago chief has sent the hatchet to the Hawk-Eye, who has already cowered for the sake of the peace once formed between our fathers. Should the mountain bird yield its nest to the vulture? Warriors, I have broken the calumet with these foes of our tribe, and ere the next moon wanes, where the wigwam of the Big-Elk stood, shall be his tomb."

Snow-Feather, the princess of the Chippeways, had entered and seated herself beside the haughty sachem. The words of his rallying speech entered deep into her heart, and they paled the cheek of her who had dared to speak soft words to her father's foe. The warrior bent his eagle eye on her who had so long been his pride, and all the affection of the Indian heart was kindled as he gazed.

"Thou art young in winters, my beautiful, thy feet are swift in the woods, and thy heart is gentle as the silver moonlight on the lake; but thou wouldst scorn the warrior who failed to tame thy father's enemy, I know, or thou art not the daughter of thy mother."

Iowa felt the blood leave her cheek, and flow back to its fountain in her heart, at such a scrutiny of her thoughts, and she hastened to turn aside the attention of the council from herself; but the Hawk-Eye had chosen from among his braves, the elected one for the princess Iowa, and now he preferred his suit.

"Beautiful princess of the North, I sat beside the council-fire and saw thy beauty; I tracked the deer through the forest, and you passed me with a bound like the fawn; I glided in my birchen canoe, over the lake, and you have dashed the spray from your oar at my side. For many moons the Hawk-Eye has followed the war trail, and I have hung the scalps at his belt and he has promised me the hand of the princess

Snow-Feather as my gift. I would sit at her feet and play my pipe while she strung my wampum, and every moon would bring around the dance and the love song."

Iowa reddened, and the quick pulse beat in her young heart; she knew that the Hawk-Eye liked it well, and that he would sooner die than do anything unworthy of a sachem's pride. He saw her faltering tongue, and he knew she hesitated. Proudly rising he turned to the elected brave and exclaimed, "Away to the war-path; the squaw will see the bravery of the young chief, and her heart will be proud of him. Go, brothers, and may the great spirit guide you."

Thus the war council and the betrothal ended, and Iowa was left alone with her maidens to await the issue of the battle.

Another moon had waxed and waned, and many of the warrior braves from the Chippeways had been laid in the burial ground of their fathers, with the faithful bow and tomahawk beside, and the dirge of battle been sung by brother braves, who had escaped the curse of war. Iowa had been again greeted by the elected of her father, and the stern decree of her parent had overruled the reluctance of the beautiful princess, and we see Iowa now, ere the sun arose, gliding over mountain top and by the river side, to gather flowers for her bridal head, while she thus soliloquized:

"I saw him lay on the sand by the lake; he was bleeding and beautiful, and I bound up his wounds; it was many moons ago. I met him in the forest path, and he brought me eagle's feathers, and sweet flowers; I have wove his wampum, and he gave me these little moccasins. Yes, the daughter of Hawk-Eye loves the son of the Winnebago."

Thinking thus partially aloud, she was at length conscious of the possibility of being overheard, and turning quickly to reconnoitre, her dark eye met the earnest gaze of Big-Elk the Indian lover. He once more bounded to her side, and whispered that soft, sweet homage, which, with all an Indian's eloquence, proved that though his heart was that of a stern warrior, it was true and constant.

"No, no, it cannot be! The pipe of love must be breathed in by other lips than thine. Do you not see the flowers I weave for the bridal fest? The Big-Elk must go alone to his wigwam, for the Hawk-Eye has given his daughter to the Chippeway brave."

She waved her hand and would have fled, but the chief detained her.

"There floats my birchen canoe; yonder spreads my hunting-grounds, and further beyond

stands my wigwam. I sit beside its smouldering fire, and my thoughts are full of the Snow-Feather. I seek you in the forest, and I hear you tell your love. Would you leave me to my loneliness?"

"I will weave your wampum and string your beads," replied Iowa, "but the Hawk-Eye stands between thee and me."

Their interview was long and earnest, the Indian heart was filled with contending emotions of duty, fear, and love. Parental pride at length had its sway over the beautiful Snow-Feather. A dusky spy had watched the footsteps of the betrothed Iowa. It crept with a stealthy tread through the pathway in the woods, till it neared the trysting place of the Indian lovers.

Behind a leafy shelter, jealousy hid the warrior spy, and when on the point of yielding to the persuasions of Big-Elk, to a flight over the prairie with him, the unerring aim of Nature's archer sped death to the heart of the Winnebago chief, while the love confession was yet trembling on his lips.

Iowa the betrayed saw it all, and with a wild shriek she turned and fled like a frightened deer through the forest. The moccasin of the Indian maid came no more to the wigwam of the sachem. Many months passed, and the war-trail had been followed, and the scalp-lock braided beside the Chippeway camp-fire. Hawk-Eye, relentless in his pride, had never sought tidings of the beautiful Snow-Feather, and in loneliness he sat by his wigwam fire.

A day came when the warriors of the North were roving through the plains of their heritage, and seeking the deer and the bear for trophies of the chase. The river had been reached and the encampment taken the place of the active journey. Hawk-Eye was growing old and infirm, and though he scorned to give any place to outward acknowledgment of grief or chagrin at the loss of his daughter, yet it had a strong hold upon his soul. They overlooked the flowing river, and Hawk-Eye dwelt upon its dark flood, as if it had a link with him, while he gazed from a high cliff; for, on the opposing shore, there appeared the form of an Indian maiden. With a wild toss of her arms above her head, she made one leap, and plunged into the flood. It was Iowa the Snow-Feather. The Indian heart was bold, but it was gentle, and love could break it; and revenge actuated the maiden to delay her martyrdom till a time might come when a father's eye could see the constancy of an Indian maiden's heart.

Months passed. There was heard a dirge in the wild wood, and among the wigwams of the Indian sachems. The Hawk-Eye was closed, and the warrior had gone to the hunting ground

of souls. According to his own desire, he was carried to a high bluff that overlooked the cliff that had been the eyrie of the beautiful Indian maiden, and there arrayed in the princely garments that became his dignity, he was placed upon his war-horse, and the green turf piled around him until it covered the last waving spray of his eagle plume. And there the monument remains to this day, while the memory of the beautiful Snow-Feather lives in the dark ripple of that stream that bears its tribute to the queen of waters, and echoes along the forest, prairie, and meadows of Iowa, the land of the Snow-Feather.

ONE'S MOTHER.

Around the idea of one's mother, the mind clings with fond affections. It is the first thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when soft and capable of receiving most profound impression, and all the feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passion and our willfulness may lead us from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amidst her tears. Around that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection and even when grief at our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance and twines the image of our departed parent with garlands of graces and virtues, which we doubt not that she has possessed.—*Mother's Magazine*.

A FAST YOUNG MAN.

An amusing little incident is pleasantly related in "Guy Livingston."—It was at a picnic; Charley had just turned of nineteen years; he wandered away and got lost with Kate Harcourt, a self-possessed beauty in high condition for flirting, for she had had three seasons of hard training. When they had been away from their party about two hours, she felt, or pretended to feel, the awkwardness of their situation, and asked her cavalier, in a charmingly helpless and confiding way, what they were to do. "Well, I hardly know," said Charley, languidly; "but I don't mind proposing to you, if that will do any good." A fair performance for an untried colt, was it not?

ANTIMONY.

It is said that Basil Valentine, a monk of Erfurth, while engaged in his alchemical labors, threw some of the preparations of antimony where pigs had access to the mixture with their food; and having observed that after becoming sick they rapidly fattened, he thought that his friends might profit by the same treatment, and so he fed them in like manner with the swine; but to his disappointment found that what was good for the pigs was bad for the monks, for they died; and so the metal obtained the name of antimoine, antimonik, antimony.—*Medical Anecdotes*.

TO FANNY.

BY MERRIVALE SMITH.

They're false who tell us Love has wings
To fly away when pressed by sorrow,
That as he floats he gaily sings,
"I'll come if the sun shines to-morrow."
But, Fanny, dear, do we not know
That gentle, heavenly Love reposes
Upon the iron couch of woe
As sweet as on his bed of roses.

There is a spirit men call love,
That owes its birth to sordid passion,
That flutters like the moth above
And round the gilded shrine of fashion;
This is he that plumes his wings
And flies the field when pressed by sorrow;
This is he that lightly sings,
"I'll come if the sun shines to-morrow."

But Love, that in his bowers on high
Feets have seen in spirit vision,
That brings the glory of the sky
Earthwards on his gentle mission,
Grows brighter as the night comes on,
Sings sweeter when dull woes invade us,
And when we cannot see the sun,
We feel Love's pinion overshadow us.

Let Fortune—summer nymph—depart,
Let Hope prove false, and Sorrow lower;
These cannot settle round the heart,
Where Love has built his sunny bower.
Old Time may steal from Beauty's crown
The diamond youth, that shines so splendid;
But Love will smooth each wrinkle down,
And sing of youth when time is ended.

When Love forsakes his native skies
To revel in thy soft caresses,
While sleeping in those beaming eyes,
I'll bind him with those golden tresses;
And as we glide down life's dull stream,
We'll make him pilot, and if any
Shadows float across our dream,
Love will chase them off, dear Fanny.

THE BRIDE OF CONRADIN:

—OR,—

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

In the year 1265, Pope Clement IV. granted the investiture of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies to Charles of Anjou, Count of Provence, and brother of St. Louis. This offer was shackled with a condition that he should do fealty as homage to the Holy See, and present the pop annually with a white riding horse, and a tribute of eight million ounces of gold.*

Charles was crowned at Rome, raised an arm

* History of Revolutions in Europe.

of crusaders, and defeated Mainfroi, the son of Frederic II., who had caused himself to be proclaimed king. Conradin, grandson of Frederic II., was the lawful heir to the throne, and Charles vanquished him in the plains of Tagliacozzi.

The Sicilians were uneasy under the French rule. They had no affinity with that nation; and it galled their proud spirits to submit to the yoke. The death of Conradin, too, the rightful heir, was still fresh in their memories, and to their excited souls seemed to cry to them for vengeance. Had he been slain on the battle-field, they would perhaps have submitted with patience to the fortunes of war; but he was taken prisoner, and afterwards with his friend, Frederic of Austria, beheaded by order of Charles, on the twenty-ninth of October, 1268.

From this time, the Sicilians kept themselves ripe for a revolt, for the next fourteen years; inwardly chafing and smarting under the foreign rule which they hated, and yet unable to throw it off. Still, as it worked slowly and silently, all knew that the moment must come at last. It needed but a few strong and determined spirits, to give the embryo conspiracy a form and life. John de Procida of Salerno, was, most likely, the master spirit,* that roused up the latent spark, and ripened it into a flame. The Sicilians listened to the whispered plot, and only watched the moment when that flame should reach the foot of the throne.

Situated outside of Palermo, was the noted church of the Holy Ghost. It was a secluded spot where it stood, inviting to prayer and devotion, far from the noise and bustle of the busy town. Hither, at the hour of vespers, came the inhabitants of Palermo, to perform their evening devotions. Close to the church of the Holy Ghost, a villa of considerable size had been erected by William Porcellet, a French gentleman, whose virtues had endeared him to the hearts of the Sicilians, in spite of the prejudice existing against his countrymen generally.

Noble, manly and brave, yet courteous and conciliating, Porcellet united all the qualities in his own character, which constitute the Christian and the gentleman. He had left the vine-clad hills of Provence, some years before; and charmed with the scenery which surrounded Palermo, had fixed his residence in a romantic spot under the very shadow of the venerable church. In the yew-shaded church-yard reposed the ashes of his wife and two brave boys; and he now resided alone with his daughter Blanche, to whom he had transferred all the love which he had

borne to those who were gone from his sight. All that affection could suggest, or wealth purchase, was showered upon Blanche Porcellet; a being as fair and sweet as the violet, and like that, too, ever modest and retiring.

They only who have had their affections concentrated upon one dear object, can imagine the tenderness with which Blanche was regarded by her father. She was beloved, too, by the grave and melancholy Sicilians, who saw little in her or her father that assimilated with the character of the French nation. Mingling occasionally with the highest society in Palermo, Blanche became acquainted with Clementina Dalmatiani, the Sicilian lady who was to have been the bride of the young Conradin, heir to the throne of Sicily.

The mourning habit of the almost widowed bride; the deep seclusion in which she had lived for fourteen years, devoting herself to the memory of Conradin; her fervent devotion in religious duties, and the air of melancholy sadness which overshadowed a face, which, though no longer young, was yet beautiful in its pale mournfulness, all attracted the interest of Blanche Porcellet, and made her long to know the beautiful lady who came so constantly to the church of the Holy Ghost.

At the house of a mutual friend in Palermo, her desire was gratified, while on a quiet morning visit. Although averse to strangers, Clementina had heard of the lovely and interesting Blanche Porcellet; and, scarce knowing that she was of French blood, she saw her but to love her. With all the ardor of her loving nature, Blanche returned it; and thenceforward the two—different in age, in social position, in nation—became true and lasting friends.

Clementina was but sixteen when Conradin was doomed to death. Of a slight figure, and pale, delicate countenance, she looked scarce older now, although she numbered thirty years. In her heart, the longing for the downfall of Charles of Anjou never slept. It was her sleeping or waking dream; and until that was accomplished, she deemed it impossible that she could ever know peace again.

None of this, however, mingled with her conversations with Blanche. As they came out of the church, and wandered through the quiet paths that surrounded the graves of the dead, a gentle sadness shadowed her countenance, and she spoke of sorrow and mournful separation; but this was all. Conradin's name never passed her lips; and Blanche, while she longed to comfort and console, did not dare to intrude upon a sorrow that was too deep for words.

* Professor Koch, in his *History of Revolutions in Europe*, does not incline to this version of the matter; but this is the popular belief.

John de Procida had one son, Paulo de Procida, who was educated at Palermo. Long before his education was completed, he had seen and loved Blanche Porcellet; and her father, apprehensive of his own death and the consequent desolation of his daughter, and admiring the talents and virtues of the suitor, willingly gave his consent to their union. They were married at the church of the Holy Ghost; and Porcellet stipulating that his daughter should never leave him, Procida took up his abode with the father of his bride.

Of course this marriage partially separated Blanche from her new friend; for Clementina had a morbid feeling against witnessing the happiness of a married pair, since the dreadful event which so cruelly blighted her own hopes.

In vain Blanche entreated her to renew her visits. Sometimes when she knew that Paulo was at Salerno with his father, she could prevail upon her to pass a few hours with her; but on his entrance, she would flee like a startled bird from his sight. This was very painful to Procida. He knew that she loved and respected his father, and her conduct towards him filled him with sorrow; for no one had so fully entered into her feelings in regard to the unrighteous murder of Conradin, as John and Paulo de Procida. A mere child at the time of the transaction, Paulo remembered it vividly, and his horror of Charles of Anjou, and the detestation in which he held him, grew stronger and stronger every year.

One year before, a Frenchman by the name of Drouette, had taken up his abode at Palermo. He was vain, silly and egotistical; vaunting his countrymen as the wisest and most polished nation on earth, and constantly comparing them with the Sicilians, to the disadvantage of the latter. With the movements of a dancing master, and the manners of a fifth rate play actor, Drouette attempted to shine among the grave and formal Palermitans, as a gem of the first water; and his absurd pretensions raised the laugh against him, rendering him almost furious.

A respectable but somewhat reduced Sicilian merchant lived near Drouette's house. He had an only daughter, who was very beautiful; and, much to his sorrow, he was obliged to allow this cherished child to work at a public establishment where garments were manufactured for the army. The poor man was long in making up his mind whether to suffer this humiliation or not, but poverty at length decided the case for him. He comforted himself that he could always go for her, at night, and indeed he did so for some months; until, one night, he was too much indisposed to venture out, after an unusually hard day's work.

Constantia waited for him until late, and then ventured out by herself. On the way she was overtaken by Drouette who, half-intoxicated as he was, staggered up to her and kissed her. Her cry of anger and fear was heard by several gentlemen who knew her, and one of them applied his cane, very unceremoniously, to the drunken brute, who was soon roaring with pain, and swearing vengeance on Constantia and her defenders.

The next day, all Palermo was ringing with the affair; and the revolt, so long in embryo, burst out the more violently for being suppressed so long. Secret meetings were hastily held; other cities apprised of what was going on; the total destruction and massacre of the French everywhere agreed upon; and the hour of vespers was the time appointed for the insurrectionists to commence their work.

The elder Procida was among them, zealous, fearless and active, but as the hour drew nigh, there were whispers that Paulo was absent.

"Absent with his French bride!" "Protecting the Frenchman, Porcellet!" "Shame on the Sicilian who would bow down to the Gallic yoke!" "Death to all Frenchmen!" "Let us protect our wives and daughters!" were some of the cries that filled Palermo and its suburbs that day.

Meantime, Paulo de Procida was suffering tortures for which the condemned might shrink from exchanging his own. On the one hand, his father and friends, calling upon him to assist in exterminating the French, and on the other, Blanche and her father who must be protected at all risks. Such was the pure and perfect life of Porcellet, that as yet no one had included him in the strife; but after the victims were nearly despatched, a band of the most reckless of the Sicilians, who were not yet satiated with blood, found their way to his house.

They had no difficulty in entering, for the doors were not secured. They rushed in with lawless haste, and with oaths still upon their lips. Their leader turned aside into a large room which was lighted, for it was now the hour of vespers, and the church bell was still ringing from the tower.

Even the rudest being in that rude company started at the sight that met his gaze. Porcellet was standing, grave and serene as ever, apparently unmoved by surrounding events, as far as they concerned himself. He expected death, but he was meeting it with a lofty composure, that only wavered when he looked down at the kneeling Blanche, whose face was buried in her husband's bosom, as he too knelt beside her. Not even this sight turned the crowd from their

purpose; but, advancing from the kneeling group, with a face like marble, and her figure shrouded in the deepest mourning, came the bride of Conradin, Clementina Dalmatian. At sight of her, they uncovered their heads, and stood, as if awaiting her commands.

"In the name of Conradin, I bid you to depart without molesting these people. They are *mine*! Touch not a hair of their heads, if you hope for pardon from God for this night's revengeful work. If ye are brave men, ye will not war upon age and weakness."

"But Paulo de Procida the traitor! He is neither old nor a woman!" And at the utterance of these words, the crowd swayed forward as if to crush him. Clementina stood fearlessly in the doorway, her face lighted up with a sudden glow of crimson, that trembled on her pale face like the flash of red wine in crystal cups.

"Are ye men!" she said, "that ye would leave your own wives unprotected, at a time like this? Is there a Sicilian here that would not do as this man has done? It would be brave, indeed, to leave this frail trembler to your tender mercies!"

The crowd slunk back ashamed, if not convinced, and as they emerged into the bright moonlight that was now bathing every object without, a shout long and loud rent the air for the Bride of Conradin!

Morning came, and the bright sun rose and shone over Sicily; over Sicily, whose soil was damp with the blood of Frenchmen. Everywhere the red streams had stained the earth—everywhere the dead met the eye. Among those who were abroad on that morning, was William Porcellet and Paulo de Procida; but not an arm was raised against the former—not a voice denounced the latter as a traitor. Clementina's word was a law to the lowest and rudest Sicilian. Could they have made her their queen, it would have been joy to do so; but she who came so near to the throne, as Conradin's bride, would have shrunk from occupying it alone.

Before the hour of vespers, every trace was cleared from the earth, of the carnage that had disfigured it; and the Sicilians, sitting in conclave, had resolved upon surrendering to the pope. The banner of the church already floated from their castle, and everything was arranged. But a few controlling spirits who came late to the conference, suggested a different plan, which was at length adopted.

Peter III., King of Arragon, was then cruising with a fleet off the African coast; and it was proposed to send a deputation to him, offering him the crown. He accepted the offer, and was

crowned King of Sicily, on his arrival at Palermo.

No lovelier star beamed at the court of Peter III. than Blanche. No braver soldier drew sword for his country than Paulo de Procida. They who were at first ready to stigmatize him as a traitor, found that, although he did not participate in the wholesale butchery of the Sicilian vespers, his sword was ever ready in equal combat.

A little while Blanche shared the pleasures of a court; but her pure soul turned from these scenes of folly, to the calm delights of her home. When peace reigned over Sicily, she blessed the quiet retreat in the shadow of the old church—the dearest spot to her on earth, when shared with husband, father and friend.

With friend—for Clementina's frail life was now nearly drawing to its close, and to whose care could she be more justly entitled, than theirs whose lives she had saved? Day by day, the angel's wings seemed unfolding, that should bear her to the spirit world, where Conradin waited her coming. Day by day, the feeble frame grew weaker, and the courageous spirit stronger.

It was a wintry day in March, the second day of Easter, and just a year from that night of bloodshed and destruction. The winds were sighing through the old trees that surrounded the church, and made doleful music in the long grove that led to the mansion of the Porcellets. Meet day for one so sad to die in! To her that mournful strain, so sweetly sad, might have sounded like the call from the bridegroom to his dying bride, to rejoin him where they would be "as the angels in heaven."

Blanche held the pale hand in her own, and her tears flowed apace.

"Weep not, sweet friend," said Clementina. "This is not death, but the portal to life, through which I am passing. Rejoice that the spirit will soon be free; that I go *now*—for do I not hear the sound of the vesper bell? Rejoice that she who bears life's dark gift so heavily, should go hence. I come, my Conradin!"

And she who should have worn the crown on earth, had gone to wear the martyr's crown, reserved for those who have won it on earth, through much tribulation. Like all mournful, weeping souls, she had "gone forth, bearing her sheaves with her." She had indeed, passed away at the vesper hour; and the soft, sweet, melancholy chime seemed fitting music to herald her spirit into the heavenly presence.

Men with few faults are the least anxious to discover those of others.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

Translated from the German of Uhland.

BY JOEL BENTON.

- Query.* Have you the castle seen—
The high castle by the sea?
Golden and rosy winds
Sweep over it lazily.
- It looks as if it would bow
Low to the crystal floods;
It looks as if it would rise
To the gorgeous evening-clouds.
- Answer.* Yes, indeed I have seen
The high castle by the sea,
And the moon that above it stands,
And the mists, its drapery.
- Query.* The winds and the heaving sea—
Did they not strange sounds prolong?
Did you hear in the lofty hall
The music and festive song?
- Answer.* The breezes and billows all
In deepest quiet slept,
A plaintive song from the hall
I listened to till I wept.
- Query.* Sawest thou walking forth
The king with his queen divine?
Did her crimson mantle rustle?
His gold tress shine?
- Led they not out with delight
A pretty maiden there,
Splendid as the sun
That flashed on her golden hair?
- Answer.* Ah, yes,—the parents I saw,
Without the crown of light,
In deepest mourning garb:
The maiden was out of sight.

GAINING THE CASE.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

THE beautiful, bewitching Rosalinda had rejected me; and tired and sick of the world, I said I would never put faith in woman more—I would live and die a bachelor. Rosalinda, how I had loved her! I had thought her perfection, and altogether lovely. I had attended her to balls and parties; I had been her most devoted servant, and had flattered myself she loved me; but yet, when I thought matters had gone far enough to warrant proposals of marriage, she rejected me!

But of what avail are the secret sorrows of the heart? If our affections are rudely torn at night, the next morning must find us at our post of duty; so, although Rosalinda had rejected me by gaslight, morning found me at my usual

avocation, and the hundreds that I passed in the street knew not the secret weight of sorrow I carried safely buttoned up beneath my dreadnought overcoat, that cold February morning.

I sat down in my office and calmly reviewed the matter, and as I did so, I thought that after all, the lady was not so much to blame, for what had I to offer her? A very hopeful heart, a very respectable person, youth, a good education, and for support, the products of a very dingy law office, where I often sat, day after day without a single case. Doubtless she had been influenced by her friends, she had not denied that she loved me; but we were both young, so she said, which was true, and when I offered to wait as long as she deemed right, she still hesitated; no doubt her friends had told her such would be an unwise proceeding, as by that means she might lose many eligible offers; so she dismissed me.

The fire over which I sat pondering these things, was miserable enough to make any one have the "blues," and as I looked up, I caught sight of the little ragged urchin whose duty it was to kindle that fire, but I was in no mood to scold him. That very morning I determined I would be somebody; Miss Rosalinda should yet be sorry that she rejected me. So to begin matters, I stirred up the fire, put on the blower, swept up the office, and then sat down to my books.

Two things, of which now I was nearly destitute, I must have: money and fame. So for months and months I read and studied, attended courts, sought acquaintances with lawyers, made myself familiar with everything which I thought would be useful to me in my future career. It was not long before I had some few cases; I managed them well, for I put my whole soul in them; I gained them, and a thrill of triumph passed through my heart; I had taken the first steps on the ladder, my feet were getting steady, I should go up, up.

Five years from the day that I sat so gloomily over my office fire, saw me in pleasant quarters, and established in good standing among the practitioners at the bar. It had been hard work, and I had sometimes almost despaired; but I had stuck to my resolve with dogged determination. Now I began to have money—to have a name. True, in my eagerness for these two things I had lost sight of nearly everything else. The three letters, L, A, W, seemed written upon everything. I had once been fond of poetry, Rosalinda and I used to read it together; but now, poetry was to me a forgotten thing; I had once read novels, now the sufferings of heroines

and the deeds of heroes were like fables. The new forms and usages of society were all unknown to me; I still cut with my knife; still kept the temperance pledge; still looked upon man as the lord of creation, and thought women only fitted for housekeepers and mothers. And it is no wonder that I gained the name of being eccentric: a very good lawyer, but a strange man; and there were those who had always known me, who did not hesitate to ascribe my little idiosyncracies to my love affair with Rosalinda.

Just about this time, a case of murder made considerable stir in the community. I had been engaged by the suspected party to carry on the case, while the government side of the question was in the hands of the most eminent lawyer at the bar—one Hinckley—a man of powerful, subtle intellect, with the peculiar faculty possessed by some lawyers, of making black appear white; soft, smooth, polished in his language, and who had never been known to lose a case.

The facts of the case stood thus: murder had been committed—a respectable citizen had been found dead in his bed; killed, as it seemed, by a heavy blow on the head; and suspicion fastened upon a young man, a nephew of the deceased, with whom he had had some hard words. The murdered man, by name Robert Barnes, was guardian to the nephew, not yet of age, and to a niece some younger, both residing with him. He was known to have treated the nephew with great severity, and many could testify to hard words having passed between them. What tended still more to fasten the guilt upon the nephew, was the fact that the bludgeon with which the murder was supposed to have been committed, and which was found in the chamber, belonged to him, and was always used by him when he walked out of an evening. Young Barnes was known, also, to possess a most furious temper, and was suspected of dissipated habits.

It was true there was nothing but circumstantial evidence in the case, no one had seen young Barnes strike his uncle—no one had even seen him enter his chamber. Might not some one have entered the house with intent to rob, and committed the deed? It was not probable. The chamber was up one flight of stairs; nothing in the chamber had been disturbed; no valuables were missing, no money had been taken. It was most true the case looked very dark for the nephew, and the only gleam of light I saw in it, the only thing I had on which to hang a hope of ultimately making out the case, was the positiveness of the sister as to her brother's innocence.

It inspired me with like confidence, leading me at the same time to think that perhaps she knew more about it than she had yet told.

Maria Barnes was a girl of more than ordinary powers of mind. She was strikingly handsome, and her presence inspired respect. Her statements which she had made to me, were remarkably clear and concise so far as they went; but as I said before, a certain something in her manner led me to think she had not told me all. In her conferences with me she was usually calm, betraying but little feminine weakness; of her brother's innocence, she always spoke warmly.

"O, sir, he is innocent; I am as sure of it as I am of my own life."

"But," said I, "that is not enough, we must be able to prove it; and the matter so far as I have heard, looks very dark for us. The cane you own was his?"

"Yes," she replied.

"And he had many differences with his uncle?"

"It is alas! too true."

"Now what have we to counteract this evidence?"

"But, sir, no one saw him do this, he surely cannot be convicted on such light things as the owning of this cane? I saw him enter his chamber at ten o'clock, at that time his uncle was alive and well."

"But can you prove that he did not leave his chamber till morning?"

"I cannot prove it," said she, "yet I know he did not."

"How came the cane in your uncle's room?"

"O, sir, it might have got there in many ways. My uncle might have taken it with him when he went up stairs, he was lame at times, and I have often seen him take a cane to help himself up stairs."

"But these suppositions, my dear young lady are good for nothing in a court; have you nothing else?"

An expression of the deepest anguish, almost despair, passed over her face.

"Are you aware," said I, "that the opposing lawyer is one of the most able and successful members of the bar? And even had we strong evidence of your brother's innocence, he has such a tact at cross-questioning and brow-beating the witnesses, and of making his own case bright to the jury, that we might well despair."

"I know it," said she, "and all my hope is in that Power that will not desert the innocent." And she raised her beautiful eyes, dim with tears, to heaven.

Inwardly I felt convinced of the poor boy's innocence, although how I was to prove it was more than I could tell. However, assuring Maria that I would do all I could, I proceeded to prosecute my inquiries still further. I went to visit young Barnes, to ascertain if I could not draw from him further information. I found him sitting with his head buried in his hands. On my entrance he lifted up his head, he looked pale and worn. He was of pleasant countenance, rather prepossessing than otherwise; certainly there was nothing about him to warrant the suspicion that he could commit the crime of which he was charged. He was intelligent and clear in his account of himself. He had quarrelled with his uncle more than once, it is true, for he was very penurious, and kept from him money which was rightly his own, and that very night he had left him in anger. He was out in the evening; he returned home about ten o'clock, and was going up stairs to his bed, when he met his sister on the stairs, spoke to her; she turned and went into her chamber; he went up to his, and he did not come down till he was called in the morning and told his uncle was dead.

"But how came your cane in your uncle's chamber?"

"I don't know. I left it in the hall, as is my custom when I come in."

"Could the servant have been accessory to this deed?"

"I think not, she has been in the family many years, and I have no reason to suspect her."

"Where did she sleep?"

"Up in the attic. She heard no disturbance."

"Where was your sleeping apartment?"

"Directly over my uncle's."

"Where did your sister sleep?"

"Directly across the hall from my uncle's chamber."

"What persons have been in the habit of visiting at your uncle's?"

"I think not many visitors, my uncle was close and stingy in his habits. I never asked my associates there. A sister of his sometimes came there; one Mr. Clark, a nephew of the husband, was also in the habit of visiting the house; two or three old gentlemen sometimes dropped in to play backgammon or whist with my uncle, and these are about all."

"And he was on good terms with all?"

"I know of nothing to the contrary."

"And you, also—they were also your friends?"

He colored a little.

"All except it is young Clark, who took quite a fancy to my sister. I knew him to be not a fit man for her to associate with, and told him so;

he was terribly offended, and I don't think ever forgave me."

"Where is this Clark?"

"He left town last week; I don't know where he is."

"Where did he board?"

"At No. 12 Chestnut Street."

"What is his business?"

"He is book keeper with the firm of Roberts & Co., Canal Street."

I went to No. 12 Chestnut Street; Philip Clark was away, they knew not when he would be back. I went next to the firm of Roberts & Co.; Philip Clark had gone to New York on business for the firm, and would be back the next week; had then been gone more than a week. Was away it seems at the time of the murder, said I to myself.

The next day I called to see Maria, and while waiting for her to come to the parlor, I turned over the daguerreotypes on the table. Here was one of the uncle, and one I took to be his sister; also one of George the nephew and his sister Maria. A little papier mache box was on the table, and on opening it I saw a daguerreotype of a handsome young man. I fancied it might be Philip Clark's, and slipped it in my pocket. My interview with Maria was short, eliciting nothing new, and I did not inform her of my present intentions.

What was my next move? The murder was supposed to have been committed towards morning, so during the morning watch I stationed myself opposite the house. As I expected, presently the watchman came along. I found he was a man whom I knew well, having often seen him in court as evidence in petty cases; he also knew me.

"Were you on this beat the night of the 12th?"

"What, the night old Barnes was murdered?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Yes," said he.

"Did you see or hear anything out of the way?"

"Nothing in particular."

The man's tone did not satisfy me, it was not open and honest.

"Are you sure you recollect nothing? I am counsel for young Barnes, I think him innocent, shall prove him so if possible, and if you know anything about the case, it is for your interest to make it known."

The man stood irresolute, kicking his heel against the curbstone. I continued:

"I am convinced some one went into that house between the hours of twelve and six; I am

convinced that the same person came out again, now can you hold up your hand and swear you saw no such person?"

Still he was silent, and I grew more and more convinced that I had found my man.

"Come," said I, laying my hand upon his shoulder, "why don't you answer me?"

"I know nothing about it," said he sullenly.

"I am convinced you do," I replied, "and the law will oblige you to tell it. I shall call upon you at the trial; you might as well tell me all now, it will be better for you."

Suddenly, as if determined to make a clean breast, the man turned round and faced me.

"Well, that night, I was standing just in the shadow of that doorway, when I saw a man go into Barnes's house. Thinking it might be young Barnes, who sometimes keeps late hours, I didn't think much about it. You see that window up there," said he, pointing to the second story, "well, all at once a light flashed through the chamber, and while I stood looking, I saw on the curtain the shadow of a man's arm holding a heavy cane, and raised as if to strike. I was just thinking if I had not best raise an alarm, when the same man came out of the door, and I sprang forward and nabbed him. You see there is a gaslight right there, well, I held him under that and saw him plainly.

"What have you been doing in there?" said I, giving him a rough shake.

"He tried to clear himself from my grasp, but I was too strong for him.

"Let me go," said he, 'I will give you money; ten (I shook my head), twenty, fifty dollars.'

"Tell me what you have been doing,' I said.

"Nothing," said he, 'only to visit a lady.'

"'Tis a lie," said I, 'I saw your shadow through the window, and you had your arm raised as if to strike some one.'

"He turned pale as a sheet, I can tell you.

"Pooh," said he, 'I'll tell you, I wanted some of the old fellow's money; while I was helping myself, he stirred in bed and spoke. I just gave him a gentle tap to keep him quiet, that's all. Come, let me go and I'll share the profits with you.' And he thrust a bundle of bills into my hand, and I let him go."

"And you did not disturb the house?"

"No," said he.

"Did you know the man?" said I.

He hesitated. "Yes, I have seen him before."

"Should know him again?"

"Yes."

"Look here," said I, leading him under the

light, and showing him the miniature, which in an after interview with Barnes I had made sure was Clark's.

"That's the very fellow," said he. "You've got him, that's a fact."

"Do you know anything further?" said I.

"Well," said he, for once the ice broken he was very communicative, "after I had let him go, I watched him to the corner; when he had turned, I ran after him and saw him go into that cellar on the other corner."

"And no one knows of this?" said I.

"No one."

"No one has made any inquiries?"

"No."

"Well, keep yourself in readiness, you shall be summoned to appear as witness at the trial." So saying I left him.

The next day I took a friend with me and stepped into the place which the watchman said Clark had visited after leaving him. It was a drinking establishment, the owner of which greeted me very cordially. I asked him if he knew one Philip Clark. O, yes, he knew him.

"Had he seen him of late?"

"Yes."

"Could he tell when it was?"

He thought a moment. "I think I saw him last—yes, I am sure it was on Tuesday of last week; he came in here late at night, or rather early in the morning. He called for a glass of brandy and water; he was not well. Will you have something, sir?"

"Nothing," said I; "but are you positive as to the time?"

"Yes," said he, "I am. He also said he was going to New York in the early train."

"Please, then, bear your assestion in mind, and be ready to confirm it if called upon. And remember this gentlemen is here as witness of what you have said." And so saying I left him.

It was now Saturday. The trial came on the next week. Clark was expected home on Wednesday. I had not yet informed Maria of the new turn in affairs. I thought I ought to do so. Accordingly, on Monday I called to see her.

"I come," said I, "to inform you that the case looks better for your brother. I have got some new witnesses, whose evidence throws quite a new light on affairs."

I doubt not I spoke in quite a business-like, lawyer style—it was my habit. In all my cases I had never before had any business to transact with the ladies. And in all my inquiries about this Clark, it had never once occurred to me that Maria might be interested in him. But when I saw that she turned pale and red, and

very anxious, all at once her brother's assertion flashed upon my mind, and with it my old suspicion that she knew more than she had told. However, I was obliged to go on and tell her the result of my inquiries. She listened with interest.

"You will make use of these witnesses?"

"Ought I not?" inquired I.

"Yes," said she, slowly.

"I have no evidence save those of a hair's weight in your brother's favor. Do you object to Philip Clark's being implicated?"

It was a close question, and she did not answer directly; but sat in deep thought. After a while, with an expression as if her mind was made up as to her course, she said very slowly, without answering my question:

"It is right that the guilty should suffer. God will forgive me if for a short time I yielded to a woman's weakness. Mr. Stacy, use your evidence as you think best. I can assure you, if you need such assurance, that there is no doubt as to his guilt; if more evidence is necessary you shall have it."

"Miss Barnes," said I, "were it possible to save your brother without—"

"No, no," said she, "it cannot be done; no stain shall rest upon his name. The guilt must fall where it belongs."

The trial came. As I expected, Hinckley made out a strong case. There was the evidence of the servant, that the uncle and nephew had quarrelled that night; there was his cane found in his room; there was the knowledge that he was in the house all night; evidently no one had entered the house; there was no intent to rob; the accused was a person of strong passions, dissipated habits, and had been heard to say he hated his uncle.

The case was dark for him. I urged that had he been guilty he would most certainly have made his escape, as suspicion would be sure to fall upon him. He was seen to enter his room at ten o'clock; no one had seen him leave that room till morning. The cane might easily have been taken by that other person, who had committed the crime, as it stood in the hall. All this I found made no great impression, the feeling evidently was that Barnes was guilty.

When the court opened the next morning, Hinckley's face wore a look of triumph. I rose and addressed the court, saying that I had some new witnesses to bring forward, and I hoped yet to prove my client innocent. I then called William Brown, the watchman, to the stand. He came on and made his statements in substance the same as he had made to me: when he had finished, I saw that the tide began to turn.

Hinckley cross-examined him and tried to pull his evidence to pieces, but he was not to be daunted. Hinckley had in some way heard of the turn I was to give affairs, and was prepared. He should prove, he said, that Clark was in New York at the time of the murder, and that the watchman was mistaken. So Clark's boarding-master, and Mr. Roberts, Clark's employer, came forward and testified that Clark went to New York the week before, and had not yet returned.

I then called for George Stephens to take his place in the stand. He testified that Clark came into his place on Wednesday morning, called for a glass of brandy and water, and said he was going to New York that day. Appeared excited and flurried.

Hinckley did not like my new witnesses, and in a sneering tone questioned their respectability: a watchman who had taken a bribe, and a keeper of a cellar who might easily be induced to do the same. I saw that his words had weight. Just at this moment a scrap of paper was handed me: "For your next witness call Miss Barnes." I did so. She came to the stand looking very pale, but perfectly self-possessed, and told her story in substance as follows:

On the night of the murder, as she was about to retire, she met her brother, who had just come in; they stopped in the hall and spoke to each other; he went to his room and she to hers. Her room was directly opposite her uncle's. Towards morning she heard a noise in her uncle's room. Thinking he might be unwell, she rose and opened the door, all was still. She was just closing it, when her uncle's door opened. She stood with her door just ajar, and saw a man come out of her uncle's room; the light from the chamber shone full upon his face—the man was Clark! She was surprised; she thought him in New York. He passed down stairs, and she heard the outer door close after him. As soon as she recovered from her astonishment, she went into her uncle's chamber, and found him dead. She alarmed the house; but made no mention of having seen Clark.

When she had finished, Hinckley remarked that it seemed strange that the young lady should be willing to see her brother accused of the crime, when she could so easily have pointed out the guilty one. I rose to make some reply, when Maria spoke:

"It may seem strange in the eyes of some; but as I recognize no right that the law has to require me to make known those reasons, I shall be excused if I keep them secret; especially as my making them known could not give or take

away from the force of my evidence." Hinckley was silenced for a time.

Clark was expected to return to the city to-day; and I had taken the precaution to have an officer in readiness for him when he should arrive. The witnesses had now all been examined, and evidence summed up on both sides; the judge had given the charge to the jury; when my officer came in and said that Clark did not come on in the train. He had got wind of the affair, and made his escape. On some accounts I felt relieved. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. Barnes was acquitted. I had gained the case. I may as well say in this place, that not long afterwards we saw in the paper the death of Philip Clark. He died in Australia.

After this, young Barnes grew to be quite a favorite with me. The affair had been a benefit to him; he left his evil associates. He and his sister, having a small property, bought a house and lived together in a very snug, pretty way. Somehow I got into the habit of visiting them. I don't know when it was that I began to love Maria Barnes, or to think she might make a good wife. I may not tell how I managed my suit on this occasion. I had profited by experience, most certainly; and now found the court of love as propitious as courts of law. I got the case.

SERMONS.

"It amazes me ministers don't write better sermons—I am sick of the dull, prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a parson.

"But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons," suggested the minister.

"Yes," replied the lady, "but you are so long about it; I could write one in half the time if I only had the text."

"O, if the text is all you want," said the parson, "I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon, 'It is better to live in a corner of the housetop, than in a wide house with a brawling woman.'"

"Do you mean me, sir," inquired the lady quickly.

"O, my good woman," was the grave response; "you will never make a sermonizer; you are too soon in your application."—*Christian Inquirer*.

ATTENTION, GIRLS!

There is a great scarcity of domestics in Kansas. You can get any amount of wages, if you can only get there. And what is still more interesting to you, eligible males are as plenty as mosquitoes at the seashore, and wives as scarce as silver dollars. Girls there are raised from the rank of servant to that of mistress, as suddenly as tavern keepers are made colonels in this part of the world. When you go, be sure to take with you a white veil, kid gloves and orange flowers. A gold ring also would be an advisable article, for a jewel of a girl.—*Philadelphia Journal*.

FLOW ON, RIVER, FLOW.

BY JOHN CARTER.

Flow on, river, flow,
All darkly and slow,
Flow peacefully on to the sea;
There is a star on thy breast,
Where the twilight doth rest,
And there's peace on thy bosom for me.

I have sundered the coil
Of heart-wearing toll,
I have quit the life-struggle awhile,
And I seek thee to-night,
All stained with the fight,
To forget it and gaze on thy smile.

Thou art flowing along,
Defiant and strong,
Heeding lightly the trials of youth,
While trembling I stand,
Nor heed the command,
Urging on to the rescue of truth.

O, the foeman is strong,
And the fight must be long,
And mine armor is heavy to bear—
I must rest here awhile,
And my spirits beguile,
Lest to-morrow I sink in despair.

NIGHT ON THE LOIRE.

BY EDWIN A. LOTHROP.

THE dungeons of the tribunal at Nantes lay in the sombre gloom of twilight—a wintry twilight, short, dim and gray. To eyes unaccustomed to the deep, gloomy recesses of these dens, it hardly mattered whether midnight or noonday prevailed; but to those which had not fairly looked a gleam of sunshine in the face for months, every gradation of light was marked. In one of these dungeons, sat a lady of noble mien, and an air of dignity which no circumstances of imprisonment or suffering could hide or diminish. Another female was there also, whose tender and affectionate manner toward the lady was as lovely to see as it was remarkable. She was a young girl, of no great degree of personal beauty; but with a soft, persuasive smile that brightened up an ordinary face into a really handsome one.

The elder lady was the wife of Lepina, a Vendean general; the younger was her attendant, but loved and valued by Madame Lepina as a child. Madame was one of the victims of the blood-thirsty Carrier; and when she was carried to the dungeons, the young girl insisted on following her thither. She was a native of Chateaufort, who was deeply attached to her mistress, and would not be separated from her. Even in

the gloomy room which constantly held these two heroic females, they were as regardful of their appearance, and as punctilious in their habits as though they were in the very heart of society. Madame Lepina would have deemed herself failing in self-respect had she not maintained as much state as was possible to preserve in her present abode. Still this ceremony only affected her outward. The heart was just as free—the affections as unreservedly given; and it was not in the nature of things to feel otherwise than tender and affectionate towards the amiable girl, who, for her sake, had forsaken all and followed her to these dreary depths—who mingled the consolations of religion, the fervor of love, and the renewing power of faith and hope in a future release from imprisonment.

"My dear Ida," said madame, one day when she had been more than usually gloomy, and Ida more devoted to her comfort, "what could I have done without you? I do not believe that my life would have been spared, or that I should ever have hoped to see my beloved husband again, had not you inspired me with hope and fortitude. If God spares my life now, my precious child, you shall be to me as a daughter; you shall share my home. Alas! what is my home now?"

"Do not distress yourself, dearest lady. A few weeks more, and I doubt not the rigor of your punishment will be softened. Do not doubt that you will meet General Lepina again—the 'brave Vendean general,' as I heard some one of the visitors call him the other day."

The lady's face flushed with pride and pleasure at this tribute to her noble husband; and she pressed Ida's hand with more than usual warmth. The days wore on in this gloomy place, with little of note to rouse Madame Lepina from the stupor which the darkness and the confined air always brought upon her. Ida's more youthful eyes could discern objects with more clearness than could the tear-bedimmed ones of madame; and the young girl sewed, netted, and, when the atmosphere without was clearer than usual, she could read a little; but the attempt was dangerous to the sight, and Madame Lepina absolutely forbade her making the trial.

So the time lagged wearily. An occasional visit from the ferocious being by whose orders the wife of General Lepina had been made to undergo the refinement of cruelty, by separating her from her husband, alone varied the monotonous gloom of her existence. Only the devotion of her faithful Ida could have enabled her to endure the misfortunes which had settled upon a life once so gay and happy.

Madame Lepina was once the beauty of her times; not the belle, for she was too true a woman; too truthful to her deepest womanly nature, to claim so poor a distinction. Soon after her marriage with General Lepina, she had lost both her parents; and, being an only child, there were none with whom she claimed near relationship. When therefore, the edict for her incarceration went forth, she had no near friend whose visits could soften the pains of her imprisonment, or bring her news of her adored husband.

The same utter destitution of relations was true of Ida Keough. Her parents were dead, and an only brother had early given up his life on the blood-red battle-field. Madame had found her mourning for that brother's death, and with the instinct of a benevolent nature, had taken her home with her, treated her as a companion, and only satisfied the young girl's independence of character and dislike of obligation, by allowing her to perform some few trifling offices about her personal comforts, and which she would have had no hesitation to delegate to a sister. An officer, high in rank, and devotedly attached to General Lepina, had become warmly interested in Ida, at the pleasant re-unions of the previous winter. He was perfectly aware of her poverty, and knew that if he married her, no considerations of influence or rank, or wealth, could arise in consequence of it; and he had argued with his own heart, and the result of the argument was, that Ida's sense, worth and purity were worth a thousand fortunes, and more than the most distinguished connections could atone for any want of those attractions. This officer had escaped from the fate of many of his companions, and in the depth of the wintry storms, he walked for ten consecutive days, until he arrived at Nantes. There he learned that Ida had accompanied Madame Lepina to prison; and the intelligence, while it awakened every feeling of admiration at her noble conduct, filled him with the deepest solicitude.

It was at the hour of twilight, as we said, when the two noble women were seated, according to their wont, and talking over for the thousandth time, the well-remembered scenes of "long ago." Both were affected to tears; but Ida's were only sympathies, for all day long, there had been a lightness at her heart, and a sense of hopefulness that filled the gloomy room with a ray of brightness. She was trying to administer consolation to her companion, who, drowned in tears, had just thrown herself back upon the hard bed, unable to control her emotions.

"Cheer up, cheer up, beloved mistress," said

Ida, "I have a presentiment that something pleasant will come to us even here, and that speedily. See, it is even lighter here now than it was an hour since; and we know by that, that the storm has cleared, and that the sun is setting gloriously. And the same sun, dear lady, is over all. What joy to think that when it brings a brighter beam to light up this dark prison, it is the same sun that shines upon our old home; the same that lights the pathway of your brave husband; and—" She ceased suddenly; and Madame Lepina, wiping away the tears, said:

"Yes; and that also of the brave Legare. Is it not so, Ida? Is it not that which gives to your words a sound of joy and hope?"

There was no time for explanation; for ere the words had left her lips, a sound was heard at the door, and the grim jailer entered; and in the darkened twilight, they saw that another form followed him, by the light at the open door.

"Fifteen minutes," said the jailer, in answer to a whispered question from the stranger. "I shall watch outside, and knock for you at the expiration of that time."

The jailer placed a small lamp in the hand of the new comer; and he came forward to where the prisoners were waiting in breathless suspense. As the lamp shed its rays over his face, Ida gave a glad shriek that stirred the very depths of the stranger's heart.

"My Ida! is it thus that I behold you?" he asked in a low voice. "And you too, Madame Lepina? Alas! what would the poor general say, to meet you in this dungeon?"

"Dearest Carlos," whispered Ida, "speak to her only in the language of hope. She is very low in spirits, and her health constantly failing in this dismal place. Hold the light that I may see her face, which I can only dimly discern."

"My generous, true-hearted love!" said Legare, "how can I sufficiently express my admiration of your nobleness and firmness, in following the unfortunate lady hither?"

"Do not talk in that way, Carlos. Is she not my friend and benefactress—my more than mother? And how little you must have esteemed me if you thought that I could forsake her now!"

Madame roused herself from her sorrow, and asked Legare many questions; but ere he could answer half of them, he heard the harsh voice of the jailer within the door, warning him that the fifteen minutes had expired. He now made a daily visit for some weeks, and always accompanied them with some delicacies more adapted to their wants than the coarse prison fare. He won over the jailer to permit this; and his visits formed a new era in the life of the prisoners.

Gradually, through the potency of his gifts to the jailer and his little girl, whom her father idolized, the time was lengthened to a half, and sometimes to a whole hour.

How sweet were those hours of communion! In after days, how did Legare recall them as the happiest that had fallen upon his life. Sometimes he would bring candles, and light up the room with such a glow as they had not witnessed for the whole of their imprisonment; but he took care to lower the light gradually, before the jailer opened the door. Once, he passed the ferocious pro-consul in the yard. A moment earlier, and his visits to the prisoners would have been stopped. He eyed him suspiciously; but as Legare had on the dress of a Swiss peasant, and carried a basket of fruit in his hand—a method to which he was obliged to resort—the pro-consul supposed him to be only a servant, and he was allowed to pass unmolested.

One day the door was rudely opened by some men while madame lay asleep. Ida motioned to them that they must not wake her, as she was ill and exhausted. They had an expression upon their countenances, of which Ida vainly tried to dispel the anxiety that it inspired in her. It was a mingling of ferocity and derision; and although she could not divine why she thought so, she was sure that it had some terrible import.

Another time—and this was in the evening—madame's name was called; and the person calling her, intimated that she must come into the passage. She was asleep; and Ida, apprehensive of some new terror for her already worn-down and exhausted charge, went herself, to answer to the call. She went back no more!

The morning preceding that terrible night, Legare had, in walking over the drawbridge which led immediately from the prison, remarked a curious boat, apparently just built. It was very broad at the bottom, capable of holding a large number of persons, and seemed better designed to float upon, than to cut the waves. It attracted his attention, and he made a pause to examine it. He perceived that an immense hole had been cut out in the bottom of the boat, and a valve introduced, to which was attached a small iron chain. He saw some persons approaching, and not willing to meet them, he turned hastily away; but the sight of that boat haunted him all day. He could not banish it from his mind. In some way he connected it with the idea of the prisoners; then, unable to arrive at any settled conclusion, he tried to banish it from his mind.

Had it been possible to make another visit that day, he would certainly have done so; but as

the jailer had often told him that he was already running the risk of losing his place by admitting him daily, he contented himself with hovering about the vicinity of the prison, and feeling that he was holding ward and watch around what he truly loved. He kept walking about until after dark; and laughing at his own foolish fears, and the presentiments which he had cherished through the day, he went back to the house where he had been received on his return. He retired to rest; but sleep forsook his pillow.

He rose and paced the room until morning, longing for the hour when he might expect to be admitted to the prison. Something whispered him—or, as he tried to think, it was the effect of last night's sleeplessness—but something impressed him that there was trouble there. Madame Lepina's wearied and pallid look came to his mind, as he had seen it the morning before; and now he remembered thinking that Ida's cheek, as he held up the little spirit lamp to her countenance, looked pale and wan. He quickened his steps until he stepped upon the bridge. The boat was gone, and there were some indications that the draw had been raised since he was here the day previous. Still the feeling of dread curdled the very blood about his heart; and when he met the jailer near the door of madame's cell, he shuddered visibly.

"You will find your friend alone," the jailer remarked, as he unlocked the door.

"My friend," said Legare, "why not my friends?" And the blood left his cheek, and his hand trembled as he passed in.

The jailer sank his voice to the lowest tone. "One of them met her death last night."

"One! which—which—for God's sake, Moullins, tell me which?"

"It was madame. The pro-consul visited her last night, and she refused to answer some questions with which he assailed her about her husband. He came out, ordered the draw to be raised, and a boat brought to this step. Then madame was called out, and although it was so dark that Phillipe who had just come to relieve me, could not see her, yet he felt her presence. She came out, and her first step was into the boat; a valve in the bottom was suddenly loosened, and—you know the rest. Sacre! if I had been here, I would have pitched that man into the stream! I tell you, friend, I have not been able to go in there this morning, to see that poor desolate girl, who I suppose is her daughter."

Legare staggered forward as Moullins opened the door; but heard no sound within. A deathly stillness prevailed in the dark room, and he had just strength enough left to light the small lamp.

He approached the bed; the outline of a figure met his gaze, and he drew the sheet from the face—it was that of Madame Lepina! Where, then, was Ida? A terrible thought arose in his mind; and in that of Moullins also. The latter called Phillipe, his nephew, and made him repeat the transaction of the night before.

"That sets it all at rest," said the jailer, "it must have been mademoiselle, then, who took the old lady's place."*

He spoke to unconscious ears, for Legare had fallen to the stone floor insensible. But as Moullins stooped to raise him, he touched the hand of the supposed sleeper on the bed. It was deadly cold; and starting at the chill, as he looked at her more attentively, he saw that she was dead. She had, in all probability, heard the splash, as Ida touched the water; and the shock, or her failing to return, had destroyed her.

Legare woke to consciousness and to misery. Henceforward, he became a wanderer upon the earth; and in the depths of the forest, on the mountain top, or in the seclusion of valleys, he shrunk alike from the sight or sound of a river. The rushing waters brought with them the fatal remembrance of that awful night, when, as he had often pictured the scene in imagination, Ida had sunk into the embraces of the treacherous Loire, which had never given up its dead.

Once and once only he had wept; and that was after many years, when he accidentally met the aged General Lepina; but he never breathed Ida's name, even to him. And he continued to wander among the loneliest solitudes, until, one morning he was found by some travellers, in a ravine among the Pyrenees. They raised his head, from which the warmth of life was not yet departed. He had gone to rejoin his murdered love!

* That the wife of General Lepina was doomed to such a death, and that when called to meet it, a young girl, her attendant, went forward in her place, and was drowned in a boat with a valve at the bottom, is an historical fact.

PACIFIC FARMING.—California bids fair to lead the world in agriculture. In San Jose, a pumpkin was raised this year weighing one hundred and sixty pounds. It grew from a seed which produced an aggregate of sixteen hundred pounds of pumpkins. An apple tree in the nursery of Mr. Lindsay, at Union, Humboldt Bay, which is not much higher than a man's head, bore eighty-one apples that would average half a pound in weight, making over forty pounds of fruit. The weight of the fruit would exceed that of the tree, roots, branches and leaves.

I LOVED A MEER AND TENDER FLOWER.

BY E. W. PUTNAM.

I loved a meek and tender flower,
Within whose tearful eye
Seemed ever mirrored faithfully,
The star-lit azure sky.
I bore that floweret to my home,
And wept to see it lie
Drooping and pale upon my heart,
Mid stranger scenes to die.

I loved a bright and beauteous star,
And gazed, at set of sun,
Upon its varying beams afar,
Wishing it were my own.
But while devising some wild means
By which to make it mine,
I saw, behind the azure hills,
That beauteous star decline.

I cherished long a darling hope,
And watched, with eager eye,
To see the bud of promise open—
I saw it wither, die.
And I exclaimed, in tears, "O, thus
Must all that's dear depart!"
When Faith, from the pure land of love,
Thus whispered to my heart:

"There is a flower that ever blooms,
A star that e'er will shine,
A hope that beameth brighter yet,
When earthly hopes decline;
By smiling angels' hands they're wreathed
With precious jewels rife,
And placed upon the Christian's brow,
A glorious crown of life."

THE MISER'S WARD.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

A HARD, harsh, grasping man was old Peter Carew: the oldest of his neighbors could not remember when he had been anything but grasping. There was a story current—current only in whispers, for no one dared brave the roused wrath of the rich miser—that he had once been a bound boy in the village, that defiant of all restraints he had stolen his only sister from the poor house where she had been born, and with her left the place and went—no one knew whither. The waves of time rolled on, and the little ripple this singular disappearance created on the tide of our village life, soon settled down into calmness, and the wanderers were forgotten. The petulant, crafty, crabbed disposition of the boy rendered him distasteful to those who had protected him, and the town were probably only too glad to rid themselves of the dreamy, daisy-eyed girl who had so long been a

burthen to them. At all events, no pains had been taken to recover them, and as I said before, they were very speedily forgotten. More years rolled on, and other impulses and other incidents settled down upon the village. Old people had gone to their long rest, and a younger generation was springing up in our midst, when old Peter Carew came amongst us, and bought up an estate which had long been in the market. He had but two attendants: an old man and an older wife, who superintended his household arrangements, and cared for his domestic comfort. He never visited away from his home, never encouraged his neighbors in their social tendencies, never suffered the slightest approach to familiarity, and seemed only to live in the light of his own accumulations, and the excitement of his grasping, money-grubbing miserly employment. No farm was so well tilled as Peter Carew's; no estate yielded so much, yet those who tilled it for him, knew just as little about its owner as did his neighbors. His name on change was good for the most exorbitant amount, and most exorbitant was the interest demanded for the use of that name; yet those who dealt with him were as ignorant of anything beyond his external nature, as any other of the mystified villagers. Children slunk away from him, and crept frightened into the shadow as he passed; conversation, no matter how mirthful, stood hushed and silent at his approach, or continued only in ominous whispers. Nurses used the name of old Peter Carew as a terror to refractory children; old gossips, sitting over their tea, shook their heads, and predicted evil to one so evil in himself. Did he know this? or knowing it, did he care for the opinion of his fellow-villagers? Was there no inner chamber to his heart, where beneath the crust of sordid avarice and love for gain were gathered the gentle memories of a childhood untainted by greed and gold? Did he never sit in that large lone room where the shadows slept eternally, and rolling the stone away from the sepulchre of the past, look in upon the ashes of what had been hope and love and charity? Were there no moments in that wasted life when the spirit wings flung off their rusty chains and spread themselves into the purer atmosphere of dormant affections? God knoweth! No one else could follow the miser to his lonely chamber, or read the secrets of that closely shut heart. And so years rolled on, till even he became an object of indifference to his neighbors, and was left to pursue his avocations of money-making and money-saving in comparative peace.

Christmas had come. Great fires were rearing

and sparkling in wide-mouthed fireplaces. Parties were forming in old homesteads, and children were coming home whose step had long been silent in the paternal mansions. Everywhere were glee and joy and excitement. The poor were made happy by bountiful donations from the more fortunate villagers; the rich were deep in the mysteries of invitation cards and of party dresses; little children, red and rosy, eagerly counted the hours till the arrival of Santa Claus should place them in the possession of some coveted treasure. There was happiness for every one—every one but poor, miserly Peter Carew. The night preceding Christmas was far into the morning, and still the old miser sat drearily in his great arm-chair. His chin was resting on his clasped hands, and his keen gray eyes were fixed intently upon the crackling fire. Now and then a falling ember would startle him from his reverie, but replacing it he would again settle back into his chair and continue his meditations. Not a very pleasant picture was that solitary old man, sitting over his solitary fire in his solitary old mansion. His hair was sparse and gray, and scarcely wavered upon his wrinkled forehead. The firelight flickered about his person, lighting up his face, and bringing out in bold relief all the lines and curves which age and avarice had engendered there. Was it an illusion of the flashing light, or had indeed that old worn face settled down into something of feeling and humanity in its outlines? The Christmas bells had long ago ceased ringing, and still he sat and thought. The fire had gone down into darkness, with only now and then an occasional glimmer looking out like an eye from the dead ashes, and then fading away. The stars were all gone, and the crimson of morning was just breaking up in the east. Merry voices were ringing out in the air, and even while he listened, one more daring than the rest had called out under his window:

"A happy Christmas to you, Mr. Carew."

Happy! Mr. Carew rose and dropped the heavy curtains still more closely over the windows, and again seated himself by a now fireless hearth. He heard the jingling of bells as the sleighs glided over the crusted snow; he heard the mingled voices of song and shout, the distant echoes of pealing laughter, the lusty crow of the village chanticler, and he knew it was morning. He knew Christmas day had come, yet still he sat leaning heavily upon his clasped hands, and gazing intently into the ashes where the fire had died out. Was he the only lonely desolate man in the world? Was it a happy Christmas to all on earth but him? Was there no other fireless hearth nor empty home,

nor tenantless heart in the wide universe? But what were his possessions? Had his own hand put away from him all of love, of gentle affection, of tender sympathy which it had been his lot ever to know? The sun had come up now hanging every leafless twig with diamonds, and turning the vast fields of snow into living brilliants. Crowded sleighs were transporting masses of jovial people from one house to another; little children were flattening their nose against the window panes to catch a glimpse of the passing crowds, and the reign of pleasure had already begun in good earnest. The miser could not close his ears, so he sat in his chair and listened. Another hour had passed, when the door opened, and the old serving man hobbled into the room.

"Well?" questioned the miser, lifting a face which looked singularly gray in the dim, hardly lighted room.

"That man's family in the tenant house," muttered the servant, in no pleasant terms; "can do nothing with him. He has got no money; his wife and children are sick, and—"

"Pshaw! Turn them out. I told you so last week. Turn them out or I hold you responsible. Turn them out, bag and baggage!"

"But the sick wife; the children?"

"What's that to me? What business has a man like him with a wife and children? Why haven't I a wife and child—(the miser choked upon the word). I have no compassion upon such a man. If he must have luxuries let him pay for them, I won't. Don't let them stop another day!"

"O, master, don't! Think what the day is think what that poor man must suffer at best. Happiness all around him; plenty all around him; homes and loves and affections all around him; only him and his so afflicted. O, master, don't, don't! Or if you will be hard on them don't trouble them to day—not on Christmas day!" And the servant's eyes were full of tears.

"Pah! what is Christmas day to me? Who cares if I starve, rot, perish here in the midst of my gold?"

"I do! O, I do, guardy; I do, indeed!"

A quick start; a burst of wild surprise, and the old servant was down on his knees, kissing the little hand which for the moment was abandoned to him.

"Little Lula—little Lula—little Lula!" were the only words intelligible for his sobs.

What a cherry, smiling, happy face it was that nestled down on the old miser's breast; and with what almost ludicrous tenderness did it

soft hand wander over the worn face, and smooth the sparse gray hair down upon the wrinkled brow. It was not a handsome face—it was not brilliant or piquant, or enchanting to look at. There was too much strength in the massive forehead, and too firm an outline to the general features for womanly beauty. The eyes too, though large and flashing, had that same keen and piercing expression which characterized those of her guardian—for such the miser was. But when occasion called it forth, that firm-lined face could settle into the utmost look of affectionate devotion; those keen gray eyes grow soft and gentle as a dove's; and that wilful little mouth take leave of its firm-cut outline, and melt into the warmest perfection of womanly beauty. But for that little rigidity, her mouth would have been the impersonation of feminine sweetness: bright, rich, passionate lips like opening rosebuds, with pearly teeth just gleaming through the rift of bloom guarded by roguish dimples which would have set a hermit sighing, went far to detract from the plainer points of view from which a stranger might judge her. A profusion of hair swept over her shoulders in auburn curls, and fell far below her waist. You almost felt this was her only vanity, so carefully were the long ringlets trained to fall about her. As they mingled now with the white hair of the miser, the old simile of spring and winter was palpably presented. With a warm, caressing gesture, she freed herself from the miser's clasp and looked shiveringly about the room.

"No fire this cold day? O, guardy, I'm afraid you'll have to let me stay, now I've come, and take care of you. Wasn't you surprised, though? I dare say you never thought of me. I waited for an invitation, but as that didn't come to me, I came to you—don't you see? If the mountain wouldn't go to Mahomet, why Mahomet must go to the mountain; though I must say my mountain don't deserve it of me." It was beautiful to see her, with her glad, bright face, slipping down on her knees by his side, kissing his shrivelled hand in her fondling, womanly manner. The miser, all his bitterness gone, laid his hand upon her head, and gazed down upon the lithe little creature before him. What had he not lost in all those cold, hard years, by refusing the companionship of his sister's only child? He turned her face up to him and kissed it.

"So you really do love your old hard-hearted guardian? You would like to live with him always, and render his few remaining years happy and comfortable?"

"Few remaining fiddle-sticks! Don't you talk of dying these many, many, *many* years yet; if you do I'll—well I can't tell you what I wont do. Why, no wonder you look old—and you do *that*, guardy, I must say—and feel old, shut up here with Mr. and Mrs. Pliney—nice old people as ever was, but not the company for you. O, you needn't look glum. I've got over being afraid of you. I know, if you are an old miser, and I'm afraid you are, and if you are a regular man-eater, as people say you are, and if you do save up your money for—for for me, I suppose—and the way I'll make it fly when you are gone, you'll see; well, I say if you are all these bad things to other people, I know you better. I know there is a warm heart and a dear loving nature somewhere about you, or you never would have taken poor orphan me, nobody's child, whom nobody loved, and nobody cared for, and brought me up till now. O, guardy, if you had only allowed me to live with you, how happy I would have made you. I say, guardy, was you ever in love?"

"Girl!"

In the warmth of her heart, the gay-spirited girl had not noticed the gray, white face growing grayer and paler till this last startling syllable fell like a curse upon her ear. She started up, she wound her arms around him, she drew his head down upon her bosom, while her tears fell in rain over the wrinkled forehead.

"Forgive me," she urged, "I did not mean, I did not think." And sobs again choked her utterance.

The miser kissed her, and led her to the door of his chamber.

"Go now, dear," he said. "Get Mr. Pliney to bring up your trunks, and make yourself as comfortable as you can. Don't let me see any tears when you come again."

He smiled a ghastly, pitiful smile, and having kissed her again, closed the door, and when she was out of hearing, locked it, and sat himself down with memory. Picture after picture passed before him, and still he sat. A humble cottage, naked and bare, rooms full of staring strangers, with a coffin, and a grave in the poor's corner, comprised the first picture. Then came the poorhouse, with its attendant squallor and misery, where through the long days a sturdy brother and a puny sister went lonely around from pauper to pauper, sometimes meeting with kindness, but oftener with ill-nature. Then the boy was bound out, and the frail, puny sister, withered alone like a flower broken from its stalk, and flung into the shadow. As this picture passed, the miser set his teeth firmly, and clinched

his hands as if wishing for the revenge he could not take. Brighter pictures then succeeded. The successful boy, the striving man, the warm-hearted brother and the tender lover. Then a dark, blank change: the sister betrayed by a villain, married in opposition to his most earnest prayers, and the wife that should have been his, the companion of another man, the mother of another man's children, sold for gold, for grain, for greed! Then he went mad. Then he determined to sell himself for gold, for gain, for greed. Then he shut out every other impulse, every other aim, every other object but that of gain. Once only had the heart been betrayed into human emotion, when a poor, puny little orphan, his dead sister's child, had been laid in his arms, and he had sworn to protect it. He had done his duty. He had placed her in competent hands, he had watched over her education, he had taken care of her physical and mental training, and in all but bestowing upon her a father's affection, he had felt for her a father's care. He had visited her once a year, but never while he had been resident of the village, had she before visited him.

Luella Wilton was little more than seventeen years of age when she is introduced to the reader, yet possessing rare powers of discrimination and energy; rare powers of discernment and analysis; rare powers of determination and will. She had no impulsive feelings, formed no hasty opinions. She was grave and thoughtful for her years, and although her girlish propensities were not always held in check, there was a solidity and a staidness about her every act more suggestive of the matron than the maiden. Still there was enough youthful blood in her veins to re-invigorate all who came in contact with her.

Her visit to her miser uncle had not been without meditation. He was the only relative she had on earth, and whatever others might say, he had been kind to her, and she loved him accordingly. Until her tenth year she had been his constant companion, sitting with him in his solitude, walking with him, riding with him, and associated with all his plans and views. The tone of her character had been caught from this companionship, and accounted in a measure for the practical solidity of her nature. It was a great trial to the old couple who had tended her infancy, when she was sent away to perfect her education; but if her uncle missed her, he never allowed any one else to think so. Mrs. Pliney reasoned and begged, and entreated, but with a look which even the good soul knew better than to brave, he only replied:

"It is necessary; I will it so."

From that time her name was seldom mentioned in the house, and until her sudden appearance on Christmas morning, the old couple were quite ignorant of her residence. Luella had her own purposes to work out, however, in this unexpected visit. Love is always at the bottom of all mischief, and of course she, in her bright, fresh, happy girlhood, had not escaped the snare. She loved, as she did everything else, strongly, bravely, and with a firm reliance upon the worth of the object beloved. Her clear, calm judgment told her there was no real perfection on earth, so she did not look for a perfect man; but she would as soon have doubted the stars in heaven as the constancy and affection of Walter Graham. She did not expect him to love her as she loved him. She did not expect to engross his mind day and night to the exclusion of every other object as he did hers. She would not have respected him so much if he did. He was not a particularly demonstrative lover, and Luella was rather pleased that he was not; but there was that in him of honest, hardy, manly purpose, which induced a woman to rely implicitly upon his word. No fears, no jealousy, no stinging doubts had characterized their intimacy. It had begun in deep and calm respect, it had ended in warm and tender love. She would have repaid by stern rebuke any one who would have hinted at his probable infidelity, and so when he wound his arm around her, and asked her to be his wife, she placed her hand in his and replied, "forever! here and hereafter." And now she had come home to gain her guardian's consent to their union. Her betrothed had accompanied her to the village, and remained at the hotel while she sought her uncle's house. And there we found her.

It was like magic, the change her coming had already produced. Fires sparkled on hearths all unkindled to the cheery blaze. Warm-looking carpets glowed in the rich light which had long held solitary possession of the best room. Shutters were thrown open, and window curtains pushed back to their farthest extent to let in the surprised sunlight. The village had been ransacked for material for a first-rate Christmas dinner. Mr. Carew looked twenty years younger in the unexpected joy of the occasion, and the old serving people were beside themselves with happiness. Luella was the sunshine which had lighted up the gloomy old house, and already the miser had determined never to part with her, when an explosion took place which threatened to annihilate happiness forever.

For the first time in her life, Luella trembled

before the terrible anger of her uncle. The dinner had been removed, the fires replenished, and in a cosy little room sat the miser and his ward: he in his comfortable arm-chair, she on a little footstool at his side, leaning her elbows on his knees, and looking wistfully up into his face. The secret was trembling on her lips, still the words would not come to her aid. Some secret presentiment of evil seemed holding them back, and cautioning her not to be too precipitate. The miser was keen-eyed and quick-witted. He saw her wistful gaze, and divined her thoughts. His face grew stern and dark, and he lifted her hands from their resting place, and moving his chair, he went to the window, and stood for a few moments in silent thought. The wintry wind was wildly astir among the leafless boughs of the forlorn-looking trees. It lifted the whirling snow, and shook with a sullen malignity the windows and blinds of the old mansion. It whistled round the corners of the house, and occasionally tumbled down the chimney with a great roar and a gust. Without, all was bleak, dismal, sullen; within, all brightness, light and love. He turned again to the fireplace, where Luella was still sitting, now pale and agitated. Why should he waste her young life as his had been wasted? Why should he bring down upon that young heart the torments of a blighted affection, because his heart had been crushed? Why should he sting her to death because his own life had been a blank? It was right, it was necessary, it must come some time, and for the rest the old house was big enough to hold them all. His miser heart was melted in his bosom. He saw his only sister going away to die with the bitter curse of his tempestuous wrath upon her head; and how wonderfully she resembled that sister loved and lost; the more so as she sat there, pale and trembling with some undefined dread. He went to her, lifted the bright curls away from her forehead, and gazed down into her fearful eyes.

"Is he worthy of you?" he asked.

With a great gush of joy, Luella sprang to his bosom, and wound her arms around his neck. For the next half hour nothing disturbed the stillness of the room, but the soft, faint murmurings of Luella, as she narrated the incidents of her engagement. The miser was more agitated than ever she had seen him in her life. His face was pale, and his limbs trembled as if shaken with a sudden cold. In her history he read the history of his own lost life, and the history of every life that love has made happy. It was past; the confession was over, and still Luella hid her face on her uncle's bosom.

"And his name, Lula; you have forgotten to tell me his name?"

"Walter Graham."

"Walter Graham!" And with a ringing oath he sprang from his chair, nearly upsetting Luella in his haste. "Walter Graham! Her son, Walter Graham; he is your lover?"

Luella, astonished, paralyzed with terror, and nearly frantic with fear, raised her eyes to her uncle's face. And such a face as it was! So rigid, so colorless, so full of burning, unquenchable hatred, that she cowered and sank before it.

"Her son! her son! You to marry her son?" He stood wringing his hands and muttering over and over again the bitter words, till Luella crept up to him, and laid her own on his arm.

"What have I done? Why are you so angry with me? What has Walter done to make you so pitiless?"

"Why do I stand here, the wreck of everything manly and good? Why has my life been darkened and blackened and abhorred; lone, lone, miserable, betrayed, ruined past redemption? Why have I lost all trust in God, all faith in man? Why am I despised of all my race, an object of horror to those about me? Why, O, God in heaven! why have I no past but a blank, no future but desolation? Why but because I loved a treacherous woman? Why but because I mistook a demon for a demi-god? And that demon, woman; that fiend whose breath of fire devastated a whole lifetime, was Ida Graham, the mother of Walter! Do you wonder now that I am moved? That I gloat over the chance to wring her heart as she has mine; that I joy to see revenge once more within my grasp?"

With a look upon her face which would have melted any heart but one bent on his own retaliation, Luella sank down upon her knees crying:

"Mercy! mercy!"

"Mercy!" he hissed, stamping the floor with the ferocity of a fiend. "Mercy! What mercy had she upon me? What pity did she extend to the poor youth whose worship she had won only for the sport of the moment? Grand sport! capital sport! a poor fly writhing upon a pin—a butterfly broken on a wheel! Rare sport! O, yes, mercy! she shall have mercy, the mercy of my crushing, unutterable scorn! Of my bitter, eternal hatred!"

His hatred! Yes, it was written on that swollen and livid brow; on those set and pallid lips; in the wild light of those piercing eyes! Luella saw it all, and the agony of her crushed and bleeding heart sprang out in a deep wild cry for help and compassion from above. She gazed upon the dark face above her, but

pitiless even in its abstraction. She tried to speak, but no words came from her lips.

"And you," he said; "you whom I have cherished, to turn viper in my bosom; before you shall ever marry with that accursed man, before you shall ever bear the name of Graham, I will kill you, crush you into the ground, heap perdition on your head! Mark me; there is no alternative. Now send for your lover; tell him all I say, and why I repudiate him; and add to your dismissal my curse—my bitter, burning curse."

He flung her away from him with such force that she fell among the curtains of the deep bay window, without the strength or ability to rise again. I do not think he knew the force he used, or was aware of her fall, till a low moan disturbed his dreary meditations. He set her upon her feet again, without relaxing one muscle of his stern face, and then she went softly away from him, walking like one in a dream, and sat down to write to her lover. That done, she rang the bell for the serving man, and bid him hasten back. She was very pale, and her eyes were swollen and disfigured; beyond that there was no unusual emotion visible. She knew her uncle's indomitable will, believed the separation to be inevitable, and tried to do her duty unrepiningly. The wind still roared and sobbed in the chimney, and around the corner of the houses; but the sun was out, and the glittering light lay all along between the mansion and the village. She could see the windows of the hotel where Walter was stopping, and for one mad moment her impulse was to fly away to him, and be at rest. To be with him, anywhere, away from the whole world if need be, was the wild cry of her agonized heart; but other thoughts came to her, and she tried to be reconciled. She saw her messenger disappearing behind the hill which hid the hotel entrance, and in a few moments more, saw her lover, happy and radiant, hurrying forward to meet her. She had given him no intimation of the preceding incidents, and it was in the fullness of hope that he now hastened along. Seeing her at the window he gaily kissed his hand, and the next moment he stood panting beside her. He would have thrown his arms around her, and imprinted his usual kiss upon her lips, but she drew back and waved him away.

"Never more, Walter! O, never more in this long, dreary world. It is all over; the love and the hope, and happy anticipations we used to enjoy; it is all—all over!" Her head sank upon her breast, and for the first time, he noticed her wan and colorless face.

"Why, Lu, my darling! My darling, what is the matter? What has happened? Who dares come between you and me?"

She lifted her pitiful, tearless face to his, and would have spoken, but he caught her to his heart. The color came back to her poor, pallid cheek, and a wild, passionate sob broke from her heart. A moment of silence—a moment's reading of that colorless face—a moment of doubting, agonized suspense, and then Walter knew all. Pen would fail to convey the intensity of that hour of anguish. Let him who has risked his whole life time of love on one frail venture, and watched its utter demolition, imagine the scene. I could not if I would describe it. The shock seemed to paralyze Walter Graham. He could not comprehend it; could not believe it. To give her up when she had become part and parcel of his existence! And that too, to gratify the revenge of an old miserly man who loved nothing but his money bags!

"You are breaking my heart, Luella," he exclaimed passionately, releasing himself from her clinging arms.

"God help us!" she replied. "I have broken my own, too."

"You? You haven't done it. That uncle of yours is the one to blame for it all. You have no right to listen to him. You have no right to sacrifice both our lives to his infernal revenge. I say you have no right to do anything of the kind."

Luella clasped his hands, and looked imploringly in his face. Her eyes were dry and lurid, and her lips parched as if with sudden fever.

"There is no help for it, Walter. My uncle is the only friend I ever have known. He has educated me; brought me up. I owe everything to him. He has the right to my obedience; the right to my gratitude; the right to my filial regard. He is not the bad man the world thinks him. He is embittered, not malicious. He has always been kind to me till now, and I cannot rebel against him, even if my heart breaks in the struggle. Whatever happens, you will never forget me; you will never doubt me; you will love me always—always; and if we never meet again—" Heart-broken sobs choked her utterance for a moment. "Remember me, Walter. Pity me. It is the last thing I shall ever ask of you, for I am dying, Walter. I cannot be your wife, and I cannot live without you."

It was no shame to Walter that his face was suffused with tears. There was no lack of manliness in the wild and passionate sobs which characterized that parting embrace. They had loved not as men and women love every day,

but with an intensity of affection—a never doubting, melting together of souls, and as their love had been strong, their anguish was wild and bitter. Kiss after kiss had been rained upon the lips, the eyes, the forehead and the hair of the broken-hearted girl, and Walter was about to tear himself from her embrace, when, raising his eyes to the door, he encountered the face and form of Peter Carew! And what a change! Could that face, of late so distorted by frantic rage, be the face of the miser uncle? Could that quivering lip, those streaming eyes, that humble, sorrowful face, belong to one so terrific in his wrath? Luella, startled by an exclamation from her lover, looked up, and sprang into her uncle's arms.

"The old heart is aching in its loneliness, Luella; the old home would be more desolate than ever without you; the old man can better forego his revenge, Luella, than to miss the bright face and the sunny smile that has cheered him so often. Can you forgive him for spoiling this best and holiest day in the year; for making you miserable on Christmas day?"

"And Walter?" asked Luella, smiling through her tears.

"And Walter? Yes, of course, and Walter, though he did call me a miserly old curmudgeon, I forgive him—yes—and I forgive his mother," he added, solemnly, "as I hope to be forgiven. Away with the tears now. We'll have no more of them. Come in, old woman," he cried out to Mrs. Pliney, who had been standing quivering at the door. "Come in and greet your new master and mistress. Now none of your boo-hoo-ing. There, that's enough kissing, now go and hunt up your husband, and tell him if he don't set us out the best supper that can be found in this village—a supper for three, mind—I'll dismiss him, and he knows I'll do it. Now for a kiss all around, and God bless us all, and make us grateful, and more than all, forgiving."

Need more be told? Need we describe the peace and happiness that descended like an angel upon that old mansion, and more than all, upon that old miser's heart? Need we tell of the surprise of the poor tenant when told that his rent was paid, and that he was to live free till his family recovered? Need I describe the wonder of the villagers when the Carew house was thrown open, and invitations sent forth for a grand New Year's party? How Miser Carew, in a few short months, grew to be Uncle Carew—the uncle of the whole surrounding country, and the especially beloved of little children? No! The intelligent reader, knowing how love chastens and refines the grossest intellect, will

have guessed at all of that. Two more pictures and my tale is told.

In a cosy room, made cool and shadowy by the clustering bloom of the Michigan rose vine, a fair young girl sits dreamily at her toilet table. The door opens, and Mrs. Pliney, younger by ten years than when we last saw her, comes softly in, and prints a kiss upon her darling's brow. She has a bunch of rare white rosebuds, the gift of Walter, which she lays carefully in Luella's lap. She is beginning to spread out the rich bridal dress which decorates the bed, but Luella has not yet finished her sweet reverie; so she begs for just ten minutes more of solitude. Mrs. Pliney fidgets a little, but finally leaves the room. Then she takes up the rosebuds, and fondles them as if they were sentient beings.—Once more the door softly opens and she sees reflected in the glass, not Mrs. Pliney, but her betrothed husband.

"O, you mustn't come in now, Walter—indeed you mustn't!" she cries with a little roguish glance at her dishabille condition.

But he does come in, and takes her in his arms, and presses his lips to hers, and calls her "his—his wife," just in time for Mrs. Pliney to catch him at it, and raise her hands in holy horror. And with this picture we drop the curtain.

In another room, not far distant, sits an elderly lady, upon whose face there are traces of recent tears. Nervous, she must be, for every floating breeze, every waving of the window curtain startles her, and turns her pale. At length the step she is evidently waiting for, yet dreading to hear, comes measuredly along the hall. She starts up, turning to the door with anxious, frightened eyes, and then sinks back again, pale, and trembling in every limb. The door opens, and Peter Carew, rejuvenated and brilliant in his holiday clothes, clasps both her hands in his. What followed in that long confidence which succeeded, is too sacred for the intrusive glance of curiosity. Nor will I attempt to say which calls for the most sympathy, or which was most beautiful in the sight of Heaven, the union of those fresh, young, happy hearts, or the reconciliation of those who had been so long at variance.

Peter Carew still lives, surrounded by innumerable little Grahams, and protected by the love of Walter and Luella. There is a small-sized edition of Peter Carew on the carpet now, rolling round, and wonderously endangering the kitten's tail, and if he don't turn out a spoilt Peter Carew before he does a nice young man, it will not be for want of efforts to that effect made by Uncle Peter and by Grandmother Graham.

THE BELLES OF CLAYTONVILLE.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

A LARGE wood fire was burning on the ample hearth of the great room at number ten Felix Place. It shone and glowed all over the carved woodwork, the heavy window shutters, now closed for the evening, and the ceiling on which some unknown artist had drawn fantastic pictures, and colored them as fantastically as he had drawn. Brown-haired angels with orange-colored wings were clutching furiously at others with blue hair and pink feet. A very fat and dropsical-looking St. John was supported on the right by an emaciated Peter, with a bunch of keys that might have locked up the Bastile.

A wheezy piano was discoursing the Battle of Prague, under the fair hands of Annabel Verner, the daughter of the house; and she had taken care to place the instrument directly under the old-fashioned mirror that hung between the windows. Nor was she to blame; for she loved to look on beauty, and certainly one of the most beautiful faces in the world was reflected in that old mirror. The face was one of those where the roses seemed struggling through the clear, olive tint of the complexion; and was partly shaded by the drooping curls of the dark brown hair, which was braided into an immense knot at the back of the head, giving it a purely Grecian outline. Eyes of the deepest gray, shaded by lashes much darker than the hair, and so long as to touch the cheek, eyebrows deeply arched, finely cut lips, red and pouting, and with their rare smile gleaming like sunlight over the whole countenance and showing the short, white teeth within, made up the rare beauty of Annabel Verner.

A low, musical laugh told you that there was another occupant to this room; and close by the ample hearth, sat a little figure on a low seat, holding a screen before the face that belonged to it. Mirthfulness shone out from every line of that sweet face, and illuminated the black eyes, while it seemed absolutely to nestle in the waves of the purple black hair. This was Helen Lowell.

Annabel Verner turned round at this laugh from Helen, and saw that still another, as bright and beautiful as themselves, was just entering the door, but so softly that she had not heard her. There was a loving embrace, as the three sprang to each other's arms, and then the speedy disrobing of her outer garments showed another, but not less perfect style of loveliness in the person of Marion Atherton. The broad, queenly

head had not a curl or braid. It was parted on the top, and combed smoothly on each side, to the back of the neck, where it was simply knotted and confined with a small golden arrow. Her dress was plain, dark merino, with long sleeves and made close to the throat, where a simple band of fine embroidery was fastened by a small broach. No other ornament was visible, and the small ears had evidently never been pierced.

Both her companions were more elaborately dressed; Annabel in a dark silk, highly trimmed, and with jewels flashing from her ears, hands and neck; while Helen was attired in a pale blue cashmere, with falling sleeves, displaying her beautiful arms and white throat to the greatest advantage. The purple hair was graced by a fresh white camellia. These three had been pronounced, by universal suffrage, the belles of Claytonville, and they carried off the palm with becoming dignity and modesty.

Down on the large rug that lay cosily before the shining fire, sat the three girls, each talking innocently and unembarrassedly of the future; and planning bright schemes of wealth and happiness. I cannot say that some little atom of romance was not sprinkled amongst their talk, but the truth is, that *riches* formed by far the greatest part of it.

"What 'Chateaux d'Espagne' did they build! What noble, handsome and gifted husbands were to share all the fairy favors which were thus to be showered down upon them! High, lofty brows, pure and white; cheeks tinged by the warm kisses of the sun; tall, elegant figures, with a great deal of dignity, and a dash of smartness intermingled; and above all, *rich*! These were their prospective husbands.

It was on the thirteenth of February, and Valentine's Eve; and when they separated for the night, with loving kisses and tender words, Helen Lowell said, "We will meet again on every Valentine's eve, until we are all married." And to this they all agreed.

At sixteen, years go slowly on. As we approach onward, each one seems shorn of hours, days, weeks, until a year is but an atom of time; and even so was it with these fair, young girls, with all their fair, fresh youth lying as lightly upon them, as the dew lies on the rose; for it seems an age to look forward to the next Valentine's Eve.

But they are here again, on the thirteenth of February. It is a bright, clear, cold night out, and the window panes are covered with the delicate tracery which the frost king paints in such masses of exquisite white light. Will the young

girls' frost work last longer than that upon the windows? We shall see.

The bright wood fire has given place to a polished steel grate with high, brass columns; but the spindle-legged piano is still there, and poor Annabel is still bringing out the *Battle of Prague* from its tuneless keys. And the musical laugh from Helen's rosy lips is as beautiful to hear as ever. But for all this, there is something on the face of each, that tells of a shadow on the heart. The color on the bright cheeks of the belles of Claytonville comes and goes oftener, and the eyes have not the serene look of a year ago. For Love has stooped over those fair young faces, and shadowed them with his purple wing; and in his train came old and wrinkled Care, and put the first stamp upon those pure white brows. The hearts that one year ago beat softly and regularly to the music of youth and health, now sometimes peal out great cathedral throbs, and again low and faint murmurs like the sighing of a sea-shell, or the breathings of an Eolian harp. —And as they compare notes, you would smile to find how little the real lovers who form the theme of their conversation to-night, are like the ideal men who figured in their imaginations a year ago. Not even the romantic names which they had then given their invisible admirers remain. Their *Alfreds* and *Hectors* have given place to mere common *Johns* and *Williams*; and the tall figures have come down to four feet six.

Perhaps two more insignificant men could not have been found, as far as personal appearance goes, than they who aspired to the favor of Annabel and Helen. William Carberry had long looked up to Annabel as one looks up to the angel of his own destiny. He was faulty, imperfect, and at times dissipated; but her love had seemed somewhat to elevate him for a time. His only redeeming trait seemed to be the tenderness of his love for her; and had she been a stronger woman, she might have moulded him into something better.

John Porter was Carberry's intimate friend; and through his means had become acquainted with Annabel's constant companion, Helen Lowell. To see her was to love her, and won by his flattery, she too overlooked the inferiority of his person, and the faults of his character, and sealed her destiny by accepting him.

James Lawton was of a different order. He was a great deal older than the two young men with whom his liking for Marion Atherton had involuntarily associated him. Of stronger mind, more keen and subtle wit, and a certain craftiness of character, he held his two companions in a controlling influence which they did not under-

stand, nor in fact wish to throw off, but submitted to be led by him wholly. Marion's queenly disposition was rather longer in yielding to his sway, but then to her he did not at first assume such strong control. He loved her better than any earthly thing. Not even his ambition came up to the love which he felt for her. It was the one redeeming trait, mantling over his multitude of great faults. Marion, poor child! could not long keep up the almost regal dignity of her reserve, before such unqualified devotion. Her pride melted before it as the ice before the sun.

Annabel and Helen wondered together, that a girl like Marion should so respond to the affection of James Lawton. Strange, that they could not see that she, too, was comparing him with Carberry and Porter, and marvelling that they could so bow to such inferior natures. O, love does indeed wear rose-hued spectacles, and they color every object that they rest on.

I pass over a few years, no matter how many, and again the three belles of Claytonville are met together. No longer in the dear old room at Felix Place; but in the half-shabby, half-genteel locality of Ayer Street, where Annabel Carberry is the mistress of a showy house, furnished with showy furniture, and the door of which is opened by a showy servant. Beyond the precincts of the hall and the parlor, nothing was ever seen. The people who called, believed, perhaps, that there was a well-appointed kitchen and comfortable chambers, and a cellar and yard well-stocked. They would have been much shocked had they examined those premises, and reflected on the miserable shams which curtailed all necessary household comforts, to give the appearance of wealth to the visible arrangements. The three sat round the dim fire and talked; but the sobbing of the autumn rain does not more fully tell how the young hope of the spring has been crushed and withered, than did the subdued sound of their voices tell of the blighted promise of their youth. Even Helen's low, musical laugh sounded strangely forced.

"And so you are going to the West, Helen?" asked Annabel.

"Yes, John sent for me months ago, but I have delayed, begging and pleading Marion to go with me. Now Lawton has gone, and she has agreed to go, but very unwillingly."

"Not so, Helen. I should be glad to go if I could be sure of any thing like a home. But I have been so tired since my marriage, in going round from place to place, that all hopes of any future quiet for me seems so far off, and the prospect seems so dim, I hardly dare to trust anything human or earthly."

"But your husband, Marion! Surely you can trust him."

A faint blush rose to Marion's cheek, and a tear to her eye, but she tried to smile, and to turn the conversation into playfulness, in which, however, she soon broke down, and covering her face with her hands, she wept aloud. Her friends dared not interrupt this burst of sorrow. Helen adroitly began to talk with Annabel, and Marion, making an effort, recovered her self-possession.

In the first opening of the spring, Helen and Marion prepared to meet their husbands. They bade a tender farewell to Annabel, whom they dearly loved; and promising to write often and give her all the particulars of their new home.

Perhaps no sorrow ever came deeper to the heart of Annabel Carberry, than parting with the two cherished friends of her childhood. They had been associated with each other always in their youth; and as "the belles of Claytonville," they had won all hearts by the way in which they had "borne their blushing honors." Involuntarily, the title and the honors had been ceded to them without a murmur of dispute; for all loved the beautiful and sprightly girls who contributed so large a share of interest to the society of Claytonville. Bound together as they were, it had happened that no rivalry or jealousy had ever tainted their perfect trust in each other, and the harmony of their lives was as beautiful to see, as the surpassing loveliness of their faces. One would have thought that their early dreams might well have been realized, and that beings so fair would surely attract noble and upright men; but this had been reserved for others, far less attractive in outward appearance than they.

Helen's first letter told of Marion's unhappiness. After detailing the incidents of their journey and her own griefs, she added:

"But how can I murmur when I look at Marion? Dear, patient girl! how meekly she bears everything which her proud spirit would have once resisted. I tell you, Annabel, that Marion is completely crushed. When we arrived at the miserable place which he calls his house, Marion's impatience to see her husband was so great, that she jumped from the wagon in which we were carried from the last station, and with her baby in her arms, she rushed forward to meet him. There, close by the house, he stood, leaning against the rough logs, and absolutely waited for her to go to him. There was only one excuse for his not meeting her half way—he *could not walk!* You should have seen poor Marion! Every atom of the bright color which excitement had called forth in her pale cheek, faded suddenly away, and we drove up and alighted just in time to save her from falling, while he staggered aside with a senseless stare in those terribly cold eyes, and only then feebly recognizing his wife, he called out in stammering

tones, 'Why, Marion, is that you, eh!' We carried the poor wife into the dreary-looking house to which he had sent for her, and I really thought she would lose her senses. Had it not been for the dear baby I think she would have lost them. How would poor Mr. and Mrs. Lawton feel to know what their son is coming to? As I told you before, my husband was waiting for us at the station, and had tried to make Lawton accompany him. We left them, to go on a mile further, and I have not been able to see Marion again until this morning. She has exerted herself to get things into order, and the effort has left her weak and ill. Believe me, dear Annabel, we have no right to complain of our disappointments. Thank Heaven that our husbands do not give way to this dreadful habit of drinking. It is now planting time, and yet Lawton was lying on the bed at ten in the morning. Do not mention this to any one. I would not add to her griefs by reporting them at Claytonville. I told her I was going to write you. She shook her head mournfully, and said, 'Tell Annabel all, but not to go any further.' Poor Marion! O dear! how very short was the career of the belle of Claytonville. I say belle, for although many classed us together, still you know that we always gave the palm to her. Good-by, dear Annabel. Think of us sometimes in this western wilderness, and be happy that, if all is not as you could wish, it is still far short of the unhappy state of our beloved Marion."

It is again Valentine's Eve, and the belles of Claytonville are together once more. Once more in the old room at Felix Place. It is now fifteen years since the night on which the merry set had their first meeting there as grown up women, and talked of the future with light and careless words. Each wears the garb of widowhood, and on each face there is stamped a world of care and anxiety. Little Willie Carberry is leaning over his mother's chair, entreating her to be reconciled to the choice he had made of a sea-life. Annabel Porter had made her *debut* this day as a school-teacher, although not yet fifteen, and Marion's two handsome boys are playing about the room. One house holds the three widows and their children; and in the exchange of kind offices, and the unabated affection of their childhood, untouched by the cares that have come like winged arrows to their hearts, they are slowly regaining their peace.

HINDOO FANATICISM.

A gentleman writing from India says: "It is not a week since I saw a Hindoo, who had been forty years in government employ, and was worth £10,000, refuse, when the rope was round his neck, to purchase his life by disclosing the names of those under whom he acted. He replied: 'Never! do your worst,' and of the thousands who have been hanged or blown away from guns, not one has made a confession. They have all shown a courage which only a strong fanatical zeal could infuse into such a mass."

THE SUNSET PICTURE.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"WHAT in the world, cousin Florence, can Hannah be doing with that bunch of violets? Do look at her, please; there she sits, her hands supporting her head, and her eyes bent upon the flowers. I do not see any use in such idleness!" said little, busy, bustling Elsie Maitland, drawing her cousin's attention to the sober-looking servant-girl who sat in the kitchen doorway, seemingly absorbed in contemplating a bunch of early spring violets that lay upon her lap.

"Hush, Elsie! you do not know the girl's thoughts. You do not know what stories of innocence and purity they may tell her—what lessons of truth and love they may teach her, coming so fresh and sweet from the hand of God," replied the lady addressed as Cousin Florence.

"True, I do not know her thoughts; but I do not believe that the simple and holy purity of a violet can make itself heard above the Babel of ignorance and superstition that are forever sounding in her heart. Don't shake your head, Flora; her lessons do not read from pages that lay open in the green fields and cool meadows."

"Sit down by me, Elsie," said Florence Marlow, drawing a softly-cushioned rocking-chair opposite hers, at the open window, and bending her clear blue eyes upon the face of her young cousin for a moment. "Let me tell you how, by a simple yet grandly beautiful sunset picture, I was saved from a life of wretchedness.

"You remember, perhaps, hearing me speak of attending school at R—— Seminary when but sixteen years of age; and you may remember, also, of hearing that my old grandfather and grandmother, and poor, crippled brother Willie, toiled at home to pay for the education which they fondly supposed was all that was necessary, with my talents, to make my position high and noble in the world. The seminary at R—— was patronized by people of great wealth and station, and it was no pleasant matter for me, proud and keenly sensitive as I was, to go among the richly-dressed people in my cheap garments of muslin and calico. I was quiet and reserved among my companions, rarely joining them in their sports and pleasure-excursions. They called me haughty and proud, and smiled sarcastically the while at my cheap clothing—wondering, perchance, how with such an outfit I dared to repulse their patronizing efforts to make me at home among them. It was not to be wondered that, placed as I was among those who looked down upon me with condescending

smiles, and with whom I felt no sympathy, that I should long for the friendship of some one with whom I could stand on equal footing.

"I had not been long at the school before I became acquainted, through the kindness (for such I must call it) of my room-mate, Emma Harland, with her cousin, who was a constant visitor at our boarding-place; a young man of rare personal beauty and winning and polished address. It was a long time before I could believe that his constant calls and as constant inquiries for me, originated from any real interest he might feel in so humble a person as myself. I deemed the sly jokes of my schoolmates but the result of malice, and the hot blushes that burned upon my face when they mentioned his name, was the only answer I gave to their banterings. And yet an interest for the young and handsome gentleman who daily joined me in my walks, and assisted me in my Latin and German, was growing up in my heart; and though I tried to believe it otherwise—tried to hide myself so exclusively in my books that his smiles could not reach me, the truth was everywhere before me. If he gave me a flower, I guarded it as sacredly as a heathen would his god, and looked at it with scarcely less reverence. I found myself admiring what he admired; the brilliant sunset, the early morning and quiet evening. If I heard his step in the hall, or saw him coming up the walk, a rush of sudden joy went leaping through my whole being; and sometimes, before I could go to him, I was obliged to drop my face in my hands to put down the emotions that depicted themselves so plainly upon my face. I must not tell him, I thought, how dear he has grown to me, until he calls for my love; must not by look, indeed, show that I care for him, save as I care for all others. And thus the days went on. I made rapid progress in my studies, and rapid progress in learning to love.

"At last, when my love for Albert Harland was strong and beautiful, in its autumn-like ripeness, he told me, with a glad smile upon his lips and a look of intense affection beaming from his dark eyes, that I was all in all to him; that he had learned to look upon life in a new light since he had known me; and that everything, every responsibility, every thought had grown tinged with the love that had come upon him.

"My happiness was too great to admit of expression, and leaning my head upon my hands, I wept burning tears of joy that so great and rich a blessing had come to me.

"What would grandfather and grandmother and dear brother Willie say? Would they not rejoice in my happiness? I told Albert of my

loved ones at home; told him they were poor and humble in life, and that all their hopes for their future were centered in my young strength. I told him that I would write to them of him—how true and noble he was, and how much he loved me.

"Wait awhile, Florence, before you tell them of this," Albert said. "I have a plan for our future which I wish fully matured, ere they learn aught of me."

"But your friends, your parents, Albert—will they look on this attachment with pleasure?"

"A shadow passed over his face, and he glanced at me, restlessly, as he answered:

"They must not know of it, dear Florence. They are very wealthy, and I am their only son, and, quite naturally, they have formed all sorts of foolish and extravagant plans as to what I shall do; such as wedding a wealthy cousin, and building a magnificent residence in town; but I shall not mind them, of course, only so far as I depend on their gold for our maintenance."

"Our maintenance, Albert? You cannot mean that—"

"I mean just this, my lovely Florence," he said in a low tone, fraught with passionate earnestness; "for so long as you partially take in my meaning, there can be no wrong in making known my wishes plainly to you. I wish you to become my wife at once, in a secret, quiet way, and leave school for the new home I shall make for you. Then you can tell your friends of our love, and I can present you to my parents, and I am very sure that you will so win upon them, that they cannot help loving you."

"But, Albert," I replied, wildly grasping his hand, "I cannot be so ungrateful; I cannot prove myself so utterly heartless to the dear ones at home who are sacrificing so much for me. I cannot turn away from them, when they trust me so wholly, and look to me for their future support and happiness. And my poor brother Willie, too!" I added, shuddering.

"But am I not more to you than they are, Florence? And if I share with you the care of them, will it not be better for them, for you, ay, for me, too?"

"I had not thought of this before, and so I bowed my head silently before him."

"Thank you, bless you, Florence!" he exclaimed. "I knew you would decide with me and for me. I leave R—to-morrow, to be absent two days. On the evening of the third, I shall come to you again; and, at that time, will you not go with me? will you not be ready?"

"I cannot tell," I answered, between my tears and sobs. "I dare not go, Albert!"

"Do you not trust me, even as I trust you? I will answer for you, dear Flora," he said, in a low, gentle tone. "You will go, when I shall come for you." And without giving me time to reply, he pressed his lips to mine and walked quickly away.

"Once, twice, three times, on the morning of the next day, did I attempt to write to my grandparents and Willie, and tell them everything; how I was tempted, how my woman's heart had grown great and strong in its first wild love, how I hesitated between them and him who had gained such a power over me. But Albert came before me, with his earnest eyes and pleading face, and I tossed my pen and paper from me, and turned resolutely to my books, dreading, yet longing for the time to come which should bring him to me again."

"The evening appointed by Albert Harland, on which he should come for me, came at last; and with a sad fear for the future in my heart, I waited for him in the large old parlor of the boarding-house. Up stairs, in my little chamber, my trunk sat packed and ready for starting—a plain, wooden trunk, which had once been my mother's. It had been a sad thing for me, the folding of my scanty wardrobe, for each article had a history of its own, and brought back the words and looks of those dear ones whom I had left on just such a lovely June as the one then smiling upon the earth. With all these memories lingering about me, I sat down in the broad window-seat and looked out upon the garden, with its beautiful wealth of roses, and rich fragrance of wide-spreading locust-trees."

"With what a sweeping force came back to me the memory of the last evening that I had spent, at home! Brother Willie and I had looked upon just such a sunset sky from the low windows of our little sitting-room. Just such fleecy, white clouds lay that night in the west; just such a golden mist kissed the green hills and woods, and lay like a blessing upon the flowers and vines that blossomed by the cottage door. How like a living, speaking thing was that memory to me!—speaking out loudly and clearly from the hills and sunset before me. I buried my face in the muslin curtains that fell about me, and wept wildly and bitterly."

"I saw again the brown walls of my olden home; I saw the flowers that looked in at the windows, and the white hearts of the roses that were lifted up to the clear sky. I saw the cherry-tree that stood close by the garden gate, bright and sparkling with early dew; and away, far away, like a wide ribbon, a strip of green meadow land, dotted here and there by little

pois of water. I covered my face still closer and thought of the morning on which I left home—how Willie had hobbled down to that same meadow and woven me a wreath of blue and white violets, and how pale and weary he looked when he gave them to me; how his lips quivered, and what a strong effort he made to crowd back the tears that came into his large blue eyes. And then I remembered how he placed a bright, shining half-dollar in my purse; money that he had earned the summer before, selling berries; earned by little bits, a few cents here and a few there, when he was hardly able to go about. I remembered my white-haired grandparents; how they had laid their trembling hands upon my head and told me that I was the light and hope of the little home I left. I thought how patiently they had labored for me through long years; how they were toiling then to give me an education, and waiting anxiously for the time when I could go back to them.

"Good heaven!" I cried, in the agony of the moment. "Can it be that I, for a moment, would have wronged them so? I cannot, *will* not go!"

"*Will* not go, Florence?" echoed a low, clear voice at my side; and at the same moment a hand was laid softly upon my head.

"Shall I tell you how he looked to me, Albert Harland, as he stood there in the early twilight, an expression of intense thoughtfulness playing upon his features? How I worshipped the manly form that bent over me, and the fine face that looked so searchingly in mine? I never can forget that moment! I never can forget the almost womanly tenderness that lighted up his eyes, and lay about his handsome mouth.

"Not go with me, Florence, when my very life is bound up in yours—when I would make my sacrifice for the sake of your dear presence—would surmount any obstacle for my great love of you!" he said, bending low his head to catch my answer, till his brown locks touched my forehead.

"I prayed God to give me strength, and he heeded well my prayer.

"Albert Harland," I said, standing up before him, "I shall not go with you; I *cannot* go. Some time, may be, I can be your wife without blighting the dear loves that have blessed my whole life. Go away from me, now; and though you do not come again for years, you will find Florence Marlow as true to you, as she will ever be to herself. Go, Albert! go!"

"Florence, do I hear aright? have I been deceived in you? Is *this* your great, unchanging, undying love? God pity you for the wrong

you have done me!" he exclaimed, in a tone of bitter irony.

"I did not answer him, only motioned him away from me, without daring to trust myself to bid him adieu. It was as if all my hopes of heaven were going from me, as he turned away, and with one bound I stood beside him. With a quick, sudden impulse, he put his strong arms about me and held me to his heart, and then, without looking at me again, left me as I believed forever!"

The lips of Florence Marlow quivered with emotion, as she ceased speaking. For a moment, she pressed her hand to her forehead; then the calm, sweet expression that always rested upon her features, returned again, and she bent with renewed industry over her needlework.

"But did you never see him, never hear from him again? Didn't he write to you, or you to him, and did he go right straight away, Cousin Flora?"

"He never wrote to me, or I to him, and I have never seen him since. I learned afterwards that he became very dissipated and low, and that he went far away from R—; that is all I know of him."

"And that is the reason you have never married, dear Flora," said Elsie, rubbing her eyes with the corner of her silk apron. "It is too bad, when you are so good—for all the world like a hero, I mean heroine, in a novel—that you should have to suffer so. Of course you went home and stayed with your grandfather and grandmother as long as they lived?"

"Yes, and sent brother Willie to college, and I trust repaid him, in a measure, for the sacrifices he made for me. I never meet him in his bright and beautiful home in P—, or listen to the eloquent discourses that fall from his lips, as he stands in the sacred desk, but what I go back to that evening when we sat and watched the sunset together, and thank God for the shining thread that wove the memories of that picture about my heart."

"But what if Albert Harland should come back now; wouldn't you?"

"Don't talk so, Elsie, please," said Florence, coloring slightly. "I am afraid that the moral of my story will be lost to you, in the anxiety you feel about its ending. Let us go into the kitchen and look at Hannah and the violets."

"O, I had quite forgotten her!" exclaimed Elsie, bounding towards the kitchen, and grasping, as she went, a bunch of lilacs that sat upon the table. "I will carry these to her, to pay for my injustice."

Hannah was busily ironing, with the violets

placed in a cup of water upon the window beside her, when the ladies entered the kitchen.

"Do you love these flowers, my good girl?" inquired Florence, in a kind tone.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl, looking fondly towards the window. "When my mother died, and I was a little wee bit of a gal, on first coming to Ameriky, my sisters put blue flowers, like these, in her fair hair; and it always makes my heart clarer whin I see them, and think how swate and kind she always was spakin' to me—tellin' me to be good and honest, and to come and find her after she went to heaven."

"How good you are, Florence!" exclaimed Elsie, as she was leaving the room. "Did you see Hannah rub her eyes with her great, red hand? I shall always love that girl; how much poetry there was in her quietly spoken answer!"

Reader, shall I take up the story where Florence Marlow left it? Shall I tell you that but a few months after the conversation above related, a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman walked up to the front door of Mr. Maitland's dwelling, in C—, and asked for Miss Florence Marlow? And that Miss Marlow met him in the parlor, and grew very white with surprise, as she stood before him, extending her hands to meet his warm, earnest grasp?—and that her voice trembled, as she exclaimed—"Albert Harland? Albert Harland?" Shall I tell you that in the autumn, when the trees were bright and gay in their gala robes, and crimson dahlias and white phlox bordered the walks of Mr. Maitland's garden, there was a quiet wedding in his mansion, and that the bridegroom said in a low, soft voice, after the ceremony was over:

"Though you do not come for years, you will find Florence Marlow as true to you, as she will ever be to herself!"

A SHORT SERMON AND A GOOD ONE.

The Rev. Dr. B— of Philadelphia is noted for brief, sententious sayings in the pulpit and out of it. As he was coming down Chestnut Street the other day, a gentleman asked him:

"Sir, can you tell me how to find the sheriff's office?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "*every time you earn five dollars spend ten!*"

Saying this, the doctor walked on, leaving his questioner gaping upon the sidewalk. He was a stranger who had come to town on business, and asked for information; but the more he pondered the more he was convinced that his unknown informant had answered him wisely.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A quiet mind, like other blessings, is more easily lost than gained.

MARION MAY.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

O, Marion May, don't you love to look backward,
And think of youth's dearly-loved frolicsome days?
Our hearts were then fresh as the dew on the roses,
Our footsteps as light as the music of fays.
O, don't you remember where often we rambled,
And watched the mill-wheel wildly dashing around.
And how the pure stream brightly flashed in the sunlight,
And flung the cold drops on the blossoming ground?

And, Marion May, you can ne'er have forgotten
The lessons we learned at the old willow-tree,
With sweet summer sounds all around to allure us,
The thrush and the musical hum of the bee;
The hundreds of games at the swing on the hillock—
The sports every morn'neath the wide-spreading vine—
The quarrel I had with you once in the wild wood,
For liking my brother's eyes better than mine.

Dear Marion May, we have known the heart's sorrow,
Since those happy days have flown rapidly past;
We've tossed on the ocean of tumult and trouble,
And found the next morrow as dark as the last.
Yet bright are the hopes that from sorrow we've garnered,
And rich are the joys that our memories store;
Our hearts are still glowing with life's sweetest pleasure.
Tho' childhood's fond days, like its flowers, are no more

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

BY BERNET HESTER.

"Drive on," I heard my father say, in a quick, sharp voice. The sound awakened me from the state of half unconsciousness into which I had sunk.

The driver, obeying the injunction, applied the whip once more to the poor, jaded horses, and we went on at a little faster rate over the rough road.

"Susan!" I touched my sister's shoulder, and I spoke, for as she had not moved nor spoken for the last ten minutes, I supposed her to be asleep.

"What do you want, Ann?"

"Do you know where we are?"

"Yes, amongst the hills, trying to get over them, or around them, I hardly know which."

It was the first time I had comprehended our situation; overtaken by night and a storm in such a locality.

"Hark! what is that?" said Susan, as a wild mournful cry reached our ears amid the pause that the wind made.

We both listened, as the cry was repeated again and again.

"It must be some human being in distress," said Susan. "Let us speak to father."

A sudden burst of wind and rain complete

drowned our voices for that moment; when it subsided, Susan managed to make herself heard by my father, who sat upon the front seat with the driver.

"Pooh, pooh, child! how your imagination runs wild! It was an owl you heard just now."

In a moment more, we heard again my father's voice, through the narrow opening which had been left between our well-protected part of the carriage and the exposed portion in front.

"I say, girls, this is a pretty wind-up to such a glorious wedding! We sha'n't reach home to-night, at this rate. I do wonder where that obstinate fellow, Camden, and his party are at this time!"

In fact I had been wondering the same thing myself, and so I imagined had Susan.

But a day before, we had journeyed with a merry party over these same hills to attend the wedding of a very dear friend of ours; it was a fashion amongst us to attend weddings in this way. This night we were on our homeward way, but by a mere caprice had become separated from the rest of our companions. My father had insisted upon taking us in one direction; Atherton Camden, my brother and the remainder of the young people had chosen the other road. So it happened that we were separated.

"A splendid night for the appearance of your banditti—eh, Susan?" And my father turned round once more to address us in a jesting tone.

The fact was, that everybody liked to banter Susan upon her propensities for discovering robbers, banditti and other heroes of novels in quite commonplace people, and making out of everyday adventures those marvellous to be told.

As my father spoke the last words, the carriage suddenly stopped—so suddenly, that we were jerked back on our seats.

"Some one has hold of the horses," whispered Susan.

"What's the matter now?" I heard my father say to the driver.

"Matter enough! we've lost the way. 'Twould take more than either of us to tell where we are."

"Let the horses take their own course; they'll find the road homewards," said my father.

"Not a bit of it; they're ready to drop down now. I thought I knew the road, for I've travelled hereabouts these ten years; but I'd wager that no one could find the way on such a confounded dark night as this!"

"But what's to be done?" said my father.

"I have it!" said the driver. "I'll go and hunt up a house, if there's one to be found, and you can stay here!"

My father having agreed to the plan, away went our driver through the blinding rain, whilst we remained behind. The only thing to be done, was to wait patiently for help.

After due discussion of our situation, which had assumed rather a serious aspect, we settled into silence, each of us inwardly hoping, yet hardly daring to speak the thought aloud, what had become a matter of great anxiety—that is, that the mission upon which the driver had gone might prove successful.

We were startled by a loud shout, and the appearance of a light in the distance. In a few moments, we heard the welcome news that a house had been discovered, and that the family were making preparations for our reception. Half an hour afterwards, we found ourselves sitting before a blazing fire in the little cottage which our driver had discovered. Our horses, as well as ourselves, had been cared for; so that there seemed nothing to mar our comfort. Yet still one amongst us was sad and silent.

Not even when we had exchanged our wet, cold and shivering condition, to one of comparative comfort—not even when we gathered around the table to partake of the food which our kind hostess prepared for us, did Susan shake off the silence and strangeness of conduct which was so foreign to her nature. She ate but very little, her attention being seemingly distracted by the movements of our hostess, who stepped nimbly about. Several times I observed Susan start and look nervously towards the door, when it was opened. I was perfectly mystified, for my sister was one of the gayest, lightest-hearted people imaginable. Such an adventure as we had met with would not be likely to depress her spirits in this unaccountable way; so that I could only conclude that the weather and the fatigue and anxiety we had undergone had seriously affected her health.

Susan was sitting in a corner of the fireplace, I opposite to her. Suddenly, when the attention of the rest of the party seemed taken off by something that had been said, she leaned over and spoke to me.

"Look, Ann, at the man and woman of the house! What an evil-looking couple! I'm sure they mean some mischief."

I had not thought to look at them before; now I examined them attentively. The host was a burly, athletic man, with shaggy black hair and a keen, dark eye. He was talking with my father, but in the midst of conversation he often turned to look at his wife, who was moving busily about the room. As for our hostess, she was a tall, thin, silent woman, with a somewhat awk-

ward and constrained air about her, which contrasted strangely with her husband's free and easy manner. He had talked constantly since we had entered the house—she had spoken scarcely a dozen words to any one.

All this much I don't think I should have noticed, if Susan had not called my attention to it. But now that my attention *had* been called to it, I found myself constantly watching the couple; occasionally falling into a state of drowsiness, and as suddenly waking up to resume my watch. Susan, also, as often as she could do so without being observed, turned her gaze upon one or the other of our entertainers—oftenest watching our hostess, whose movements seemed to have for her a sort of fascination.

There was no knowing who these people were, living as they did in this lonely, out-of-the-way place. They might be what they seemed—kind-hearted, simple people; and they might, on the contrary, be the suspicious characters that Susan had supposed. As for me, since Susan had spoken to me, I had become suspicious of every movement on the part of our host and hostess; a thing I should not have dreamed of, otherwise.

Again I sank into a state of drowsiness, in which I did not wholly lose my perception of what was going on. I was awakened by a touch, and Susan pointed silently to our host, who was making some signs to his wife. Presently she lighted a candle and left the room, and then we heard her ascending the stairs. It must have been a quarter of an hour afterwards when our hostess re-entered the apartment and informed us that our rooms were ready, adding that as we had had such a tiresome journey, perhaps we would like to retire early.

My father was the first to take the hint, and rising from his chair, said that we had better retire early, so as to gain as much rest as we could, as we should pursue our journey as soon as possible in the morning. Susan and I hesitated a moment, looked at each other, and then rising, followed my father. We found two unfinished rooms at the top of the house, small in size, but as neat as it was possible for rooms to be. The one was destined for my father, the other for Susan and me.

"Pooh, pooh! what a couple of silly girls, more likely!" was my father's incredulous and laughing exclamation, as we told him of our suspicions. "Go right to sleep, and don't make yourselves ridiculous!" was his last remark, as he closed his room door.

Then we heard him laughing to himself, and repeating, for his own amusement, the story we had told him.

But we were not re-assured even by my father's laughing observations, nor by his sarcastic treatment of our suspicions. We fastened our door as well as we could by piling up all the furniture in the room against it, and then threw ourselves upon the bed with the intention of laying awake and listening attentively for any suspicious movement. But I was so constantly falling into a drowsy state, that Susan proposed that we should take turns in watching—I, to go to sleep first, and to be awakened by her when a sufficient time had elapsed; then I was to take my turn.

Scarcely was the last word regarding our compact spoken, when I, thoroughly exhausted by the day's journey, was sound asleep. I dreamed that a robber had effected an entrance into our room, and that he was endeavoring to obtain my watch, which I had placed beneath my pillow. I was awakened from this dream by a violent shaking, by which means Susan was endeavoring to arouse me. Susan's whisper awakened me much more effectually than the shaking—it brought me to my senses at once.

"What can be the matter?"

In fact, there was a confused noise down stairs, which by no possibility could we account for. Voices and steps as of many people, in the room below us—a rushing to and fro of many feet outside, were amongst the strange sounds that met our ears; strange, because we knew that besides ourselves, there were but four people in the house. But the noise below warranted us in believing that there were at least a dozen people in the cottage. It was stranger still that an uproar should be made at that hour of the night, for we guessed it to be about midnight.

"I don't think I have closed my eyes once this night," said Susan; "and yet this uproar commenced all at once! At least, I have no recollection of any preliminary noise. That convinces me more and more that we should be on the watch. This man has probably some associates, whom he secreted lest we should be suspicious. Now that we have been secured, they are careless about making a noise. But hark!"

There was a louder noise below—a sound as if some one were scuffling, and then a heavy fall. This was followed by a burst of boisterous laughter that sent a shudder through us.

Susan was the first to regain her presence of mind. "Let us call father!" she whispered.

But to do this, it was necessary to take away all the furniture we had piled up against our door, in order to reach the door of our father's room, which opened into the entry. We had before observed that there was no communication between the two rooms except by the entry.

Susan having groped her way to the spot where she had left a few matches, managed to light the lamp which we had brought with us up stairs. I looked at my watch; it wanted but five minutes of twelve. The noise down stairs had been gradually diminishing, but had not entirely ceased. There was no time to be lost in doing what we had to do. As carefully as we could, we removed the tables and chairs and an old chest, by which our door had been barricaded, and then, pausing a few moments to reassure ourselves that our movements had not been detected, we passed together into the entry. A sound of many voices talking in the same loud key, came up from the kitchen, the door of which opened directly from the stairs.

We went cautiously through the entry, for we had brought no light with us, and the least stumbling would draw the attention of those below. The door of my father's room was wide open. Susan made the discovery first, and barely repressed a cry of wonder, for we had distinctly heard the door shut when my father had retired for the night. A moment more, and we stood within the room.

"Father!" whispered Susan.

There was no answer. Again she whispered, louder than before, and still there was no reply. There was not even the sound of breathing, which would tell the presence of some human being. All was as still as the grave.

"They have murdered him!" whispered Susan, steadying herself against the wall for support.

A thrill of mental agony shot through me at these words. It was an hour when even the most commonplace things seem fearfully mysterious, even to a cool and self-possessed person; but to a person with a keen imagination, awakened suddenly from a sound sleep, and in the strange and unaccountable situation in which we were, the silence of a room, in which we expected to find a living being, was awful.

I mustered sufficient resolution to pass into our room and to take the lamp, which we had left burning; by its means, I intended to unravel the mystery. In my nervous haste, however, I managed the lamp awkwardly; the light went out, and left me in total darkness. I did not know where the matches had been left, and it was some time before I could find them. When at length I did find them, and had procured a light, I could have declared that an hour had elapsed since I had returned to my room—so long does time seem when one is anxious.

I found Susan just where I had left her; not an inch had she moved from her first position.

On the appearance of the light, we both instinctively searched the room with our eyes; it was empty. The bed had the appearance of having been slept in, which convinced us that my father had retired to rest as usual the night before. There were various articles belonging to him scattered about the room, but no other sign of him whom we had come to seek. There were but two inferences that we could draw from these circumstances: the one, that my father had been taken prisoner by the people below; the other, which we scarcely dared think of, was that murder had been committed, and that my father was the victim.

I have not the least recollection as to how we regained our room; but we did regain it, and again barricaded our door. Then we sat anxious and trembling to await the approach of morning. The noise down stairs had long ceased, and it appeared to us that nearly an hour had elapsed since we had sat wakeful and listening. Then we heard the door at the bottom of the stairs open softly, and some one ascending slowly and carefully. In the entry outside our door, the persons paused to whisper a few moments; then one passed on and apparently entered the next room, and the other returned to the room below.

During the whispered conversation outside our door, so very near to us that we could almost catch some of the words, my heart almost ceased beating. Susan grasped my hand so tightly and painfully, that a broad, red mark remained upon it for several days. Who or what the occupant of the next room was, we could not even guess; the night had been so full of mysterious circumstances, that nothing could happen more terrible and strange than that which we were already prepared for.

Slowly the long night wore away, and daylight began to appear. There was now a great noise below stairs, a repetition of the same uproar that had disturbed us in the night. In addition to the noise within the house, there were voices and the sound of wheels outside, but upon the other side of the house from where we were. It had cleared off during the night, and the day promised to be a glorious one. After all had become quiet, we determined to go down stairs and find out the precise circumstances of the situation in which we were.

As we entered the kitchen, our hostess was busily engaged in clearing from the table the remains of a breakfast, and re-setting it with tempting viands. She bade us a cheerful good morning, motioned us to a seat by the fire, and then went on with her preparations.

"Good morning, young ladies!" said our host, entering at that moment. "Were you disturbed last night?"

We hardly knew how to answer such a cheerful, good-humored question; but we were saved the trouble by the opening of the door and the entrance of my father. What a load was removed from my mind when I saw him, safe and sound! But there was certainly something mysterious and strange in the events of the past night, that neither Susan nor I could understand.

"Gone!" exclaimed my father, with a surprised accent, looking about the room.

"They went a few moments ago," said our host; "only one stayed behind to go with you."

"One! Ah, that rogue, I suppose! It's all through him I lost a part of my night's sleep."

We certainly had made a mistake; but what it was, I, at least, never imagined.

"If you had got up a little earlier, girls, you might have seen—"

"What?" we both exclaimed, in one breath.

"The rest of our harum-scarum, wrong-headed party. As I expected, they were obliged to take this road, after all; and as luck would have it, they stopped here. I was disturbed by their noise, and went down stairs for a short time; but I was careful not to disturb you. Why, Susan, what an expression of face! You didn't surely think they were robbers?"

Susan muttered something that sounded like "yes;" but she was prevented from saying more by a hearty laugh immediately behind us. There stood Atherton Camden, with a mischievous expression on his face!

"Ah, Susan, what a terrible night it must have been for you! I can imagine your horror when you heard the whispered conversation between your father and me at the head of the stairs."

My father now joined in the hearty laugh which was raised against us, and little by little we were induced to relate our night's experience.

"Ah, girls," said my father, "we all gain wisdom by age! Even my little Ann will, in time."

Strange to say, we parted from our host and hostess with regrets that morning. No one could have been kinder to us than they had been, and yet we had treated them unjustly in our thoughts. It is needless to say that there was no end to the hints and innuendoes that Susan was obliged to receive that morning, and long after that. Nor did her persecution cease even when she had married Atherton Camden, for he never ceased to remind her of that night amongst the robbers. It was really the most anxious and terrible one that I ever spent.

A QUEER CUSTOMER.

At one of our seaport custom houses lately, a mild, inoffensive-looking individual, standing about five feet six in his boots, and weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, presented himself in the surveyor's department, and addressed Uncle Sam's official as follows:

"I've got a schooner."

"Well."

"I've got a schooner."

"Well; what are you going to do with her?"

"O, I dun'now!—go digging round somewhere, to see ef I can't pick up a little change. Hard times."

"Well, sir, what did you come here for?"

"I don't know; that's what I want you to tell me."

"What have you been doing to your vessel?"

"Wal, squire, I think I've improved her."

"How?"

"I've lengthened her out about eight feet."

"Then she'll have to be re-measured."

"I thought so. Want to change her name, tew, and give her a handsomer one."

"Then you'll have to write for permission to the Secretary of the Treasury."

"Then I wont change her name."

"Well; she must be re-measured."

"Do you want I should fetch her up here to be re-measured? That would be rather inconvenient."

"No, I'll send down. Where does she lie?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"She *did* lay at — wharf, half an hour ago. I don't know what's happened to her sence."

"Well, I'll send down there."

"Will you send down this blessed day of Anno Domini, 1857?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it's three o'clock."

"It'll be six o'clock before a great while."

"Office closes at three. Is the name on the stern?"

"No. I painted it out."

"The name must be on before your vessel can be measured."

"There's nothin' to hender a feller chalking the name on the stern?"

"Yes, there is. The law says every vessel must have her name in white letters on a black ground."

"Wal, she's painted black, and chalk's white."

"That wont do. The letters must be painted permanently."

"W. I; I'll fix it."

"What's the name?"

"The Dumplin, squire; but I *did* want to call her the Eliza, and then I wouldn't hev to be cruisin' after a sweetheart."

With this mysterious remark, the shipper vanished, leaving the official in doubt as to his being an inhabitant of this terrestrial sphere, and strongly suspecting that his craft was a myth, like Vanderdecken's Flying Dutchman.

A fear is an oath in the sight of Heaven to repent and reform.

SONG—ILFRAVERNE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Eyes are beaming here to-night,
 Bright as sunbeams from the skies,
 With a merry, laughing light—
 Blue, and black, and hazel eyes;
 But I turn
 From the brilliant chandelier,
 From the festive mirth and cheer,
 To the lonely one and drear,
 Ilfraverne!

Ever calm and patient thou,
 Ever lonely, ever sad;
 Sorrow shadoweth thy brow,
 Naught hath power to make thee glad;
 I discern
 Deep within those mournful eyes
 All the sorrow there that lies,
 While I gaze with sad surmise,
 Ilfraverne!

Ah! thou look'st so mournfully
 On this uncongenial throng,
 Still so sadly, vacantly,
 Doth thy hopeless glance prolong,
 That I turn;
 But my heart must hold that glance,
 Sombre fancies round me prance,
 And I cannot join the dance,
 Ilfraverne!

MARY'S HUSBAND.

BY SUSAN HOLMES BLAISDELL.

In the little ancient church, standing like a solitary beacon, on a hillside overlooking the sea, one calm Sabbath, late in October, my brother and Mary Fuller were married.

The grass was crisp and brown, on the hills; the many colored leaves were scattered all over it, and lay, here and there, where some late breeze had left them, in curled and withered heaps, shining with flame-like hues of scarlet and gold. The trees were nearly bare, and the little foliage left them seemed ready, with the first breath of air, to fall. But the morning air was clear, the sunshine warm, and bright, and genial; and Nature wore a rare, serene, mellow loveliness, that quiet October day.

The church-bell had a tone more solemn and sweet than usual, that morning, or so it seemed to me, as it came floating onward, borne through the golden air from the hillside. It had never sounded so to me before. But the occasion was a solemn one; and it seemed to become the more so, surrounded with all the sober quietness of the waning year.

So they were married, my brother, Captain John Harrington and Mary Fuller. I knew then,

as I know now, that he looked very handsome, and noble, and manly, though rather graver than his wont, as was always his way when inwardly agitated; and that Mary looked very pretty in her simple and innocent beauty, though she, too, trembled, and the rose on her cheek kept wavering; but I did not mind these things so much then. I only felt how full my heart was, and how entirely it was with them—my brother and his new-made wife.

We then walked quietly home from church together, across the hillside. The dry leaves rustled crisply under our feet as we went—the faded leaves that had been so fresh and green in the spring-time—the dead leaves of the dying year. We were treading over buried hopes, O, how many! But I looked at John and Mary. I do not think they thought of the dead leaves, unless it was to think how beautiful they looked, with the October sunshine gilding them. Their own young happiness colored everything with brightness.

And so Mary reached her new home, the old house wherein John and I had lived so long, alone. As we crossed the threshold, and stood in the old-fashioned parlor, John took her tenderly in his arms and kissed her. And then I took her to my own heart—John's young wife, loving and welcoming her with all my heart.

There was something more cheerful about the old house, after Mary came into it. It had always been very quiet, even sombre at times, perhaps; for John made long voyages, and when he came home from sea, stayed but a little time, and went away again, so that I was nearly always alone; the only living creatures about the place, besides myself, being my handmaiden Hannah, and the old house-cat. Day by day, for many a long year back, I had watched the silent sunshine creeping across the carpet, from side to side, as I sat in the lonely, old-fashioned parlor, and listened to the monotonous tick of the tall Dutch clock in the corner, till the sunshine rounded to the west, and the room began to fill with shadows, and the tick of the clock sounded deep and strange in the gathering twilight. There was the picture of a ship on the upper part of its face, a ship that moved restlessly always, keeping time with the heavy pendulum, on the blue waves beneath; and I looked at it, as night gathered down, and I sat there alone, till I could see it through the darkness no longer, thinking of John. And night after night, when I was wakeful, I listened to the roll and roar of the sea, outside the bar; and sometimes—often in autumn and winter nights—to the wild blowing of the wind that rushed madly past, rattling

the casement, and shaking the bed beneath me. Always alone.

Always alone. But there came a change when John's wife came. I was no longer the lonely creature I had been. Something was added to my passive, quiet, dreamy existence. It was made brighter. I lived no longer within myself, merely, I had her to think of and for.

It was the twenty-fifth of October when they were married—John and Mary. Their wedded life had a quiet commencement. There was no parade, no commotion. The few relatives we knew were scattered far and wide, and we had only our three selves. So it was with little ceremony, that John's wife entered her home, as its mistress. She blushed and smiled with pretty shyness when I gave her the name; but she shook her head and would not take it. She said she could do nothing without my guidance; I was the older and wiser, and I had been mistress there, of right, from my birth. She crept into my arms and entreated me to take the care of all there, still; and of her also. She would not take the keys, they did not belong to her she said, and she made me submit. She would have made me retain my seat at the head of the table, even; but this was not a matter of question. For the rest, I had settled with myself to yield until she should have become accustomed to a knowledge of my duties, so as to assume them with more ease herself; but when we went to dinner, I led her with my own hand to her place, and smiling at her blushing remonstrance, took my own at her left hand. And so it was that our new way of life commenced.

A few happy, sunshiny days went by, and very beautiful they seemed to us three. Each one seemed like a holiday to me, with the unaccustomed cheerfulness and life reigning throughout the household; with the blessed rarity of John's presence; with the sight of John's face, and the sound of his pleasant voice, making sunshine and music in and about the quiet house, from morning till night; equally with her presence, the presence of the timidly happy, gentle, loving little wife and sister. She was a dear child, and dearly I loved her, as much for her own sake, as for his. For she seemed, indeed, almost a child to me. She was only eighteen; a slender, girlish thing; and I was ten years her senior, a calm and thoughtful woman, in heart, perhaps, even older than my years.

And tenderly did John love her—her husband. It was beautiful to see the shadowy sweetness of his eyes, as they rested on her; to hear the depths of gentleness in his tones when he spoke to her, or of her; to mark the earnest affection of

this manner towards her. A tenderer, more affectionate brother, I believe no sister ever knew; but there were recesses in his heart, whose wealth I had never known; and in his devotion to his wife, I recognized a new and beautiful trait in my brother's character. I learned to love them both more deeply, to revere him as I never had before.

Those few bright days went by very quickly, as all bright days ever do. John had been nearly two months home since his last voyage; and now his vessel was ready to sail again. It was early in November, not more than two weeks after his marriage, when he spoke first of the time approaching for him to commence another voyage. It was hard for him to broach the matter. He tried to do it calmly, but his brief and hurried manner showed the effort, and he could not look at Mary.

I had been prepared for this announcement for some time; but it was not the less unwelcome when it came at last. My work fell from my hands: I looked up at him; he paced the floor with his eyes averted; and then I turned to Mary. His words had been enough to drive the color from her cheek. The startled, troubled look with which she regarded him, the distressed expression of one suddenly aroused from happiness to sorrow, from security to danger, caused me, in my own regret, to pity her even more than myself.

"O, John!" she said, suddenly, breaking the troubled silence, "I forgot that you must go away so soon." And she covered her face with her hands, with the sudden tears breaking forth beneath them.

He went and sat down beside her. He put his arm about her, and drew her close to him, bending his face down to hers.

"Mary," he answered, and his kind voice, in its dear, gentle tones, was very low and trembled slightly, "Mary, you are a sailor's wife, you must be prepared for these things."

I put down my work and went out silently, leaving them there together. I, who had known so many of these partings, could bear my grief alone; and who could comfort her so well as he?

I know Mary wept a great deal that day; but when I met her again she was calmer, and I could see, more resigned to his departure. Yet we could not bring ourselves to speak together about it then. We could not talk of anything very freely. Whatever remarks were made, related to the most indifferent subjects. The next day, also, passed without any allusion to it; Mary sewed silently with me in the parlor, while John read to us aloud. At evening, a little

apart from her, I gained courage to ask the question that had been trembling on my lips all day.

"John," I said, "when are you going?"

"Next week, Lucy—next week Thursday."

"Next week! Does Mary know the time, John?"

"Yes." And his countenance wore a shadow of trouble and pain.

She heard us talking, and looked wistfully towards us. She seemed to know what we must be speaking of, for she turned away directly, with the quick tears in her eyes, and when I went up to her, she put her arms about my neck, and hid her face on my shoulder, giving way now, unrestrainedly to her grief. But it was the last time. She went away by herself a little after that, and when she came back, her gentle face looked calm and serious.

"John," she said, going up to him, "I am not going to cry any more. I am going to dry up the last tear. I will be cheerful, and think of the time when you will come back."

He caught her in his arms with a passionate blessing, and kissed her tenderly. The tears came into my eyes afresh; I thought her feelings would overcome her again; that she would give way now, despite her resolution. But she was braver than I thought. She kept down, with woman's firmness, the emotion that seemed struggling to rise and overflow; and with a wife's gentle courage and true love—*unselfish* love, shining alone in her blue eyes, she returned his kiss, with one warm, earnest and affectionate.

Then she turned to me. "Come, Lucy," she said, putting her arm about me, "I must learn of you. You shame my weakness. I must not be found less worthy than you, who put aside your own sorrows so bravely, for the sake of others."

And she shed no more tears. From that time till his departure, she was calmly, quietly cheerful, giving herself no time for idle sorrow, but devoting her whole attention to him, and her help to me, in aiding me to make the necessary preparations for his voyage, which I had hitherto on like occasions, made alone.

And the following week he sailed. Mary was true to herself to the last; and though her sweet voice trembled, as she bade him good-by, at the door of the stage which was to take him up to town, she kissed him without a tear, and bade him godspeed on his voyage. I know her generous courage affected him as deeply as her grief could have done. It increased his love for her.

"Heaven bless you, my darling!" he murmured, embracing her. Then hastily turning, to hide his emotion, he gathered me fondly to his

breast, pressed his lips to my cheek, and releasing me, unable to speak, sprang into the stage. The door closed after him, the crack of the driver's whip sounded, and the heavy vehicle rolled lumberingly away. We stood looking after it, till it disappeared beyond the distant hillside. Then we threw our arms about each other. The tears that had been so long repressed; flowed fast on both sides now, but quietly, and we did not try to keep them back. He was not with us now, to have his courage shaken by them, and we each knew what the other felt. There was no need for us to repress them then, so we gave way for a little while to our tears, and then, with calmer and brighter feelings, went arm-in-arm up the garden-path and into the house, where we sat down by the parlor-fire together. The dusk was slowly drawing down, and filling the corners and far-away nooks of the great room with shadows. Deeper and deeper it grew, and brighter leaped the flames upon the hearth. Silently Hannah stole in and closed the shutters and let down the curtains, and went as silently out again. And there, in the glow of the red firelight, we sat side-by-side, the long November evening; and no sound was in the room but the crackling of the fire, and the deep ticking of the great clock in the corner. He was to be gone a year.

Once more, as in the past, so many times, a dreamy quiet settled down about the old house. The ancient silence had fallen there, when the last echo of the beloved footstep had died away from its threshold; the silence that seemed now waiting only for the sound of that footstep to break it, in a far, far-off day. But there were two now, instead of one, who sat together in the old parlor day after day, counting each, and recording its passage in her heart, as it slipped away in the golden solitude around her. Two now, who saw from morning till night, the lazy sunshine creep across the floor; two now, who listened to the monotonous tick of the old clock in the corner, and marked by its dull pace the slow hours that made up another day of those she was numbering. Two now, who in the gathering dusk, watched together the ever-moving ship on its broad face, tossing restlessly to and fro, and thought of John. And when the light was gone, and shutters and curtains closed, when the fire was replenished on the wide hearth, and the lamps brought in, we read aloud one to the other of us, that we might not seem so lonely; or resumed the sewing which generally occupied our leisure hours, and talked together as we worked.

She was invariably quiet, generally thought-

ful; but I never saw her low-spirited. While we sat there together in the daytime, we were often silent for hours together, busied with our own thoughts; and I knew she was thinking of him. But I never called her from her reflections into conversation, that I did not find her calmly cheerful. She was true to the promise she had made John. She would not allow herself to idly lament his absence, but looked upon it as a reasonable necessity, and dwelt hopefully upon the time of his return. But it was only by a brave struggle that she had conquered the inclination to yield to her emotions, and I honored her for the effort and the victory.

We slept together; she had shared my couch with me ever since John's departure, and, lying awake myself, every night, for hours after retiring, I knew how sleepless she was also. She hardly ever slept until after midnight, and when there came a tempestuous night, she found no rest; the morning's earliest gray found her still waking. The first storm that came, after his departure, was about three weeks from that time; for we had an unusually mild and pleasant month for November that year. We did not retire at so early an hour as usual, for neither of us felt disposed to rest, and when we went to our chamber at last, I, wakeful as was natural to me, felt that she participated in my vigil most painfully. I felt her move restlessly once, but that was all. I suppose she thought me asleep, and feared to disturb me, for though awake, excited and uneasy, she kept quite still.

We always kept a lamp burning at night. Turning towards her at last, unable longer to refrain from offering my sympathy, I saw, by its light, that there was a feverish color in her cheeks, and her sleepless eyes were bright with excitement. She put her hand on mine.

"I am glad you are awake, Lucy—I can't sleep. Hear how dreadfully the wind blows. Listen!"

It came tearing with fearful violence past the house, with a tempestuous fury that was terrible; driving hail and snow against the shutters, till the casements rattled again, shaking the house to its very foundations, as it had come an hundred times before, when I lay there alone, listening to it fearfully, as she listened now. She shuddered.

"Lucy, it freezes my very blood! I cannot lie here listening to it. I must get up."

And she sat up in the bed, with a heavy, deep-drawn, laboring breath, as of one suffering from some terrible nightmare.

"It is very terrible, Mary," I said, "but it may be that he is as safe as we are."

"I know it—I know it, Lucy," she answered, "but I cannot rest. I am almost suffocating with terror lying there. I feel feverish, and yet the thundering of the waves, the violence of the wind, strike a chill through me."

I also had risen, and now with difficulty persuaded her from leaving the couch. She wanted to walk the floor, in the chill air, to calm her restlessness. I held her gently but firmly back.

"Mary, you will get your death of cold," I said.

She did not try to resist me, but sat quite still, and we were both silent for awhile, listening to the thundering of the surf, breaking madly upon the rocks; to the wild winds raving without, and rushing loudly and stormily past our windows. Midnight struck; and now there came a gradual lull in the tempest. Another hour passed; the roaring of the waves had sunk to a sullen murmur, the winds grew hushed, the night quiet.

"Now you will sleep, Mary?" I said, putting my arm about her.

A long and heavily-drawn sigh escaped her, as she laid her head on my shoulder.

"Yes, now, Lucy, I could not before. I know Providence watches over him as over us; but I must wake with him through the storm."

And she lay down and slept; and in her slumber, one or two large tears stole through her closed eyelids, and glittered brightly on her cheek. But I lay awake still, watching over her slumbers, and thinking of John. It was not till daybreak that I shared in her happy oblivion.

We had only a few of those terrible storms, during that fall and winter; and I was inexpressibly thankful. I know she suffered unspeakably while they lasted, though after the first one, she bore their terrors more collectedly. Those were the only occasions on which she betrayed her anxiety for him. At all other times she was calm, and quietly cheerful, and not a day passed that she did not speak with earnest anticipation of his return. Alas, poor Mary! it was far enough off.

November, December, January. These three months passed with their customary festivities throughout the village. The minister and his wife spent with us the evenings of Christmas and New Year's and not a villager passed our door but stopped to shake hands with us, and wish us happiness, and many pleasant returns of the day; for all remembered, in their joy, Captain Harrington's wife and sister. They all loved John, as much as they respected him.

February set in, and now we began to look for a letter. Not that there was more probability of receiving one now, than had been all along;

but we had schooled ourselves, hitherto, to wait with patience, and not expect one too earnestly, that we might not be disappointed. So far, its non-arrival had not disappointed us, then; but now we had waited so long, that we could not call our rising anxiety unreasonable. But we were destined to receive news of John in a far different manner from that we had expected.

One afternoon, just before dark, I had an errand to perform, which would take me quite to the other end of the village. Mary had been suffering from a headache that day, and I left her sitting by the parlor fire, in an easy-chair. As I went through the village, I passed more than one group of men talking earnestly together; but the circumstance hardly attracted my attention then. I hastened to perform my errand, which was to carry some medicine to a poor woman who was ill, and who lived alone with her daughter. The daughter was absent. I sat a few moments with the sick woman, and then arose to go. I was about to open the door, bidding her good-by, when it was hastily flung open from without, and the daughter hurriedly entered the room.

"O, mother!" she began; and then, seeing me, she paused abruptly and stood quite still, looking earnestly and fixedly at me for a moment.

"Good evening, Martha!" said I, smiling.

She dropped her eyes, and saying, in a low voice, "Good evening, ma'am," went by me silently into the room, where she stood by the fire, with her bonnet still on, never moving to look at me again or speak.

"Are you well this evening, Martha?" I asked her, lingering a moment, somewhat perplexed.

She looked up now. "Quite well, I thank you, ma'am," was her answer. And again she looked, with a singular, wistful, earnest expression that I could not understand, towards me.

I thought of that look, as I entered the village—wondering what it meant. I knew soon enough. There were more people talking together now in the village street, than when I had come from home. Groups were standing here and there, in close and earnest conversation. They would touch each other and whisper, and then become silent, as they saw me coming—looking stealthily at me. Those whom I knew—and I knew nearly all of them—would bid me "good evening," as I passed; but it was in a strange way—a half-constrained, grave, troubled way, that puzzled me. Once, looking round, I saw several persons looking after me.

"What does it mean?" I said, mentally. "If I had met with some misfortune, I could not in-

terest them more. How sadly they regard me!" I thought then of the strange manner of the sick woman's daughter. A thrill of undefined terror ran through me. "What does it mean?" I repeated, with sudden alarm.

I passed the parsonage gate, not far distant from my own home. Good Dr. Gray was just coming out. He, too, wore a melancholy air, and was perceptibly agitated at seeing me.

"Dr. Gray," I hastily ejaculated, "in the name of pity, tell me! What is it they are all talking of in the village?"

"Some news they have heard from B—," he answered, after a moment's hesitation; and then added: "I was just coming up to see you, Miss Harrington. Perhaps it is better that we have met. Will you—walk in, a few moments?"

His voice was slightly husky; he hesitated in speaking.

"Thank you, I cannot stop!" I answered, hurriedly. Then I laid my hand on his arm. "Doctor—you were coming to see me; you are very good. But what"—I could hardly utter the words—"what makes you look so sad? What has happened?"

"Lucy," he said, "I have something to tell you."

"Something to tell me? You have news? From whom?—from John?"

"Yes, Lucy." He spoke in a voice of infinite sorrow and pity.

"News from John, Dr. Gray? And you look so grave! Tell me! *is it bad news, sir?*"

I shivered; I was icy cold, from head to foot, as I asked the question. And yet I asked it with such strange, such terrible calmness!

I cannot tell, in so many words, the questions and answers that passed after that. I only knew that I learned this: That the "Lucy Harrington," when within two days' sail of Rio Janeiro, had encountered a storm, by which she barely escaped total wreck, and during which, the captain had been washed overboard and drowned. I just remember catching the sense of all this, and listening to the words as one petrified—bereft of life itself. I can remember that I was very, very cold.

And I can remember, too, a white figure that came flying over the hillside, with a wild shriek, towards me—Mary, John's wife—crying wildly, "Lucy! Lucy! John is dead!" And then her white, ghostlike face faded from before my vision, and I knew nothing more.

There was a long, long blank in my existence, before I recognized next those about me. I woke, as from a dreamless slumber, at twilight.

The curtains of my chamber were drawn partly aside ; but the sun had evidently set some time since, and the dusk of evening was settling down, and the shadows stealing into the corners of the room were broken, and moved restlessly about, as the flames on the hearth leaped up the wide chimney. The glow of the cheerful fire-light was shed, with increasing brightness, throughout the apartment, as the twilight deepened—resting brightest on the slight, white-robed figure sitting by my bedside, in the large easy-chair, with her head leaning upon her hand, and her large, sad eyes fixed on the flame. It was Mary. Yes, Mary ; who had herself nursed me through my illness, waiting on me day and night ; who had struggled with her own terrible sorrow, that she might serve me.

We seemed to have changed places. I, who had always been so strong, so enduring, so formed to bear misfortune ; and she, a slight, frail, delicate thing, whom all had looked to see crushed by the heavy blow that had fallen upon us ! But, in her hour of darkness, the beauty and holiness of Mary's character had shone forth in their loveliest light. In the furnace of affliction she had been tried and purified.

Very suddenly the terrible news of John's death had come to her. It was even while I was returning, that evening, from the village, that some incautious person had visited her, and told her the frightful story ; and then it was that she, half-maddened by her grief, had fled to meet me.

But while the oak had been riven and rent by the storm, the slender reed had bowed to its force, and risen again after its first fury was spent. The greater part of that fearful night she had passed in unconsciousness ; but she recovered from it, and the knowledge of my insensible situation nerved her to strength. She rose, patiently, from her own sorrow, to watch with me in mine.

To look at her now, you saw how terrible had been the struggle. She was the mere shadow of her old self. Her face was perfectly colorless ; and O, how thin ! Dark shadows encircled her large blue eyes, so pensive, so sadly beautiful now ! The soft auburn hair, no longer woven in shining braids, was put straight back from her delicate, blue-veined brow. The pale hand, which supported her head, was wasted almost to transparency, and the wedding ring, that *his* hand had placed there, had grown a world too large.

This was as I saw her, on waking from the long, long lethargy that had bound me. She turned and saw me looking at her. A soft glow of pleasure illumined her face. She bowed her head for a moment on her clasped hands, her

lips moved as in silent thanksgiving, and then, as I held my arms feebly towards her, she came and knelt down beside me, clasping me silently.

There was news from the "Lucy Harrington." Mr. Harding, the first-mate, wrote to say that the business of the voyage was nearly completed, and that the vessel would come to port probably by the last of September—two months earlier than had been expected. He it was who had written to Dr. Gray the news of John's death, asking him to communicate it to us. He wrote now to me a few words of simple, sincere, and earnest condolence, that brought the tears to my eyes afresh.

The "Lucy Harrington" homeward bound—and *without her master* ! I could not think of it, and be calm, or resigned. It seemed too hard—too cruel ! I felt how sinful it was for me to murmur so ; I felt that I was rebelling against the will of Providence, but I could not conquer my grief, or still my murmuring.

No murmur escaped Mary's lips. And though, night and day, she never ceased to think of her lost husband ; though the slightest mention of him seemed to open afresh the wounds in her heart, her sorrow was locked in her own breast. She prayed for resignation, and leaned upon an arm stronger than that of mortal love. She was a meek, gentle, patient woman. It was sweet, yet sorrowful, to see her going about in her widow's weeds, young and beautiful, and heavily-stricken as she was ; going about among the poor and sick in the village, relieving their necessities, and lightening their infirmities. She took more pleasure in these things now, than ever before. She, who had known such deep sorrow herself, seemed to find her greatest comfort now in sharing that of others. They called her an angel ; and she was one.

It was not until sometime after I recovered from the long illness I had suffered, that I saw the letter Mr. Harding had written Dr. Gray. Mary had already seen it. I wonder it had not broken her heart. The writer gave as concise an account of the fatal accident as might well be, sparing the details as far as possible. And yet my heart fainted within me, as I read it. How that terrible storm had overtaken them, threatening them with instantaneous destruction ; how they had labored, in the tempest and the darkness, to save the vessel ; how wave after wave overwhelmed them, till that terrible one which swept him away—into the ocean, at midnight ! And they were powerless to save him. All their lives, offered at that moment, in exchange, could not have ransomed his. The storm lulled—the vessel reached her port—but he was gone !

I put the letter away, with anguish filling my very heart. The "Lucy Harrington" was homeward bound now; but O, how could I ever look on her again!

The summer went by, fall set in, and she arrived safely on the twenty-ninth of September. Mr. Harding called on us. The interview was a brief one. We could not find firmness enough, on either side, to speak steadily of our loss. The chief business of his errand, which was to render up all necessary accounts relating to my brother's affairs, was discussed as shortly as might be.

The cargo of the "Lucy Harrington" had been disposed of, the men paid off and dismissed, and the proceeds of the voyage deposited with Captain Harrington's bankers. The vessel herself Mr. Harding expressed a desire to purchase, if she was to be sold. To part with her, seemed both to Mary and myself like the breaking of a new tie. Neither could speak to answer him, at first. And yet, what else was to be done? It was as well that she should go—and it must be to none other than Mr. Harding, who had been so faithful to John and to us, and served our interests so well. But it was hard to think of it now; and he would not press the matter. Nevertheless it was arranged, by our mutual wishes, that he should make his next trip in her; and shortly, she commenced getting ready for sea again.

October came, and passed; October, with its balmy airs, its golden atmosphere, its quiet, dreamy, mellow days, slipping silently away, in the hazy, sleepy sunshine; October—the wedding-month of John and Mary. One year ago, the twenty-fifth of this month, they were married; one year ago, Mary was a bright and happy bride. And now—I looked at her, sitting by the parlor fire, on the evening of that mournful anniversary. How changed she was!

Captain Harding came down early in November, and called on us one evening. The "Lucy Harrington" was nearly ready for sea. He calculated on sailing by the twentieth. His manner was subdued, serious, almost grave. Just on the eve of leaving port, as he was, we were all but too painfully reminded of the last time that vessel had sailed.

Each felt what the thoughts of the other were, but neither named them. Mr. Harding never once alluded to John, in Mary's presence; but he said to me, as he bade me "good night" at the hall door:

"The 'Lucy' is a staunch little craft, Miss Harrington. It is a pleasure to command her; but I would give all I am worth, at this moment,

to see *him* standing on her deck again!"—His voice was tremulous and husky. He wrung my hand silently, and was gone. I could not go in to Mary, then. My heart was full—full to overflowing, as it echoed his parting words. With the tears raining hot and fast over my cheeks, I shut the hall door and went up stairs to my room; and there I knelt down by the bed, and wept as I had never wept since John's death.

A step sounded in the room, I looked up. It was Mary, standing just within the door, her eyes fixed on me with an unspeakably mournful expression, and the heavy tears flowing from them, while her face was very, very pale.

"O, Lucy! Lucy!" she uttered, in a voice of suppressed anguish. And kneeling by my side, she threw her arms about me, and yielded unresistingly to the emotions so long hidden in her own breast.

I do not think she slept an hour that night, any more than myself. Not till the break of dawn did either of us sink to slumber. It was quite late when I awoke next. The sun was at least two hours high. Mary was sleeping, with the spent tears still glittering on her pale cheeks. I arose silently, and dressing, without disturbing her, draped the curtains more closely about the windows, that the light might not wake her, and stole from the room, closing the door behind me.

Breakfast was waiting, when I went down stairs, and Hannah sat knitting in the kitchen. It was past eight—an unusually late hour for me to rise; but she said nothing about it, as she bade me "good morning." She knew why, I guessed; her low voice and sad look told me that she, too, had been thinking of our loss. I did not care for breakfast, but I felt languid and unrefreshed; and taking a single cup of coffee, stood by the fire and drank it. Another hour passed, and a visit to Mary told me that she still slept.

I had gone down stairs, and was dusting the furniture in the parlor, when the sound of the knocker at the hall door attracted my attention. I heard Hannah go through the hall and open the door, and then the tones of a gentleman's voice, speaking with her, were just audible; a strange voice, light, sweet and musical. I was thinking who it could be, when Hannah ushered him directly into the room, and merely saying "a gentleman, ma'am, to see you," she vanished.

He stood there, just within the entrance—a gentleman of some thirty years, tall and slight, yet broad-shouldered and broad-chested, of fair complexion, with a fine, frank, manly face, light,

curling hair, and large blue eyes. I had, plainly, never seen him before. I put down my brush and came forward, with a slight inclination of the head.

He too advanced, hat in hand, saying, with a bow, and at the same time with a quick but scrutinizing look :

"This is Miss Harrington, I believe—Miss Lucy Harrington?"

"That is my name, sir." I drew forward a chair. "Will you be seated?"

He sat down, and I followed his example.

"You will, I trust," were his opening words, "excuse me for introducing myself thus uncere- moniously. My name is Francis Rochefort. I have come to make some inquiries"—here he slightly hesitated—"concerning a circumstance, of a melancholy nature, which occurred but a few months since, and for information relating to which, I can apply only to you. It concerned—a very dear member of your own family."

I answered, as calmly as I could :

"You refer to my brother's death?"

He bowed, without raising his eyes to my face.

"You will pardon me for touching on this subject, painful as it must be. Will you permit me to ask a few questions relating to it?"

I bent my head—I could not speak.

A moment of silence ensued, during which Mr. Rochefort's eyes were fixed on the carpet, and he played mechanically with a black ribbon that crossed his breast. Then, without raising his eyes, he said, gently :

"Can you tell me the exact date of that occurrence?"

I told him.

"It was," he rejoined, "during a heavy storm, at midnight?"

"It was."

"The 'Lucy Harrington' was at that time, I think, within two days' sail of her destined port?"

I replied in the affirmative; but these ques- tions were beginning to harass me cruelly. It seemed like tearing open afresh a scarce-healed wound. I felt the hot tears filling my eyes. Why must he go over all this? He looked up. A shadow of intense pain crossed his face.

"Miss Harrington, you think me unnecessarily minute. Believe me, that I make these inquiries with reluctance. But the purpose I have in view, requires that I should enter upon the sub- ject in detail. I have but one more question to ask. Are you *certain* that Captain Harrington was drowned, that night?"

This question startled me. I looked at him dumbly. I had no words to answer. Was I

"*certain*?" I never had for one moment thought to ask myself before.

"Are you *certain*, Miss Harrington?" he re- peated, emphatically. "You were not there."

"O, sir! is it possible that there can be an un- certainty?" I ejaculated, rising hastily from my chair, excited and trembling. But I sank back, unable to stand.

He moved to my side, laying his hand, with gentle warning, on my arm.

"Calm yourself, I entreat, Miss Harrington. I do not wish to present this too suddenly to you. But I believe there *is* a possibility. Be strong, for your own sake and that of his wife, while I tell you *why* I think that you have no certainty in the belief you have entertained."

He regarded me earnestly, for a moment, be- fore he spoke again. I made a strong effort of control. He saw it, and went on, carefully :

"I have been very particular in ascertaining the exact date of his *supposed* death, because, during the storm, which occurred on that night, the English ship 'Flying Arrow,' bound from Rio Janeiro to Liverpool, picked up, near morn- ing, a man who had evidently been lost from some passing vessel, and who had saved himself by clinging to some floating object which had fortunately been in his way. He had, to all ap- pearance, been in the water for some hours, and when found, was in a state of utter exhaustion. He became insensible immediately on being picked up; and though we eventually saved him, it was only for him to encounter a pro- tracted and almost fatal illness. We took him to England, where he happily recovered."

"*We!*" I echoed. "Then you saw him— you know his name! Tell me—you know! if it was *not* my brother, why tell me this?"

I trembled, from head to foot. Mr. Rochefort looked at me—his color flushed and faded alter- nately—he was silent.

"Tell me—in mercy tell me!" I repeated, "See—I am calm—I can bear it."

"Miss Harrington, he has come back to America with me. He is near—shall I show him to you?"

I knew, by the tremulousness of his voice—I *felt*, the truth! I rose from my seat.

"John!" I articulated.

The door was flung open. I saw who stood without! I saw the face of the *living!* the face of my brother John. He sprang towards me.

"Lucy! my darling, darling sister!"

There was a step on the staircase—Mary's foot upon the threshold. She beheld us all, ut- tered one faint, thrilling cry, and then was clasped, fainting, to her husband's heart.

MY YOUTHFUL BRIDE.

BY HARRIET N. HAVENS.

I won her when a laughing girl,
When life was bright and fair,
Her dancing eye undimmed by tears,
Her brow unmarked by care.
And well I vowed to cherish her,
To guard from every ill,
To keep unchanged her bright, glad smile,
Her life with joy to fill.

A year passed by—her smile had fled,
Her ringing laugh was hushed;
Her trembling lip and tearful eye
Told of a spirit crushed.
Her eye's deep, pleading earnestness
Sought mine in anguished prayer,
And from the wine cup's maddening draught
Besought me to beware.

Another year—and O the change!
A shrouded marble form
Reposed in dreamless slumber, where
No grief nor care might come.
I wept not; blessed, welcome tears
Came net to my relief;
The stunning weight had crushed my heart—
Dried were the founts of grief.

Long years have fled—a saddened heart
It hath been mine to know,
Mid songs of mirth and music's swell,
Mid scenes of joy or woe.
But the tempter's charms have ceased to lure,
His power I may not dare,
For a pale, still face guards well the cup,
And whispers low—"Beware!"

THE CHANNEL OF ICE.

BY J. GRAFTON ALLEN.

UPON the shores of St. Andrew's Bay stood a large and stately mansion, where a gay company were assembled. The bay, whose waters were usually subject to stormy tides and currents, was now frozen over, for the power of an unprecedentedly cold winter had proved superior even to that of the rushing water. So the vast sheet of ice now spread away before the house for many a mile, until the view was terminated by the encircling shores.

The gay company was assembled, but there was yet wanting one for whose arrival they impatiently waited. She had promised to be there early in the afternoon, but the evening was approaching and she had not yet come. And as Florence Aston was the gayest of the gay, the presiding genius and bright particular star of every festive gathering, her absence made a sad blank at the present time. There was one whose uneasiness was greater than that of any other.

Harry Egerton was a noble looking youth, tall, vigorous, and well formed. He had lately arrived at this part of the country where he had entered upon the profession of law. His talent had already made him very conspicuous, but as yet he had gained little else beside fame. At the very first sight which he gained of Florence Aston, he became one of her most ardent admirers, and she had not seemed indifferent to his address. But Florence was rich and Harry was poor, and so it came to pass, that when he offered himself, she rejected him. It was a bitter disappointment, and a still more bitter mortification to the ambitious lover. At first he thought of leaving the country forever, but afterwards, wiser counsels prevailed, and he resolved to remain—to battle manfully over his feelings, and show to Florence that there were other objects to excite his desire, than her love. Full of these thoughts he had come to this party, determining to show her how lightly he bore the disappointment.

But hours passed away, still she came not. Without her the party would be nothing to Harry. He only came to "show off" before her, and while she was absent, he was miserable. The guests wondered, the host wondered, and Harry wondered. Finally, as the evening came nearer, the darkness increased and brought anxiety with it.

"The ice isn't the safest in the world," said one. "If she has started from the island, she may have found such bad travelling that she turned back."

"I met with one large crack," said another, "and if I hadn't been on horseback I could not have crossed. As it was, I had to take a pretty good jump."

"The weather has been bad, lately," said another. "I heard the ice groaning this morning, and I felt a little afraid it would break up. That's the way it always does."

"For my part," said a fourth, "I would not cross at all from my end of the island. I came around over the bridge, and by the main road. As I passed I saw it open at the head of the bay."

"Open!" cried all in horror. "Open at the head?"

"Open at the head as sure as I'm a living soul!" solemnly averred the last speaker.

When fears once begin to arise in anxious minds, it is astonishing how rapidly they grow. They increase and spread until every heart partakes of the common panic. Thus it was amid this company, who now seemed to think of nothing but danger to the absent guest. Each one

had something to say about the weather, the ice, or the tide. At last the general fear grew so strong that every cheek became pale, and every heart beat fast with anxiety.

Long before they had ended their gloomy conjectures, Harry Egerton had hurriedly left the room. He could endure it no longer. The fear which oppressed the others was felt far more strongly by him, and the panic which reigned among them made him quake with terror. What—should Florence be in danger—should she perish and he not be able to avert it? Never. Forgetting all her coquetry, his disappointment and his great resolution, he hurried out to the stables, and in about ten minutes his horse was saddled and he was off.

It was now dark. The sky was overspread with many clouds, but occasionally the moon shone through them, giving light to the scene. The ice was covered over by a thin crust of snow, the sheen from which prevented it from being so very dark as it otherwise might have been. Harry urged his horse forward at a great pace over the road. In this part of the world it is customary for the inhabitants in the winter time to mark out with stakes or bushes the line of such roads as they make across lakes or rivers. Guided by the line of these, Harry Egerton now rode along.

It was certainly fast becoming a wild night. It was not cold but wild. The wind blew fiercely from the south, and Harry's heart sank within him as he recognized it. He knew that this was the wind which breaks up the ice. Yet it was not for himself he trembled.

He rode along for two miles, until at last he was roused from a reverie into which he had fallen, by a sudden rear of his horse which almost unseated him. Roused to action, he looked forward: there immediately before him lay a sheet of open water, as much as a mile in width; while away on the other side the field of ice lay stretching toward the shore. Under his feet it shook and crumbled, and he heard all around him the thunder of the masses of ice which the fury of the tide now rent asunder and carried out to sea.

What was he to do now? Had Florence crossed, or had she not? If she had, where was she now? But of course she had not—she had attempted to go over, had been stopped by the open channel, and had returned. Thoughts like these rushed through his mind. Then he remembered that immediately before the time which Florence had appointed for leaving home, some of her neighbors had crossed in safety. If she had left—if the ice had then broken—O,

where was she now? The thought brought agony to Harry's soul. Delaying no longer, he urged his horse to his full speed along the margin of the breaking ice, watching for a place to cross. With much satisfaction he saw the channel growing narrower, and at last, after riding several miles, the icy sides met. He rushed over, and then fled swiftly along straight toward Florence's house. It was six miles away, but so fast was his horse urged along that it took but a little time to reach it. Leaping from his horse he sprang into the house, and bursting into the parlor, in the midst of the astonished family he cried out: "Where's Florence?"

"Florence?" cried Mr. Afton, an old man who was reading a newspaper. "Florence—why she's over at the party."

Harry groaned and staggered back.

"Good Heavens! Mr. Egerton, what is the matter?" cried Mr. Afton, in amazement.

"She's not there; and the ice is breaking up!" groaned Harry, whose face was like that of a corpse.

"The ice—the ice breaking?" shrieked the others. And in a moment all was wild confusion, horror and dismay. Mr. Afton rushed from the room to give direction for immediate search after her, but long before the first man under his charge had left the house, Harry was off, and away down the bay.

The channel had grown wider! Under his feet the ice cracked and swayed like the ground during an earthquake. Around him rose fearful sounds, made by the breaking masses; now a long boom as the vast field cracked throughout its entire length; again a terrific crash as floating masses came into collision.

But Harry rode on, utterly reckless of his own life, and thinking only of Florence Afton. His excited imagination pictured her in the midst of breaking icebergs, or perhaps clinging to her floating sleigh amid the roaring waters. O, the agony of that moment, when his soul was in dark suspense, and he knew not what to hope or fear.

He had ridden about eight miles, and as he went on he had been compelled to ride nearer and nearer the shore. The open water was wider, and on the other side no ice could be seen. He now reached the channel which forms the entrance to the bay. He could not see it as yet, for a projecting cliff intercepted the view, but he could hear a deep and awful moan made by the swift tide as it poured out through the narrow opening; and he could hear loud reports, crashing, crackling, and deafening explosions. In vain he wondered what these last

might be, until at length, on turning round the projecting rock, the whole scene burst at once upon his view.

Egerton, though he was to hurry onward, the sight was such that he reined in his horse with a violent jerk and stood horror struck. There lay a mountain before him. All the ice of the bay had been drifted here, but so narrow was the opening, and so furious the tide, that it had collected in this place, and now lay piled heap on heap in vast masses. The water rushed onward and dashing upon it roared underneath the quivering mass out toward the sea. And while Harry gazed, fresh fields of ice, with many smaller pieces, were hurried down and hurled upon the pile.

But amid the roar of rushing wave, and crashing ice, there came a sound which pierced to the very soul of Egerton. It was a wild, despairing cry—a human voice—a woman's wail! It was the voice of Florence Afton. O, how the heart of Harry leaped up at the sound.

"She is alive! Alive, O, Heaven!"

In a moment he had sprung forward, and dashing at a frantic rate over rocks, lumps of ice, and debris of shattered trees, he arrived at the very base of the icy pile. Leaping from his horse, while the animal ran from the shore, he clambered over the heaped up masses and gained an icy platform.

A piercing cry came from beneath him. There was the sleigh of Mr. Afton. It was overturned. The two horses lay crushed under masses of ice. The coachman was nowhere to be seen. But from some one underneath, shriek after shriek came, imploring rescue.

In an instant Harry had sprung down to the spot. A large mass of ice lay immediately upon the sleigh, but he hurled upon it a smaller piece, which broke it asunder. Then he tried to lift up the sleigh. As Florence heard the noise which he made, she uttered a cry of joy.

"O, blessings on your head; O, save me!"

"I will, Florence, or I will die!"

The strong and resolute voice of Harry echoed in her heart.

"O, Harry Egerton," she murmured in tremulous tones, "have you come to save me?"

Harry did not answer. He raised the sleigh and called to her. She came from under it and stood up. Claspings her hands she raised her eyes to heaven in gratitude.

"There's no time to lose—no time to lose!" cried Harry. "We must escape to the shore before it is too late. Are you hurt? can you walk?"

"I am unharmed," cried Florence. "O, what an escape!"

"Fly, then; come!"

He sprang up towards the icy platform. Grasping her hand he pulled her upon it. He looked toward the shore. A chill of despair seized his very life blood. The point at which he had arrived a few minutes before, was far up the channel. The ice was moving. They felt it sway under them. They heard the thunder of the crashing masses around. The fury of the tide was overpowering everything.

"My God!" cried Harry, "O, spare us! Let us not perish now!"

The ice trembled beneath them, toppled over. Harry sprang down, and hurriedly lifted Florence after him. Then he helped her toward the shore. It was a hundred yards away, and the ice was loose and floating. Florence slipped so much, and was so greatly entangled by her clothing, that she made but small progress.

"O, hasten—hasten—leave me!" she cried despairingly, finding that the ice was moving down more quickly than before.

"Never!" cried Harry. And at this moment, lifting her over a large block of ice, they found themselves on the brink of an open space of water full sixty feet from the shore. Harry looked over it, and looked down the channel, but it was separate from the shore for a long distance, only coming in contact at one place where the ice lay piled up high across the strait.

Florence saw it all. Chilled through by her long exposure, she could stand up no longer, but sank senseless at his feet, murmuring: "Fly, dear Harry! Leave me!"

But the high courage of Harry Egerton did not sink, though surrounded by such tremendous dangers. He raised Florence in his arms, and with compressed lips and knit brows, prepared to make a final and desperate effort. It was the occasional glimmer of the moon through the clouds which showed him all the scene, and the gloom which succeeded the fitful brightness, only made his situation the more perplexing.

But scarcely had he started than he stopped. For a sudden roar like loudest thunder burst upon his ears. For some time the tide had moaned beneath the vast collection of ice, heaping it up, pressing it more closely together, but still failing to clear the channel. But now the ice could resist no longer. With a crash, a loud report, and a long deep roar, it burst, it shook, it yielded to the tide and moved onward to the sea. In an instant all was one grand scene of terrible confusion. The waves rushed under the ruined mass, crushing them altogether, shaking them to pieces, and crumbling them into innumerable fragments. The swift current, with a deeper

moan, bore the entire mass forward rapidly to sea. And now the wind, which had been increasing throughout this dreadful night, had arrived to the strength and fury of the most violent tempest. It roared around the rocky cliffs, and "howled with a savage will."

Amid this great confusion, this warfare of wind, wave, rock and ice, Harry Egerton stood erect, resolved and fearless, waiting his chance. The ice where he stood was swept with the rapidity of lightning past the shore. Should he be carried out to sea, he would be lost; yet the sea was now close at hand. But one more point of land intervened between him and its rolling billows.

But he held Florence in his arms, and raised her high in the air. Her weight seemed to be as nothing to him. The thought that it was really Florence Afton, and that they were together, even though death should seize them, gave him superhuman strength.

And now he neared the pond, he was sweeping past it; it was now the time. The shore was but three yards distant. Summoning all his strength he sprang. He fell into the water, a lump of floating ice hurried by, and struck him with terrible force, but in another moment he was on the shore. The vast collection of ice rushed past him, and in a few moments, even while he was yet taking breath, the mad current, now all smooth and free from ice, rolled by, carrying away to sea the last vestige of the ice.

Saved! saved! O, it was a feeling of almost delirious ecstasy that swelled within him then, as he felt his foot upon the firm ground, and knew the danger that he had escaped.

But the house was yet a long way off. He had yet to bring his dear burden there. He raised her up once more, and with vigorous steps mounted the bank. From this point a rough road lay through the woods which joined the main road not far away. He walked forward quickly toward his journey's end. Florence was still senseless, and he had to carry her all the way. There were no houses near from which he could get assistance, so that his task was toilsome indeed. Scarcely had he gone three miles when he felt himself failing. The dreadful knowledge that his strength was exhausted forced itself upon his mind. Not even the thought that the life of Florence Afton depended upon his exertion, could give him strength any longer.

But now, even when he sank down to rest, and looked around him in despair, a familiar sound met his ears. It was the neigh of a horse. It sounded far away in the distance, but by the sound of the footsteps Harry knew that he was

coming up the road toward him. Nearer and nearer the horse came, and at last arrived at the spot where he was sitting.

"Hey, Bruno! Whoa!" shouted Harry.

The noble animal knew his master's voice. He stopped and came toward him. In a moment more Harry was on his back, with his precious burden, and riding like the wind to Mr. Afton's house. The rough motion roused Florence from her long stupor. She moved, looked up, and murmured the name of her preserver.

The sound of the voice gave new life to him. Pressing her more closely to his throbbing heart he urged his horse forward at such a rapid pace that they soon arrived at the door of the house. As the sound of the horse's hoofs came to the ears of the Afton family, they sprang forth to see who it was. Their search had been fruitless, they had given up Florence for lost, and now when they saw her safe before them, their joy can more easily be imagined than described.

"O, Mr. Egerton," cried Mr. Afton, in a voice that trembled with emotion, "how can we ever repay you for this?"

But Harry could not speak. He watched Florence till they took her away. He followed her into the house, and then, after they had carried her up stairs, the strength and unnatural energy which had so long sustained him, gave way completely. He sank senseless to the floor.

Florence was as well as ever the next day, but Harry did not get off so easily. For months he lay sick at Mr. Afton's house, hovering between life and death. It was found that in his severe exertion he had broken a blood vessel. But nature triumphed finally over his sickness, and during his convalescence he was hurried back to health by the presence of Florence, who knew not how to show enough gratitude to the noble youth who, though wronged by her, had saved her life.

Indeed it seemed to be a more tender feeling than gratitude, and when at last, about a month after Harry had entirely recovered, there was a great wedding at Mr. Afton's house, people said that there never was a handsomer or more loving couple than Florence Egerton and her husband. The same company who had formed the party at the time of the disaster, assembled now to see her happiness, and those who once pitied the misfortunes of Harry, now congratulated him on his final success.

Jeremy Taylor, speaking of marriage, says, "It is not written that in the beginning God created man rich and poor, philosopher and peasant, but male and female created he them."

TO SISTER KATE.

BY COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

Thou art not here—but yet I feel
Thy presence everywhere:
When into solitude I steal,
Thou seemest by my side—
And when at eventide
The forest shades my path conceal,
Sister, I see thee there,
In fancy's dream, in fancy's dream,
Nor dearer, Katie, dost thou seem,
Than when I gazed on thee
In life's reality.

Imagination paints thee now—
A gentle, friendly smile
Rests on thy lips—thy placid brow
A shade of thought doth wear—
And o'er thy dark brown hair
Streams soft moonlight. O, pure art thou—
True-hearted—without guile.
O, love me yet! O, love me yet!
Though far from thee, I'll ne'er forget
The hours I passed with thee
In sweet reality.

GERTRUDE WILLIS'S BETROTHAL.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"O, Gertrude, pity me!"

Marion Willis leaned her head upon her sister's shoulder and wept. The sunset stained with red the narrow panes of the window, by the open casement of which they were sitting, and enveloped in a crimson glory the drooped figure and bowed head of Marion, and the sweet, pitying face of Gertrude which bent above her.

"Look there!" and Marion's white finger pointed to a robe of snowy satin, and a long, delicate veil that were thrown carelessly over the back of a plain chair, and trailed on the uncarpeted floor. A box of jewels stood beside them, glimmering in the pink glow of the sunset, and looking strangely out of place in that poor though neat apartment. "He will dress me like a queen, and I—I shall hate him. Satin and lace were better sackcloth and ashes, and those pearls will burn upon my neck and arms like living coals. God grant that I may die ere the time comes for me to wear them!"

"Hush, hush, Marion! Have you not told me that Lynn Durant was noble? And is he not rich, and proud, and handsome? What more do you desire?"

"Simpleton!" was the bitter answer, "will my chains gall less because a royal master holds the key? He might be holy as heaven, and I should loathe him—count his gold by millions

and my heart would break in his keeping; be beautiful as an angel, and my eyes make him deformed!"

"I cannot see it so. It is not possible that a woman can be utterly wretched in the love of any man who is strong, and true, and tender. You will forget this by-and-by, dear Marion."

"Lynn Durant does not love me. He fancied me, because I looked like some one he once loved; and with the ashes of that other affection still warm in his fickle heart, he bought me, bought me, Gertrude. Forget, do you say? Shall I ever forget, think you, that I have wronged the noblest man God ever made—forget that Edgar Hammond cursed me?"

"And yet you voluntarily gave him up."

"No no! do not wrong me so. I was a simple child, not knowing my own heart. You, Gerty, who have seen more of the world, might have been wiser. But I, born and living always in this quiet, country home, as ignorant of life as the birds, and flowers, and sunshine about me; seeing nothing grander than these rough walls; painting no pictures for the future that did not have in them Edgar's brown farm-house and speckled clover-fields; what wonder that I was flattered, dazzled, cheated, when Lynn Durant came, with his polished words and fascinating promises? He told me of his elegant home, his splendid furniture, his orderly servants. He was eloquent, very eloquent, and hearing him talk of my beauty, and my fitness for the station which he offered me, I grew to look with a feeling little short of contempt, upon my humble life. Father and mother, proud of the offer which was so far beyond their simple hopes for me, seeing opulence and ease waiting to gild their declining years, beset me with their entreaties. You were not here, Gerty, to advise me with your clear, straight-forward views of things; intoxicated, flattered, importuned on all sides, I yielded at last, and put away the pure, sweet dream that had filled my heart so many years."

"But surely, Marion, you will not marry with these feelings! It is not yet too late. Go to Lynn when he comes, tell him what you have told me, and rely upon his manliness to release you. It were better to deny him at the very altar, in the sight of God and his witnesses, than to carry a perjured heart into his home; better than to act out a wearisome falsehood in his presence all your life; to return his caresses with feigned delight, kiss him with lips that have spoken, lyingly, the holiest of vows; live upon his bounty, and lie in his bosom, while, all the time, your traitorous heart was aching to bless another with its love. O, Marion, beware!"

"You know not what you say," answered Marion, with a dreary sigh. "You would but wound another heart, instead of healing the one you had already broken. If I could so far forego my pride as to seek Edgar Hammond now, and sue for the affection which only a week ago I trampled under my feet so pitilessly, he would spurn me for the guilty, faithless creature that I am. No, no! it is too late, I would die a thousand deaths, rather than show him how the blow that smote him so cruelly has crushed me with its rebounding. Generous as he is, he could but triumph over and mock me in my desolation. Lynn Durant thinks I love him; let him think so still, if words and deeds of mine can keep up the pitiable deception. I will atone for my sin by making him happy at least."

There were tears in Gertrude's eyes as she stroked tenderly the shining head that lay upon her shoulder, and wound her arms closer about the slight form of her sister.

"I do not know," she said at length, "but perhaps you will not be very wretched after all. I have never seen this Lynn Durant of yours, but if he is all you have pictured him to me, I think I could love him."

"You, Gerty, you! Strange that I never thought of it before. You are handsomer, better, more accomplished than I. If you might only exchange places with me! And why can you not? He cannot help loving you infinitely better than he does me. I should be only a shadow in his grand house, where you would be a sunbeam. Say, Gerty, is it not possible? I will break the matter to him, tell him how kind, and good, and pure you are, and I am sure he will not deny me. Tell me, Gertrude, will you save me if you can?" And the poor suppliant lifted her head, and regarded her sister with an expression of earnest, agonized, hopeful entreaty.

Gertrude returned her gaze with one of compassionate wonder, as though she thought she had gone mad, but shook her head with a sad smile.

"You do not realize what you are asking, dearest. You do not realize how almost impossible it would be for me to do so, without a complete sacrifice of maidenly delicacy,—how hardly a sensitive woman could, as you propose, be pushed, unloved, unappreciated, and unasked for, into the place which another was only too glad to relinquish. Think in what a ridiculous light I should stand before your betrothed husband, did I offer myself in your stead, when I have never seen him, or heard of him save by report. I would do anything this side of womanly modesty and truth to serve you; but your plan is too wild. Besides—"

Gertrude faltered and blushed.

"You already love," suggested Marion, whose quick eyes were not tardy to notice her agitation.

"Yes, and still more hopelessly than you," was Gerty's low answer. "Listen, and I will tell you about it. Four years ago, when I went from here to B——, I was obliged, as perhaps you will remember of my writing to you, to travel in the cars the whole of one night. It was a lonely road, and I was not surprised to find that only a single passenger occupied the cars with me. This was a man, young and well-dressed, and as I scrutinized him by the dim light of the car lamps, I thought I had never seen one who came so near my ideal of manly beauty. A fine, clearly-cut profile; hair not curly enough to look feminine, but sufficiently so to fall in black, luxuriant waves; a handsome, well-kept beard, and strong, muscular, but perfectly symmetrical figure, composed his list of personal attractions. To beguile the tediousness of the journey, I had been reading 'Jane Eyre,' until my mind was tinged with that romantic imaginativeness, which invests every person it meets with the characteristics of a hero or a heroine. By one of those sudden impulses of feeling, which can hardly be called intuitions, and are yet more than presentiments, I looked on the stranger as one who would sometime be dear to me—dearer than a friend. I could not help it, although I tried at first; and finally, thinking it was a sentimentalism which the next day's realities would dissipate forever, I gave myself up to the indulgence of my curious fancy.

"Long I sat there, watching the quiet, dark, dignified face turned partially away from me, and summing up the probable virtues and vices of its owner. I read there of determination and strength of will, of passions kept under resolute control; of tenderness that would stoop to fondle a dove, and fierceness, that if once aroused, would find no restraint, save in the promptings of a clean heart and an unstained conscience; I read of temptations conquered, trials borne with, and wrong forgiven. And then I followed out an imaginary future, with such a man for my companion. I saw how we went along, hand in hand, over the rough paths and the smooth, never faltering, never stumbling, never failing in kindness to each other, his strength the guide of my weakness, my weakness the channel for his strength; each a mutual reproof and comfort, hope and ambition to the other."

"As Edgar and I might have been," interrupted Marion, with a sigh that was half a sob.

"My reverie was broken in upon by a few

words from the stranger himself, who had taken a seat near me, and was commenting on the beauties of the moonlit landscape, that swept past us like a fairy dream. We soon became quite sociable, and if I had been interested before, I was completely enthralled then. He spoke with graceful ease and naturalness, and his musical voice was toned to perfect harmony with the time and place. I had thrown down my book, and sat with my head partially bent forward to listen, my cheeks burning, and my lips half-parted, as with the indistinct praise they would have spoken.

"All at once I became aware that my unusual interest was making itself noticeable even to him, and with a blush of unutterable shame and confusion, I drew back, stammering a few incoherent words that only added to my painful embarrassment. A gratified smile lingered a moment about his mouth, and then with a respectful considerateness for which I thanked him, remarked pleasantly that perhaps I was sleepy, and turned away from me, first asking if I would lend him the book I had laid aside.

"I did not stop to see him open it, but drew my veil over my eyes, and tried to profit by his suggestion. But I could not sleep. That smile haunted me. I could see his clear, dark eyes dancing around under my veil, and mocking me with a steady, magnetic, triumphant gaze. A thousand intangible visions floated before me, in which he was an actor, always with that calm, fascinating, immovable smile upon his features. I grew sick of my own silly fancies, and threw up my veil with a gesture of impatience; but I started with an indefinable thrill of pleasure and surprise, as I found the eyes of the unknown haunter of my thoughts fastened intently upon me. I thought he appeared momentarily embarrassed, as I drew myself up with an air which I would have gladly had him interpret into one of displeasure, though it was far from being so. He returned my book with a pleasant 'thank you,' and a laughing remark about its extravagance. That my hero should speak sarcastically of the novel for which of all others I felt the most enthusiastic admiration, wounded my vanity, for I had not thought of him as a stern, practical man, and I did not like to find myself mistaken. I defended it warmly.

"Perhaps," he said, smiling at my earnestness, 'I am too skeptical in regard to the remarkable adventures which are said to befall people in love; but it has always seemed to me, that a woman who became my wife in a rational, common-place sort of manner, would just as completely fill my heart and bless my home, as

though I had waded through fire and water after her.'

"That may be," I replied, 'but if fire and water should happen to sweep between you and the woman you loved, just as you had stretched out your arms to make her a shelter, I cannot believe you would think any hardship a sacrifice, any affliction or endeavor extravagant, that helped to bring her near to you again. Blessings hardest won are longest prized, and for my part, I had rather be gained with difficulty than ease, though my heart was wrung till I shed tears of blood, and my way blinded till I knew not where to step for fear of going wrong, I should have faith to believe that for every perplexity an extra harvest of blessing awaited me in the future.'

"But were you placed in the situation where the heroine of *Jane Eyre* was, do you think your faith would be strong enough to uphold you in the long, dreary separation from one in whom every joy in life was bound up, to hope against hope, by tracing out even indistinctly, the coming re-union?'

"I do not know as I quite understand you, sir.'

"Let me suppose a case then. If you and I—pardon my boldness—should form one of those sudden attachments which it seems to be the especial delight of novel-writers to portray, and some unavoidable circumstance should hinder us from becoming better acquainted with each other's names, characters, or destinations than we now are; though that love might be pure as heaven, and lasting as eternity, would you have faith enough in an overruling Providence, to make you courageous and contented through years of parting, keep your heart fresh and whole for my claiming? Could you believe that time and chance would ever bring us, strangers, together under circumstances favorable to the crowning of our love with the happiness it deserved?'

"I trembled while he was speaking. His eyes were fixed upon mine with a questioning, eager, almost passionate glance. Had he read my thoughts, and taken advantage of them, to enjoy a momentary triumph over my womanly weakness? I could not believe it, and so I answered firmly, yet half involuntarily, 'Yes.'

"He bent towards me, and still those eager, bewildering, tender eyes searched my face. Then he reached out his hand, and while my heart leaped with an instinctive foreboding of what was coming, he said, 'I dare you to the trial!'

"I have wondered since at my imprudence. I know not whether my good angel or my bad

one prompted me, but an irresistible spell was upon me, and had my salvation been staked on the action, I could not have helped putting my hand in his, and answering back, 'I accept your challenge!'

"Henceforth, then, you are my Jane!"

"And you my Mr. Richard."

"I have never seen him since, dear Marion, and yet every day has strengthened that singular fascination. I believe that he is true, and good, and pure, and that he has loved me all this while. It may be a foolish hope, a vagary too wild ever to meet fulfilment. He *may* be dead, or standing, even now, at the altar with another, for all the outward evidence I have to the contrary; yet my heart tells me persistently, 'Nay, he is coming—he is very near; your love has been strange and brave beyond common loves, but its reward is certain.'"

It was late in the evening before Gertrude finished her narration; and when, in their humble bed that night, the sisters wrapped their arms about each other, and breathed together their nightly prayer for pardon and protection, one could hardly tell which to pity most, she who would wake to meet on the morrow an unwelcome bridegroom, or she whose heart yearned so confidently and with such a delusive trust, for the arrival of one who might never come.

Early on the afternoon of the next day, the village stage-coach came rattling down the road that led to the cottage, and stopped before the door. A tall, dark, singularly handsome man leaped from it to the ground, and with a few pleasant directions to the driver about his baggage, walked rapidly up the path to the house.

Marion's cheeks blanched whiter than the muslin dress she wore, and her hand which sought Gerty's in a convulsive grasp, was cold and clammy. Mrs. Willis smoothed down the plaits of her gingham apron complacently, and looked with a sort of motherly satisfaction on the approaching stranger. The features of good farmer Willis relaxed with a broad, honest smile; while Gerty, the least interested of them all, stood with one white arm thrown over her sister's neck, and trembling from head to foot with an unaccountable emotion.

A moment later Lynn Durant was among the little group that had gathered at the door to welcome him. But what! It was not Marion's hand he snatched so eagerly in both his own; not Marion's dewy eyes he looked into so reverently, and yet so passionately; not Marion's smile that brought such an expression of glad, quick, wondering surprise into his proud, almost haughty face. With a rapid bound he stood at

Gerty's side, and drawing her towards him with an impulsive, caressing motion, he whispered, in a voice hoarse with tender emotion, "Found at last, my Jane!"

"My Mr. Richard!"

It was all they said, but Marion read the whole story at a glance, and going up to them, with the vague hope shining in her eyes, and deepening and broadening over her whole face, till it was fairly illuminated with the radiance of an unexpected and unspeakable gladness, she said, softly, "God be praised for this undeserved mercy! I have never loved you, Lynn, as she will, and though I would have wronged you by giving you my hand while my heart's best allegiance was another's, you can afford to forgive me now, my brother."

And then, after she had left the room, to shed tears of quiet happiness in the solitude of her own chamber, and the lovers had partially satisfied the wonder of the bewildered parents, Lynn Durant, holding Gerty in a close embrace, as though he feared she might vanish from him into nothingness, told her of the past four years. How the memory of her and their mutual and singular promise had haunted him, until every fibre of life and hope seemed bound up in the desire of seeing her once more; and how that for three long years he had wandered, searching, waiting and praying, with no aim save the faint possibility of finding her, his unknown betrothed; how, at last, when the utter hopelessness of his weary search first dawned upon him, and he had begun to tire of the lonely, restless, wasteful life he led, he had met Marion Willis. Her resemblance to Gerty had first attracted him, and afterwards, although he loved her but indifferently, he had asked her to become his wife, hoping that by having some one dependent on him for care and protection, he might be weaned from the mad dream that tormented him.

There were two weddings instead of one, at Farmer Willis's cottage; and among Gerty's bridal gifts, was a handsomely bound edition of "Jane Eyre," on the fly-leaf of which was written, in the delicate chirography of her sister, now Marion Hammond: "Blessings hardest won are longest prized, and for my part, I had rather be won with difficulty than ease, though my heart was wrung till I shed tears of blood, and my way blinded till I knew not where to step for fear of going wrong, I should have faith to believe that for every perplexity an extra harvest of blessing awaited me in the future."

And underneath, in Lynn Durant's bold hand writing, "God bless and spare her to me till I die—my Jane—my Gerty—my wife!"

THE EMIGRANTS.

BY ELISA F. MORIARTY.

The white waves kissed the smiling shores,
With love's unchanged devotion,
Where Hudson, queen of rivers, pours
Her homage to the ocean.

As Conal and his fair young bride,
His Irish rose transplanted,
While sunset's gorgeous splendors died,
Behold the scene enchanted.

"I'm thinking of the days," he sighed,
"When we were blithe and merry,
Ah! when we crossed the ocean wide,
We left our hearts in Kerry.

"Twas there amid its green hills old,
Disporting like a fairy,
I first beheld with love untold
My own, my child wife, Mary.

"And there the good priest's holy power
Our yearning hearts united,
But in a dark and evil hour
Our wedded joy was blighted.

"We saw our parents' hallowed hairs
Pale white with want and sorrow,
Our lightsome hearts, unused to cares,
First tumbled for the morrow.

"A wail went out of wild despair,
And woful lamentation,
Egyptian darkness filled the air,
While famine smote our nation.

"The churchyards could not hold the dead;
What woe to see the dying,
Like autumn leaves the ground o'erspread,
Along the wayside lying.

"Dear Lord, my heart was withered up,
Despair its life consuming,
To see *their* drain want's poisoned cup,
When o'er the waters looming

"Upraise before our furnished gae,
A white-winged ship* advancing,
Aftward her path flashed morning's rays,
The glad waves round her dancing.

"The star-gemmed banner o'er her waved,
On Eire's breezes streaming,
The scene upon my heart engraved
Is present in my dreaming.

"We praised our God the nation blest
That sighed o'er fallen Eire,
And from the bounty of the West
Our lot was made less dreary.

"She came from 'freedom's land' to save
The famished thousands dying,
But shrouded in a common grave
The millions starved were lying.

*Two national vessels, the Jamestown and the Macedonia, the former offered by volunteers, were despatched from the United States of America, with the voluntary contributions of the citizens in money, food, and clothing, for the starving poor of Ireland."

"We fled the soil that gave us birth,
Where once our hearts were merry,
Forsook the dearest spot on earth,
Our broken home in Kerry.

"To this great land by mercy led,
From famine, death and danger,
We love the soil that gives us bread,
And shields the hapless stranger.

"With peace and plenty in the west,
The future smiles before us,
Yet in our own land we would rest,
The shamrocks blooming o'er us."

As thus they mourned their native tale,
With Irish hearts' devotion,
The day-star with a parting smile
Went out upon the ocean.

COUSIN ANNE.

BY MRS. A. E. RUSSELL.

"Now which of us do you like best, Anne?
Can't you make up your mind?"

"Really, William, I'm sure I don't know!
Sometimes I think I like you best, and then I'm
sure it's Lawrence; and between you both, I'm
tormented most to death." And a silvery laugh
finished the sentence.

"It seems to me that you might know by this
time. You've lived in the same house with me
for more than a year, and you've flirted with
Lawrence about as long. Now when you go
down in the depths of your heart and search,
can't you tell which of us you'd prefer to spend
your life with?"

"I don't know as I've got any heart, William.
I think, on the whole, I haven't, or I should have
fallen in love with one of you before this time.
But what's the use of all this fuss? Why can't
we go along just as we have done? We're the
best of friends now, and I have two nice beaux,
whereas I shouldn't have but one, by the other
arrangement."

The young man smiled and sighed together,
and drummed on the table softly, in his perplex-
ity. The pretty, merry thing beside him was
worth something of a sacrifice, and he loved
her too well to give her up willingly; but to
share her smiles and attentions with some other,
when it was doubtful who might have the better
right to them, was rather more than he was pre-
pared to do.

"Come! you'd better make such an arrange-
ment," she said at length, tapping his fingers
with the branch of myrtle she had brought in.
"Let alone all this folderol about loving you
alone. Why, I could love a dozen of you at a
time! Let us be good friends, and flirt in a

good-natured sort of way, and leave the rest to chance. Come! you and Lawrence shall be my colleague beaux."

He couldn't help laughing at the speech and the comical expression of her face, but he shook his head and grew grave in a short time.

"That is something that a man will not consent to be colleague in, Anne," he said. "The woman I love must be mine, or nothing to me. I can have no partnership in her love. Now, if you really think that you like Lawrence better than me, I haven't a word to say. I confess he's handsome, and more gallant, and I really think he's better suited to you; but then if one loves, you know, all these things go for nothing. Sometimes, I've thought that you did love me a little, and that I might make you happy. Was it all a fancy, Anne?" And he drew her towards him, and tried to look in her face.

"Pshaw, William! how sentimental you grow!" she exclaimed, with a pretty, laughing pout. "I like you just as well as Lawrence, and no better. What's the use of talking so?"

"Well, then," he said, with a sigh, letting her go from his arm, "I suppose I must give up the field to Lawrence, for I can't hear it said that we are both hanging round you, and waiting to see which will be chosen."

"It's a fact, though," she laughed, gaily.

The young man colored deeply, as he rose from the sofa and went towards the door.

"It has been a fact, perhaps, Anne; but it ceases to be from this time," he said, coldly.

"Now how cross he is!" exclaimed the little sprite, springing before him and standing against the door. "I sha'n't let him go out until he's good-natured."

It was impossible to resist the sparkling good-nature of the pretty face, and William Mason's anger and pride all evaporated in a hearty laugh.

"It's of no use to try to do anything with you, Anne," he said. "You take the dignity all out of a man, before he knows it. We'll be friends, if we can't be anything more; and I won't trouble you with my serious ways again. I really think they are thrown away upon you."

"Yes, indeed they are!" cried the little beauty. "You must distribute your pearls more judiciously, William. And now that you are in a proper mood, come and look at my geraniums."

"You're nothing but a geranium, yourself," he answered, smiling, as he followed her into the garden.

"What kind—a pennyroyal?" she asked.

"A rose, just budding, child."

"Child!" she pouted. "That's pretty talk."

"Nevertheless, you are a child, Anne," he answered, more seriously. "A child unconscious of the great, sorrowful, grand world that rolls all around you. But there! I'm talking sense to you again. Pardon me this once, and I promise not to commit such an indiscretion again."

Anne pouted again. This was not exactly what she had required. She loved gay, flattering conversation, and hated to be in earnest; but she hardly wished to be treated like a child. Just then, the sound of steps coming up the gravel walk announced a visitor before he appeared from the thick shade of the lilac-bushes, and a handsome, well-dressed young man, with a cheerful, commonplace looking countenance, approached and shook hands with both of them. There was a great contrast between the young men. William Mason was only of middle height, stout, firm-built, with a plain face and a sturdy, common-sense look and manner, not at all attractive to a pretty little flirt like Anne; while Lawrence Wells was just the ideal of a silly girl of eighteen—tall, slender, with little feet and hands, regular features, bright eyes that meant nothing but flirtation and its accessories, and a very pretty mouth that talked of nothing else. But Lawrence was as kind-hearted and as thoroughly well-intentioned as a wiser man could be; and between him and his old neighbor and playmate, William Mason, there was as much friendship as could well subsist between persons of such different tastes.

When Anne Staples had come to live with her guardian and distant relative, Mr. Mason, the elder, Lawrence had become acquainted at once, and the two had struck up a flirtation that continued for months without any serious termination. Not but that the young man would have been glad to gather such a flower as Anne, but because she would never hear of anything serious, and always laughed and pouted him out of all grave thoughts and questions, as we have seen her do with his rival. Lawrence was one of the best beaux in the world; he danced finely, drove a horse well, gave as pretty a turn to a compliment as the prettiest girl could desire, but after all, Anne felt that Cousin William's good sense and profound feeling had something better in them than all Lawrence's accomplishments. The little gipsy saw his growing preference for her, his involuntary acts of affection, his manifest vexation when she was more than usually frivolous, with secret delight, quite as much for the excitement of flirting with such a superior man, perhaps, as from any preference she might feel for him, but still with a deeper sentiment of respect and regard than she was aware.

"Good morning, Miss Anne—you are a perfect rose-bud of beauty this morning," was Lawrence's salutation, before he spoke with his friend.

"William just said something similar to that," Anne answered, carelessly. "How your hair shines this morning, Lawrence! I think you must have taken particular pains with it. William's doesn't look so, now. I presume he combs his in a fit of lofty abstraction—don't you, Cousin William?"

Both young men colored, and then laughed. It was impossible to quarrel with her, however rude she might be.

"There is to be a ride and ball, to-night," Lawrence said. "Are you engaged, Anne?"

"No, indeed! I never heard of such a thing," she said.

"Then will you honor me?" he asked, making a dancing-school bow.

"Yes, certainly—if you will try to appreciate the honor," she answered, laughingly, glancing up with a merry look of mischief towards William. "You'll go too, Cousin William, won't you?"

"I dare say I shall," William said; "provided I find a lady as ready to accept my invitation."

Anne looked up into his face again. Instead of the jealousy she thought to find there, there was nothing but an amused smile. Was he laughing at her and Lawrence too? She tossed her pretty head at the thought, and telling the visitor she had some new prints to show him, invited him into the parlor without another word to his companion.

William found a partner quite as attractive as his pretty mistress, and Anne was no less annoyed by his earnest attentions to her rival, than by the frank, good-natured way in which he approached herself. If he had only behaved disdainfully, or angrily, she might have thought he cared for her treatment in the morning, and her various flirtations that evening; but no stranger could seem more pleasantly indifferent than he. She thought of it all the evening, and lay awake thinking of it after she was in bed, and thought of it the next day when William was absorbed in study and seemed to have forgotten that such a person lived.

When he had studied many hours, and Anne had peeped cautiously into the library two or three times, she went into the garden and gathered some rose-buds and heliotrope, arranging them prettily as she went in.

"Haven't you studied long enough at that old book, Cousin William?" she asked, holding the

bouquet before his eyes, and laughing at his sudden start.

"You think so, at any rate," he said, laughing and closing the book. "Are these for me?"

"Certainly. I brought them as a peace offering."

"A peace offering? what did you want of that, Anne? We are good friends, are we not?" he asked, in surprise.

"I didn't know as you liked my rudeness, yesterday morning, and I wanted to say that I was sorry," she said, with much the air of a convicted child.

"Why, you're dreaming, Anne," he said, with a gay laugh. "I didn't even know that you were rude. You are privileged to do as you please, and you know we made a contract yesterday to be good friends, and never have anything serious between us. In future, you must remember that I forget all your pretty impudence as soon as you are out of sight; will you?"

"Yes, if you wish it so," she said, half vexed, and not a little hurt at the implied indifference.

"Most certainly I wish it so, Anne. I wouldn't have you think that I refuse to be a good friend to you, and enjoy your society, because you don't choose that I should take a deeper interest in you. My mind is occupied with serious things, you know, and there isn't much room in it for these little trifling matters. Come! let's go out in the garden. I want to see your flowers, and I think I've studied about enough for this afternoon."

Anne smothered her mortification and anger. Trifling things! She'd let him see that her society, and her likings and dislikings were not such trifles, as he thought. So she flirted more gaily than ever, laughed and sang and danced about the house like a pet bird, and was alternately kind and cold to the young man apparently without a reason.

But in a few weeks, a new actress appeared upon the scene. Another cousin, one really related to William, came on a visit to the family, and won all hearts at once. She was so dignified, so superior, and so good, too! Anne could not but love her; and she, in turn, petted the little beauty, and treated her with the same affection that she would have bestowed upon a baby sister. She braided and decked her hair, and arranged her dresses for rides and parties to which Lawrence invited her; she praised the pretty girl without stint, and contrived always to draw her out in company when she seemed shy, or come to her relief when she was out of sorts—and Anne generously admired and praised her

companion also. But William talked to Caroline, as he never had to her. Caroline could enter into all his ideas and plans. Her cultivated mind comprehended all his studies and arguments—his proud aspirations for the future. Both would trifle and romp with the gay girl, but when any vein of real sentiment or valuable thought was struck, they seemed to forget her entirely. William's eye would flash and his cheek glow, as he poured out his feelings and speculations; and Carry's face always wore an aspect of pleased appreciation, while she listened and replied.

They studied together, too, great heavy books, while Anne worked idly at her embroidery, or drummed on the great piano in the parlor, wishing from the depths of her little heart that she was wise and learned. Anne had begun to think that she might have a heart, after all. At any rate, there was sometimes a very definite ache down there in the region where a heart should be. When William turned from flattering her, and laughing at her nonsense, to such an earnest, respectful manner with her companion; when he so plainly treated her as a plaything, and Caroline as an equal; when he only gave her the foam and froth of his idle hours, despised and forgotten in a moment, and opened the stores of study and thought that had accumulated so long, as soon as he turned to her rival—Anne felt that she was justly punished for trifling with him and with herself so long, and crept away alone to cry with mortification and real sorrow. As for Lawrence, his nonsense and his attentions were absolutely hateful to her, and in a fit of anger one evening, she told him never to come there again, if he always came to see her. The sight of William and Caroline going out to walk together, quite destroyed the little patience with which she had been trying to listen to him.

"What is the matter with Anne?" asked Mrs. Mason of her son and niece a few days afterward, when they were sitting together in the library, and Anne was pensively watering and weeding her flowers.

"Is anything the matter with her?" asked William, looking out at her, as she stood now beneath a tree, watching the flight of a bird upward.

"She hasn't been so well, lately, as usual, and she seems sort of strange, too—not half so cheery as she used to," said the kind old lady. "I wonder if she and Lawry hasn't quarrelled! He hasn't been here, lately."

"Poor child!" said William, looking with a sort of pitying admiration at the graceful young

figure. "She's so happy in her world, it would be a pity if it should disappoint her."

"Not so much of a child as you think, Willy," his mother answered. "You treat her as though she was a baby, and how can you expect her to be serious with you?"

"She never would let me treat her any other-wise," the young man said, gravely, still looking at Anne, who had gone back to her flowers again, but had forgotten to pull up the weed she had her hand upon, and knelt thoughtfully by her favorite rose-tree, quite oblivious of what she was there to do.

"You didn't try long and patiently enough, perhaps, my son. Besides, Anne's only sixteen, you know, and was an only child—poor thing! I suspect she came up pretty much as she pleased, and never knew what a serious thought was, until she came here."

William's eyes looked decidedly misty now, but he still looked in the same direction. Anne had raised her hand as if to dash away a tear, and then risen and gone slowly down the walk out of sight.

"Anne's got the foundation of a nice, sensible woman in her," persisted the old lady; "and I think she's too good for Lawry. But what's to be, will be, I suppose, and she seems to have her heart set on him. I only wish I knew what ailed her." And the old lady went thoughtfully back to the jelly she had left boiling.

Caroline, too, went out to see the operation, and William turned to his writing again. But Anne's sweet face, pale and tearful as his fancy pictured it now, would sit on his pen, and spoil all his lines. He couldn't write, and he couldn't study; so he took his hat and went down the garden walk.

But if he sought for Anne, he sought in vain, for she was not in any part of the garden. Sitting down, he heard slow steps coming along the street and lingering as they neared the garden.

"Why, Lawrence!" he said, recognizing his friend. "What a stranger you are! Why don't you come in now? It's as much as a week since you were here last. You and Anne haven't quarrelled, have you?"

"Yes we have; and she told me not to come again," answered the young man frankly, half smiling at the confession. "I felt vexed enough to stay away in earnest, but she's such a witch of a thing a man can't stay away from her long, and then I know she likes me, and I fancy she feels as badly as I do."

"There's no reason why you shouldn't come to see the rest of us then, Lawrence," William said. "Just walk in and take tea with us to-

night, and you shall have an opportunity to see Anne alone, if you wish."

Lawrence was full of spirits, laughed and chatted with Caroline who tried to entertain him, as one stoops towards a child they wish to amuse, complimented Mrs. Mason's cooking, talked about the weather with the squire, and tried to approach Anne, who was as coolly indifferent as possible. After tea, Anne must play and sing, which she never refused to do, but much to Lawrence's annoyance, and the amusement of the rest of the family, she broke down in the middle of every piece he attempted to sing with her, and took no notice of his efforts to propitiate her. William proposed a walk, and both Caroline and Lawrence eagerly seconded him. But to their surprise, Anne declined going, and wishing them a very pleasant walk, went up the broad staircase, singing the air of a new opera. Lawrence's look of disappointment and vexation was a study for a painter; but he was too proud to complain, so he bade the old people good evening with as good a grace as possible, and tried to talk very cheerfully until he was alone. Then he solaced himself by wishing all girls in the Red Sea, and declaring that he would never speak to that little jilt again, and finally wound off with three cigars which he smoked with great energy.

William found it difficult to study or write, and impossible to sleep for many hours that night. Mathematical figures, problems of history or philosophy, all run to brown curls and pouting lips, and pretty little feet that danced just like Cousin Anne's. What could the girl mean? Did she really like Lawrence, as he thought, and as William had made up his mind that she did? and was all this coldness and change in her manner in consequence of a lover's quarrel? William resolved to speak with her the next day, though it seemed rather a delicate matter for him.

Morning brought just the opportunity he wished. Anne had begged permission of Mrs. Mason to take charge of the parlors, and after William had been seated for some time in the library, with his book upside down before him, he heard her singing softly, as she dusted and arranged the furniture. It was a very pleasant sound, much like the warbling of a bird, and as William listened, he fell into a day-dream, half forgetting the intended interview. But the sudden ceasing of the tune broke the spell, and with a sigh and half smile, he rose and went through the hall.

"This is not taboed, is it?" he asked, just putting his head in at the door.

"Not now," Anne said; "but if you had come half an hour before, I should have said yes."

William looked admiringly at her. Was ever anything so pretty as the pink morning dress and nice collar, the wrought slipper on the little foot, the brown, wavy hair, tucked away behind her ears, the dimpled arms, with the sleeves pinned up on them? Nothing could be prettier and daintier than Anne, not even the flowers she was arranging in the vases.

"You see I'm in housekeeping trim," she said, laughing, and glancing at the calico apron.

"You look charming in any trim, Anne," he replied; and he really thought so.

"I can dispense with compliments," she said, with a scornful curl of her pretty lip. "If you have nothing more sensible than that to offer, you'd better go back to geometry."

"I thought you liked compliments," he answered.

"I like them when they can't help themselves," said Anne; "but not when they mean 'what a fool you are!'"

William laughed, and colored at the distinction.

"Do my compliments mean that, Anne?" he asked.

"Yes, always," she said. "Some people's flattery comes from their heart, but you always despise people you flatter, William. If you really felt such things, you'd be the last one to say them."

"Then I'll never say them to you again, But I have come to say something more serious, only that compliment couldn't help itself, you know. I scarcely know how to begin, for I'm afraid you'll think me impertinent. Will you promise me absolution if I offend, Anne?"

"I won't make any promises," she said, stooping over the flowers so that he could not see her face. "You ought to know whether it should offend me, certainly."

"Well, I'll risk it any way, then. I don't believe your anger would be very terrible, Anne. I wanted to say something about Lawrence. The poor fellow feels very badly because you treat him so coldly. Anne, I know he went home in very low spirits last night, and you don't seem exactly as you used to. Now, Anne, if there's an atom of trifling separating you, why can't you have some explanation, and be friends again. These things are hard to bear, and you ought not to subject such a good fellow as Lawrence to them, from any pique or pride. Hadn't you better make up your quarrel?"

Anne raised her head proudly.

"Did he ask you to come to me?" she said, in so dignified a tone that William began to feel ashamed of his errand.

"No, not exactly, certainly," he said. "But then I thought myself such a good friend to both, that I might take the liberty to speak without giving offence."

"You are very kind," she answered, haughtily. "But I really cannot see what concern you have in the matter. 'As for advice, when I wish it in such a delicate matter, I shall hardly ask it of you. I think my aunt would be the more suitable person.'"

Gathering up the refuse flowers, she swept by him and up the staircase with the air of a princess, while he stood in silent astonishment and shame. It was too delicate an office for him—and why had he not seen it? He had made a great mistake in thinking Anne a child, and treating her as such in all things, when she had all a woman's sensitiveness in this. No doubt she loved Lawrence, and was suffering from some causeless jealousy; but it would not do for him to interfere again. He only wished that he had had sense enough to mind his studies and let Anne alone. With a slow step, and rather a heavy heart, he went back to the library and bent his head over his book again. A loud laugh disturbed him at last, and looking up, he saw Caroline standing beside him.

"You must have a new gift, cousin," she said, still laughing. "No wonder you were too much absorbed to hear me come in. Is it just as easy as the other way?"

William looked at his book. It had been upside down all the forenoon. Laughing and coloring deeply, he threw it from him and went out. At dinner-time, he came in quite serious and handed a letter to his father. The old gentleman read it, put it in his pocket silently, and waited until the meal was over and the family all in the sitting-room before he made any remark upon it.

"You pay a great compliment to our patience," Mrs. Mason said, when she had gone twice round her knitting-work, and her husband had gone twice through the letter again. "What is it, William?"

"It is an offer of the very post I have wished for!" he said. "A capital situation in Philadelphia! But it takes me away rather soon—in three days. I'm sorry there's no more time."

"There is ever so much for you to do. You can't possibly go so soon."

"I can buy all the clothing, mother; and as for the rest, you can all say your last words in three days, I should think," William said.

He turned to look at Anne, curious to see how she would take the announcement. She was not by the window where she had been sitting, nor in sight anywhere. He would have given the world to have seen her face then, but she was not to be found, and did not come back until twilight. She had been down in the field and meadow searching for a rare sort of flower, and heard the announcement of William's intended departure very quietly indeed.

"We shall miss you very much, cousin," she said, turning to him calmly, and then going to put her flowers into a vase.

William felt more hurt than he would have been willing to acknowledge, but he determined to make up his quarrel with her that very night; so when she sat at the piano, playing and singing softly, as was her habit at twilight, and the rest of the family were discussing his affairs at the other end of the parlor, he went up to her, and begged she would excuse his impertinence that morning. He wasn't really aware what a fool he was making of himself until afterward.

They wouldn't think or talk any more about that, Anne said. It wasn't worth troubling about. She should forget it entirely, by the next day. William winced slightly, as though some one had struck him. Anne's indifference was not of so little moment to him as he had begun to think; but he was too proud to speak of his feelings, and only told her all about his intended journey and the place he should occupy.

"And now, Anne, may I sometimes write to you?"

"Write to me? No—not if—" But she could say no more, for her pretty lips trembled so visibly, and a quick tear dropped from her eyes.

That tear! There was no misunderstanding that. It was a diamond lens, through which, as with microscopic power, was revealed all the story of Anne's heart. He saw in one instant how much he had misconceived her—how poorly he had understood her delicate maiden heart.

In a moment more he was kneeling at her feet, with both her fair hands in his own, and with all the true eloquence of his full heart, was pouring into her willing ear a flood of tender confession.

His departure was delayed for a month, and when he went to fill his new situation, he took with him his young wife—COUSIN ANNE.

To be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience, is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp, to be satisfied with his own acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world.—*Lacan.*

THE MOONBEAM.

BY I. W. STANTON SANBORN.

Lightly my boat I row
O'er the silvery lake;
Calmly the breezes blow,
Ne'er a ripple make.

How beautiful thy beam,
O Moon of silver light!
As in my bark I dream
Of fairy visions bright.

Celestial ray of love,
Dispelling gloom and fear;
Fit symbol of "above,"
To beautify and cheer.

How dark would night appear,
Without thy modest smile;
Lonely, long and drear
Would seem to us the while.

THE LOST HEIR FOUND.

A TALE OF THE COURT OF LOUIS XIII.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

THE last rays of an October sun were resting in fading beauty on vineyard, stream and flower, where slept the old town of Blois, in the centre of an extensive amphitheatre of hills, and forests—the gloomy towers of St. Nicholas looming up in stately grandeur, high above its multitude of low red-tiled roofs—while the Loire's bright waters in the foreground murmured peacefully as though they slept, running above the golden sands of their yellow bed.

"Thank heaven, he has gone at last!" exclaimed Mary de Medici, as Armand Duplessis retired from her presence, to his bishopric of Luçon, from which he was shortly after exiled to Arignon.

So long as Richelieu had been of service to her, Mary de Medici protected and assisted in aggrandizing him; but when she saw the colossal power to which he had attained, she regretted the treaty entered into, to save her troops from the army of the Prince of Conde (liberated by Louis XII. from the Bastille), wherein she had promised a cardinal's hat to the warlike bishop of Luçon. His influence over the fickle king raised her resentment, and she determined on his fall. Generous in her friendships, she would have sacrificed her best interests for those she honored with her attachment, though none could deny that her own imperious disposition brought on a large portion of the misfortunes that clothed her latter days in want and wretchedness.

Her goods confiscated, her remittances stopped, her faithful attendants shut up in the Bastille, the unfortunate queen was glad to effect her escape from the chateau of Compiegne, where she had fled after her last interview with Richelieu, to the Low Countries, where she was kindly received by the Archduchess Isabella; but the war breaking out between France and Spain, again caused her to flee, a wanderer, with but indifferent resources, to England, where she was kindly welcomed by her daughter Henrietta, wife of Charles I., of England. Amid all her wanderings, it was noticed that the widow of Henry the Great was accompanied by a stripling page, called Armand, a slender, dark-eyed, beautiful boy. Many supposed him the son of Gaston, Duke of Orleans: the more, that Charles I. promised protection to him, if he choose to remain in England. But parliament, with the redoubtable Cromwell at its head, compelled Mary to again flee, when finding her petition to the Parliament of France unheeded, the unfortunate queen took refuge in the imperial town of Cologne. It being free and neutral, she took up her residence there, her only companion, the handsome boy, thought by all to be her grandson. He it was, who in her last moments, sought out the Elector of Cologne, bringing him to her bedside; her conference with the elector being long and private, committing to his care an asbestos box, which she said would fully substantiate the stripling's claim to his protection—and then her care-worn, weary spirit departed to its rest. The young Armand, grieving deeply for the loss of his benefactress, accompanied her remains to France, where with much pomp they were placed in St. Denis, by the side of Henry IV. On that occasion he first saw the beautiful Henrietta de Montmorenci, daughter of the Duke of Montmorenci, Constable of France, and then the wife of the Prince of Conde. She had been brought to Henry IV.'s court in her fifteenth year by her aunt, Diana d'Angouleme. She was at that time contracted by her father to the great Bassompierre; but Henry entreated him with tears to resign her. He at last consented, when the aged king proposed in his stead his own nephew, the Prince of Conde, first prince of the blood, and heir presumptive to the throne, in case of the death of the two young sickly princes. On the occasion of their marriage, so munificent were the presents made the gay princess by the king, that Conde, fearing for the consequences, persuaded her to fly with him to the Low Countries, then governed by the Archduke Albert, who had married Conde's cousin, Isabella. Henry the Great mourned her loss as one gone frantic.

Meantime, the beautiful princess, caring much less for the king than the costly presents he gave, and the homage amounting to adoration which he paid her, soon wearied of the monotony of the Low Countries, the more that Isabella exercised a strict watch over her actions.

Determined to compel her return, Henry united with the Duke of Savoy and the Venetians, invading Spain with the most formidable array that had ever menaced its power. Meantime the princess saw with a feeling of exultant pride, like another Helen, all Europe in arms on her account; when Ravillac's assassinating hand, ever supposed to have been directed by Henry's vindictive queen, stopped the progress of the war by striking Henry IV.'s death blow on the very day following her coronation.

Sent to induce the princess to return to France, Richelieu had paid her much attention, insomuch that she accused him of being influenced by a more tender feeling than the interest of the case required, remarking pleasantly, "*Mon étoile me destinait à être aimée par des vieux.*" Finding his love repulsed, Richelieu formed as sincere an attachment as his changeful mood could know, for her friend and confidant, Leonora Galligai, a beautiful young Languedocian, whom he after married to the man he caused to be assassinated, Concini.

When Henry fell beneath the assassin's hand he was not regretted much beneath his palace dome. The warrior was wept beneath the cottage thatch far more than the unfaithful husband by the queen within the palace walls, who ere he was two hours dead, had taken every precautionary measure to assure herself of the regency. Conde returned to France, and his wife shortly after rejoined him; her friend, Leonora Galligai, with her infant son, being in her suite, when accompanied by the Princess of Orange, she re-entered Paris, to rejoin her husband. The queen regent, Mary de Medici, forming a strong and enduring attachment to Leonora, placed her near her person, retaining her obstinately, long after Richelieu, angered at Concini, demanded of her to dismiss them both.

While Richelieu's cool brain was plotting the destruction of the woman he had once loved, neither his promises of protection, nor threats, could induce her to give up his infant son, whom she had confided to the queen's care. While Cardinal Richelieu was foiled by Leonora Galligai, in like manner did the old Cardinal Bentivoglio use every inducement to persuade the Princess of Conde, in whom he took a lively interest, to urge her husband to lay claim to the throne of France. Conde, however, indignantly

repelled his insinuations, fearing that even should he attain the crown, the perfidious cardinal would prove as great a rival as Henry IV. had been. These men, whom posterity have called "the great," descended often to dark strategy when it might further their views. It suited them both, to affect unbounded friendship for the Duke d'Epemon, colonel-general of the French army, who having never been remarkable for his attachment to Henry, happened to be sitting by his side when Ravillac struck the death blow. He neither attempted to prevent it nor to arrest the assassin, but hastened to surround the House of Parliament with troops, and haranguing the members, prevailed on them to nominate Mary de Medici regent.

One of her first unskilful acts was to shut up Conde in the Bastille, where his beautiful wife sought permission to go, remaining with him during all the years of his captivity, leaving it but once, when she went to Richelieu to solicit the pardon of her brother, the virtuous and heroic Marshal de Montmorenci. The minister looked coldly on her as she knelt supplicating her brother's life at his feet, then raised her with his habitual gallantry, and in turn flung himself at hers. His suit was scorned, as it had been years before, when the irate despot, inexorable to her prayers, hastened the decapitation of her brother at Toulouse. Ever anxious to reclaim his son, Richelieu's hatred of the queen, and Concini, to whom he had married Leonora Galligai, amounted to execration. Urged by him, the young king, Louis XIII., signed his death warrant. Marshal Concini, arriving at the Louvre, unconscious of this, was crossing the court proceeding to the council, when the captain of the guard demanded his sword, the next moment he received three pistol shots, expiring instantly, Louis, standing on the balcony to give his countenance to the dastardly murder. Mary de Medici's apartments were next blocked up, and the beautiful and unfortunate Leonora Galligai arrested in her presence. Intrepid, though modest, she at first shrunk from the mob, until certain she was being dragged to execution, when occupying herself solely with her religious duties, she prayed aloud for forgiveness for her enemies, especially naming the cardinal, without seeming to heed the sentence which the advocate-general, Servin, refused to countenance, causing it to be annulled, that declared her son Gaspard Armand Concini, a bright, intelligent, beautiful boy, to be ignoble, and unfit to hold any post under government. Richelieu little dreamed that in the supposed son of Concini, he was dooming his own long-mourned, long-sought heir.

After a lapse of many years and wanderings, the stripling protege of Mary de Medici once more trod the streets of his native Paris, an officer composing the guard of the Elector of Cologne, on the occasion of the interment of his royal mistress at St. Denis. There he first met the Princess of Conde, who, accompanied by her daughter Anne Genevieve de Bourbon, was so struck by the resemblance of the young officer to her murdered friend, Leonora Galligai, that she requested him to be presented to her. Fortunately also for our hero, her sons, Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti and Louis II. de Bourbon, afterward known to posterity as the great Conde, took him under their especial protection, as one who had been from very infancy the caressed and indulged favorite of the late queen.

It was a dark and dreary night in the autumn of 1637, as a beautiful girl in the first blush of youthful loveliness sat by a tall, pointed, Gothic window of the chateau de Conti, in the old town where Mary de Medici had taken refuge from the tyrant of the bloody hand, Richelieu, escaping from the Bishop of Luçon into the old town of Blois. The young beauty was negligently attired in a loose white robe of gossamer texture, which, though concealing her symmetrical figure by its ample folds, still flung back at the neck, exposed a bust of voluptuous mould, while the small foot resting on a low stool, and hand of delicate form and whiteness, were true and unerring indications of her rank and position. Very pensive seemed the youthful Genevieve de Bourbon,* as occasionally stealing a dreamy glance from her embroidery frame to her superb mother, the still beautiful Princess of Conde, she would sigh, look out of the window, and then again resume her embroidery, as though her thoughts were far away.

Very beautiful were both mother and daughter, yet unlike. The Princess of Conde was a magnificent brunette, with dusky ebony tresses, while Genevieve's neck and brow were fair as alabaster, with masses of brown, waving ringlets floating unconfined over her rose-tinted cheek and snowy shoulders. While the magnificent proportions of the mother were calculated to excite passion, the vestal-like simplicity of the young girl's dress, and languid attitude, raised a sentiment of respect and love. The mother could fascinate, the young Genevieve would win. The large, lustrous eyes of the mother seemed lit more by earth's impassioned love, than a more celestial flame; the mild, hazel eyes of the daughter, according well with the melancholy languor of

her young face and attitude, had all of heaven's purity in their soft glance. Pride reposed on the mother's haughty lip, while the flashing of her dark eye and the flush of her rich cheek told of emotions of love or determination easier raised than lulled; the sweet expression that wreathed Genevieve's told that the spirit was tractable and gentle, fond and yielding.

The chateau de Conti was one of the old castellated edifices of the feudal times: The apartment in which the Princess of Conde and her daughter sat, indicated the old fortresses of an ancient and lordly character. The window by which they sat opened on a balcony, overhanging the narrow street, commanding a view in either direction, of its low frame houses with their red-tiled roofs; while at the opposite extremity of the apartment a door opened into the chief hall of the castle. This door, like all in the portion inhabited by the princely family, was overhung by ample drapery. This was now pushed aside, and a handsome young man stood in the doorway. Pale and slender, though his slight form was well moulded, Henry d'Orleans, Duke de Longueville, was dressed after the mode of that era in France; his long fair hair falling upon his shoulders in scrupulously arranged curls. Making a telegraphic sign to the Princess of Conde, he released his right shoulder from the encumbering short manteline, while grasping the suspending chains of his rapier to prevent their clinking, he stepped lightly across the apartment unperceived by Genevieve, and placed his hand upon her shoulder. The young girl started and looked up, when meeting his earnest gaze she blushed, saying:

"You here, Henry? We thought you in Paris!" Then she resumed her embroidery.

"Well, certes, this is a pretty reception, truly; I ought to be in Paris, yet lured here by your bright eyes, Ma Bella, *voici* the thanks for my devotion!"

While he sat conversing gaily, the Princess of Conde left the apartment. No sooner had the drapery fallen, closing upon the flowing train of her robe, than the young Duke de Longueville changed his light bantering manner for a graver tone, as he inquired:

"Have you seen that young foundling of the elector's, Armand de Concini, lately?"

Genevieve blushed, and averted her head, remarking that she thought a maiden safe from a suspicion of wildering either protege or provencal in Blois.

"Are you sure of this?" he asked with earnestness.

"The young officer rode out here to Blois

*Afterwards married to Henry d'Orleans, Duke de Longueville.

yesterday with my brother Armand," was her quiet reply, as her two brothers, Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti, and the young Conde entered the apartment.

"Let us take a stroll, Longueville," said the elder, after some light, preliminary converse.

"What, in this narrow street; to get assassinated perhaps by robbers?" he said, looking at Genevieve as he spoke.

"Pooh; we wear swords!" remarked Conde. And the three departed.

"Now the virgin be praised!" was the exclamation of the young Princess de Bourbon, as opening the window she sprang out on the balcony. It was already dark. "O, if they should meet with him, and suspect—"

But her exclamation was interrupted by a hurried step, scaling the balcony's height, and lightly vaulting over the low balustrade, Armand Concini stood before her. In his face and form was embodied the perfection of manly beauty. Very pale was his young, intellectual face, contrasting with the waving black hair that curled on his fair brow. Though evidently very young, yet was his tall figure muscular, his countenance calm and dignified, characterized by an expression of seriousness, seldom seen in one so young.

"My beautiful Genevieve!" he exclaimed, raising her white hand respectfully to his lips, while she averted her face, murmuring reproachfully, "Ah, truant, I have waited so long." For thus are moments estimated in love's calendar.

"I loitered in the street until I saw your brothers pass by, accompanied by Henry d'Orleans. O, how I envy Longueville! Envy him the bright fortune to pluck Bourbon's matchless lily from its stalk. Nay, turn not coldly away, sweet Genevieve; what though you have pledged me your love? I have no right to accept the peerless gift. I, branded with ignominy from my early boyhood, how dare I think to mate the worse than midnight gloom that surrounds Concini's name, with the sunlight of your purity—with a daughter of Bourbon?"

"Speak not so gloomily, dear Armand. Come, you are weary, sit down by me here, and rest. I too have my tale of care," she continued, drawing a chair near her own, and pointing to it, while placing herself in the tall high-backed seat, carved with the crest of the Contis.

"No, not there, Genevieve; but here, lowly at thy feet." And the enamored youth, weary, exhausted, sank upon the low footstool near, regarding her for some minutes without speaking. Mute and mournful was his gaze, and deep and sad the sigh that broke the silence, as he said,

"As the protege of Mary de Medici, and the son of her friend, your mother welcomed me. I well remember the first night on which I accompanied the Elector of Cologne to Luxembourg—magnificent in its adornments, flashing with lights, and resounding with music. The scene was hateful to me, for there I met the arbitrary, priestly premier, Armand Richelieu, the tyrant of the despotic Louis XIII., with the malison of my young mother's murder enstamped upon his wan and wrinkled brow. Turning away from his execrated presence, I was about to fly into the gloom of night, when by the light of the flambeaux I caught a glimpse of that sweet face of thine, my peerless Genevieve, and those soft eyes returned my gaze—not haughtily; but O, how kindly! Again and again we met; sometimes at your mother's chateau of St. Vallery, where you wandered with me through the apartments of that old castle of the Montmorencis, showing me the haunts that had been my mother's favorites there; then we met at Notre Dame; at Fontainebleau; and at your princely father's chateau of Verteuil, in Picardy; and now again in your own native chateau de Conti, in Blois. To me you have been as a guardian angel, protecting me from very madness. Since your soft eyes wore ever for me one expression, the tones of your sweet voice the one soft accent, I felt that my soul was given up to their influence—that my reason was deserting me. Irresolute, wavering, doomed, I requested this last interview, determined to tell how devotedly I love, and then say farewell. With me, to love signifies a passion forming the very light of life, purifying the heart, consuming all meaner regards to ashes, becoming part of my very being; giving to my clouded life either a sunny hue, or shrouding it in more than midnight darkness and despair."

Genevieve pressed the hand that held her own, her lips quivered, and her only reply was a falling tear from her soft hazel eyes, bent down on him there—a tear that said more than any word might from those quivering lips.

"My property confiscated, my name dishonored, myself a wanderer, why do I linger near Bourbon's fair lily—the affianced bride of Henry d'Orleans? How ask Conde's daughter, the promised bride of the Duke de Longueville, to share my obscure fortunes, be my companion, mistress, wife?"

The princess turned away her head with a shudder, an expression of bitterest anguish passing over her pale, beautiful countenance. Concini saw this, and started to his feet.

"My dream is over! It was sweet; but,

Genevieve, it is past!" He stood before her, his arms crossed on his breast, gazing sadly and earnestly in her averted face. Her only reply was a passionate burst of tears. "Farewell, sweet Genevieve, I go to my lone, desolate fate, leaving you to fill out your high destiny—farewell!"

The young girl extricated herself from his wild, parting embrace, and sank back into the chair, while he, vaulting over the balustrade, was lost in the darkness.

Upon a bench in front of one of the principal cafes of Blois, lounged the young Conde, his brother De Conti, and Henry d'Orleans, listlessly looking at the promiscuous company assembled therein, reading the latest edict of Richelieu, posted on the large pillars that supported the entrance room. Against each of these pillars was suspended a lustre, by whose light the various groups were commenting upon the edict against duelling, just issued by the priestly premier.

"What are they reading there?" asked the young Duke de Longueville, of a burgher who was sauntering out of the cafe.

"An edict consigning duellists to the gibbet, may it please your grace," replied the man, respectfully doffing his hat.

At the same moment, Concini entered the hotel, his eyes bent on the floor, his arms crossed on his breast. Enveloped in his mantle, his step was slow, and his air abstracted. Struck by the extreme pallor of his countenance, De Longueville divined at once that he had been to the chateau de Conti. Jealousy prevailed over his better nature, however, and he called aloud:

"Sir commoner, will you be so good as to inform me what all these people are reading?"

"Do you speak to me, sir?" was the haughty reply.

"Yes, to you, not happening to know what name you lay claim to, I gave that which I supposed you would understand."

"The edict, then, may it please you, consigns bullies like yourself to the gibbet."

"My valiant fellow, you somewhat mistake its purport; no power in Europe can gibbet a noble. Nevertheless, I hold it a wise purpose to hang such *canaille* as yourself, as the best means of getting rid of them."

"Beware, d'Orleans, beware!" cried Conde.

"You have called me commoner and *canaille*; I call you poltroon and coward! Can your dukesome highness comprehend the meaning of that?"

"Insolent! do you lay claim to any other title than that I gave?"

"What matters that to you? The blood that heaves my heart is as brave as your own."

"I had forgot; I had heard that you were the son of my kinsman, Gaston of Orleans, and being the protege of Mary de Medici, the chances are in favor of the report. I will waive my rank, and meet you. Your hour, and place?"

"The present, and here."

"Good. And your second?"

"Here!" And he laid his hand on the cross of his sword hilt.

Despite the furious remonstrances of the young Conde and De Conti, hats and mantelins were flung aside, and their swords unsheathed.

"Where take we our places?" asked De Longueville.

"Here, beneath the tyrant's edict!"

And planting foot to foot, the combatants glared fiercely on each other, crossing their swords, when suddenly a side door was flung open, and in rushed a captain of the night watch followed by a body of the guard, who, entering the cafe, expressed surprise that the assembled company could permit a duel to be fought beneath the very edict enforcing the punishment of death against such offenders. Disarmed, the two young men were immediately conducted to prison, to await their trial, and sentence.

Within a dimly lighted saloon of the old feudal castle of Beaugency sat a thin, gaunt man, whose cadaverous visage was impressed with an air of subtlety and finesse. A closely fitting red cap covered his head, from beneath which straggled a few thin white hairs, bordering his bald, furrowed brow. He was dictating to a page, notes and memoranda to copy. Another of these young striplings—for the old duke had a number of them, all cadets of noble and powerful families—stood near a door, whose richly gilded panels were of iron. On the outside hung a small gilded hammer, and this was now raised with a trembling hand and struck against the reverberating panels. At a sign from the duke, the page unlocked the door, pushing aside the ample hangings, when a lady closely veiled entered the premier's presence. For the old man with the close red cap, and gaunt lean figure, was Armand Duplessis, Cardinal de Richelieu.

"What would you, lady?" asked the cardinal, blandly. The cloak and hood were permitted to fall back from the beautiful head and shoulders, and then a smile of strange triumph lit up the old duke's cadaverous features, as his cold gray eyes rested on the magnificent Charlotte de Montmorenci, Princess of Conde.

"I have come to pray your eminence to spare those two unfortunate young men."

"This is a strange place to be honored by the presence of Charlotte Montmorenci; yet stranger is the interest she takes in an unknown foundling, methinks."

"The son of Marshal Concini is no nameless foundling; yet do I claim his life by the memory of his mother. Has France's premier no memory of Leonora Galligai?"

"A most perfect one, lady; listen, '*Mon étoile me destinait à être aimée par des vieux.*' You see my memory is excellent."

The princess shuddered. "Is there no hope?"

"Royal clemency is a fragile hope to lean on."

"And yet Louis of France is generous, surely he will not refuse my petition?"

"And what of the king's pardon, unless I sanction it?" demanded the haughty despot.

"Alas! poor Leonora!" sobbed the weeping princess, "is all hope for thy son indeed lost?"

At a sign from the cardinal, both pages retired.

"No, beautiful Charlotte, not wholly lost. He who holds in his hand all the power in France, whose word is life or death, would reverse our position, becoming thy suppliant; telling thee now, as he did twenty years ago, that his happiness or misery rested with thy beautiful self. A word—say that thou hatest me not—and not only will I give life and liberty to young Concini, but restore his father's titles and confiscate estates. Armand Duplessis is powerful, yet is he but mortal; and must fulfil humanity's condition in loving thee."

"God grant me patience!" gasped the princess.

"Prate of patience to saints, fair Charlotte—Richelieu is but human!"

"Is my last hope gone?"

"You knelt and wept, praying for your brother, Montmorenci: I offered you his life and my love, and yet you let him die on the scaffold. Eight o'clock to-morrow decides the fate of d'Orleans and Concini!"

The next morning at eight o'clock, was heard the deep and sullen clang of the old tower bell. The prison doors were thrown open for the prisoner's last exit, when a confused murmur of the crowd was heard, then shouts of "A reprieve!" was followed by an officer of the guard, spurring a panting charger at headlong speed to Beaugency, followed by a dense crowd, shouting, "Pardon! a pardon!" The prison doors were flung wide to admit the feeble cardinal, leaning heavily on the Elector of Cologne, who held in his hand a small asbestos box, graven with the cipher of Mary de Medici. The officer of the guard read the pardon aloud, for Henry d'Orleans, Duke de Longueville, and Armand Gaston Duplessis, the long lost heir of Richelieu!"

THE FATAL LETTER.

BY BERNET HESTER.

It was almost dark in the little parlor of the cottage, which Mr. Mason and his daughter inhabited. Not that it was so very near night, but there were heavy, black clouds in the sky, which threatened soon to open and pour down a deluge of rain. The very air was heavy and oppressive, and the waves came rolling upon the beach with a long, sullen roar.

At each of the front windows of the cottage parlor stood a figure shrouded in gloom. Mr. Mason drummed upon the window-seat in a vague, uneasy way, seemingly unmindful of the coming storm and of everything about him, so intently was he wrapped in his own thoughts. His daughter stood gazing earnestly out upon the ever darkening sea and listening to its sullen roar. It was in the frightful pause of the elements, when they seemed gathering strength for some awful conflict, that the voice of Mr. Mason was heard, rendered terribly distinct to his daughter by the unnatural calmness that brooded over everything except the sea.

"Milly."

"Yes, father," said Milly, with her eyes still fixed upon the water.

"I do not know how it is," said Mr. Mason, solemnly; "but I feel as if something were about to happen to me—something serious. It is not often that I am troubled with presentiments as I am to-day."

"It is only the effects of the storm," said Milly, without changing her position. "You will be quite bright and cheerful when it is over, and, father, we shall laugh at your presentiments then."

The father leaned back against the window and muttered to himself: "She does not know—how should she? As if twenty years remorse could bring cheerfulness. As if I could be cheerful with this burning pain at my heart. I am an old man now, and could ill bear the sneers of the world—but for her, it is ten times worse. O, why did I yield to temptation! Why did I?" and he sank back with a stifled groan of anguish. "It will be lost," cried Milly, suddenly. "See, father, that small vessel lying so near the shore. They cannot know what a dangerous coast this is."

"Child," said Mr. Mason, raising himself, and speaking with a fierce energy, not hearing or not heeding his daughter's remark; "Child, if anything should happen to me, secure as soon as you can the papers in my desk—they are of

great importance. Through them you will learn the secret of my life—the fatal secret, which has made my life a burden. And, Milly, you must promise to carry out my last wishes, which I have transferred to paper and deposited in my desk. Child, will you promise, even though it should bring life-long misery, perhaps death upon you? Promise that you will not spare my memory, but do what justice demands of you?”

“I promise,” was Milly’s low, solemn answer.

And then as if the tempest had been waiting for that critical moment to ratify the solemn promise just made, the terrible calm was broken, and there occurred one of the most sudden and the most terrific storms, which had ever been known on the coast before.

Both father and daughter closed their respective windows, but still stood in their former positions as if fascinated by the sublimity of the scene. Milly’s eyes were fastened upon the water, whose low, sullen moans had changed to a hoarse, roaring sound. But in the gathering darkness and the turmoil of the waves, nothing could be seen of the little vessel, which ten minutes before had caught Milly’s attention.

Suddenly her eyes were blinded by a vivid sheet of lightning, and the next instant there was a heavy fall upon the floor. Slowly recovering from the effects of the shock she had received, Milly’s eyes wandered around the room, while a vague and undefined fear oppressed her.

Right upon the floor where he had fallen when stricken by the relentless messenger of death, right in sight of his daughter, whose gaze rested upon the inanimated mass, lay the old man, who a few moments before had gloomily foretold his own fate. And still the daughter gazed on and on, and watched the proceedings of her old nurse, who vainly sought to restore life to the mass, with a sort of fascination, the horror of which no words could express. By-and-by, when the nurse had turned away sorrowfully from her useless task, the daughter came resolutely nearer to the dead, whose eyes had closed so suddenly and mysteriously upon the things of this world. Forever and ever had the light gone out of those loving eyes, forever and ever was the pulse still, and the weary heart at rest. People had whispered that he had been a hard, stern, even a cruel man. He might have been so to the world, but to his motherless child he was ever kind.

The expression of the dead man’s face reminded Milly of her last, solemn promise. She half fancied that the white lips moved as if to form the words he had so lately spoken—“Promise that you will not spare my memory, but do what justice demands of you.”

Half an hour afterwards, Milly was seated at her father’s desk, reading over and over again with a white face and compressed lip, a letter addressed to herself in her father’s hand-writing. And in the next room, which the old nurse had solemnly darkened, was that father stiffening in death, the lines on his rigid face growing sterner and sterner, making him look even harsher than he had in life. Without, the storm having spent its fury, was moaning and sobbing drearily—but through all and over all, was the sound of the water dashing fiercely, madly upon the beach.

But Milly saw nothing, heard nothing but that terrible secret, which the letter had revealed. The familiar sights and sounds within the house, the storm and the raging sea outside, even that terribly unfamiliar sight in the next room was nothing to her—nothing when compared with the secret of her father’s life.

Over and over again she read the letter beginning with, “To my dearly-beloved daughter,” and ending with his signature. Each word in it, even the smallest was weighed separately, until the reader again reached the name at the bottom. In the formal phraseology and the clear, distinct handwriting of the dead man was the following traced :

“I, Alexander Mason, being of sane mind, but believing that Heaven has heard my prayers and will soon put a merciful ending to my life, do solemnly affirm to the truth of the following. Twenty years ago, I was a lawyer struggling for competence. Though I was strictly honest and never descended to any meanness and had consequently gained a good character, yet fortune was slow to come to me. I was not over young, and therefore beheld with a keen disappointment the years passing on, which I had once fondly hoped would bring me fame and wealth. In the building, which I occupied was another’s lawyer’s office lower down than my own, the occupant of which I was very intimate with. Both poor and friendless, both striving for the same object, Frederick Vale and myself became fast friends—even our joys and sorrows were shared in common. In many respects our fates were alike—we had both known poverty in our younger days, we had been friends at school, at college had gained the same honors, and were at the time of which I write, both struggling for a livelihood.

“It happened one day that a man came to my office to abuse me for something, that I had said or done in a case in which I had been engaged. I did not pay much attention to his words, believing them to be the ravings of an angry man and of not much importance. Final-

ly, when nothing else could move me, he taunted me with my obscure birth and poverty—he even struck me contemptuously. Then I could bear it no longer, but rising suddenly felled him like an ox to the ground. The blow killed him, though Heaven knows I did not mean it should—the next instant, I would have given worlds if I had had them to have brought my victim back to life. But he was dead—even my slight medical skill told me that; and in agony I turned away from the glassy, staring eyes, which seemed to reproach me for the deed I had committed. A thousand burning thoughts rushed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning. I saw myself dishonored, lying in a prison cell, while my wife and child were dying a horrible death of starvation. I saw my name a common by-word all over my native land—and last of all, I saw myself dying a disgraceful death on the gallows. One way of safety suggested itself to me, but by taking it I should commit another great wrong of parallel enormity, with this my first crime. But I could not resist the temptation, and consequently, at an hour when I knew Frederic was absent from his office, I removed the body from my apartment into his. I wished to fix the suspicion of the murder upon him, and I succeeded admirably. He was arrested, but owing to the absence of some link in the chain of evidence, he was acquitted, without the real murderer's being brought to light. But though Frederic went forth a free man, the taint of murder hung about him. People shunned him, he became terribly poor, his wife died of a broken-heart, his own health failed, and he became a miserable, broken-down man.

"I, on the other hand, grew rich and famous without a single effort on my part. But wealth and fame brought me no happiness—on the contrary I suffered the most exquisite agony. I declare before Heaven, that no punishment that I may suffer hereafter can equal that which I have already endured.

"To my daughter, who learns my crime for the first time from the perusal of this paper, I leave the solemn duty of making to those whom I have wronged all the reparation which lies in my power. To the dead I can make no reparation, but the living I may yet benefit by the admission of my crime. Every year since the fatal event, have I sent anonymously to Frederic Vale a sum of money—this has kept him above want, but has not placed him in comfort.

"I do therefore pray and beseech of my daughter, to seek out the residence of the said Frederic Vale, and to acquaint him with all the particulars which I have enumerated, that he may remove

from himself the stain of murder, and fix it upon the rightful one. I do moreover desire that my daughter, having reserved for herself a sufficient competence, shall convey to the said Frederic Vale and his heirs, all the residue of my property, as a small atonement for the years of misery which my crime has brought upon him. In conclusion, I would humbly ask his forgiveness, and pray him to be merciful to my innocent child.

"And my daughter, my good, kind, faithful daughter, may she also forgive me for the doom which I have brought upon her. I know she will not falter in the right path, but will unshrinkingly pursue it unto the end. But let her remember, whatever is her portion, that Heaven is merciful, even though men are not."

Milly could not tell how long she sat with the letter before her, learning the words by heart, and endeavoring to comprehend the extent of her wretchedness—but she was aroused by the voice of her old nurse, saying something about the storm.

"What did you say?" asked Milly, vacantly.

"I said it stormed badly now, and that there were some poor, unfortunate men in the water, that they are trying to save. They are the crew of the schooner, that went upon the rocks."

"I will go down upon the beach," said Milly, rising with sudden energy.

"But it storms hard, dear!"

"I don't care for the storm, I must go." And as Milly spoke, she carefully locked up the fatal letter, and put on her shawl and bonnet.

"Then let me go with you," said the old lady, hurrying after her.

There was a miscellaneous crowd upon the beach—one stern group of fishermen stood close down to the water, which came rolling up with terrific sound. There was a look in their faces as they glanced intently off upon the water which told how thoroughly they were wrapped up in the scene before them. The flaming torches which they bore, whilst they revealed the expression of the faces, also showed one man with a rope twisted about him, evidently watching favorable moment to go out to the assistance of the poor wretches, clinging to the spars. The various fires on the beach showed other groups of men and women, all attracted thither by the horror and anxiety which human life in jeopardy spontaneously calls forth. Away from the fires and the torches, an intense gloom prevailed, and in this gloom a few yards from the cottage stood Milly and her companion, regardless of the rain drops and the wind, which threatened to sweep them away. The man with the rope about him was struggling with the waves.

when there came suddenly from the men on the spars a long, despairing wail.

"They are perishing, will no one save them?" cried Milly, starting forward, with a vague idea of throwing herself into the sea.

Some one came rushing from the gloom behind them, and in a moment more, Milly saw by the light of the torches on the water's edge, an athletic-looking stranger, wildly snatching a rope from one of the fishermen and plunging into the surf.

A time of awful suspense followed, and then two dripping men were drawn upon the beach—then others, who had battled with the waves, some with and some without a burden, were cast from the surf.

But the stranger was gone—a shout arose that he was drowned. Five minutes passed, a time which seemed an eternity to Milly, who had taken a strange interest in the fate of the missing man, and then another shout arose—a shout of triumph, for the stranger had gained the shore bearing in his arms an old, gray-headed man. The young man soon recovered from his exhaustion, but he, whom he had saved, lay apparently lifeless. A rumor went round amongst the various groups, that the two were father and son; but it did not reach the ears of Milly, for she was following the group, who bore the old man to her cottage. It was the nearest house upon the beach, and the easiest of access, but some of the little band paused as they came near the door, for there had been a rumor abroad that afternoon, that the master of the house was dead.

"Bring him in," said Milly, who understood their hesitation, "and we will endeavor to restore him." The young stranger threw a grateful look upon her as she stood speaking in the doorway, and then carefully bore his father over the threshold.

A clear, mild day succeeded that of the storm. But the coast for miles around bore witness of the terrific conflict of the elements. Milly was seated in her father's library when there came a knock at the door. She crushed the fatal letter in her hand at the sound, and waited for the appearance of her visitor. It was the gray-haired old man, whom she had restored to life.

"I came to bid you good-by, my child—but before I go let me ask you if I can be of any service to you? though I cannot repay you for all you've done for me. You seem desolate here."

"I am desolate," said Milly, with a cry of agony.

"Then call upon me for any service, as you would upon a father. My name is Frederic Vale, and—"

"What did you say?" cried Milly, interrupting him, whilst every trace of color left her face.

"I said my name was Frederic Vale."

"Then this is for you," and Milly, handed him the letter, and crouched timidly back in a corner.

He read it over once or twice, then threw it down upon the table and walked across the room in an ungovernable rage, muttering to himself:

"Justice at last—but it comes too late to bring back what is lost. But at least I may remove myself from the suspicion under which I have always lived—and my son, too, shall no more be pointed at as a murderer's child. Perhaps the coward thought I should spare him when he was in his grave, but I will not—I am not too old for revenge."

The old man had forgotten that he was not alone. In his hurried walk across the room he stumbled over Milly.

"How dare you remain here?" said he, fiercely.

"I have a right here until he is buried. Then I will go off and endeavor to earn my living—that is, if any will give work to a murderer's child! All his property belongs to you—I will not touch a cent of it."

"Child, who did you say was not buried?" said the old man, in a whisper.

"Come and see," and Milly led the way into the presence of the dead.

The gray-haired man gazed long and earnestly upon the face of his early friend, and then silently sank down upon the floor.

"Child," said he, after a long pause, "I was not myself just now. For the sake of the love I once bore him, I can do him no harm now—his memory is sacred to me. What matters it if the world believes me guilty, as long as I am not guilty in my heart? Therefore I will destroy the fatal letter, and the world shall be no wiser. And you, if you will, shall be my daughter, and I will endeavor to supply as far as I can his place to you. Shall it be so, my child?"

"Yes, my second father," and Milly also knelt down by the dead. In the doorway was a shadow, and Milly looking up, saw standing reverently on the threshold, the stranger, whom she had seen the day before.

* * * * *

A year afterwards in the same season of the year, there was a quiet bridal—the daughter of Alexander Mason had married the son of Frederic Vale. There was a happy family circle to celebrate their wedding, and foremost amid the group was a white-haired man, who blessed God for having given him in his declining years such children.

Curious Matters.

A curious pair of Children.

Mr. John Davis of Slaughter Neck, Delaware, has twin daughters, five years old, that cannot be told apart by strangers; and the nearest neighbors, who see them daily are not able to distinguish one from the other. A gentleman recently had the children brought before him, placed side by side, when he scanned every feature, determined if possible to show the friends present that they could be distinguished. They were then removed from the room for a short time only, and on their return he was completely foiled, and could only guess. A lady relative of the family, a near neighbor and frequent visitor, declared that she could not learn to tell one from the other though she labored constantly to do so. The only method for determining with certainty which is which, is by a small mark on the ear of one of them.

Strange Event near Rome.

A singular incident is mentioned as having occurred about twenty-five miles from Rome, at a country place called Sabina, near the Fiano district. Some laborers were at work in a basin-shaped hollow, when they suddenly felt a shaking of the earth like an earthquake, which caused them to run off to a distance. They then saw the earth open in the place they had left, and a black smoke rise; the surrounding ground seemed to fall in, and the place filled with water, forming a lake of about one thousand metres, which has been increasing daily in size ever since. The water is salt, and the general idea is that this is the site of an extinct volcano.

Power of the Sun.

A distinguished chemist, in a recent lecture, while showing that all species of moving power have their origin in the rays of the sun, stated that while the iron tubular railway bridge over the Menai Straits in England, 400 feet long, bent but half an inch under the heaviest pressure of a train, it will bend up an inch and a half from its usual horizontal line when the sun shines upon it for some hours. He stated that the Bunker-hill monument is higher in the evening than in the morning of a sunny day. The little sunbeams enter the pores of the stone like so many wedges lifting it up.

Mosquito Tobacco.

Mosquito tobacco is used in China for protection from what to us is a great summer pest. The ingredients are pine and juniper sawings, wormwood leaves and tobacco leaves, reduced to a powder; a small portion of *un-icang* and arsenic. The quantity of the latter is exceedingly small, and can hardly be injurious to health, as this tobacco is used by probably one hundred millions of human beings. The odor is not at all disagreeable. It is no luxury to the mosquitoes, for in two or three minutes after it is ignited, not a bug or mosquito is to be seen.

Mud Fish.

A very curious and hideous mud fish, from the river Gambia, which was kept in the aquarium at the Crystal Palace, London, escaped from his tank some time since, and wandered none knew whither. The other day, however, while cleaning out a large flower fountain at the north end of the building, the mud fish was at the bottom, grown twice as large, having passed his leisure time since his escape in devouring the immense quantity of gold and silver fish with which the fountain was stocked.

Catalepsy.

A gentleman, crossing a street in Paris, was noticed suddenly to utter the cry "O, my God!" and to fall upon the pavement. He was taken by those passing near him, into an apothecary's shop, when he was found to be pulseless and apparently dead. Attempts having been fruitlessly made to restore him, and having been pronounced by a physician dead, of an apoplectic stroke, he was taken to the Morgue, as no means of identity were found about the body. After having removed the clothing, as is the custom, and allowing the body to remain naked some little time, one of the attendants thought he noticed motion in one of the eyelids, and, approaching for closer examination, saw the other lid open. Stooping to ascertain if he breathed, he was astonished to see the man extend his arms and grasp him about the neck. In a few minutes he completely recovered, and then stated he was accustomed to such attacks of catalepsy, was aware when he uttered the cry of what was to happen, and was conscious all the while of what had been done.

An Autograph worth having.

When Dr. Mackay, now on a visit to this country, was editor of the London Morning Chronicle, Sydney Smith placed in his hands the MS. of his subsequently world-renowned letter on Pennsylvania Repudiation, requesting him to look carefully over the proof. Dr. Mackay retained his "copy" as an autograph, which now has a kind of historical value as well as a curious personal interest. It has one or two characteristic jokes, erased by the author as too broad. This autograph excited the admiration of a Boston gentleman, when in England, well known for his literary taste and publishing enterprise, and Dr. Mackay gave him an agreeable surprise, the other day, by presenting him with this most desirable production of the reverend wit.

Subterranean Discovery.

During the excavation of a street in Evansville, Indiana, the workmen came across the remains of a cabin eighteen feet below the surface of the earth. This wonderful subterranean house was about twelve feet in length, formed by upright posts set in the ground, and boarded up with split oak puncheons, secured by wooden pins. The posts, puncheons and pins were partially decayed, but still stuck together. Within the wall were found portions of an old-fashioned spinning wheel, a wooden maul, several pairs of boots and shoes, and the identical charred stick which the former occupants of the house had used to punch the fire with.

Extraordinary *Lucus Naturæ*.

A living negro child, with two heads, four arms and four legs is exhibited in Mobile. It is six years old, very intelligent, speaks with both mouths, sings well, waits and keeps time. This much the bill says, but the beholder cannot dismise from his mind that he has before him two children, though strictly speaking there is but one. The connection is with the spine, and the best physiologists of Europe and this country have pronounced it one individual child.

A voluntary Mute.

The Boston Traveler says among the inmates of the Bridgewater State Almshouse, is a man by the name of Shay, who has been there about two years, and who—although able to speak—has for that long period remained dumb.

A Romantic Reality.

The Cincinnati Gazette relates that recently a white-haired old man was standing in one of the market-places of that city recounting the incidents which had happened to him during a checkered existence. It seems that about twenty years ago he deserted, in a cowardly mood, his wife and three children, living in Lancaster, Pa., because he had no means of supporting them, and took to the sea, visited various parts of the world—Europe, the Holy Land, South America (where he remained several years), California, and lastly China—but in all his wanderings, poverty adhered to him, like the shirt of Nessus, and a few months ago he returned to New York, infirm, needy, and almost worn out. He commenced a search for his wife and children among his old friends at Lancaster, but the deserted wife and one of her children had lain years in the grave, and the old man again set forth a wanderer and a stranger in the land. Chance directed his footsteps to Cincinnati, and while relating his story to a group of listeners, as above mentioned, a young cabinet-maker paused to listen as he was on his way to dinner, and questioning the old man, discovered that he was his father! The son was a young man when his parent left home, but had heard enough of his history to know that the wanderer before him was his father. He took the old man warmly by the arm, carried him to his boarding-house, and will smooth his footsteps to the grave with filial kindness.

An Old Soldier.

There is now living on the Boulevard de la Chapelle St. Denis, Paris, an old soldier named Hermand, who was born on the 30th November, 1750, and therefore has entered his 108th year. He has received no less than forty-two wounds, and has undergone the operation of trepanning. Two years ago he was able to read without glasses, had the use of his hearing, and took walks alone. He retains his memory in an extraordinary degree, and relates, without mistaking a scene or a date, all the different scenes through which he has passed. His fine face served as a model to Ary Scheffer for one of his pictures, and he is also represented in several other pictures by the first French masters. The emperor has generously added 120 francs to the small pension which he receives, and has conferred on him marks of his beneficence.

Great Curiosity.

At a recent county fair at Barraboo, was a piece of a white oak tree with a part of an elk-horn grown into the solid wood. It was found a few miles west of Barraboo, near the river; the horn was discovered by one or two projections from the side of the tree which appeared like dry limbs, but which, upon attempting to cut them, proved to be horn. The horn, some four feet long, was found to be mainly embedded in the heart of the tree, but some of its branches or prongs projected from the side of the tree. A part of the tree, including part of the horn, was cut out and shown at the fair.

Curious Power.

Puff-balls, which you scatter to the wind with your finger and thumb, can raise huge flag stones; and an anecdote is told in Chambers's Journal of Sir Joseph Banks, who, putting by a cask of over-sweet wine for three years, at the end of that time found his cellar filled with a fungus so thick and strong that it had to be cut down with an axe, while the cask, which was empty, was carried up by it to the ceiling. What a good subject for a natural fairy tale! It is almost as beautiful as the tangled hedge round the castle of the Sleeping Beauty.

A Deserter in Disguise.

The following strange story is given by the "Droit:" "Some months back a bishop was celebrating Divine service at Corunna, and amongst the congregation was a retired soldier, who recognised the prelate as a man who had served as a common soldier in the same regiment as himself, and who, after long-continued misconduct, had deserted. Surprised to find a deserter become a bishop, the man made communication to the authorities, and a searching investigation was instituted. It led to the discovery that the bishop, whose name is Pereira, really was a deserter, and that after deserting he went to Portugal, where he gave himself out as chaplain of a regiment. As he displayed considerable knowledge of theology and was of good address, he was introduced to the ecclesiastical authorities of the district, and they after a while gave him a curacy. In this post he distinguished himself by his eloquent sermons, and after a while he was invited to Lisbon, where crowds, charmed by his eloquence, also flocked to hear him. At Lisbon, he was consecrated a bishop. In 1854 he went to Madrid, where his fame had preceded him, and there likewise became famous. He has been condemned to eighteen years' hard labor. The Pope has declared that all the ecclesiastical acts performed by the man shall be considered valid; but doubts are entertained whether the marriages celebrated by him are legally valid.

Pott's singular Dream.

On one occasion the famous Dr. Pott had performed a complicated and dangerous operation. He had seen the patient three times during the day; and during the following night he dreamed that the assistant at the hospital had forgotten to administer a particular medicine that he had ordered, and from which he had anticipated much good effect. He could not remain easy whilst this impression was on his mind. He rose from his bed, dressed himself, and in the middle of the night, without disturbing any of the family, went to the hospital, gained admission, had the house-surgeon summoned to his side, in order to satisfy himself that his instructions had been punctually obeyed, to his great astonishment he found that the medicine had not been exhibited! Pott always declared that his dream had saved his patient's life.

The Mystery of Felting.

Wool, when examined through a powerful microscope, gives the short fibre the appearance of a continuous vegetable growth, from which there sprout, all tending in one direction from the root to the extremity, numerous leaves like calices or cups, each terminating in a short point. In a fibre of merino wool the number of the serrations or projections amount to 2400 in the space of one inch. In a fibre of Saxon wool of acknowledged superior felting quality, there were 2720 serrations. Southdown's wool, being inferior to these two for felting power, only contains 2080 serrations in one inch of fibre, while Leicester wool contains no more than 1850 in one inch.

Remarkable Mortality.

In the Ely Cemetery is a gravestone, on which is the following inscription: "To the memory of Mr. Richard Worster, who died May 11th, 1756; also to the memory of his twenty-two sons and five daughters." The twenty-seven composed the whole of Mr. Worster's family, but not one remains; the mother of them all still lives, and is in good health.

The Florist.

The violet with purple eye,
The lily with its sunny cheek,
And all bright flowers beneath the sky,
Some great and holy lesson speak;
They ever take my heart above,
And fill me with a heavenly love.

Prints of Flowers.

The prints of flowers, plants and other similar objects can be obtained in great perfection by a very simple process. The mode of operating is as follows: the original being passed between a copper plate and a lead plate, through two rollers closely screwed together, its image, by means of the pressure, is left, with all its peculiar delicacies, on the lead plate. If the colors are applied to this stamped lead plate, as in printing on copper-plate, a copy in the most varying hues, and bearing a striking resemblance to the original, can be obtained. If a large number of copies are required, which the lead form, on account of its softness, is incapable of furnishing, it is stereotyped, if intended to be printed at a typographical press; or galvanized, if at a copper-plate press, and the impressions are then taken from the stereotyped or galvanized plate, exhibiting great beauty of appearance.

Soil for Green-house Plants.

More mischief arises from the use of improper soil, than any other cause. A large proportion of turfy peat earth is desirable; also a good supply of loam; and that sort obtained from turfs cut from a pasture as if they were for laying down, and stacked close until they have rotted, is best. The decayed vegetable enriches the soil, and when the grass and roots have rotted, it may be counted on as best for all uses. Road sand, if it has been amended with gravel, and silver sand should always be at hand to lighten any compost that may be too adhesive. If only one kind of compost be used for flowers, it should be one-third loam and two-thirds peat.

Rodriguezia—Secunda.

This plant is a native of tropical South America. It bears beautiful pink flowers, but there is another species which has generally drooping racemes of greenish-yellow flowers, more graceful than positively beautiful. All the kinds should be sown in mass, and they all succeed better in wood than in pots.

Monopsis—Lobeliaceae.

A very beautiful trailing plant, having dark blue flowers with conspicuous yellow anthers, and the flowers on long foot stalks. It is a native of the Cape of Good Hope, and should be grown in sandy peat. It is suitable for rock work.

Gelsemium.

A very pretty climbing evergreen shrub, generally kept in a green-house or conservatory. It is grown in a mixture of sand and peat, and is readily propagated by cuttings struck under glass.

Hamamelis—Hamamelaceae.

This is the botanical name for the Witch Hazel. It has the peculiarity of blooming during the winter, dropping its flowers only when its branches begin to be clothed in leaves.

Garden Walks.

This is the month when the walks should be attended to, and should be occasionally rolled, particularly after a thaw; and if the thaw be attended with heavy rain or melting snow, care should be taken to open the drains, and keep them clear of rubbish and withered leaves, which are apt to choke them up. Snow should never be suffered to lie on the walks of small gardens, as it is apt to render them soft; and gutters or drains should be provided on each side, particularly on sloping grounds, to prevent heavy rains from washing away the gravel. If the season is wet and rather mild, weeds will appear which should be instantly destroyed, either by hand picking or watering with a strong solution of salt and water. Honeysuckles, Clematises, and other deciduous shrubs may be pruned if the weather is open. Snails and slugs may be destroyed.

Lophospermum.

A beautiful climbing plant, with pink, bell-shaped blossoms, which grow luxuriantly in the open border, covering a trellis work or wall in an incredibly short space of time. As the plants are killed down to the ground in winter, cuttings should be taken off in autumn, and kept in a green-house or frame during the winter to plant out in the spring. The plant will grow in any light garden soil.

Veronica.

This is a pretty perennial, commonly known as Speedwell. There is an annual variety also—both are very pretty, bearing beautiful blue flowers. These plants grow wild in Britain, and thrive nicely in any common garden soil that is tolerably light, and at the same time moist; they are propagated by seeds and divisions of roots. Many of the kinds are suitable for rock-work.

Illicium—Winteraceae.

Half-hardy shrubs, with very dark, strongly-scented flowers, which smell like aniseed; hence the popular name of Aniseed Tree. They are very nearly hardy, requiring only to be sheltered during a very severe winter.

Rhodiola.

Rose-root this plant is commonly called, because of the thick, fleshy root smelling very much like rose. The flowers are yellow and terminal. Plants require a moist, rocky situation.

Sea Holly.

An umbelliferous perennial with blue flowers, a native of Spain, which should be grown in sandy loam. The peculiar bright blue of the blossoms makes it very beautiful.

Scottia.

An Australian shrub with deep red, pea-shaped blossoms, and quite hardy in our gardens in any common garden soil.

Box-Edgings.

The kind of Box used for this purpose is *Buxus sempervirens nana*. Any other species is more easily winter killed.

Jaca—or Jack Tree.

A species of *Artocarpus*, or bread-fruit—not beautiful, but simply curious.

Pomegranate.

The pomegranate is a very handsome deciduous shrub or low tree, which, in this climate needs considerable care. The fruit, which is of globular shape and retains the calyx, has been much admired for its form from earliest ages, and is one of the most conspicuous ornaments directed to be used in the decoration of Solomon's temple. There is a double-flowered variety, very elegant, of dwarf habit, and when kept in a green-house, producing its beautiful vermillion blossoms from August till November. The plant requires a dry loamy soil, south wall, and an airy situation. Much care should be exercised in pruning, not to cut out the small lateral twigs or spurs, as upon them only are produced the blossoms.

Saracha—Solanaceae.

These plants are both annual and perennial, and natives of Mexico and Peru. *S. viscosa*, which is the handsomest species, has large cream-colored flowers beautifully marked in the centre with olive dots, and which are succeeded by large red berries. When the plants are treated like annuals, the seeds should be sown in a slight hot-bed in February and the young plants placed in the border in May.

Santalum—Sandal-Wood.

This is a stove plant, native of the East Indies; though there is one species from New Holland. The flowers of the *S. album*, the true sandal-wood, are small, and are produced in spikes or racemes; but the great value of the plant consists in its fragrance, which is so great that the wood is burned for incense. The plants should be grown in light sandy loam, and kept rather dry.

Raphiolepis.

This is commonly called Indian Hawthorn. Very elegant shrubs, natives of China, with white flowers, the centres of which are red; the bark is also reddish; and there is a reddish tinge to the leaves. The species are only half-hardy here, and are generally kept in a green-house, though they will grow in the open air against a sheltered south wall.

Peristeria—Dove Flower.

A beautiful Peruvian epiphyte, which should be grown on wood. It forms a very handsome addition to a green-house, when hanging from a basket or cocoa-nut shell filled with moss.

Halimodendron.

The Salt-tree; it is a Siberian shrub, very hardy, and will grow in any soil or situation. When grafted on a laburnum it forms a very handsome drooping tree, with silvery leaves and purple blossoms.

Draba.

Very low plants, admirably adapted to rock-work, as in a wild state they grow in the fissures and crevices of rocks. They have pretty white or yellow flowers. The soil should be sandy and the situation sunny and open.

Hippuris.

Mare's tail. A British aquatic; sometimes planted in ponds, etc., to hide their termination, and to give the water the appearance of a natural stream.

Cyrtanthus.

Cape bulbs, with heads of showy tube-shaped flowers, cultivated like lily bulbs.

Woman's Love of Flowers.

In all countries women love flowers—in all countries they form nosegays of them; but it is only in the bosom of plenty that they conceive the idea of embellishing their dwellings with them. The cultivation of flowers among the peasantry indicates a revolution in all the feelings. It is a delicate pleasure which makes its way through coarse organs; it is a creature whose eyes are opened; it is the sense of the beautiful, a faculty of the soul which is awakened. Those who have travelled in the country can testify, that the rose tree under the window, a honeysuckle around the door of a cottage, are always a good omen to the tired traveller.

Ixora—Crassulaceae.

Splendid stove plants. The history of the *Ixora coccinea*, the best known species of the genus, is rather curious. It is a native of China, and some of the East India islands, where it is worshipped as a sacred plant; and where it is said to form a small tree about six feet high, rising with a single stem, and having its head formed entirely of clusters of bright scarlet and yellow flowers, whence it received the name of the Tree of Fire.

Coryanthes—Helmet Flower.

This plant bears a curious red and yellow flower, which resembles a skeleton's head, with the vertebrae of the neck, and part two folded bat's wings. The plant is grown in a pot in sandy loam, mixed with lime rubbish. It requires abundance of heat and moisture to throw it into flower.

Allamanda.

Climbing stove plants, with splendid deep yellow convolvulus-shaped flowers. A native of Guiana. They require a light, rich soil, kept frequently watered, and are increased by cuttings. If the vine can be introduced into a cooler atmosphere than the roots, the flowers will be much more brilliant.

Milla.

A Mexican plant, with flowers of the most brilliant and purest white, which continue expanded day and night till they fade. They will grow in any common garden soil, and only require a slight protection from frost, such as covering with dead leaves.

Dortmannia.

This is simply a new name given by Professor De Candolle to a common species of lobelia. It is an aquatic plant, and is generally found in ponds or small lakes. There is an American species with blue flowers.

Santolina.

Lavender cotton. Evergreen dwarf shrubs, which will grow in any common garden soil, and can be propagated by cuttings. It is well worth the little trouble required for its collection.

Dittany of Crete.

A kind of marjoram, with pink flowers: a native of Candia, which is quite hardy, but should be grown in rich mould.

Gypsocalia.

The Moor of Coorish Heath. Very pretty indeed, and should be grown in peat mixed with white sand.

The Housewife.

To make Coffee.

Coffee-drinkers should on no account purchase the article ready ground, for in that state its aroma flies off in a few hours; and the infusion is 'insipid and worthless. A small coffee-mill is a kitchen necessity, and can be purchased for a small sum. Purchase the coffee in the berry; grind it only just before it is to be used; throw it into the pot with one-fourth of its weight of chicory; then place the pot beside the fire, and let the dry coffee get well warmed, stirring it round two or three times to prevent burning; then pour on it sufficient boiling water; fine it by pouring out a cupful, and putting it back again; and in five minutes you will have a bright infusion, of far superior strength and flavor to any you can make by boiling it, or by the use of the ready-ground coffee sold by grocers.

The Best.

You will often hear a housekeeper who does the marketing, say, "I always buy the best of everything, and get the choicest cuts." But the best of everything, and the choicest cuts often make very poor eating, for the amount of good food spoiled in cooking is enormous. Give more to the preparation of food, before it comes to the table, and you may save ten or twenty per cent. by taking "cuts" of a poorer quality, and imparting to them delicacy and flavor. Here is a way to economize.

Eggs for Burns.

The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothes the pain and effectually excludes the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems to us far preferable to collodion or cotton.

Fruit Puddings.

Make a crust same as for biscuit and roll it out, and spread it thick on the upper side with any kind of fruit you like—cherries, plums, or any dried fruit. Roll it up tight, put it in a cloth and boil it an hour and a half, and you will have a delicious pudding.

Foam Sauce.

One teacup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, and one tablespoonful of flour, beaten together till smooth; then place over the fire, and stir in rapidly three gills of boiling water; season with nutmeg. A very rich and delicious sauce for puddings.

Pickled Cabbage.

Slice red cabbage very thin; put on it a little coarse salt, and let it rest twenty-four hours to drain; add sliced onions if you like them. Roll four spoonful of pepper and four of allspice in a quart of vinegar, and pour it over.

To purify Water.

As much pulverized alum as will lie on the point of a small case knife mixed thoroughly with a bucket of water, in an hour will settle all impurities at the bottom, making it clear and pure.

Wholesome Food.

Apples and pears, cut into quarters and stripped of the rind, baked with little water and sugar, and eaten with boiled rice, are capital food for children.

Preventing Moths in Furs or Woolens.

Sprinkle the furs or woollen stuffs, as well as the drawers or boxes in which they are kept, with spirits of turpentine—the unpleasant scent of which will speedily evaporate, on exposure of the stuffs to the air. Some persons place sheets of paper, moistened with spirits of turpentine, over, under, or between pieces of cloth, etc., and find it a very effectual method.

Chicory with Coffee.

Shake the suspected coffee in water in a wine-glass. If the coffee is pure, it will swim, and scarcely color the water. If adulterated, the chicory will sink, and give a deep red tint to the water. Or, throw the mixture into a glass of water, a deep tint will be produced almost immediately if chicory be present.

Lemon Flavoring for Puddings.

Peel six lemons very thin indeed; put the peel into a glass bottle, and add a tablespoonful of bitter almonds, blanched, or the same quantity of peach or apricot kernels. Cover the whole with brandy, shake it frequently, and in a month strain it, and if kept closely corked it will keep for years.

Eggs for Burns.

The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothes the pain and effectually excludes the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems to us far preferable to collodion of cotton.

Tough Meat.

Meat, if naturally tender, will be made as tough as may be desired by putting a little salt upon it, "just to keep it till wanted." Salt is an excellent hardener. If the tenderness is to be preserved, as well as the purity of the meat, a "dust of pepper" will do all that is needful.

To make Apple Pie from Pumpkin.

Select a good pumpkin, and cut and slice it very thin as you would apples. Lay it in the paste, as if fresh apple; then add sugar or molasses to salt, with an equal quantity of vinegar. Spice to the taste, and cover with paste and bake the same as apple.

Pomatum for the Hair.

Take one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of castor oil, four ounces of olive oil, and two pennyworth of bergamot, and melt them together in a pot, placed in boiling water, stirring the mixture all the time; when thoroughly mixed, pour the mixture into pots while hot.

Delicate Cake.

Add to the whites of sixteen eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, three-fourths of a pound of flour, one pound of sugar, ten ounces of butter. Flavor with lemon or rose water.

Force Meat Balls.

Mix, with a pound of fine chopped veal, one egg, a little butter, or raw pork chopped fine, and season with salt and pepper, or curry powder. Fry them brown, done up in small balls.

Dysentery.

Milk and lime water may be freely used; or soda water and milk; when the patient is feverish, it should be iced. No other diet during the attack.

Arrow-Root Mucilage.

This is made by rubbing the arrow-root powder with a little cold water in a basin, by means of the back of a spoon, until it is completely mixed with the water; then pouring boiling water over it, at the same time stirring it assiduously until a soft, gelatinous, tenacious mucilage is formed, and lastly boiling it for five minutes. A tablespoonful of the arrow-root powder is sufficient to make a pint of the mucilage. It may be moderately sweetened and rendered palatable by the addition of a little lemon juice.

Remedy for Chapped Hands.

Take one ounce of bitter almonds; peel them and mash them into a paste with oil of sweet almonds and the yolk of an egg, adding a little tincture of bensoin, so as to form a thick cream. Now add a few drops of oil of caraway. It is to be rubbed on the hands at night, and a soft kid glove to be worn during the treatment.

To take Ink out of Muslin.

Dip the part stained with ink into cold water; then fill a small basin with boiling water, and on the top place a pewter plate; lay the muslin upon the plate; strew salts of lemon or tartaric acid upon the ink spot, rubbing it with the bowl of a spoon; the spot will then immediately disappear.

Lemon-Peel Tea, or Water.

Pare the rind of one lemon which has been previously rubbed with half an ounce of refined loaf sugar, put the peelings and the sugar into a jar, and pour over them a quart of boiling water. When cold, pour off the fluid and add one tablespoonful of lemon-juice.

Cure for a Felon.

Take a pint of common soft soap, and stir in it air slacked lime till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble. Fill it with this composition and insert the finger therein, and change the composition once in twenty minutes, and a cure is certain.

Hooping Cough.

Half a scruple of cochineal, one scruple salt of tartar, and one gill of pure water. Mix them together and sweeten it with loaf sugar. A teaspoonful, a dose for a child, three times a day. This has been used in our family and found invaluable.

Remedy for Bronchitis.

Take honey in the comb, squeeze it out and dilute with a little water, and wet the lips and mouth occasionally with it. It has never been known to fail, in cases where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow.

Roast Sweetbread.

Boil sweetbreads, either heart or throat; trim them and dry them; then egg and bread-crumbs them; brown them before the fire or in the oven; put good clear gravy under them, and watercresses, as a garnish.

Paper Hangings.

In consequence of an apartment never being too light—for we can always diminish superfluous light—paper hangings should be of a light color, that they may reflect, not absorb, light.

Stewed Beefsteak.

A beefsteak is much improved by stewing. The steak should be an inch and a half thick. It should be fried a light brown on both sides with two small onions sliced, then put into a stewpan with a carrot and a turnip cut in dice, a little celery, salt and pepper, covered with a little broth or water, and then stewed gently over a slow fire, or in an oven for two hours, when the steak will be exceedingly tender, and the gravy delicious.

Mock Hash Venison.

Two or three cloves, a little allspice, one table-spoonful of red currant jelly, a table-spoonful of port wine and a little water, thickened with a small quantity of flour; add salt and pepper. Cut the mutton in slices, and let it simmer a few minutes. Part of a cold leg or shoulder of mutton, very underdone, is best for this dish. Cover the bottom of the dish with toasted bread.

Toast Water.

Toast thoroughly, but not to a cinder, half a slice of a stale quarter loaf, put it into a jug, and pour over it a quart of water which has been boiled and cooled; and after two hours decant the water from the bread. A small piece of orange or lemon peel put into the jug at the same time as the bread, is a great improvement to toast-water.

Brandy Bitters.

Bruised gentian, 8 ounces; orange-peel, 5 ounces; cardamoms, 3 ounces; cassia, 1 ounce; cochineal, 1-4 ounce; spirit, 1 gallon. Digest for one week, then decant the clear, and pour on the dregs, water, 5 pints. Digest for one week longer, decant, and mix the two tinctures together.

Tennessee Corn Bread.

One quart of thick sour cream, one spoonful of fresh butter, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, one table-spoonful of sifted flour, white corn-meal to form a soft dough; work well with your hands, and bake in a buttered pan. Serve very hot.

Southern Biscuit.

Two quarts of sifted flour, two large spoonfuls of lard, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of soda, mashed fine, and mixed with the flour; sift both together; mix up to a soft dough with sour cream; do not handle too much, but work well, and bake in a quick oven.

Potato Coleanon.

Boil potatoes and greens, and spinach, separately; mash the potatoes; squeeze the greens dry; chop them quite fine, and mix them with the potatoes with a little butter, pepper and salt. Put into a mould, buttering it well first; let it stand in a hot oven for ten minutes.

To bone Birds.

Begin to bone any birds by first taking out the breast-bone, when you will have sufficient space to remove the back with a sharp knife, and then the leg-bones. The skin must not be broken; but the meat of the legs must be pushed inwards.

Custard Tart with Preserves.

Line a dish with puff paste, then put in some preserved fruits or marmalades, and add a good custard flavored to the taste.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

BOSTON PUBLIC CHARITIES.

The poor and helpless are well provided for in Boston, as compared with other large cities. Not so well as they might be or should be, perhaps, but still far better than in almost any large community, whether in this country or in Europe. Occasionally a beggar solicits charity in our streets, and of late more frequently than usual, owing to the hard times and want of employment for labor; but so little is there of this street begging, as compared with other cities, that strangers remark upon the difference, and ask with surprise, "Where are all your beggars?" The charitable institutions of Boston are numerous, well provided, ably managed, and highly effective in ministering to the distress and want of suffering humanity. Of the city institutions the principal are the House of Industry, the Lunatic Hospital, and the Board of Overseers of the Poor. There are also fifty charitable societies in full operation, and ministering to the physical wants of the poor, and some of them as well to the moral need of those whose destitution has engendered vice and depravity. The House of Industry, which is the city poorhouse proper, is situated upon Deer Island, and supplies with food, clothing, shelter, medical care, and instruction, some four hundred men, women and children, who are chargeable upon the city. The cost of this establishment is a little short of \$50,000 per annum. The city Lunatic Hospital is located at South Boston, and provides comfortably for about two hundred and fifty insane persons, at an annual expense of about \$28,000. The whole number is not however chargeable to the city, and a part of the expense is reimbursed by the State. The Board of Overseers of the Poor is an incorporated body, having charge of certain trust funds which it dispenses for charitable purposes. The members of the board are elected annually, one from each ward, and they have the disbursement of a large amount among the poor, each in his own ward, which money is drawn from the city treasury. These disbursements are in fuel and cash, and during the year 1856 they expended about \$48,000, mostly in this way, helping over four thousand people to fuel during the winter months, and giving money where needed. Of the fifty charitable societies

which are the proud boast of Boston, a portion are for the exclusive relief of women, others for children, others for seamen, for mechanics, for natives of foreign nations, for clergymen; and others still, for general relief, without reference to age, sex, profession or country. Of the societies for women, we may mention the Association for the relief of Aged and Indigent Females, which has a large and comfortable establishment in Charles Street; the Needle Woman's Friend Society, the Fatherless and Widows' Society, the Society for the Widows and Orphans of Episcopal Clergymen, the Lying-In Hospital, for the benefit of the poor and destitute, and the Penitent Female Refuge, for the reclamation of wanderers from the path of virtue. There are nine different societies for the benefit of the young, all of which are well supported, and doing a vast amount of good according to their means. Among the principal of these are the Asylum and Farm School for Indigent Boys, a noble establishment on Thompson's Island, in Boston Harbor; the Perkins Institution for the Blind, at South Boston; and the St. Vincent de Paul Orphan Asylum, which is under the charge of eight Sisters of Charity, who support, rear and educate eighty orphan children, and instruct several hundred poor children besides. This magnificent charity is entirely supported by individual contributions.

For the relief and benefit of seamen there are the Boston Port Society, the Sailor's Snug Harbor, the Seaman's Friend Society, and the Seaman's Aid Society. These excellent institutions are well supported, and do a vast amount of good, in rescuing the honest Jack Tar from the harpies that infest his shore paths, and promoting his comfort and happiness. The Aid Society is composed of ladies, and their labors and influence are kindly devoted to raising means for the relief of destitute sailors. For the special relief of mechanics there are the Mechanics' Mutual Aid Society, and the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association. This latter association, in addition to its well performed charitable duties, has proved itself one of the most valuable aids to the growth and prosperity of Boston. It was the pioneer in the establishment of popular lectures on scientific and liter-

rary subjects in this city, and by its noble exhibitions of mechanic arts, and its prizes for excellence, it has done most valuable service in developing the talent and industry of the State, and establishing its honorable fame. The Scotch, British and Irish charitable societies, and the German Emigrant Aid Society are all efficient in dispensing their valuable aid to the natives of their respective countries who need a friendly hand among strangers, and they are cherished and honored by all our citizens for the laudable efforts of their members to mitigate the hard lot of the poor exile. There is an Episcopal Association for the Relief of Aged and Destitute Clergymen, and the Unitarians have one for the same worthy object. Among the charitable institutions for general benefit, we may enumerate the Massachusetts General Hospital, a noble foundation for the relief of suffering, and for ministering to the poor; the Boston Dispensary, which furnishes medicine and surgical and medical aid to the poor, gratis; the Massachusetts Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary, also free to the poor; the Boston Provident Association; the Howard Benevolent Society; the Massachusetts Charitable Society, founded in 1762; the Charitable Association of the Boston Fire Department, and the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism. But our space will not permit us to dwell upon the subject, and our readers must estimate for themselves the millions of dollars invested in these numerous charities of Boston, and the hundreds of thousands that are annually expended.

CHILDISH INNOCENCE.—We have read that when a Scotch duchess, once "the admired of all observers," was questioning the children at one of her charity schools, the teacher asked: "What is the wife of a king called?" "A queen," bawled out one of the philosophers. "The wife of an emperor?" "An empress," was replied with equal readiness. "Then what is the wife of a duke called?" "A *drake*!" exclaimed several voices, mistaking the title *duke* for the biped *duck*, which they pronounced the same.

A LARGE BUSINESS.—There is a playing-card factory, in London, which consumes four hundred gallons of paste daily.

HARD UP.—A bankrupt merchant at the West says that his business has been so bad that he could not pay his debts even if he had the money.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—A purse which does not possess the clasp of discretion.

TEA BRICKS.

M. Huc, a Jesuit Missionary to Tartary and Thibet, informs us in his published travels, that tea is prepared by the Chinese for the use of the Tartars and the Russians, in the form of bricks. The coarser leaves of the plant and the tendrils are mixed together and pressed very hard in moulds of the shape and size of ordinary house brick. Thus prepared it is a leading article of commerce in those regions, and is known as Tartar tea: When required for use, a piece is broken off from the brick, pulverized, and boiled in a kettle until the decoction becomes of a red color. Some salt is then thrown in, which produces effervescence, and the liquid becomes almost black. Milk is next added, and the beverage transferred to the teapot for use. It is drank in great quantities by the Tartars and the Russians, being estimated quite a luxury, and made the Alpha and the Omega of every feast. When the Tartars can get butter, they mix that with the tea, and consider that it is a great improvement to stir in barley meal. What would our fine-spun tea gossips say to such a dish of tea as that?

MUSTACHIOED CLERGYMEN.

Nearly all the English clergymen living between two and three hundred years ago, wore the mustache. In a list of those who wore the beard on the upper lip, we find the well-known names of John Donne, George Herbert, Robert Herrick, Jeremy Taylor, Thomas Fuller, and Robert South. The famous John Knox and the celebrated John Bunyan wore the mustache; also Wicliffe, Cardinal Pole, Archbishop Cranmer, Bishops Ridley, Latimer, Jewel, Holbech, Thirldey, Goodrich, Skip, Day, Archbishop Laud, and a host of others. Yet Rev. Dr. Chapin says that mustaches are a sign of mourning on the upper lip for the lack of brains in the head. When Chapin shaves off his eyebrows, we shall applaud his consistency.

THE BUSTBODY.—He labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity—save that some say, "It was a pity he died no sooner."

A WITTY ROGUE.—A student in a neighboring college, being recently rather "short," sold his books, and wrote to his father that he was subsisting on literature.

A MIXED COMPLIMENT.—Kit North says that it is no wonder that women love cats, for both are graceful, and both domestic—not to mention that they both scratch.

THE ISLAND OF HAYTI.

What a contrast does the present condition of this beautiful island present to the aspect of its early history. As the curious mind regards its miserable and deteriorating state under the present negro military despotism, we are forced to recall those days when Columbus bore from its shores these wondrous tropical trophies which announced to Europe the discovery of a new world! The days when thither flocked, in search of gold and adventure, the restless and daring spirits of the brilliant court of Ferdinand and Isabella. Of what golden dreams was this fairy-like island the theme; to what brilliant prophecies did it give birth; how the ease-loving and indolent Spaniards revelled in its tropical luxuriance, and what a floral paradise it presented on all sides.

Though the most fertile of all the West Indian isles, and with the single exception of Cuba the largest, it is yet the lowest and most utterly degraded spot of its extent in the world. Within a few days' sail of our southern shore, yet nine-tenths of the people of the United States know nothing more concerning it than that it is the seat of a negro empire. Torn and distracted by civil-war, disgraced by the vilest immorality, and sunken to the lowest possible condition of existence, its people and present character are simply a burlesque upon humanity. Its slave-born emperor, who can neither read nor write, in his continuous debauches, is, if possible, lower in the scale of decency than any of his subjects.

In theory the form of the government is a limited monarchy, composed of a legislature of two branches, and the emperor, in whom resides the executive power. It is such, however, in theory only, being in reality a military despotism of the worst description. The members of the legislature are the mere tools of the emperor, used simply for the purpose of giving some slight additional weight and authority to his arbitrary decrees. All measures proposed by him pass unquestioned, it being well understood that any opposition would be promptly punished by imprisonment or death. In the emperor also resides the sole power of issuing patents of nobility and of appointments to all offices of honor and trust. His power is upheld by a standing army of twenty thousand men, commanded by officers devoted to his interest.

It is impossible, says a late writer, to give an adequate description of the Haytien soldier, which must be seen to be fully appreciated. The coat is of coarse blue woollen cloth, faced with red. The original colors are generally in a short time obliterated by dirt, and frequently, as it

advances in years, it loses a skirt or a sleeve. The pantaloons are of tow cloth, and likewise bear the marks of rough and constant usage, being dirty and ragged, and occasionally the greater part of one of the legs is wanting. Shirts and vests are luxuries in which the Haytien soldier does not indulge. Their arms are in keeping with their dress, some having rusty muskets, some bayonets, some swords, and some all three. The officers dress as their fancy dictates and means allow—a wealthy corporal often casting in the shade an indigent general.

Coffee, one of the principal productions of the island, is a government monopoly. No one except the government is allowed to purchase it from the producer; and from the government the producer is forced to receive whatever price it chooses to allow. By the government it is sold to the exporting merchants, being distributed among them in proportion to the value of their imports. In addition to the oppressive character of these laws in themselves, they are rendered doubly so on account of both merchant and producer being obliged to receive in payment for their property the worthless paper currency of the country. This currency is issued by the government as occasion requires, and is the representative of no value whatever. At the time of the first issue its value was about ninety-five cents for the Haytien dollar, since which time it has been constantly depreciating, until it is now worth eight or nine cents for the Haytien dollar. The bills are clumsily executed on coarse paper, two dollars being the highest, and indeed almost the only denomination issued.

It would be difficult to invent a more amusing caricature of a monarchical court, its pageantry and nobility, than that at present existing in St. Domingo. Soon after his assumption of imperial power, the emperor conferred titles of nobility upon a large number of his adherents, which number he has since been constantly increasing with an unsparing hand, as no emoluments whatever are attached to them. The island consequently swarms with a needy and beggarly nobility. The Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of the Cross of St. Faustin begs pork of the foreign shipmasters, while his wife sells soap and candles to her neighbors. One may buy oranges and bananas of a duchess in the market place, or make the acquaintance of his grace, her husband, in an adjoining grog shop. Princes eke out their scanty subsistence by old jobs of tailoring, and countesses take in washing.

Nothing in the island more forcibly impresses the stranger with its degradation than the army.

When we reflect that, by these undisciplined and ragamuffin troops, whose appearance provokes the contemptuous mirth of every foreigner, a population of six hundred and fifty thousand people are kept in a state of subjection but little short of absolute slavery, an opinion most unfavorable to their capacity and intelligence is necessarily forced upon us. The naval force of the empire consists of four or five vessels of very light burden, and one small steamer. The vessels are poor, the sailors ignorant and undisciplined, and against a well-organized and determined invasion would afford no protection whatever.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

Robert Southey, in a chapter on "Marriage," delivers himself as follows: "A man may be cheerful and contented in celibacy, but I do not think he can ever be happy; it is an unnatural state, and the best feelings of his nature are never called into action. The risks of marriage are far greater on the woman's side: women have so little the power of choice, that it is not perhaps fair to say they are less likely to choose well than we are; but I am persuaded that they are more frequently deceived in the attachments which they form, and their opinions concerning men are much less accurate than men's opinion of their sex. Now, if a lady were to reproach me for having said this, I should reply that it was only another mode of saying there are more good wives in the world than there are good husbands, which I verily believe. I know nothing which a good and sensible man is so certain to find, if he looks for it, as a good wife."

A DOUBLE PUN.—When Sir Richard Steele was made a member of the Commons, it was expected from his ingenious writings that he would have been an admirable orator; but it not proving so, De Foe said, "He had better have continued the *Spectator* than the *Tatler*."

RESPECT FOR WOMAN.—Those who respect, love and reverence woman, as true womanhood ought to be respected, loved and venerated, need no incentives to be courteous and considerate to their wives.

GENUINE ELOQUENCE.—A celebrated lawyer of Boston once concluded an eloquent harangue to the jury against the prisoner with, "He bared his arm to heaven and—stole the sugar!"

FRENCH LUXURIES.—In Paris, the police have caught men catching cats, to be sold at the low eating-houses as rabbits. *Rare bits, truly!*

MENTAL POWER.

Rev. T. A. Mills, one of the most practical, clear-headed, and efficient workers of our time, in his first annual report, as secretary of a permanent committee for the promotion of ministerial education, says: "A few years ago, on a wintry morning, a boy in the habiliments of poverty entered an old school house among our western mountains, and avowed to the master his desire for an education. There was poverty laying one of her richest gifts on the altar of religion; for that boy was Jonas King. On his humble shoemaker's bench, Carey laid the foundation of British Baptist Missions. John Newton found in his congregation an unfriended Scotch boy, whose soul was then glowing with new-born love to Christ. He took him to John Thornton, one of those noble merchants whose wealth, whose piety, and whose beneficence, increase together. They educated him; and that boy became Claudius Buchanan, whose name India will bless, when the names of Clive and Hastings are forgotten. John Bunyan was a gift of poverty to the church. Zwingle came forth from an Alpine shepherd's cabin; Melancthon from an armorer's workshop; Luther from a miner's cottage; the apostles, some of them from fishermen's huts. These are the gifts of poverty to the church."

THE COCOS ISLANDS.—The Cocos Islands, in latitude 12 deg. 5 min. S., and longitude 96 deg. 53 min. E., uninhabited except by one small British settlement for the manufacture of cocoa-nut oil, have been formally annexed to the British crown, with a view, it is said, of forming a depot for steamers on the Ceylon and Suez line, midway between King George's Sound and Point de Galle. They were discovered by Keeling, in 1609, and are sometimes called the Keeling Islands.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.—Why is a penmaker the most dishonest man in the world? Because he makes people steel pens, and says they do write.

HOPE.—The best definition of hope we ever saw is this: a sentiment exhibited in a dog's tail when waiting for a bone.

COURTING.—The man who courted an investigation, says it isn't half as good as an affectionate girl. We presume not.

REMEMBER.—Be cautious of giving credence to the ill you hear, and doubly so of reporting it.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

How strange that two nations, separated only by a narrow strip of water, should be so totally dissimilar in language, habits and tastes, as the French and English! The poet tells us that

"Mountains intervened
Make enemies of nations."

Sometimes, however, only an imaginary dividing line produces the effect. A writer in the "Crayon" very happily, as we think, analyzes some of the differences between the French and English. He says:

"We find the English woman ever boldly grappling with realities, but the French woman ever striving to coquette with idealities; the one sternly faces the facts of life with clumsy pluck, the other gracefully endeavors to mystify them with a *jeu d'esprit*; the one becomes actually unlovable by a grim subserviency to facts, while the other is decidedly unreliable through a fanciful admiration of ideas. The English woman grows excessively selfish, out of pure consciousness; the French becomes self-forgetful out of pure vanity. The conscience of the one, however, is prompted by matter-of-fact considerations, and the vanity of the other by allurements of fancy. The selfishness of the English woman is, to some extent, atoned for by her loyalty to principle; while the vanity of the French is made palatable by her attempt to please others. The English woman wants to be respected, the French loves to be admired; the one, in short, tries simply to please herself, the other only aims to make herself agreeable.

"Sentiment is the ruling passion in France. The aim is not so much to do the thing, whatever it may be, as to feel it; to be pervaded with an affection for the idea and to express it. Such manifestations of sentiment are generally confounded with real actions. The French statesman, when he has made a powerful speech, smiles upon himself with ineffable satisfaction—the echoes of his sentiments are to him shouts of victory; he sits down to crown himself with laurels, and actually believes that his sentiments, his words, have saved *la Patrie*. The French lover presents the same characteristics of sentiment and vanity. He seems not so much to be in love with his *inamorata*, as to be in love with himself. He declares his love in the most bombastic terms, and the scene which follows is the dramatic incarnation of his sentiments.

"Open to ridicule, as explosions of mere sentiment without action always are, it should be borne in mind that the apparent egotism of mere sentimentalism is ever surrounded in France by

a positive desire to please others. However much the intellect may protest, the heart is always subdued by this last and all-pervading desire. Exquisite politeness becomes the rule of social life; rudeness the great exception. The Teutonic element of thought, and the Roman element of ambition in the French nature, may be frequently baffled by their inability to coalesce, but the Greek sense of beauty in his character is sure to establish a species of graceful harmony, and whatever fault you find with a Frenchman, you are always forced to answer his polite bow—he is so desperately æsthetical."

A MILITARY TOAST.

We read in some paper of a toast, or rather a part of one, that was given at a military celebration some years since. A militia colonel was called upon for a sentiment. He arose, and thinking it must be something partaking of a military character, commenced with, "The military of our country—may they never want—" Here he stuck. "May they never want—" Stuck again. He looked imploringly around the table, when a friend, who noticed his dilemma, whispered, "And never be wanted." "And never be wanted!" shouted the colonel at the top of his lungs. Two heads are better than one, is an old saying, and the correctness of it was proved in this instance, as between them they manufactured the following capital toast, "The military of our country—may they never want, and may they never be wanted."

USES OF FORTUNE.—A good fortune, well spent upon objects of real merit, upon works of art, the cultivation of the mind and soul; upon the poor, the sick, and the struggling men of talent; upon the advancement of science and general intelligence, is a desirable thing. But how few acquire money for such purposes!

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SCIENCE.—The subscriptions to the new work by M. Agassiz, entitled "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States," amount to \$1,250,000.

GOOD ADVICE.—If you wish a boy to graduate from the State Prison, you should let him pick up his preliminary education in the streets.

THREE THINGS TO BE DESPISED.—A brawler in a workshop, a fool in fine clothes, and a slanderer everywhere.

CARD-PLAYING.—Gamblers are always within an ace of losing their stakes.

A MARINE MILITIA.

According to the New York Journal of Commerce, the British government have lately taken an important step towards providing a supply of trained seamen for time of war. In the late conflict with Russia, the Lords of the Admiralty found themselves greatly embarrassed to obtain men; and Admiral Lord Berkeley was forced to confess that had it been a maritime war, the difficulty would have been apparently almost insurmountable. The seamen actually enrolled—nearly 10,000 less than were called for—were in great raw hands from the shore, and but faint imitations of the ready British sailor whose high reputation has been gained in many a terrible sea fight. The government, adds the Journal, have now determined to organize a volunteer coast force, consisting of seafaring men enlisted for twenty-eight days' drill and training in naval gunnery during the year, and paid a small sum, with free provisions and uniform. What progress has been made in organizing the force, the Journal is not informed; but the plan will doubtless be successful, and thus England will hereafter be prepared with a militia of seamen who, like our own volunteer land militia, will be ready at the first sound of war to take up arms in their country's defence, with sufficient knowledge of their duties to be capable of most important service.

REASONS FOR MARRYING.

If you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man; his angel and minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues; his casket of jewels. Her voice is sweet music; her smiles, his brightest day; her kiss, the guardian of his innocence; her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry, his surest wealth; her economy, his safest steward; her lips, his faithful counsellors; her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers, the ablest of Heaven's blessings on his head.

A CAPITAL PUN.—A gentleman having fallen into the river Exe, relating it to Sir T. A., said, "You will suppose I was pretty wet." "Yes," said the baronet, "wet, certainly, in the Exe-deme."

A CROOKED QUESTION.—A distinguished writer says that "nothing is best achieved by indirection." The workings of a corkscrew would seem to be a refutation of that plausible theory.

GOAT VERSUS CHINAMAN.

The Sacramento Age relates the following amusing incident: "We witnessed an encounter between a Chinaman and a goat, lately, which was probably more amusing to ourselves than to the Celestial. The Chinaman, residing near the north bank of the slough, had placed a lot of fish on a drying platform made of twigs, and, as is usual with that race, had arranged them with great care. A large he-goat, in his perambulations, wandered around in that direction, and thinking he had found a good place to sun himself, jumped upon the wicker platform, which at once yielded beneath its burthen, and fell partially to the ground. The Chinaman came out of his little hut, greatly enraged, and, swearing some Celestial oaths, picked up a club, which he threw at the animal, striking him on his horns and making him reel as he entered the neighboring bushes. John went to work picking up his fish, muttering to himself, when the goat, observing his stooping posture, came out, unobserved, and standing on his hind legs, made sundry comical gyrations, and suddenly, with extraordinary impetus, rushed upon the Chinaman, striking him in the most available point, and sending him down a precipice about ten feet high, in the descent of which he turned two or three somersets, lighting on his head on soil which had fortunately been moistened by the recent rain. The goat at once beat a retreat, which was creditable to his discretion, and the Chinaman returned to his work, exclaiming with indignation, 'He goatee no good.'"

THE FURS OF MINNESOTA.—Furs to the amount of \$180,000 have been exported from Minnesota, the past year, being an increase of \$3000 over that of 1856. The fur trade is an item of considerable importance to that territory, and is continually increasing.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—Is it well for actors *always* to wear black wigs in Roman characters, when it is acknowledged that black hair was uncommon among the Romans, and that they had an aversion to it?

MISTAKE OF THE PRESS.—A Yorkshire paper, in recording the assembling of a regiment of militia, gravely announced that the regiment had "mutinied," instead of "mustered."

REMEMBER.—Beware of too sanguine a dependence upon future expectations—it has ruined many.

Foreign Miscellany.

Of 5000 Christians imprisoned at Delhi, only five renounced their faith to save their lives.

The millenarian existence of the Russian Empire will be celebrated in 1862.

The improvements of the streets in Paris have raised the municipality income a million francs.

There are at this time 20,000 unemployed needlewomen in the city of Belfast, Ireland.

Miss White, the English girl imprisoned at Genoa, for aiding the liberal cause, has been liberated.

The Marquis of Westminster is the richest man in England. His wealth is estimated at £21,000,000 sterling, or \$105,000,000, and his annual income at £700,000.

Archdeacon Jeffrys, a missionary in the East Indies, states that "for one really converted Christian, as a fruit of missionary labor, the drinking practices of the English have made fully one thousand drunkards in India."

Advices from London state that many thousand Sepoys will be transported to the British West Indies, ten thousand of whom are destined for Demerara, where their labor will be directed to the culture of cotton, rice and tobacco.

The King of Prussia has conferred upon Dr. Edward Maynard of Washington, the Order of "Chevalier of the Red Eagle," as a token of his majesty's appreciation of certain inventions in fire-arms.

M. Niepce has just communicated an interesting series of experiments to the French Academy of Sciences, proving the unsuspected fact that the rays of the sun, absorbed by certain substances, are remitted in the dark with sufficient intensity to produce photographic impressions.

France (says the *Moniteur Vinicole*) contains about 5,000,000 acres of vineyards, which are estimated to yield about 80,000,000 barrels of wine annually, or about two barrels for each inhabitant; the aggregate worth of this vintage is about \$600,000,000.

Mr. John Martin, of London, is being put in possession of the "Jennings property," which for so very long a period has been without a recognized heir. The cash he inherits amounts to the gigantic sum of \$80,000,000, while his income will be \$1,250,000 per annum.

The *London Globe* states that the rent-roll of the late Earl Fitzwilliam, including his large Irish estates, amounted to above two hundred thousand a year. The Northamptonshire property, said to be full thirty thousand, is left to the second son, and the North Riding property, about twenty thousand, to the youngest, besides heavy legacies.

The *London Times* gives a list of the principal suspensions announced in London since the beginning of October. The number is 55, and the liabilities are estimated at £15,000,000 or £16,000,000. The liabilities of houses suspended in the provinces are computed at £35,000,000, at a very moderate circulation. This includes debts of five banks, amounting to £23,000,000. The total is £50,000,000.

Malta and Corfu have been successfully connected by submarine telegraph.

The pope's private income is said not to exceed \$5000.

There is in Sweden a Ladies' Bible Society which presents a copy of the Bible to every newly married couple.

The State of Mecklenberg has again voted against the admission of Israelites to equal franchises with the general inhabitants.

Parisians believe in everybody minding his own business—more so than any other people in the world.

Recent researches show that in the 15th century the Venetians projected a ship canal through the Isthmus of Suez.

A panoramic view of the journey from Boston to Washington was lately among the American novelties at Florence.

It is said that the Turkish government are anxious to lay a line of submarine telegraph from Constantinople to the head of the Persian Gulf.

At Birmingham a man was lately fined £20 and costs for sending a cask of lucifer matches by rail without any notification of the hazardous character of the goods.

A description of the kingdom of Bavaria on a large scale, written at the special command of King Maximilian the Second, by several of the first savants of the country, is shortly to appear in a series of volumes.

A wealthy military officer recently presented a newsboy on the Great Western Railway, London, with £100. This benign disposition was awakened in consequence of his exact resemblance to a departed child.

The first silk stockings worn in England were upon the legs of Queen Elizabeth, in 1561. How comes it then that in Richard III. the young princes and King Henry are invariably dressed in black silk stockings?

French papers state that the Archbishop of Paris is so devoted to the care of the poor, that he will not afford himself a new shirt, and his servant only succeeds in getting one for him by telling him it is for a poor man.

A decision had been rendered in the Chancellor's Court, London, which in effect will invalidate all marriages by British subjects with a deceased wife's sister, not only in Britain but in all foreign States.

While other branches of industry are dull, the manufacture of beet root sugar in the north of France is progressing. There were but one hundred and twenty-nine manufactories at work three months since; there are now one hundred and fifty-one.

A son of Gen. Lamoriciere has just died in Paris. As soon as the emperor heard of his illness, he at once ordered that passports should be given to the general, and authorisation granted to him to return to France, without any condition whatever. Unfortunately, the boy died before the father had time to avail himself of the permission.

Record of the Times.

The manufacture of shoes, as a business, was commenced in Lynn in the year 1750.

The first post-office in Arizona territory has been established at Colorado city.

According to the assessment rolls, the value of real estate in New Orleans is \$70,251,425.

The salary of the counsel of the N. Y. Central Railroad Company is \$7000 a year.

They have in North Carolina fourteen mountain peaks exceeding Mt. Washington in height.

In San Francisco and Sacramento cities, chain-gangs of convicts are employed in street-cleaning.

Seven men, working at a quartz mine in California, gained \$11,000 in one week.

The United Brethren in Ohio number 20,876 members, being an increase of 2200 over the past year.

There are 80,000 school-houses, 500 academies, 334 colleges, and 3890 churches in the United States.

One of the prisoners at Sing Sing died a few days since while undergoing a shower-bath punishment.

A fine bell, weighing five hundred pounds, has been placed in the tower of St. Paul's Mission Church, New Haven.

Reckon upon benefits well placed, as treasure that is laid up; and account thyself the richer for that which thou givest a worthy person.

Megeray, in his history of France, says that a hailstone weighing one hundred pounds, fell during a thunder storm in 1810.

The New Post Office in New York is to be erected on the lower angle of the Park, opposite the Astor House.

Maine is a ship-building State. Her last year's vessels had an aggregate tonnage of 110,933; in the entire Union the amount of tonnage was 379,804.

The physicians of Worcester, we see, offer their services gratuitously to all poor families that may happen to be sick, and in need of medical assistance this winter.

McKenzie, the famous Canadian editor, says a more fraudulent banking system than the American was never invented to demoralize mankind.

A deputy sheriff at Hartford had actually commenced removing a prisoner from within the bar, supposing him to be a spectator intruding on the sacred limits, before he discovered that the man was awaiting trial for incendiarism.

Mr. Edwin Booth, the young tragedian, is about erecting a monument over his father's remains at Baltimore. The Gazette says, he has selected Mr. Carew of this city, as the builder, and a portion of the monument will be of New England granite.

A party of twenty-five or thirty young American engineers has been organized, to explore and survey for a railroad route between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico—the expedition being planned and the expenses paid by Mexican capitalists.

Mr. T.D. McGee, formerly an editor of this city, is now a member of the Canadian parliament.

Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" has been dramatized by G. H. Andrews of the Boston Theatre.

The Chinese miners in California are exceedingly unpopular with the American miners there.

Policemen in New York must be 5 feet 7 inches in height, and under 45 years of age.

The Russian governor of East Siberia has been laying out a commercial road to China.

The artesian well in the State House yard at Columbus, Ohio, has reached a depth of 160 feet.

There are twelve convicts in the State Prison at Auburn, N. Y., condemned for life.

There is a mountain in Napa County, California, which produces good flint glass.

The Coroner of New Orleans has now a fixed salary of \$7000 per year, in lieu of the fees of the office as formerly.

There are 50,051 rice plantations in the South, the annual product of which is worth about \$4,000,000.

The Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives receives twelve thousand dollars for each Congress, besides his mileage.

The Swiss Consul in New York counsels his countrymen at home against emigrating to the United States for the present, and until the times grow better.

On the 1st of January, 1858, the old Canada mode of reckoning the currency was abolished, and the dollar and cent system of the United States came into vogue.

A young man in Lockport, N. Y., became insane about eight years since, and about the same time lost his sight. After being totally blind for two years, his sight was restored, and one morning last week he got up from his bed perfectly sane!

In a fight about a basket of chips at St. Louis, John C. Hedenreish, aged ten years, was killed by Theodore Danjars, a boy about the same age, who held the other down and pummelled and choked him till his poor mother took him up dead.

A case has just been decided in Indianapolis by which it is declared that marriage in Indiana requires no formalities to make it legal, except the mere agreement of the parties; that it is a civil contract only, and differs from other civil contracts merely in this—that it cannot be dissolved, even by mutual consent.

Captain Henry Meyer, of the Hamburg ship Gutenberg, has received from the President a splendid gold chronometer and chain, valued at over \$300, for his successful exertions in saving the officers and crew of the ship Howadji, of Newburyport, which was destroyed at sea by lightning last November.

The Nantucket Inquirer says that silk was manufactured, sold and worn in Nantucket as early as 1838, measures having been taken two or three years previously for the establishment of a silk manufactory in that place. The claim in favor of New Harmony, in 1844, and Hartford, in 1857, as having the first manufactured silk in this country, is thus upset.

Merry-Making.

Which is the oldest berry? The elder berry. A sheaf from the shock of an earthquake must be a rare curiosity.

Why are printers liable to take cold? Because they always use damp sheets.

An apparent Anomaly.—The Times says, "Let us see how the truth lies in regard to facts."

Punch thinks Experience, like Time, "puts a man up to many a wrinkle."

"I have gone into the silk business," said a man to his neighbor. "So I supposed, as I saw you reeling all day yesterday."

Why is the map of Alabama like the barrel of a soldier's musket? Because one end has a bay on it (bayonet).

Why are man and wife entitled to a community of interest in each other's property? Because they earn it (are knit) together.

There is a good reason why a little man should never marry a bouncing widow. He might be called "the widow's mite."

Why is a lady putting on her corsets like a man who drinks to drown his grief? Because in so-lacing herself she is getting tight.

Red paint, which is a great improvement in the looks of old houses, is an injury to the cheeks of young ladies.

What is the difference between the pope's barber and an insane circus rider? (One is a shaving koman, and the other is a raving showman.

A clever female French writer says, women should not sit beside the man they wish to conquer, but opposite him. "Attack a heart by full front, not by profile," is her expression.

An actor at one of our theatres was called out four times in one evening not long ago—twice by a sheriff, once by a tailor, and once by an irresistible desire to imbibe. A promising genius.

The Worcester Bay State propounds as follows: Why are swallows like some old-fashioned chimneys? Because they have a crooked flew.

Why do people doubt the merits of Mr. Buchanan—or any other bachelor President? Because his excellency (His Excellency) is not-a-parent (a parent).

A contemporary of ours protests most earnestly that he is always as good as his word. No doubt he is, but his word is good for nothing. So says Prentice.

"You've destroyed my peace of mind," said a desponding lover to a truant lass. "It can't do you much harm, John, for it was an amazing small piece you had, any way!"

"Daddy, I want to ask you a question." "Well, my son." "Why is neighbor Smith's liquor shop like a counterfeit shilling?" "I can't tell, my son." "Because you can't pass it," said the boy.

A young man by the name of Johnson has been arrested in Albany, for perpetrating a new "dodge." He fastened bristles on the tail of a rat, and then sold him for a squirrel. The purchaser was a gentleman from Germany.

Why is a lean dog like a man in meditation? Because he is a *thincur*.

A classical spectacle seller in London recently put out a sign, "*Ecce spectaculum dignum*."

Why does a lady wearing crinoline appear comical as well as conical? Because she is very *funnel-y* dressed.

The man who was "moved to tears," complains of the dampness of the premises, and wishes to be moved back again.

The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river, has been endeavoring to spin a mountain top.

As one among other singular coincidences, there is at the present time a man named Cain Abel keeping the Adam and Eve tavern in Norwich.

At Gibraltar there was a great scarcity of water. An officer said he was very easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water; if he only got his tea in the morning, and punch at night it was all he wanted.

A member of Congress, about to make his first speech, expressed much apprehension that his hearers would think him hardly sufficient calibre for the subject. "Pooh!" said a friend; "they will be sure to find you *bore* enough."

A hard hit is given at the medical fraternity in Mark 5:26, relating to a certain woman, who "had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse!"

King has recorded of Garrick that while that great actor was drowning the house in tears, in the fourth act of Lear, he put his tongue in his cheek and said to him during the applause, "Hang me, Tom, it will do; it will do."

Charles Bannister was going into a pastry cook's shop, with Parsons, the latter gentleman was very curious in examining an electrical eel, and inquired of Bannister what sort of a pie he thought it would make. "A *shock*-ing one," was the reply.

A young lady recently remarked, with much simplicity, that she could not understand what her brother George Henry saw in the girls that he liked them so well, and that, for her part, she would not give the company of one young man for that of twenty girls.

Retorts are generally considered legitimate, even when most severe, yet we have heard of some that only the occasion could justify. A gentleman, questioned by a squinting man concerning his broken leg, replied, "It is quite crooked—as you see."

A New York correspondent of one of our exchanges says that Emerson's mystical poem for "Brahma" can be compared to nothing else in existence of profound confusion, except, perhaps, the "statement of affairs" of some solvent railroad company.

☞ GIVEN AWAY. ☞

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOU'S PICTURE MAGAZINE, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge. M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

Our Artist's Misadventures in search of the Picturesque.

DEDICATED TO THOSE YOUNG LADIES WHO THINK ART SUCH A DELIGHTFUL OCCUPATION.



Twining interest displayed by the masses on sketching in the street.



Sketching in the primeval wilds—beautiful solitude.



Sketching in ultra marine.



Whilst sitting in a wheat field, mistaken for a wild animal by an enthusiastic sportsman.



And when studying from the life, as a prominent house-thief.



And by Judge Lynch's orders ridden on a particularly sharp-edged rail

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD



Further studies of animated nature.



Varied by occasional natural effects in water colors



On proceeding to sketch a picturesque house, is



Attacked by irascible old gentleman for staring at daughters.



By way of a change, tries a bird's-eye view—finds the necessary point precarious.



Proceeds to Cuba to draw during the winter—seizes filibuster engineers by Concha.

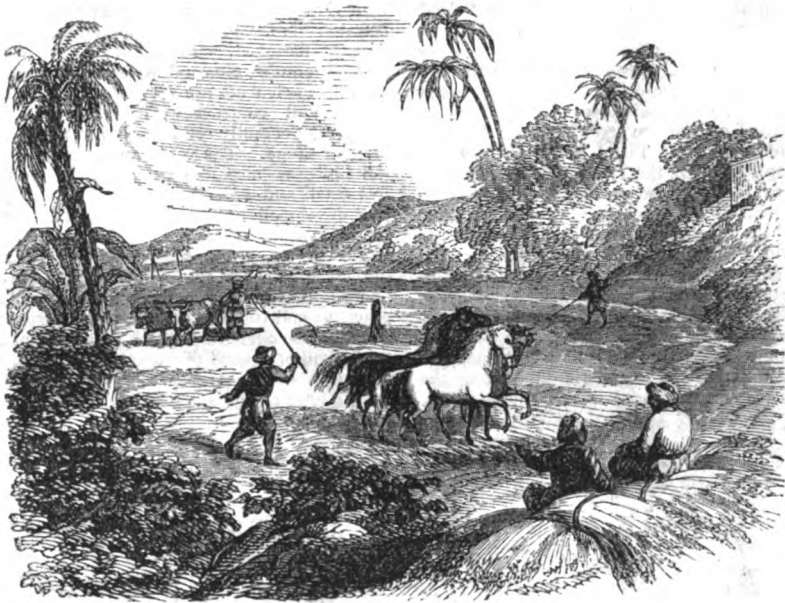
BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.—No. 4.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1858.

WHOLE No. 40.

EASTERN LIFE AND MANNERS.



ARABS THRESHING.

The romance of Eastern life, though fast disappearing before the advancing strides of a higher civilization, is yet sufficient to invest the Orient with a peculiar interest in the eyes of the citizens of the Western world. An almost instinctive sentiment bids us turn our faces towards the cradle of our race, and we listen, with a natural avidity to accounts of the characteristics of the peculiar people who dwell in the land over which the day god rises, and who have preserved many distinguishing customs and observances for centuries and centuries. The tales of the Arabian Nights possess nearly as much charm for us, as we read them by our firesides, as for the bearded Oriental, who with the amber mouth-piece of his pipe applied to his lips, reclining in some Eastern caravanserai hears them from the mouth of a professional story-teller, the medium of the popular literature of the East.

It is among Eastern scenes that we propose to make a brief excursion with the reader, aiding our conceptions of them by glancing at the engravings from designs by a traveller perfectly familiar with Algeria, Egypt, Palestine, and Turkey in Europe. Our first picture is an agricultural scene. In the foreground of a level field, surrounded by swelling hills and ornamented with the graceful palm-tree, an Arab is employed threshing out grain by means of horses—agricultural machinery being unknown in the East. The horses are driven round in a circle, assistants turning the straw, until every particle of the grain is completely separated from the ear. The animals are fastened together and also attached to a post in the centre of the space round which they revolve. The practice of employing animals to thresh grain is of the remotest antiquity, and is spoken of in scripture. The Dutch at

the Cape of Good Hope employ the same process, and the descendants of the Dutch and German settlers of New York and Pennsylvania thresh out their oats with horses, in the manner of the Arabs, to this day.

Our next illustration represents a group of Arabs returning from hunting the gazelle. This sport is one which they follow with the keenest zest. A trained falcon is used in taking this beautiful animal, as its speed baffles the fleetness of the swiftest hounds. The hawk dashes swiftly on the gazelle, and so terrifies and confuses the poor animal that it easily becomes the prey of the sportsman. The gazelle is the smallest of the deer family, and is exceedingly slender and graceful. It is easily tamed. Its large eyes are celebrated by the Eastern poets for their lustrous darkness, and no higher compliment can be paid an Eastern belle than to tell her that her eyes are like those of the gazelle.

The animated scene presented by an "Arab bazaar" next arrests our attention. Here are veiled ladies making their purchases of costly silks and perfumes, youths bargaining for luscious fruits, the returning traveller on his trusty camel, while the vista discloses that characteristic feature of an Eastern settlement the dome of the sacred mosque. The bazaars present the most ample field for the study of the European tourist, or the artist who wishes to familiarize himself with the costumes, manners and physique of the East. Here are to be seen those costly wares which have a world-wide reputation, the shawls, slippers, pipes, robes, sabres, dyes, perfumes, etc., much prized in the East. Jewels, fruits, the "kohl," henna and other articles indispensable to the ladies' toilettes, are here exposed for sale. All colors and costumes are mingled in the tide of life that flows among the

bazaars. The Eastern ladies pay much attention to their personal appearance—indeed they have little else to occupy their minds about. They wear no stockings. Their pretty feet, undistorted by tight shoes, are as spotless and well kept as their hands. Yellow morocco, or richly embroidered velvet slippers, a kind of pointed shoes, without heels or lacings, are commonly worn on the feet. In their toilette they adopt many curious practices to heighten their natural charms. Instead of allowing their eyebrows to grow freely, they diminish their breadth, and preserve only a very narrow arch. They dye the edge of the lids black with a preparation of antimony called *kohl*. To heighten the whiteness of their skin, they commonly dye their nails, the ends of their fingers and the soles of their feet black and red, with a preparation of the leaves of the *henna*, the *launsonia inermis* of Linnæus. Large black eyes, shaded with long lashes, and sparkling with vivacity, impart a grand expression to their countenances. Their noses are small, and often slightly flattened. They have large but well formed mouths, although the lips are sometimes thick. Their teeth are very even and brilliantly white, and contrast with their complexions. They are generally remarkable for the elegance of their shape. The vertebral column is arched, the limbs regular and rounded, the hands and feet small and smooth. The bust is large and well developed, and undisfigured, as in Europe, by the tyranny of fashion. Their step is light and firm; their attitudes majestic; their gestures, full of grace, remind you of the souvenirs of antiquity of which they have preserved some practices and traits of resemblance.

The large engraving which follows represents the arrival of a band of travellers at one of those diamonds of the desert, an oasis with its wel-



ARABS RETURNING FROM HUNTING GAZELLES.



AN ARAB BAZAAR.

some spring of water. They are like sunny spots in the waste of a fruitless life. If the desert has been like to the ocean, the camel to the ship, then these verdurous patches are islets in the sand-deep. Who can describe the joy of the caravan, as after toiling through many weary miles of burning sand, the supply of water nearly exhausted, even the patient and long-enduring camels showing tokens of suffering, the feathery crown of the palm-trees, serving as landmarks, indicates that the place of rest and refreshment is near at hand,—where the hand of God has placed an ever-during fountain, and the hand of man walled in and fenced it from injury. Fatigue, even despair, is forgotten in a moment. Every foot regains its elasticity. The horses and camels, surer in their instincts than man in his reason, feel that relief is at hand, and need no urging to press forward. And O the delicious draughts of gladness that are quaffed from that abounding fountain. The halt of a caravan in a well is one of the most interesting episodes of desert life.

The next picture delineates the Arab's tent, his movable home, all the house that he can call his own in his long wanderings. Here he finds shelter from the parching rays of the noon-day sun, and rest after the fatiguing journey of the day. To this tent the stranger who claims hospitality is ever welcome, and though the host might rob the same man if he met him in the desert, still he is secure from pillage when once beneath the shadow of the tent. A violation of the rites of hospitality, in this respect, is very rare, and is as very discreditable. Still, I am reminded, some time ago, that an Arab of the tribe of Zerdesas, who was going to Constantine (in Algeria), to buy cattle, was plundered in a

douar of Hamma, a village on the road to Philipeville, where hospitality had been accorded him. The sight of his girdle, swelled with specie, was the cause of this violation of the sacred rites of hospitality. When he had partaken of a hearty supper, and was sound asleep, his disloyal entertainers seized him, tied his hands behind him, gagged him to prevent his outcries, then took his money, unbound him, but did not remove the gag. When his hands were once free, our hero, who did not lack courage, was suddenly inspired with an idea which he acted on. Seizing his knife, he cut off a piece of his burnoos, dug a hole in the ground opposite the offending tent, and placed the fragment of cloth in it. This operation accomplished, he went to Constantine with all possible speed, where his first care was to lodge a complaint before the Arabic bureau. "Hast thou witnesses?" asked the officer. "No, Sidi," replied the Arab; "but you can send and seek for the guilty ones." These last, arrested and brought before the officer by the Moorish police, energetically denied the theft, and declared that they did not know the complainant. The latter, then, showing the hem of his garment from which the piece had been cut, related what he had done, and indicated the precise spot where the officers would find the piece, buried before the robbers' tent. This was done, and the fragment fitting the gap exactly, the chief ordered the accused to restore the stolen money, inflicted a heavy fine upon them, and, moreover, sent them to prison.

The last engraving of this series represents the females of an Arab family preparing food. The burthen of domestic labors of all kinds falls upon the women, the men, like the Indian chiefs of North America, deeming it a degrada-

tion to engage in them. The women, whatever may be thought of the style of their gastronomy, are very dexterous in their performance of culinary operations, baking and broiling even when mounted on camels, in the case of a retreat before an advancing enemy. Ordinarily the cooking is done in the manner represented in our sketch.

Though retaining many of the traits and customs of their ancestry, and occasionally boasting of some chief, such as Abd-el-Kader, worthy of their old renown, the Arabs of to-day are a sadly degenerate race. The invasion of the west by the Arabs, in the 7th century, is, without question, one of the most surprising revolutions in the history of humanity. In the Asiatic peninsula designated by the name of Arabia, lived, from time immemorial, a people who, although they had acted as intermediaries in the commerce of Europe and Asia, never felt any of those great shocks of which the East had been the theatre. Their sands or their valor had always shielded them from foreign invasions and conquests; they had never experienced the want of changing their country, or of exercising any influence whatever on the destinies of the world. If, as certain philologists assert, they had at one time extended outwardly, they soon fell back on their peninsula, and there their independent and solitary existence surrendered them to all the influences of the soil they inhabited. "The earth," says a contemporary writer, "had acted profoundly on man, and in the midst of their constantly-moving sands, the Arabs had accustomed themselves to a wandering and vagabond life, and ceaseless evolutions. No common centre, on this shifting ground, had been able to group their numerous tribes, which seemed constantly to float at hazard in a wild independence. They lived without order or rule. The anarchy which consumed them armed them continually against each other, and they wore out, in these intestine struggles, the energy peculiar to their race." Their religion had first been Sabbatism, that is to say, the belief in a divinity chiefly inhabiting heaven; but, at the same time, spread throughout the whole universe, and communicating to all things, through the medium of the stars, motion and life; one in his essence, manifold in his exterior manifestations, appearing in the world in various forms, which were his successive personifications, and which changed incessantly from one to the other; a god, in a word, the cause and material of a universe and eternal metamorphosis, very similar to the divinities of India, and the god of the Stoic philosophy. This religion they dated back to Abraham, the father of Ishmael, and first author of their race. They ended by sinking into a superstitious adoration, either of celestial bodies, or of terrestrial symbols, designed to represent them on the earth, temples, idols, sacred stones, amulets, etc., and their religion was almost entirely changed into a gross idolatry.

This people, who lived in ignorance, almost unknown by the rest of the world, and who hardly knew their own history, were yet summoned, in the 7th century, to high and glorious destinies. The old world had just perished; the new world was not yet born. To the painful death throes of antiquity succeeded, amid a terrific chaos, the

laborious birth of the modern age. For the accomplishment of this great transformation of humanity, it was necessary that the East and the North should strive together, and mingle, in some way, on the battle-fields of the West. In this encounter, and necessary commingling of all the great races, the Arab nation was the champion, the representative of Asia, the oriental element. They possessed, in fact, all the qualities useful to the great part they were going to perform for the first time in the history of the world. They were young—so young that they had hardly passed the bounds of infancy; they had the force, the fire, the daring, the faith and the courage of youth; they were not only brave, they knew how to fight; for their internal struggles had, for a long time, accustomed them to the difficulties and dangers of war; if they cultivated neither the arts nor the sciences, if they did nothing but pillage or raise flocks, they were apt for everything; if they sometimes were guilty of acts of rapine and cruelty, they often showed themselves great, noble and generous. They had ardent imaginations; they loved poetry passionately; they spoke a magnificent language; in fine, they were as little attached to the earth as the burning sands in the midst of which they had wandered, the sport of chance, for so many centuries with their flocks. As the writer above quoted says, they had only to trace a path in the stormy waves which beset them, to make a river, broad and deep, capable of sweeping away, in its course, nations and empires. The pathway was traced, and the river rolled, at the command of Mahomet, the last of the prophets, as the Arabs call him. Who knows not that, at the voice of this man of genius, the Arabs, before so divided, rushed, as one man, and with irresistible fervor and enthusiasm, to the conquest of the entire world? Who is not aware that if Karl Martel had not arrested them at Poitiers, they would have realized the dream of their ambition, which was to supplant by violence, everywhere, Christianity by Mahometanism? Who has not remarked that, as soon as they had quitted their native land, they became civilized and civilizing, pouring forth a torrent of imagination and learning; that they cultivated, with marvellous success, arts, sciences and letters, while all the rest of Europe was plunged in profound barbarism; that their civilization perished with them, when they were driven from the countries they had conquered; and that, after Mahomet, Arabia, becoming what she was before him, relapsed into that stagnant, motionless condition in which we now behold her plunged?

The Arabs of to-day live as in the time of Abraham, in the same patriarchal simplicity, the same love of independence, the same disdain of civilization. The Arab only knows the teaching of his prophet. There is all his science; he admits no other. Thus the Koran is the Alpha and Omega, and the encyclopedia of the Arabs. The children learn to read in the Koran; the young people learn its verses by heart; the women wear them in amulet-bags in their bosoms; in a word, outside of the Koran, nothing exists, nothing is done. It is the civil and religious law of the Mussulman.

The Arab is in all points modelled on the type of his prophet Mahomet. Loving com-

mercy, he is a shepherd, trader and traveller; on the other hand he detests manual labor and submits to it with regret. The Arab women do all the work in the tribes. They are at once millers, bakers, cooks, washerwomen, tailoresses, etc.; they serve as factotums to their lords and masters, demigods who despise work, who kill time

by riding in *fantasias*, or enjoying their eternal *far-niente* in the sun.

The Arab has an instinctive repugnance to our civilization, with its glorification of labor, to our manners, to all our customs and our dress. When the Arabs of the desert celebrate their carnival, they dress a negro in our clothes, and



THE WALK IN THE DESERT.

parade him about through a town, playing the derbouka amidst the inextinguishable laughter of the crowd. It is the same with the tent which suits the nomadic and religious life of the Arab.

Like Anteus, he finds the secret of his strength, his power and heroic resignation in the touch of his native soil. The earth is at once the temple, the pavement, the footstool and the pillow of the child of Ishmael. Other reasons also induce him to prefer the tent to the European dwelling. In it he can receive his domestic animals: the horse, goat, sheep and dog are, to a certain extent, a part of the Arab family. The horse plays with his children, who clamber boldly over its legs; the dog devours the fragments left in the wooden bowl from which his master has just eaten; the goats and sheep sleep with him. In a word, the animal is a member of the corporation, a guest of the tribe, an inferior brother.

European writers have generally pronounced erroneous judgments on the Arabs. Although less civilized, the sons of Ishmael may boast themselves our masters in many things. They possess instincts more powerful and vigorous than ours. They are tormented neither by our complex wants nor by our multiple ideas. They know not our unbridled ambitions, our feverish anxieties, our mean self-love, our versatile passions, our feelings of envy, our insatiable desires, our discouragements and deceptions. God and the desert suffice for their aspirations. The ideal of the Arabs is to make the Mecca pilgrimage. While we expand our attention over a thousand books and millions of papers, they concentrate theirs on a single work—the Koran.

The Arabs oppose to our daily anxieties an unalterable quiet, a holy resignation to the inevitable evils of destiny, to our mental doubts, a divine love, to our meannesses an admirable loftiness; in a word, they possess the strength, the majesty and the virtues imparted by a constant communion with nature. We can teach them arts and sciences, but they can teach us the dignity of life.

The first thing that strikes a stranger on visiting an Arab settlement is the admirable serenity of its inhabitants. These men, enveloped in their woollen rags, walk with the pride of victors. You would think them demi-gods, whose constantly placid souls do not participate in the sufferings of humanity. You would think these beings, living on water, figs and barley bread, travelling through dust, and sleeping on the ground, exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather, wretched, but to them, joy and grief, everything, is comprised in two words—sun and rain.

The Arab, like other people, elsewhere, is only a reflection of his universe. He who has seen the sky of these regions, the immense sands of the desert, the tortured mountains of Tell representing the petrified waves of a furious sea; he who has felt his passions rise in contact with a tropical sun inflaming infinite space, or dreamed in fresh and limpid nights under the olives and palms of the oasis, knows, as well as if he had passed his life in a *douar*, the moral physiognomy of the Arab, severe and voluptuous, fiery in action, motionless in repose, hospitable and cruel, adventurous and resigned, intelligent, enthusiastic and ignorant.

Man and the earth have a co-relation too inti-

mate not to resemble each other. African nature which proceeds by powerful manifestations, by bold jets, by grand and serene lines, explains the calm fanaticism, the poetical dignity of the Arab, and his poetical manner of accepting life.

For a European, there is no spectacle more curious and instructive than that of a market-place, for the Arabs having neither court-house, nor prison, nor exchange, nor board of commerce, nor newspapers, the legal and commercial transactions are conducted in the broad daylight on the public square. In Africa, the natives do not go to market only to buy and sell; relations and friends of different tribes meet there and testify the liveliest sympathy by numberless manifestations. They accost each, kissing the head as high as the temples, and touch the *bornouse* with an eager hand, which they afterward press to their lips. The old men (the sheiks) are the object of universal attention. It is a picture worthy of antiquity. Each one strives to be the first to meet them and press their garments to his lips. To these demonstrations the sheiks invariably reply, "May Allah bless thee! may Mahomet enlighten thy path!"

Conversation then commences. Leading each other by the hand, they go and sit where they can converse at ease, on the carpets of the Moorish coffee-houses, or listen to the songs of wandering troubadours, who, crouching like sphynxes, chant romances in a plaintive tone, accompanying themselves with the flute, the monochord and the *bendair* (tambourine).

What delicious hours of *far niente* glide away in listening to this strange music in the Moorish coffee-houses of Tlemecan! The readers of the Magazine may be gratified with the following literal translation of one of these Arab songs:

"O, thou who art white as the jessamine, with the step of a gazelle, I swear by thy bright eyes that I am the slave of their lustrous beams.

"The pomegranate glows upon thy cheeks. In the excess of my transport, I exclaimed, 'Ah, her beauty is a net that I cannot escape!'

"My trouble exceeds all troubles. Delicate houri, whose movements full of grace bear away the palm from the waving of green branches, when shall I be united to the object of my adoration, to end the torments which steal sleep from my eyelids?

"Come in the morning to my garden watered with the dews of heaven. Spring comes to bring us flowers; its path is sweet as that of the zephyr; the dew, like pearls at random scattered, exhales the odor of musk.

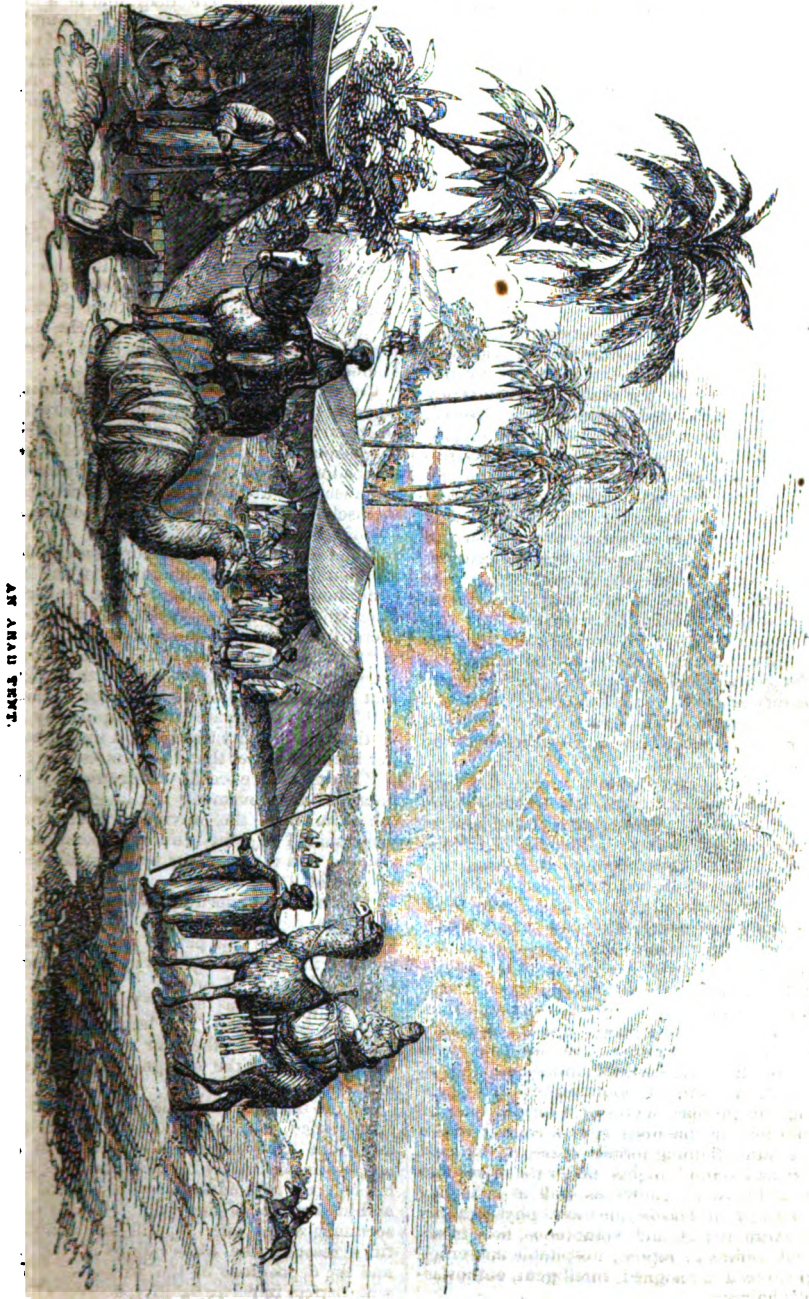
"My gazelle has said, 'Behold me! I have come to seek thee. The laurel-roses bow their heads to greet us; the odor we breathe from the balmy cheeks of the orange would animate the ashes of the dead.'"

At the markets also, quarrels are ended, lawsuits settled, and judicial courts held in the open air. The Arab tribunal is composed of a single *aga*, distinguished by his rich costume, his straw hat colored and adorned with ostrich plumes, and his *bornouse* of fine wool. Beside the *aga*, a secretary writes with a palm leaf pen the plaintiff's reasons, the observations of the accused, and the depositions of the witnesses. The *aga*, with perfect imperturbability, decrees a fine of ten *boudjouds*, orders fifty blows of the *matrak* (stick).

fixes his seal to the secretary's parchment, and all is said and done. In half an hour, the aga in this way despatches three or four cases.

It is not rare to see marabouts holding lions in leashes, like dogs, in the market-places. The Arabs, who are very credulous, attribute the sur-

prising docility of the lion that formerly decimated their flocks, but is led about in the markets and settlements by a slender cord of the palm-tree fibre which a child could break, to the religious virtue and mystic power of the priest. "A few verses," they say, "was enough to ac-



AN ARAB TENT.

comply with this miraculous work." Thus many marabouts, who subsist entirely on Mussulman charity, see the *dinans* and *boudjouds* raining into the hoods of their bornouses. Still, the Arabs, credulous as they may be, watch the slightest movement of the lion, and prudently give his majesty a wide berth. But there is no instance of any accidents happening from this public exhibition of lions.

Nothing is more picturesque than the arrival of a caravan from Sahara in the midst of a market-place. Those "desert-ships," the camels, in coming into port, make the most horrible noises, springing from side to side, and dancing in the most grotesque manner, keeping their tubercular spines in constant motion, and stretching their yawning heads towards the camel driver, who, bending over their necks, can hardly make them lie down to discharge his cargo of

There was not in the whole crowd such an expression of wild haughtiness. The proud head of the lion alone offered an analogy to the manly physiognomy of the camel-driver.

"I could not weary of studying this sphynx of the desert. I analyzed his life; I incarnated myself in him; I could have wished to follow him into the immense solitudes which he must have traversed to bring his cargo of woollens. What fatigues he had undergone! what dangers he had incurred! but what a spectacle he had beheld! An atmosphere of warm vapors forms the mirage and veils the horizon. Mid fiery sands which undulate in space like a sea with golden waves, the caravan, indolent and confident in God, follows the furrow traced by the pilots of Sahara. A sweep from the wing of the terrible south wind, the simoom, telegraphic steps effaced by a whirlwind of sand, are enough to mislead or en-



ARAB WOMEN BAKING.

woollens and dates, which the Jews hasten to receive and carry off. Meanwhile, our camel-driver, seated on the crupper of one of his beasts, pulls a pipe filled with aromatic herbs out of his *djebira*, and sets himself quietly to smoking.

"I shall always remember," writes Gastineau, "the character of simplicity, nobility and religious tranquillity of an Arab of the desert whom I saw at Tlemecen. A full black eye, accustomed to contemplate the broad horizon of Sahara, to discover the passage of nomadic tribes upon the sand, lighted up an acute facial angle like a pharos, and an ascetic visage dried to parchment by the sun. Two pieces of goatskin tied by strings to his feet, an old woollen shirt (*habaya*) torn and loaded with dust, under which a dry and nervous body was distinguishable, a red cap covered by a *haik*, bound to his head by a camel's-hair rope, composed his whole costume.

gulph the caravan; but on the other hand, how glorious to strive with the desert and to conquer it! What unspeakable joy to behold yourself draw near the green oasis in the desert, where parched lips will be moistened, to find a sweet repose after fatigue, shade and bubbling springs after thirst, the smiling faces of women and children after solitude, love after the dangers of death! Could a European have accompanied that camel-driver on his three months' journey, and lived on a sip of water that would hardly quench the thirst of a bird, and a pinch of flour baked in the sun? And yet, under these wretched conditions, the nomad had lived perfectly happy, free from cares and importunate thoughts; he had bounded over the immeasurable distances of the Great Desert, with the carelessness and agility of the ostrich, the gazelle and the antelope. Each power has its destiny."

THE ARCHITECTURE OF BIRDS.

The study of the mechanism of animals is one of the most delightful features in natural history, and the architecture of birds is well calculated to excite our interest and admiration in a high degree. The skill and ingenuity displayed in endless variety, by mysterious instinct, we may trace with pleasure—but the motive-principle must remain an enigma to us, forever! For the entertainment of the reader the powers of our artists have been invoked to produce the accompanying sketches representing, in a truly natural manner, some specimens connected with this interesting subject. "A nest," says the French Academy, "is a sort of cradle, a species of dwelling-house, which birds construct wherein to lay their eggs and rear their young." The Academy might have added that it is a regular, solid, skillful and elegant structure, commenced, with tender solici-

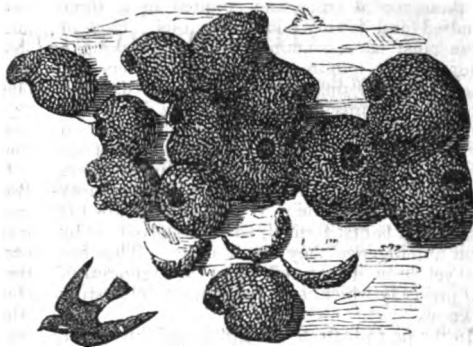
tude and prudent forethought, under the impulse of (so called) blind instinctive necessity, and continued with zeal and perseverance—a work the skill of which is inexplicable, and a matter of astonishment. Each kind of bird has its own peculiar form and sort of nest, its own regulations and chosen spot. Birds of prey choose the summits of rocks and crags or high deserted towers, where they build their capacious dwellings with large twigs and sticks, to which purpose the great muscular power nature has bestowed on them is admirably fitted—and at much cost of time and trouble, for these buildings are destined for children and great grand-children, it rarely happening that the first or second offspring forsake the place of their birth. Accordingly we find that these nests are so substantially built that they withstand the assaults of time and weather for a

lengthened period. Most birds build in trees amongst the branches of bushes or behind a clod of earth, making use of twigs, straws, of moss, down, cotton and a thousand little materials, gathered here and there with infinite industry, to be carried (often from no inconsiderable distance) with unerring exactitude, to the selected spot. Then, having only feet and bills to work with, all these various substances are arranged and fitted together, until a masterpiece of workmanship is completed. Some of the feathered tribes, with wonderful skill attach their nests to a supple bough, which is moved by every breath of wind, a perfect swing. Others collect clay and gravelly mud, which with leaves and water carried in their bills, they form into cement and build compact houses for themselves, impervious to rain,



THE FANTAIL WARBLER.

cold or dampness, against chimneys or on ledges of walls. These nests, outwardly a work of great art, appear within, a very masterpiece of skill and ingenuity. They are divided into separate chambers, allowing the parent bird a room to himself, when his services are not required, where he can repose at ease, or whence he can watch and look out on the world beyond. How many, many journeys must these indefatigable artisans perform, what an amount of ceaseless industry, what enduring patience does this instinct exhibit! Those which build upon the ground are less particular, and display less skill, but the desired end of warmth and protection is attained. Others are content with a hole in the sand. Here they lay their eggs, which they leave during the day-time to be hatched by the heat of the sun, returning homeward at night to sit upon them. The nest of the long-tailed titmouse, delineated in the sixth illustration of the present article, is a most remarkable construction. This bird, which is not bigger than a wren, takes innumerable means of precaution for the comfort, safety and concealment of its dwelling. It is made like a hollow hall, with a small opening on one side, as may be seen in the engraving. This orifice serves the double purpose of door and window, and is so well barricaded that neither cold nor rain can penetrate into the interior. This is effected by an admirably contrived screen, before the entrance to the little citadel, of downy feathers, which is very pliant, to admit of ingress and egress, and yet exclude the weather. Yet this is not all. From its very diminutive size, this bird is afraid of numerous enemies, and therefore has recourse to wise artifice to conceal its asylum. It fastens its nest to the trunk of a tree, and covers it carefully and skillfully with the twigs and leaves of the parasitical plants that cluster around the stem to which it adheres, and contrives to give to the inimitable structure the appearance of being a part of the bark. Having exhausted its skill in the deception, intended only to deceive enemies, the little creature enters its mansion and rears a family under protection of the *pious fraud*. Another kind, belonging to the same tribe—see the seventh engraving, which represents the nest and the bird—carries its precautionary measures even to a greater extent. Being a frequenter of the borders of water, it has everything to dread from the vermin that infest those places. What then is to be done as a safeguard from the insidious foe? It is at no loss, for choosing the bough of a tree that overhangs the water, it builds its bottle-shaped nest, the mouth of which is too small for even a rat to enter. Another variety unite a kind of chalice to form their nest, in which the old ones are accustomed to take rest from the cares of housekeeping. The nest of this bird, which is one of the smallest and weakest, is generally eight inches high by four broad, within—which may be considered enormous dimensions in comparison with the size and force of the little architects. The structure is commenced in the middle of winter, and is not completed, although diligently carried on, until spring, when the female is ready to begin laying her eggs. As they often lay and hatch to the amount of twenty, this occupies



ROCK-SWALLOW'S NEST.

some time. The sedge-bird exhibits the instinct with which it is furnished in a different form. In order to protect its young from the element amongst which it is born, this bird adapts its nest to the twofold capacity of a land-house and a ship! The nest, which is formed of perfectly water-tight cement, is suspended to a willow branch, which is often reached by the water when it rises, when the nest, like a boat, floats securely and comfortably with its precious live freight, shortly again to swing in the air! The nests of others of this species are so artfully constructed, and so firmly interwoven and glued together, that the knot must be cut in order to see within. No less curious are the nests of the field-fare, yellow-hammer, finch—but most particularly so are those of the weaver-bird, or cherry-finch—which congregate in large masses of from five to six hundred, and live together in one harmonious community. An accurate engraving of one of these nests will be found on another page. Many hundreds of them club together and go to work to build an immense roof on a tree, or perhaps one over another. This they make of stalks, leaves, clay, etc., so thick and strong that it is absolutely impervious to the rain. When this work is accomplished by the united labor of the association, the under surface of the roof is divided amongst the members, and they commence building their nests to this covering. They are all of a size, and built the one touching the other. Each of these dwellings has its own entrance, but it sometimes happens that one door serves for three windows, for one apartment is on the right, another on the left, the third in the background. Some of the neighbors are on such friendly terms that they allow one doorway to serve for both families. Thus these buildings are erected at the least possible expense to the individual birds, as each one makes use of the side wall of his neighbor as a portion of his house—yet the additions are so contrived as never to leave the thin partition walls exposed to the weather. The nests, which are about three inches in diameter, are formed of finer leaves and grass than the roof, very closely woven, and the inside of them is lined with down. As the population increases, new nests are built over the old ones. Those which have been forsaken are turned into streets and avenues leading to the new structures. The learned Vaillant examined one

of these roofed cities, and counted in it three hundred and twenty houses or nests. Each of these must have contained one pair, making a colony of six hundred and forty members. It would be interesting to watch the proceedings of such a community for the course of a year, especially to note the care and kindness bestowed on the rising generation. It is supposed that the barracks are deserted when the young ones are fledged and capable of flight, and remain empty until the next season. We know not how the association is first formed, when dissolved, or by what intelligence they again unite. This has not yet been discovered, so we are ignorant of that precisely which it would be most interesting to know.

In the first illustrative engraving of this article our artist has delineated the Fantail Warbler (*Sylvia Cisticola*), a peculiarly interesting species of the genus *Sylvia*, to which the wrens belong, and is found in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Sardinia and Sicily. The plumage of this bird is quite plain and sober; it is of a dead leaf color, or reddish yellow above, each feather being dashed in the middle with blackish brown, so as to present the appearance of multitude of longitudinal spots, except on the lower portion of the back, which is plain, as is also the whole of the under surface, which is of reddish white. The tail is short, graduated, and of a blackish brown, each feather having a deep black spot near the end. The total length of this species is scarcely four inches. The nest of this bird presents a most beautiful example of instinctive skill. It is placed in a tuft of tall grass, and elevated from the ground, as shown in the engraving. With singular neatness a number of the blades of grass are drawn together and interlaced, and sewed with a kind of cotton thread, which the bird manufactures for

itself. The blades of grass thus secured, form an exterior case, and support a long, barrel-shaped nest, open at the top, consisting of a cotton-like material, and secured by threads to the blades and stalks which surround it so closely as to afford perfect concealment.—A cluster of nests of the Rock Swallow forms the subject of the next illustration.

Our third engraving represents the Tailor Bird (*Sylvia Sutoria*), and its most ingeniously constructed nest. This minute species of wren, measuring only three inches and a half long, is a native of Hindostan, Ceylon, and other parts of the East. Its general plumage is pale olive; the chin and throat yellow; the under parts dusky white; its weight only about ninety grains. Living in countries where snakes and monkeys are formidable enemies to the feathered tribe, this little bird selects a leaf at the extremity of a pendant twig for its cradle. If this leaf be large enough, it draws the edges together so as to form a pouch, the end of which is so arranged as to



THE TAILOR BIRD.



NEST OF THE TITMOUSE.

assist in supporting the nest within. But if the leaf be too small, the bird adds to it another growing by, and sometimes a dead one, sewing this to the other, that it may form a convenient receptacle for its nest. This is composed of down, intermingled with fibres and a few feathers. Thus the young are provided with a snug and secure abode, though it rocks to and fro in the breeze. Many have examined this curious product with lively interest, but few can say with Forbes, "Often have I watched the progress of an industrious pair of tailor birds, from their first choice of a plant, until the completion of the nest and the enlargement of the young." It appears, however, that the tailor bird is not the only one that fabricates this kind of nest. Latham states that in Lady Clive's fine collection of drawings, there is a somewhat similar bird called the "Me-rops Minimus," that adopts the same method. This bird, like the one with which it is naturally associated, is also small; and it is an interesting fact that such inconsiderable members of the feathered race should be gifted with so remarkable an instinct. Not only is the nest so curiously fabricated, all that the young require, but its position is so chosen, that they are secure from the enemies to which they are so peculiarly exposed. Yet, be it observed, this is only one example of the adaptation of the abode to the tenant, which may be observed throughout the region of animated nature. In no part of it do we discover a creature whose instinct leads to the preparation of an uncongenial or insecure abode. The law under which it acts is a perfect law. That which reason would do, were it possessed, is done; and the completeness of the product in every respect may well excite our wonder, and call forth our high admiration.

The last engraving delineates the *Loxia Bengalensis*, a bird of India, and its very curious nest. The bird constructs it of vegetable fibres, which it interlaces in such a manner as to form a sort of purse, of which our engraving gives an

exact representation. It suspends its nest on the highest branches of trees overhanging rivers, and the entrance is observable at the lower end. The first year the nest is a simple purse; but in the following one the bird attaches a second to it, and proceeds annually with a similar addition to the singular and ingenious structure. Mr. Barrow, in his "Travels in Africa," notices clusters of suspended nests, attached to slender twigs, fabricated by a species of *Loxia*, which unfortunately he neither names nor describes. These nests usually overhang a river or pond of water, and are shaped like a chemist's retort, with a body and long neck, at the end of which is the aperture, close over the surface of the water; the neck leads to a snug chamber, in which the young are reared; the structure is composed of interwoven grass. Though not capable of identifying the species, we suspect it to be the *Nelicourvi*, *Loxia* (*Ploceus*) *penisilis*, of Sonnerat. We have seen nests of a similar form, constructed of wiry elastic grass, and attached to the leaves of palms, brought from Ceylon and the continent of India—perhaps the work of the *Ploceus* (*Euplectes*) *Philippensis*. Colonel Sykes observes that this weaver-bird "is very common in Dukhun, and there are few wells overhung by a tree where their nests are not seen pendent; they live in small communities, and are very noisy in their labors." Pringle describes the South African nest as woven of a kind of tough grass, the cylindrical passage being twelve or fifteen inches in length; and twenty or more often hang from a single tree.

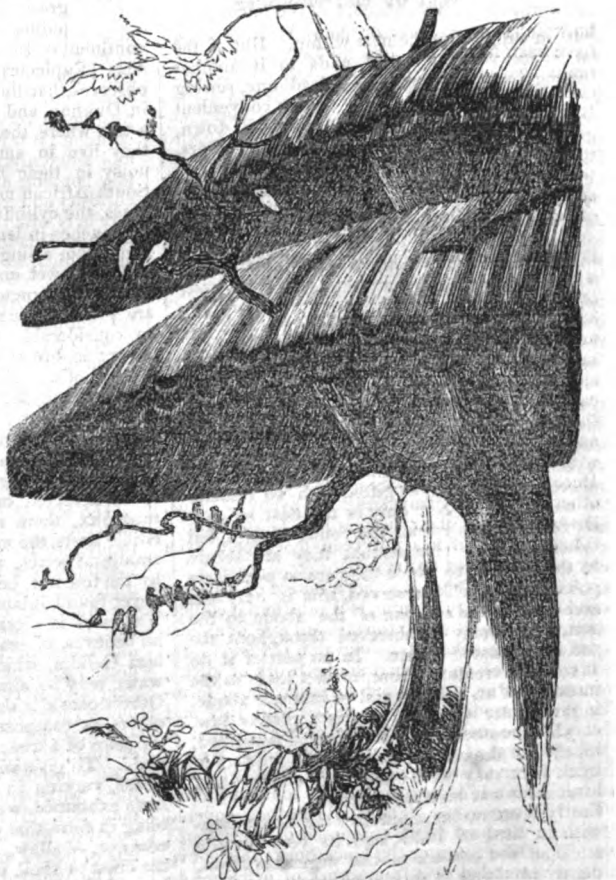
The Lawet and the Linchi, of the Javanese, are the constructors of those singular nests which are prized as luxuries by the Chinese, and form so considerable an article of commerce. The Lawet is brown above, whitish beneath, and at the end of the tail, which is forked. The Linchi is rather smaller than the former, being about five inches long; its under parts are white, and its wings are longer in proportion. Much has been written about these birds and their nests, till, from clashing opinions, the subject has become involved in difficulty. According to Lamoignon, there are three species which make edible nests, the most valuable being those of the smallest species, which he states is distinguished by the feet not being covered with down; it is never found inland, but always on the sea-coast. The nest is clear and white, and composed, as he believes, of sea-plants of an order termed by him *Gelidia*, which by boiling or steeping in water may be almost wholly reduced to a jelly. Others consider the nest as a sort of fish-spawn; others as composed of inspissated sea-foam, or the juice of a tree; and others of molluscous animals. To give an idea of these nests, several of which, varying in clearness of composition, we have examined, we may describe them as resembling in form that of the chimney-swallow, being concave, shallow, and lined with feathers; but the crust or shell, instead of being made of clay, is something in appearance like fine manna as sold in the druggists' shops, approximating, how-

ever, to coarse isinglass. Sir G. Stannton says: "In the Cass, a small island of Sumatra, we found two caverns running horizontally into the side of the rock, and in these were a number of those birds' nests so much prized by the Chinese epicures. They seemed to be composed of fine filaments cemented together by a transparent viscous matter, not unlike what is left by the sea upon stones alternately covered by the tide, or those gelatinous animal substances found floating on every coast. The nests adhere to each other, and to the sides of the cavern, mostly in horizontal rows, without any break or interruption, and at different depths from fifty to five hundred feet. The same sort of nests are also said to be found in the deep caverns at the foot of the highest mountains in the middle of Java, at a distance from the sea. The value of these nests is chiefly ascertained by the uniform fineness and delicacy of their texture, those that are white and transparent being most esteemed, and fetching often in China their weight in silver."

Montbeillard, who, in 1741, visited the straits of Sunda near Java, and went ashore on an islet called the Little Toque, discovered a deep cavern in the rocks on the brink of the sea, the mouth of which was darkened by multitudes of swallows pouring out in swarms, and the roof of the cavern was covered with their nests. He describes them as softening in water, and as composed of fish-spawn, resembling half-melted glue, which floats on the sea, and adds, "sometimes threads of this viscous substance are seen hanging to the bills of these birds, and which have been supposed, without foundation, to be extracted from the stomach in the breeding season." It was perhaps this passage that induced Sir Home to examine the gastric glands of a species of swallow of very large size, and which he regarded as the edible swallow, brought from Java by Sir. T. S. Raffles. In this species he found the gastric glands projecting, and splitting into several portions like the petals of a flower, and argues that their development is to supply a secretion for the formation of the nests. Against the inference of Sir E. Home it is objected, and with force, that it does not appear that the swallow he examined (double the size of our swallow) was one of the edible species, and that we have not the shadow of proof from analogy to conclude that these gastric glands, for whatever reason they might be developed, secrete the materials of the nest. The most probable theory is, that whatever else may be used, the bird, as is the case with the swallow and swift, employs a viscid saliva as a cementing medium; as M. Reinwardt, a celebrated professor, who resided

a considerable time in Java, and made some careful researches upon the subject, came to the conclusion that the bird consolidates, if it does not wholly form, its nest with a viscous and glutinous fluid, secreted by its very large parotid (salivary) glands. Mr. Crawford, British resident at the court of the Sultan of Java, and who superintended the collection of these nests (for they are claimed as royal property, and form a valuable branch of the revenue of the state) at Karang-Bolang for several years, has given us an interesting commercial history of them too long to be quoted. We may observe, however, that about twenty-seven thousand pounds, the chief part of the best quality, are annually exported from Java, but a still greater quantity from the Suluk Archipelago; that much is also exported from Ceylon and New Guinea; and that altogether about thirty thousand tons of Chinese shipping are engaged in the traffic. The danger attendant upon the collecting of the nests in the awful caverns is described as imminent in the extreme.

To the class of birds who build pensile (hanging) nests, belongs almost the whole genus of

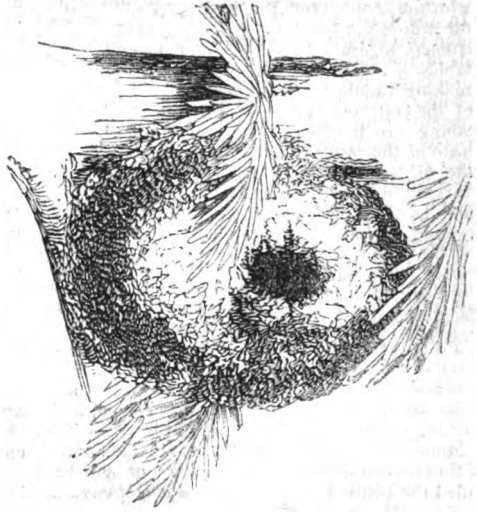


SOCIAL WEAVER-BIRD'S NEST.

Orioles (*Icterus*), says Wilson. "Few of them, however, equal the Baltimore in the construction of these receptacles for their young, and in giving them such convenience, warmth and security. For these purposes he generally fixes on the high bending extremities of the branches, fastening long strings of hemp or flax round two forked twigs, corresponding with the intended width of the nest; with the same materials, mixed with quantities of loose tow, he interweaves or fabricates a strong firm kind of cloth, not unlike the substance of a hat in its raw state, forming it into a pouch of six or seven inches in depth, lining it substantially with various soft substances, well interwoven with the outward netting, and lastly finishes with a layer of horse-hair, the whole being shaded from the sun and rain by a natural canopy of leaves." As much difference, adds Wilson, will be found in the style, neatness and finishing of the nests of the Baltimores, as there is in their voices. Audubon describes the nest of one of these birds found in the State of Louisiana, as composed of the long filaments of a kind of moss known there by the name of Spanish-beard, and destitute of the warm lining with which, had the individual built in Pennsylvania or New York, it would have been furnished; but in Louisiana the intense heat of the summer renders such a provision unnecessary. The position chosen by the Baltimore for its pensile nest is no doubt suggested by instinct as a means of security against the attacks of enemies, especially the black snake, which climbs trees with facility, and which destroys young broods by wholesale, though it is often compelled by the parent birds to retreat.

The splendid Satin-Bird, of New South Wales, is one of the bower-building birds, constructing a bower, or run, by means of two short parallel hedges composed of twigs interlaced together, so artfully arranged that the inner aspect of each artificial hedge is smooth, offering no impediment to the passage of the birds, while the outside is rough with the projecting ends and bifurcations of the twigs. The floor of this run, or short avenue, consists of sticks strewn with shells and bones, and the bower itself is ornamented with the brilliant feathers of various parakeets. Here the birds play, and sportively pursue each other, perpetually traversing the avenue. This, however, is not their nest, which is so artfully concealed that it has not been discovered even by the sharp-eyed natives.

The nest of the Magpie, a native of Europe, and common in England, is a substantial edifice, generally placed in the top of a tall tree, or amidst the dense branches of an elevated old hawthorn. It consists of an external basket-work of sticks, mostly thorns, well united together, those forming the foundation being mixed with turf and clay. The inside of this basket-work, which is in the form of a circular cup, is lined with a thick layer of well-wrought clay, over which is arranged an inner layer of pliable roots and fibres neatly interwoven. The whole is then covered with an elevated dome composed of intertwined sticks of the thorn or the blackthorn; this is evidently intended as a frame-work of defence—an aperture is left in the side for the ingress and egress of the bird. The whole mass is of large



NEST OF THE LONG-TAILED TITMOUSE.

size, and on the open-topped elm or ash near the farm or cottage of the laborer the dark ball is a conspicuous object. The eggs are of a greenish white mottled with brown. In captivity the magpie is very amusing from its archness and cunning; it is fond of stealing slyly behind people and suddenly pecking their heels, and then rapidly hopping away. Glittering things attract its curiosity and excite its cupidity; and many a lost article is often recovered from the hiding-place to which it is in the habit of carrying its plunder, and which, by watching its movements, may be detected.

The nests of Humming-Birds are most beautiful compact structures, with exquisite finish and nicety of arrangement. We have seen one composed of the finest silky down, or cotton, of a delicate straw yellow, soft, light and compact, attached to the end of a twig, and concealed by leaves. In some cases the outside is formed of fine moss, lichens, etc., investing a compact bed of the down of plants, cotton, and even spiders' webs.

The nest of the common wren is an ingenious structure. The wren breeds early, and begins to prepare its nest in March; and various are the places chosen as a site, sometimes under the thatched covering of an outhouse, sometimes in the niche or cavity between the branches of a tree, often amidst the ivy covering aged trees or old walls, or the side of a hay-rick. It is a domed structure with a small lateral aperture; generally it consists externally of green moss, but it varies the material according to situation and the color of the objects around. On a stump or rock, for example, gray lichens and withered grass compose its outer coating; internally it is lined with hair, feathers, wool, and other soft materials. We have seen nests of this bird composed of fine dried grasses or hay, mixed with bits of leaves, moss and lichens.

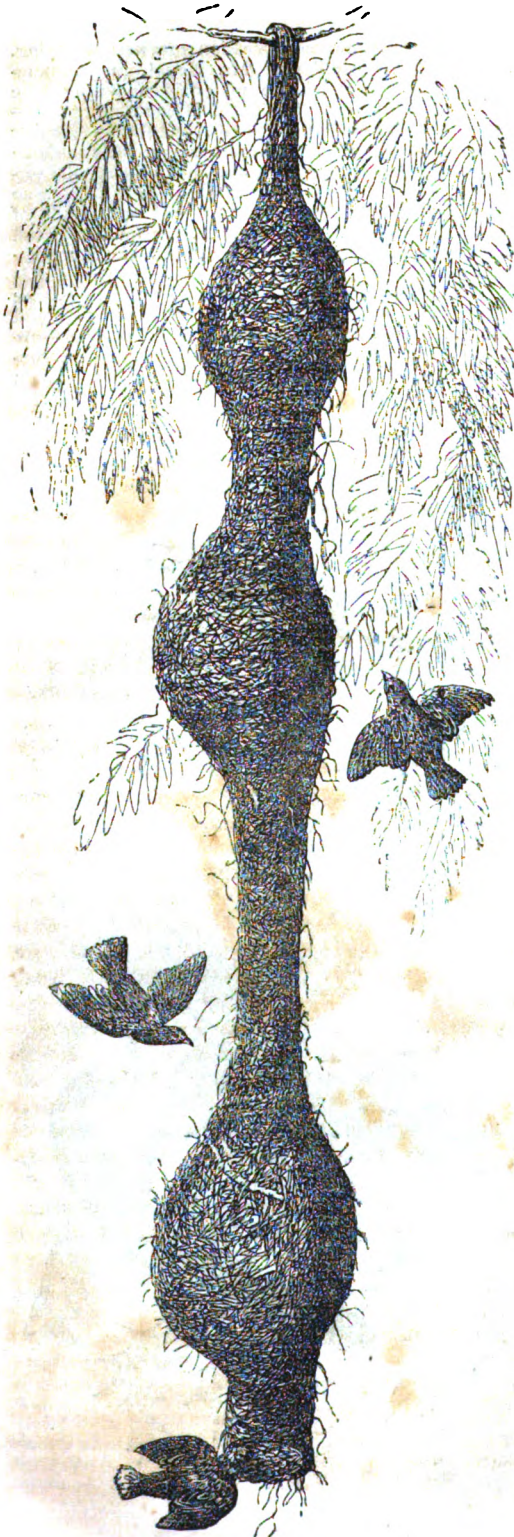
The Wattled Tiegalla, or Brush Turkey, of New South Wales, is very curious in its habits. The most remarkable circumstance connected

with the economy of this bird is its nidification, for it does not hatch its eggs by incubation. It collects together a great heap of decaying vegetables as the place of deposit of its eggs—thus making a hotbed, arising from the decomposition of the collected matter, by the heat of which the young are hatched. Mr. Gould describes this heap as the result of several weeks' collection by the birds previous to the period of laying, as varying in quantity from two to four cart-loads, and as of a perfectly pyramidal form. This mound, he states, is not the work of a single pair of birds, but is the result of the united labor of many. The same site appeared to Mr. Gould to be resorted to for several years in succession, from the great size and entire decomposition of the lower part, the bird adding a fresh supply of

materials on each occasion previous to laying. "The mode," says Mr. Gould, in continuation, "in which the materials composing these mounds are accumulated is equally singular—the bird never using its bill, but always grasping a quantity in its foot, throwing it backwards to one common centre, and thus clearing the surface of the ground for a considerable distance so completely, that scarcely a leaf or a blade of grass is left. The heap being accumulated, and time allowed for a sufficient heat to be engendered, the eggs are deposited, not side by side, as is ordinarily the case, but planted at the distance of nine or twelve inches from each other, and buried at nearly an arm's depth, perfectly upright, with the large end upwards; they are covered up as they are laid, and allowed to remain

NEST OF THE TIMOUCHE.



THE *LOXIA BENGALENSIS*.

until hatched. I have been credibly informed, both by natives and settlers living near their haunts, that it is not an unusual event to obtain nearly a bushel of eggs at one time from a single heap; and as they are delicious eating, they are eagerly sought after. Some of the natives state that the females are constantly in the neighborhood of the heap about the time the young are likely to be hatched, and frequently uncover and cover them up again, apparently for the purpose of assisting those that may have appeared; while others have informed me that the eggs are merely deposited, and the young allowed to force their way unassisted. In all probability, as nature has adopted this mode of reproduction, she has also furnished the tender birds with the power of sustaining themselves from the earliest period; and the great size of the egg would equally lead to this conclusion, since in so large a space it is reasonable to suppose that the bird would be much more developed than is usually found in eggs of smaller dimensions. In further confirmation of this point, I may add, that in searching for eggs in one of the mounds, I discovered the remains of a young bird, apparently just excluded from the shell, and which was clothed with feathers, not with down, as is usually the case. The upright position of the eggs tends to strengthen the opinion that they are never disturbed after being deposited, as it is well known that the eggs of birds which are placed horizontally are frequently turned during incubation."

The mound-making Jungle-Fowl, of Port Essington, Australia, has a remarkable nest. Mr. Gilbert saw one which was a mound of shells, with a slight mixture of black soil, the base resting on a sandy beach, only a few feet above high-water mark; it was enveloped in the large yellow-blossomed Hibiscus, was of a conical form, twenty feet in circumference at the base, and about five feet high. The holes ran down obliquely from the centre towards the outer slope of the hillock, so that although the eggs were six feet deep from the summit, they were only two or three feet from the side. "The birds are said to lay but a single egg in each hole, and after the egg is deposited, the earth is thrown down lightly till the hole is filled up; the upper part of the mound is then smoothed and rounded over. To reach the eggs requires no little perseverance. The natives dig them up with their hands, and only make room to admit their bodies, and to throw out the earth between their legs; by grubbing with their fingers they follow the direction of the hole with greater certainty, which sometimes, at a depth of several feet, turns off abruptly at right angles, its direct course being obstructed by a clump of wood, or some other impediment."

HOUSEKEEPER'S EXPERIENCE.

BY LENA LYLE.

I am a housekeeper, experienced and old;
(You must know I'm an elderly madam),
And I think that my errors would do to be told,
For you may be certain I've had 'em.

I once had a party invited to dine,
And as sure as I am a sinner,
I *swear* that it all should go off very fine,
And my guests should all say 'twas the dinner.

But after "the dinner" was put on the fire,
I went up, myself in fine clothes to attire;
I forgot myself, talking to Ned from the window,
And my chickens and beef got burnt to a cinder.

My dinner was ruined, as sure as a gun!
Potatoes and parsnips and all overdone;
And the pastry I'd lavished so much care upon,
Was hard as a brickbat, without making fun!

But the guests were arriving, and now 'twas too late
To try the experiment over,
So I had to resign my poor dinner to fate,
And wished the guests all were at Dover.

I thought my blancmange, and my jellies and cake,
Without the burnt pastry a dessert would make;
But gracious! my vinegar-crust got broken,
And jellies, and cake, and blancmange all lay soaking.

My husband got mad because dinner was late,
And came out to increase my confusion;
He gazed in despair at the dinner's fate,
And poured out fine oaths in profusion.

But I fixed up the dinner the best I was able,
And my ravenous guests sat down to the table;
It looked pretty well, they expected a treat,
But I not a bit of the dinner could eat.

I saw all their smiles, and each secret wink,
And I said to myself, I suppose they think
Their wives will do better, I hope they will,
So they'd better go home and eat their fill.

How glad I felt when they all had departed,
But I was tired and so sick-hearted,
I cried o'er the efforts I'd made in vain,
But I ne'er gave a dinner party again.

SAYING BITTER THINGS.

It is not a very agreeable memory of a man that he was all his lifetime saying bitter things. It is like a continually recurring remembrance of repeated doses of thoroughwort or catnip tea, which, though they may do us good, are not very desirable for a steady drink. For ourselves, we believe that a little sugar over a pill may make it more palatable and full as effective, and deem that if it is necessary to pick poor humanity to pieces, it should be done as old Isaac Walton impaled the frog on his hook, as if he loved it. Satire either hardens the heart, or provokes a laugh at the expense of the satirist. All should remember, as past history teaches, that he is regarded with most affection who loved the most — Dickens, before Douglas Jerrold. — *Saturday Evening Gazette.*

FANNY CREIGHTON.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"O, FANNY, do, pray be serious," entreated her mother.

"Do you never mean to get any sense, you wild girl?" asked her father, with an admiring look which certainly did not increase the effect of his words.

"Fanny is completely spoiled," said her three old-maid aunts.

"Fanny is the most bewitching girl I ever knew," said her father's brother, and he ought to have been a judge, having known enough.

All the young gentlemen of Lenham (that was Fanny's home, reader,) were continually sounding her praises. All the young ladies of Lenham were as continually striving to find flaws in her disposition and character.

I do not know that it would enlighten you much, were I even to repeat all they said, for the one party were so hopelessly blinded, and the other so alarmingly quick-sighted, that between them both it would have been hard to judge what Fanny Creighton really was. I will try to show you an impartial picture of her in the following sketch of her life.

Fanny Creighton's father was a mild, gentlemanly clerk in a government office in one of the principal Canadian cities. Everybody liked Mr. Creighton, for he possessed all the qualities that ensure good will, without any of those which excite rivalry. An amiable disposition, and many and varied accomplishments, endeared him to the home circle, while his punctuality, despatch and correctness caused him to be very highly thought of by his superiors in office. He was no politician, no public speaker, no schemer, and yet he held an excellent situation, and had held it, through every change in principles and politics. He was beloved by numerous friends, he was idolized by his relations, and he was slowly and surely becoming a wealthy man. His wife was the youngest of a family of four sisters, without father or mother, and being the pet and the only one who had married, both she and her husband were looked on as beings exalted above the ordinary rank of humans by the less fortunate sisters, who as years passed on, and they still remained in single blessedness, poured out their superabundant affections on their sister and brother-in-law, and their little daughter. There never had been, and probably never would be again such a child as little Fanny, and the three aunts determined that she should be brought up in a manner to credit them and their teaching.

"Brother Robert was a superior man, in fact he was the best of men, but then what did he know about bringing up a girl?" asked Miss Mary, the eldest of her two sisters.

"And Frances herself, dear creature that she was, she had never had the care of a child, and what could she possibly know about children? Nothing—absolutely nothing!" This was Aunt Kitty's opinion.

Aunt Lizzie came next. "It was very plain that unless they took the care of her education, the little Fanny would be spoiled, completely spoiled; they must commence directly, and train her up in the way she should go."

Fanny's own father and mother had their doubts about their ability to do by the child as their good sense told them they ought to do, but they made resolutions, and—broke them.

"We must not spoil her, Frances," said the fond father, "we must be very careful not to spoil her."

"O, to be sure not; but isn't she a little cunning thing, so full of fun and little tricks, and such a will of her own?" And so the two commenced to carry out their plans by recounting all the evidences the "little cunning thing" gave of the "inborn evil." And as the system of training, by aunts and all, consisted of indulging her as much as possible, and blaming every one else for doing the same, it is not to be wondered at that Miss Fanny at fifteen was about as self-willed, fearless, unrestrained a young lady as one could wish to meet.

Spoiled she was not, for there were those beauties in her disposition which defied the effects of indulgence; but to those who could not read her heart, it was a matter of surprise how Mrs. Creighton and her husband could listen unmoved to such speeches as she would make, such wild flights of imagination, such saucy wit, such daring avowals of opinion as young girls rarely make before their parents. It was this very confidence in them, that made her parents feel so easy; they felt that in her perfect truth and openness was her safety, and they knew that time would cure her of her worst faults.

A younger brother of her father, who came to reside in the family when she was ten years old, had done much to make Fanny Creighton the wild girl she was at fifteen; he loved her, but he wished brother Robert's child had been a boy, and he strove to make her as fond of boyish pursuits as possible.

The father was rather pleased than otherwise at the blooming health of his beautiful daughter, and felt little disposed to quarrel with his brother for giving her a distaste for city life.

Her mother would have objected, had she not known the great love her brother-in-law felt for Fanny, and rested assured that he would lead her into no danger.

But what words can paint the agonies of the three aunts, whose anticipations for the future of their pattern niece were thus rudely crushed? How tell of their horror when they saw her throw away her knitting work, to practise with the foils—leave her music lesson to go on a fishing excursion—or discard her muslins and laces for a suit more fitted for the woods? And then the researches they made in her room during her absence; what grievous lamentations they made over the incongruous adornments of that pretty chamber.

Miss Molly, in diving into what she took for an album, got caught on one of Fanny's choicest hooks, while her screams were echoed by Aunt Lizzie, whose hand had just come in contact with the cold barrel of a beautiful little fowling piece.

Miss Kitty said nothing, but her look was awful. On the toilet table before her lay collars and ribbons, mixed up with strips of leather, bits of brass buttons and bullets; scent bottles and sweet oil; pin cushions and pistol cases—heavens, it was awful!

"You are crazy, Frances, positively mad, to allow that girl to go with her uncle all over the country; he is ruining her, positively ruining her," said Miss Molly to her sister, who could hardly smother her laughter at their consternation. Before Mrs. Creighton could speak, Miss Lizzie began:

"Making her so rude and wild, she will never be fond of quiet amusements, nor accomplishments, nor—"

"All the beauties of literature," chimed in Miss Kitty, who as she grew older, grew very sentimental.

"But think how she has improved during the last six months—I think it is six months since you saw her," said Mrs. Creighton. "The exercises she takes are making her the picture of health, and her uncle will take care that she does not get too wild."

"Well, Frances, it is your child, and you can do as you like. There never was a better man than Robert, but I can't say I like his brother, and I think he will be the means of making Fanny a rude hoyden, without one particle of delicacy, or refinement, or—"

"Sentiment," said Miss Kitty.

Aunt Molly put her handkerchief to her eyes, so overcome was she with the description she had drawn. Mrs. Creighton smiled, she knew that

Arthur Creighton possessed more of the amiable qualities than any one but herself gave him credit for. She knew that the sight of a flower, the sound of sweet music, a beautiful sunset, or a calm moonlight night, gave him the most exquisite pleasure; that he was naturally inclined to view all things on the brightest side, to study the works of the Creator with awed interest, and that he had striven with good success, to make Fanny enjoy these things also; but Fanny's natural flow of spirits prevented her thinking as much as a more steady minded young lady would have done, so her father said:

"Let her health be the first consideration now; by-and-by she will become sedate. Pray let her laugh and sing, and dance to her heart's content; I love to hear her sweet voice ringing through the house."

And not a bird that sang in the old trees around her beautiful home, was more joyous and free from care than Fanny, lovely Fanny, with kind friends always near her, living in a very atmosphere of love, the joyful light of her home.

If tears dimmed Fanny's hazel eyes, they were merely caused by the history of another's sorrow, grief of her own she had none; if sadness clouded Fanny's beautiful face, it was solely the sadness of sympathy, cares she knew none. Her home was several miles distant from the city, near a small village, and most beautifully situated, near a lake, and in the midst of choicest woods. Mrs. Creighton had all her life been used to a country residence, and to gratify her, on their marriage, her husband had purchased the little paradise of a home, where they dwelt at the time I am writing about, where they are dwelling now.

The short journey to the city was performed each day by Mr. Creighton with the aid of a pair of ponies, and a very snug carriage, and after the confinement of office hours, he found it a delightful change to step into this carriage and drive to his home, frequently meeting his daughter half way. In winter it was not quite so pleasant, but even during all the long months in which the cold reigns there, our Canadian neighbors are at no loss for amusements, and the Creightons were particularly well off in this respect, books and music being their favorite recreations, while to these may be added embroidery for the ladies, and for the gentlemen, the glorious sports of those fine old forests.

"Fanny, pray do not sit so, it is not proper." Aunt Mary drew herself up, and sat in her chair as straight as one of her own knitting needles.

"But, aunty, I do love to sit on this cushion, it is so much more comfortable than a chair."

"But it is not ladylike, get up and sit on a chair, directly."

Fanny obeyed, with a sly glance under her dark eyelashes at Uncle Arthur, who was arranging the different parts of a fishing-rod of extraordinary length. His answering look was as mischievous as her own.

The whole family were at home, for it was a holiday in the public offices. Mr. Creighton was practising a piece of new music he had brought home the night before; his wife was sewing; Fanny's little fingers were employed on a smoking cap she was embroidering, to match a gorgeous dressing gown she had made for her uncle; Aunt Lizzie was studying a formidable-looking book of sermons; Aunt Kitty was deep in the mysteries of "Clementina: or, Love's last Sigh."

"I wonder you don't make Fanny read these sermons, brother Robert," said Miss Lizzie, as she looked up from her book for an instant. "It would do her a great deal of good, I don't know when I have read anything so improving."

"I think I must make her read them, she needs something to improve her," returned he, with the same fond smile with which he always spoke to her.

Fanny looked up almost in terror, and met his glance. "O, no, papa, pray don't say so, I could not read them."

"Well, you must promise then not to be so wild for the future, your aunts are actually shocked at your behaviour."

"Are they? well, I am sorry; but I don't think I am so very wild." Fanny's look of sorrow was so irresistibly comic that her father turned quickly to the piano again, while Uncle Arthur found something very puzzling the matter with the reel of his rod, and had to take it to the window. "I don't believe I am a bit wilder than you were at my age, Aunt Mary."

Aunt Mary drew herself up a little straighter if such a thing were possible. "I never was wild; I never forgot what a young lady's behaviour ought to be."

"I wish I didn't; but never mind, Aunt Mary, let me enjoy myself a little longer; by-and-by, when I get married, and settle down for life, you shall see what a pattern I will be."

Aunt Mary dropped her knitting. "Get married! A child like you talking of getting married! I should think your father and mother were neglecting their duty very much to allow you to speak on such subjects at all."

"Now, aunty, please don't scold; just let me come and sit down here at your feet, and I will tell you just what kind of a husband I intend to

have some of these days. In the first place, then, he must have beautiful black curly hair, not just curly, but wavy, you know, aunty."

Aunty very sharply replied that she didn't know anything about it, while Uncle Arthur suggested black Sam's for instance, as a pattern.

"No, not black Sam's at all," Fanny said, with a little pouting of her rosy lip, "but just such a head as that gentleman had, who was talking with you in the shrubbery yesterday morning, Uncle Arthur." Now Fanny had a shrewd idea that Uncle Arthur had reasons of his own for not wishing her to see or know anything of the presence of the person she alluded to, and she said this to punish him for the remark about Sam. If she wished to annoy him she could not have taken a surer method; he started violently as she spoke, colored crimson, and then became quite pale; so evident was his emotion that all noticed it. Both Mr. Creighton and his wife felt sure that it was something unusual to so discompose their brother, but no comment was made, and Fanny went on. "My husband must be very tall, aunty—I like tall people—and I would little rather he should be a soldier than anything else." Arthur Creighton started again, but it was not noticed this time, Aunt Mary's little scream of terror causing all to look up in surprise. If there was one object in the world that the good old lady feared more than another, it was a soldier. Fanny laughed aloud. "Don't be frightened, aunty, he sha'n't wear a sword into the room where you are, I will take care; but if you interrupt in this way I shall never get through with my description. I am not particular what his profession is, so long as he is not a minister—a minister I could not marry."

It was now Aunt Lizzie's turn to exclaim: "O, Fanny, you're a dreadful wicked child, if you don't change soon I am sure I don't know what will become of you."

"Well, just think of marrying a minister, aunty; what a horrid life to lead, shut up forever in a gloomy old parsonage, with all the disagreeable people of a village for society; no music but a dilapidated old organ, and nothing to read but your husband's old sermons."

All smiled at Fanny's picture, even Mrs. Creighton could hardly control her face to the proper gravity to ask if that was the kind of life their pastor's wife led?

"O, no;" Fanny laughed too, now; "but then you know, mama, my minister would not be such a nice man as Mr. Ritchie is, and I am quite sure I should not be half as good as his wife is."

"And I am quite sure of that, too," returned her father.

"Well, I won't marry a minister, that's certain."

"I am afraid you won't," sighed Aunt Lizzie. "There might be some hope for you then."

Arthur Creighton's manner of living had made him acquainted with a great number, and of course a great variety of people. In the long hunting excursions he frequently made, his companions were the backwoodsmen and the Indians, which latter were frequently his partners in the chase. In the city where he was well known and beloved, he had more acquaintances, if not more sincere friends, and among the officers of the garrison, he was on terms of familiar intimacy. One of these latter he would willingly have shunned, for there was little community of soul between Albert Hepburn and himself, and yet, strangely enough, the young captain eagerly sought the society of the very man who despised him, and who, had he known all, would have spurned him from his presence with disgust and contempt.

As it was, rumor had whispered enough to Arthur to induce him to make every effort to prevent the young officer from beholding his niece, or Fanny from seeing him; and thus it was that at the risk of being called rude and inhospitable, he had allowed young Hepburn to carry out his plan of walking with him to the very precincts of Mr. Creighton's residence, and yet had withheld the invitation to enter, the other was so anxious to gain.

For Albert Hepburn had made himself acquainted with all the affairs of the Creighton family; he knew that Robert Creighton was a rich man, and growing richer daily; he knew that there was a beautiful young daughter, some day to inherit this increasing wealth; he knew that Arthur himself possessed a handsome private fortune, and that it was through him alone that he could gain an introduction to the family.

Arthur knew that Hepburn was a dissipated reckless gambler, he had heard that he was worse; what then could be the tie to keep up a friendship between such opposite characters? What was the magnetic influence so powerfully exercised over Arthur Creighton's mind as to induce him to keep up even the semblance of friendship with a man he almost abhorred? Need I say it was the all-powerful spell of a beautiful woman?

Albert Hepburn was a slave to the influence of sin, a drunken, licentious blasphemer; Albert Hepburn's sister was the realization of all that

is good and lovely, and lovable in woman; a lonely, neglected orphan, whose days were passed in sadness, and whose nights were frequently spent in prayer for that cruel brother, whose inhuman conduct had made her little better than a beggar, and deprived her young life of all joy. To the deepest pity for Ella Hepburn's unhappy lot, had succeeded the warmest love in Arthur Creighton's heart.

For her sake, and for her alone, did he consent to meet the miserable brother she had freely forgiven, to use his influence to reform him, or at least to keep him from those shameful excesses which had already done a pitiful destruction to the mind and health of that heart-broken sister.

Arthur had never informed his brother of this new and dear acquaintance, and probably would not, had it not been for Fanny's speech on the occasion we before named. There was full confidence between the brothers, and Arthur felt that he ought to warn Robert in him, for should Captain Hepburn by any accident become acquainted with Fanny, a heavy blame might have been attached to him for not putting the parents on their guard.

Mrs. Creighton and his wife both entered deeply into their brother's feelings, and at once saw the propriety of keeping their child from so dangerous an influence, at the same time they wished Arthur to try to induce Miss Hepburn to come to them at once.

"The guardianship of such a brother is worse than absolute loneliness," said Mr. Creighton. "Can she not be persuaded to leave him forever?"

"I fear not," was Arthur's reply. "I have tried all persuasions to make her give him up, but while he lives she will remain single. It was her father's last dying request, and she keeps it religiously. Had it been otherwise she would have been my wife to-day. I would be glad to ask her here on your invitation, and she would be all too happy to come, were it not for Fanny's sake; but Ella knows, and I know, that where she goes he will go; and not for worlds would I have him meet that child. I love Fanny, as you well know, Robert, and yet this hour, I would see her in her coffin, sooner than know her the wife of Albert Hepburn. God knows it is only for his sister's sake that I have been the friend I have to him, but not even that consideration would make me risk dear Fanny's happiness."

And yet in spite of the care and anxiety of friends, in spite of Arthur's watchful guardianship, and her parents' increasing vigilance, Albert Hepburn saw and spake with Fanny Creighton. Her uncle was transported with rage at his au-

dacity, and their folly in not warning her against the handsome stranger, whose praise she sounded in her own free girlish way, telling her mother that he was by far the most agreeable gentleman at their Sabbath school picnic (where they had allowed her to go without thought of danger.)

Arthur Creighton now lost no time in telling Fanny exactly what her new acquaintance was, as far as he knew, and that was more than sufficient to fill her mind with contempt for him, and pity for his unfortunate sister. The history was strictly true, and even less than might have been told, for Arthur would have scorned a lie even in such a cause, but the feelings of the speaker gave power to his words, and before he had finished, with a passionate burst of tears, Fanny threw herself into his arms and promised, never, never to speak to that wicked man again.

Of course the family felt much anxiety as to Hepburn's future course, as from inquiries Mr. Creighton made, he learned that he was still seeking an introduction to the family through sources more available; that he had taken a seat in Lenham church, and by various other artifices was ingratiating himself with the family of the clergyman.

Fanny was so carefully guarded now, that she rarely left the house alone, and never went beyond the boundaries of their garden and beautiful shrubbery. There was a feeling of anxiety and unrest in the whole family, carefully kept to themselves, however, lest their annoyance should be spoken of.

Arthur never went to the city now to see Miss Hepburn, except on Sundays—and this was by her own desire—she could meet him at the church she attended, but she could no longer with safety allow him to visit her at her lodgings, her brother having threatened direst vengeance on her if she persisted in encouraging his attentions.

Once or twice she wrote little notes to Arthur in reply to his long letters, and once to Mrs. Creighton, a thankful but firm refusal of a home, and over this Fanny shed many tears, and began to feel that the world was not quite the joyous place it had always appeared to her.

"My brother was our parents' idol, he was their last thought in this world, and his name the last word on their lips. On his deathbed my father made me swear that while Albert remained single, I would never marry, but live to do all in my power for him. He threatened me fearfully in case I broke my oath. I might have come a beggar to your house—for Albert has spent the last penny of my fortune—but Arthur will not blame me for refusing to call down on my devoted head the awful penalty of a parent's curse."

On the day this letter was received, Fanny had walked out to rid herself of the feelings of depression and sadness which overpowered her. Her uncle looked so anxious and careworn, her parents felt so uneasy, even Fanny herself was far from contented with the state of affairs; she leaned wearily on the railway of a little bridge which crossed a brook near their house, and vainly tried to think of some plan by which they might all be made happier. Suddenly there was a rustling in the branches which drooped over her head, a step at her side, and before she had time to scream, a hand was pressed lightly on her lips.

"O, Madeline, how you frightened me," exclaimed Fanny, as soon as she saw who her unexpected visitor was. "It is so long since you have been here, that I never thought of seeing you."

The person addressed, a slight and beautiful Indian girl, made no reply for some moments, but gazed earnestly on the features of the fair girl before her. Fanny at last grew somewhat alarmed at her strange looks, for the dark eyes seemed to burn with a living fire, a convulsive movement agitated her features, and the hand that clasped Fanny's little white fingers, pressed on them like a band of steel. The girl was evidently under some strong excitement.

She had known Madeline for many years, the tribe to which she belonged being on the most friendly terms with the white people, and Madeline and her family having always received and returned acts of kindness with the Creightons. A brother of Madeline, Louis by name, was Arthur Creighton's favorite companion in the chase, and it had been subject for much merriment in their family to see how well the fine-looking young savage imitated the dress, manners and appearance of the polished and accomplished Arthur. For several months however, Louis had been much changed in his behaviour, and Madeline had disappeared entirely, and the Creighton family had vainly conjectured how to account for the mystery.

It was long ere Fanny could induce her strange companion to speak, but when she did the story that she told was a cruel one. She had yielded to the persuasions of one of the officers of the garrison to become his wife by a private marriage, had lived with him for several months, had been the mother of a child which she had every reason to believe the father had caused the death of; had put up patiently with the cruelest treatment, had loved him through all, and now had been cast off by him and informed that their marriage was only a pretence, a clever trick

played by another young officer as bad as himself. He had informed her that he was going to be married to a lady in a few weeks, that she could no longer live with him; he had taken away all the ornaments and presents he had given her, and told her to go back to the tribe. Of course Fanny Creighton's feelings were deeply interested in this poor girl, who told her story with all the simplicity of undisguised truth, but what was her indignation, when on closer questioning, she learned that the officer was none other than Albert Hepburn, and the lady of whom he had spoken, herself?

"You must come to the house with me at once, Madeline; my father and uncle must hear your story, and perhaps they can find means to have justice done for you."

"Madeline wants no justice, wants nothing but to die. Louis will kill him if Madeline goes back to the tribe. Madeline is glad the good young lady does not love him; she hopes she will be happy when she loves."

Fanny tried vainly to detain her; the strength of pride and passion had gone out, and nothing could have been more pitiable than her hopeless despair. Of course, on hearing Fanny's story, Arthur made every effort to find Louis, a strong impression remaining on Fanny's mind that poor Madeline would do some dreadful act, she hardly knew what; but every time she recollected the scene the roses left her cheek, and her heart beat wildly.

Three days after, Louis made his appearance voluntarily; their worst hopes were realized, for poor Madeline, the beautiful Indian girl, had destroyed herself. With firm and unmoved countenance, her brother told how they had found her in the lake near their encampment—dead, drowned—with her long black hair tangled amid the white lilies, and one cold hand firmly clasping a little paper picture, blotted and torn, but still enough to show that it was a small water-color likeness of her destroyer, probably done by himself, and given to the wretched girl in happier days.

Mrs. Creighton and Fanny were astonished at the calmness with which the brother told the story; but Arthur, who knew more of the Indian nature, almost trembled at what he read far down in Louis's dark eyes: hatred, revenge, all the passions which rise with so little restraint in the breast of the savage, were smouldering there to burst forth some day, the young man well knew, with awful and unexpected destruction on the head of the guilty one.

"Miss Fanny, marm, dare's a gentleman at de

gate wants to see de missus right off; he's in a real taking, sure nuff, and she gone to de town. What I do, any way, Miss Fanny?"

"Ask him to walk right in here, Sam." And Fanny laid down her book, and prepared to meet the stranger, with some anxiety to know who it could be to put Sam in such a flutter, and so completely upset all his usual self-possession.

The stranger came in, and soon introduced himself—the pastor of the church Miss Hepburn belonged to; Miss Hepburn was ill, very ill, slightly delirious the gentleman thought, she talked continually about Mrs. Creighton and the family, and the physicians thought it best for them to know her state.

"O, yes, they would go at once to see dear Ella." And Fanny's tears fell fast.

The gentleman begged pardon; he had expected to find Mrs. Creighton much older—that is, not so young—not so—it would hardly be safe for Mrs. Creighton to go at present, as Miss Hepburn was very violent at times in her deliriums.

In spite of her grief, Fanny could not quite repress a smile at the gentleman's mistake. He evidently thought she was too girlish to be of much assistance in so sad a case; and he as evidently mistook her for her mother. Of course it was all explained, and Fanny's manner was so pleasant, her sympathy for the sick girl so sincere, and her whole appearance so fascinating, that Mr. Stuart, who had been very much displeased with some of his congregation for hinting that it was not proper for a minister to remain single, actually began to think they might have been right after all, and he was glad he had not spoken his mind about it as he had intended.

Within a week, Ella Hepburn was safely guarded within the pleasant home of the Creightons, with kind hearts beating anxiously for her recovery, loving hands tending her, and the sweetest words of hope and love whispered softly in her ear.

Fanny had always thought her Uncle Arthur the noblest of men; he was the handsomest young man in the neighborhood, not excepting the officers of the garrison, and everybody knew what fine fellows they were; then he was the best shot—and in such a community that was high praise—the best dancer, and last but not least, he was the most erudite scholar next to the minister, that their neighborhood could produce. In all these varied graces and accomplishments, Arthur had been Fanny's pride and delight; but she was to see him now in a new character, as the anxious, tender lover of the beautiful Ella.

She felt scarcely so well pleased as heretofore, admirably as he sustained his part, and a feeling, not exactly jealousy, yet a little more than loneliness, took possession of her. There were no more morning rides now, no practice at the mark, no excursions to the lakes. Fanny's spirited pony grew fat and lazy, her fowling piece lay rusting in its case, the long fishing rods hung idly on the wall. Arthur's mornings were spent in the garden with Ella, now convalescent, but still feeble, his afternoons were usually devoted to reading aloud to her and Mrs. Creighton, while they sewed; his evenings were always passed on the sofa, where in the shadow of the room his arm formed a welcome support for the fragile form exhausted by the fatigues of the day.

And Mr. Stuart, the young clergyman from the city, it was astonishing how frequently he found time to visit his invalid parishioner; at least he came to the house ostensibly for that purpose, and of course they believed him.

A month had passed since poor Madeline's death, and in that time they had seen nothing of Albert Hepburn. He had obtained leave of absence for a short time, and his commanding officer believed he had gone to the West Indies to visit his uncle. However, he had told so many different stories to his acquaintances that it was hard to find out where in reality he had gone; some even hinting that he had been seen not far from Lenham within the time, but no one believed that.

Arthur was very urgent that Ella should consent to become his wife at once, at the same time he could not but feel that she was right to respect the oath she had taken, cruel and unreasonable, and useless as it was, so he was not quite happy.

Ella herself suffered much from anxiety respecting her brother's fate, and the unhappiness she was forced to inflict on Arthur, to whom she was attached by every tie of love and gratitude, so of course she was far from happy.

Fanny wandered about aimlessly, missing her usual occupations, half provoked with her uncle for neglecting her to devote himself to Ella, and wholly indignant with Mr. Stuart for being agreeable and friendly with all the family except her own poor little self, treatment which she could in no way account for unless he had heard how childish and silly she had always been, and felt that it was beneath his dignity to treat her otherwise; a conclusion which filled poor Fanny's bright eyes with tears every time she thought of it, and that was quite often, for somehow the young minister possessed a wonderful power of attraction when in conversation, and the terms

he was on with the family developed his good qualities wonderfully.

Mr. Stuart was a scholar and a gentleman in the best sense of the words, but he had been a student all his life, had no female relatives, and had rarely been in the society of ladies, and especially young ones. He had so great a sense of their grace and good qualities, that he became painfully conscious of his own deficiencies, and never showed to advantage until engaged in conversation, when losing all sense of his awkwardness, he could talk fluently and well; his pale countenance would become animated, his eyes flash with interest, while bright and beautiful thoughts, new and brilliant ideas poured forth in profusion, showed how rich and rare was the mind belonging to this not all extraordinary body.

Mr. Stewart's brow was noble, nothing could have been a more perfect or pleasing study for a phrenologist; but alas the locks which fell above it were very light. Fanny had said to herself on first seeing him, that it was a pity with that fair brow his hair should not have been darker; but somehow lately Fanny had apparently got over her prejudices against light hair. Then Mr. Stuart was not above the medium height, and quite slender in figure; but when some one remarked it, Fanny maintained that he looked as tall in the pulpit as Mr. Ritchie did, and that was tall enough to please any one, surely; so no more was said about that, and it was argued that he was just the right height for a minister.

Not a word could be said against his profession, his whole heart being in the good work to which he had dedicated himself, and as to his sermons, not even Fanny, homily hater that she was, could find a fault in them. Perhaps her objections were removed by finding out what very short notes these eloquent addresses were preached from.

It was a sunny August evening, and wearied of her books, her music and her indoor thoughts, Fanny Creighton threw a light scarf over her shoulders, and leaving the house, sought in change of scene to banish her unpleasant feelings.

"Don't stay long, dear, if you are going to walk," Mrs. Creighton said, from the open window. "The dew falls heavily now, and you have no bonnet on."

She turned back an instant and kissed her hand to her mother, and then took a path which led down into a beautiful miniature forest, and from thence to the edge of the lake, a favorite walk of hers. They all watched her cross the

lawn and the "rough field," and then there were occasional glimpses of her white dress, and then she disappeared.

Ella Hepburn sighed, and turned from the window. "Fanny does not appear happy; I feel that my coming here has destroyed her pleasures and deprived her of your society, Arthur; she looks weary, and I often see the tears in her eyes, when no one is observing her."

"I, too, have observed a change," said Mrs. Creighton. "She rarely sings, or laughs, and there is evidently something on her mind. She misses Arthur's society, but there is something besides that to change her so."

Arthur made no reply, and Mr. Stuart, who had been deeply engaged at the writing-table, got up and went out into the garden to meet Mr. Creighton. The three in the sitting-room watched them slowly walking up and down the garden paths in the golden rays of the setting sun, and after a little while the sash was closed to keep the cool air from Ella; and they were forgotten for the moment. An hour passed, Mr. Creighton had given some directions to Sam for the next day's work, and passed his opinion on some improvements the gardener was making, and had just entered the room, when his wife exclaimed in a tone of alarm:

"Where can Fanny be? What can have happened to her? O, Robert, something must be the matter, she would never stay out so late of her own accord."

Mr. Creighton quieted her fears for a few moments. "Mr. Stuart has gone to meet her, my dear, there is no cause for alarm, he will guard her carefully."

"But it is so late, now, Robert, and there are so many paths down there, he may not find her. O, I wish she was here, I feel as if she was in some danger."

"My dear wife, these feelings are quite unusual with you, I beg of you not to yield to them; our dear girl is safe, and her future, I am happy to say, is promising as happy as ever I could wish." And the happy father told how true an affection their gentle daughter had inspired in the breast of their beloved young friend, concluding by saying that he had freely given his consent to his suit.

"I have long thought he was interested in her, but I fear sometimes that she thinks more of that miserable Hepburn than we could wish, certainly something is on her mind."

Their conversation was interrupted by Arthur's sudden entrance.

"Has Fanny got home? Where is she?" he hastily asked, looking round the room.

"No, why, what is the matter?" the mother almost screamed, as she sprang towards him; but he tore her hand from his arm, caught down his rifle from the wall where it hung, and with a half-choked cry to his brother to "come," dashed out of the house and across the lawn, ere they could recover from the first shock of surprise. Mr. Creighton left the trembling Ella to raise his wife from the floor where she had fallen, and rushed after Arthur in the direction of the wood.

We must now go back to Fanny, and what befell her during that hour, to explain why Arthur was so alarmed.

On reaching the banks of the lake, she enjoyed the beautiful sunset reflected on the clear waters, as much as usual, and was about turning to go home, when her eyes caught the figure of an Indian moving stealthily among the trees. A little startled at such an unusual apparition in that spot (for the Indians never came so near the settlement to hunt or fish), she hastened her steps, and at last began to run as fast as the low bushes which grew in the path would permit.

She had got about half way between the lake and the clearing, in the densest part of the woods, when her further progress was prevented by the sudden starting up of the dark figure of a man, and with a sickening shudder Fanny recognized by the dim light, the well remembered features of Albert Hepburn.

She would fain have passed him without a word, but such was not his intention, for coming close to her, he attempted to take her hand, at the same time expressing his joy at thus meeting her, in terms which plainly told that he had both watched and waited for the same.

"I cannot stop to talk with you now, Captain Hepburn, it is late, and I have already outstayed my time; they will be uneasy at the house."

Fanny spoke very fast, her heart beat quick, she trembled violently, and yet was unwilling that he should think that she was afraid.

"And do you think that I have waited all this time to see you, and now let you go so easily; not so, my dear girl; you and I have many things to talk of ere we part. I love you, Fanny Creighton, love you madly, passionately, as I never loved any woman before, and you must, you shall be mine, yes, in spite of all your friends, of that proud uncle of yours, or that canting hypocrite who takes his place at your side so often of late days."

He paused for a moment, and Fanny, with no more terrors, no more trembling, nothing but strong indignation sounding in each word, bade him, "stand aside and let her pass, how dare he speak such words to her?"

Enraged at her haughty air and words, he made an effort to catch her in his arms, but before he could put his hand upon her lips, a scream, loud, shrill and piercing echoed through the forest, and as if in answer to it, the report of a rifle rang out upon the still evening air, scaring the birds from their nests in the green trees, and sending reverberating echoes far down the cliffs which overhung the still lake. These were the sounds which reached Arthur Creighton's ears, had sent him with wildly beating heart and flying feet down the dark pathway to the lake, nor needed it old Sam's terrified exclamation to add more to his already excited fancy.

"O de Lordy, Massa Arthur, where Miss Fanny? I see that sojer ossifer dis day a peeking round back o' de ole field. O de Lordy, what have he done?"

When Arthur reached the spot where Hepburn had met Fanny, he thought for an instant that his worst fears were realized. Mr. Stuart was kneeling on the grass, supporting the object of their search in his arms, while her lifeless attitude, and the awful stains on her snowy dress, gave sufficient reason for the worst conclusions. Another glance, however, re-assured Arthur, and though unable to account for the seeming mystery, the dark body of Hepburn on the ground explained much, and without waiting to ask questions, he assisted the clergyman to bear Fanny homeward. Once only he spoke, asking, "is he dead?" in that tone which men use when every nerve is strung to the highest pitch of horror. There was no answer, and in silence the two bore their precious burden along the narrow pathway, until Mr. Creighton, with Sam and another man were met.

It was long before Fanny could explain how the tragedy had occurred, and even when she did the mystery was deep.

None knew who fired the fatal shot; whose unerring aim had so surely reached the heart of the libertine, sending him lifeless into the arms stretched out to repulse him, to die at the feet of the maiden whose destruction he was meditating. The only conclusion they could come at, was that Louis was the murderer, that he had done the deed, to fulfil his vengeance on the destroyer of his sister, and this belief was the more strengthened by Fanny's report of having seen an Indian on the banks of the lake at that unusual hour.

Six months after her brother's death, Arthur persuaded Ella Hepburn to become his wife, and bid adieu for a season to scenes so fraught with painful associations. Immediately after their marriage, they went to Ella's English home,

where, as if to make amends for the sufferings of her girlish years, she found that she had unexpectedly become heir to quite a large estate, more than sufficient to double Arthur's already handsome income.

They only succeeded in arranging their affairs in time to get back to Canada to witness Fanny's marriage with Mr. Stuart, which took place immediately on his becoming rector of Lenham parish.

Of course Fanny is settled for life in the pretty parsonage so conveniently near to her mother's house; but Ella and Arthur have no home. In the pleasantest part of the year they reside with Mr. Creighton, calling his home theirs, and when winter comes with its frost, and snow, and cold winds, and long, weary months of icy bondage, they seek in milder climes the fruits, and flowers, and balmy breezes both love so well.

When taxed with his idleness, Arthur defends himself by saying that his principles forbid his laboring, "why should he occupy the place a poorer man might be glad to fill? But Arthur is not idle. He takes life easily, though his talents are not rusting. Of the thousands who last year read his spirited and most entertaining book, very few will set the author down a sluggard; the truth must force itself on all, that none but a bright, active, and energetic mind ever viewed life as Arthur Creighton views it. And our heroine is fulfilling her mission, faithfully, untiringly, even to the satisfaction of all.

Not Aunt Mary herself can find fault with Fanny now, for Fanny is the joy and delight of her husband, the idol of his people, the comfort of her parents, and it is whispered that so far from disliking her husband's "old sermons" she has on more than one occasion, assisted him in his labors in that line.

IRON MOUNTAIN.

Since the earliest ages the iron of Rio Elba, has been worked, without being in the slightest degree exhausted. It is a mountain about five hundred feet in height, composed of iron ore. In the vicinity are other almost equally rich veins; and among them the Calamita, which is a true magnetic mountain. The Etruscans were the first to carry off the mineral; they transferred it to Populonium, to whose territory the island belonged, and there the iron was smelted. The want of wood prevented the operation being performed in Elba, and even at the present day, the ore has to be carried to Naples, Genoa, Marseilles, or Bastia. The mines of Rio are richer than those of Prince Demidoff in Siberia, and probably their equal cannot be found in the world. At present they are worked by a Tuscan company and produce about 35,000 tons annually. Up to the present there has not been a shaft sunk, and thus, in all probability, the iron supply will be unfailing.—*The Island of Elba.*

DOING UP CONSIDERABLE SLEEP.

"Away out in Missouri" they live on the primitive system. People sleep as well as eat in companies, and in many of the hotels there are from three to a dozen beds in each chamber. On a cold winter's night, a weary and foot-worn traveller arrived at one of those caravansaries by the road-side. After stepping into the bar-room and taking the requisite number of "drinks," he invoked the attention of the accommodating landlady with this interrogatory:

"I say, ma'am, have you got a considerable number of beds in your house?"

"Yes," answered she, "I reckon we have."

"How many beds have you about this time that aint noways engaged?"

"Well, we've one room up stairs with eleven beds in it."

"That's just right," said the traveller. "I'll take that room and engage all the beds, if you please."

The landlady, not expecting any more company for the night, and thinking that her guest might wish to be alone, consented that he should occupy the room. But no sooner had the wayfarer retired, than a large party arrived and demanded lodgings for the night. The landlady told them she was very sorry, but all her rooms were engaged; true, there was one room with eleven beds in it, and only one gentleman.

"We must go there, then—we must have beds there." The party accordingly proceeded to the chamber with the beds and wrapped; no answer was returned. They essayed to open the door—it was locked. They shouted aloud, but received no reply. At last driven to desperation, they determined upon bursting open the door. They had no sooner done so, than they discovered every bedstead empty, and all of the beds piled one upon another in the centre of the room, with the traveller sound asleep on their top. They with some difficulty aroused him, and demanded what in the world he wanted with all those beds.

"Why look here, strangers," said he, "I aint had no sleep these eleven nights; so I just hired eleven beds, to get rested all at once and make up what I have lost. I calculate to do up a considerable mess of sleeping; I've hired all these beds and paid for 'em, and hang me if I don't have eleven nights sleep out on 'em before morning."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

ADAM'S WEDDING.

We like short courtships and in this Adam acted like a man; he fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have "popped the question" immediately after meeting Ma'mselle Eve, and she, without flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in this world we have had, however, our own thoughts, and sometimes in poetical mood we have wished we were the man that did it. But the deed is or was done; the chance was Adam's and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden, it is in good taste. We like a private wedding, and Adam's was strictly private. No envious beaux were there, no croaking old maids, no chattering aunts and grumbling grandmother. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky shed its lights upon the scene.

THE OLD MAN TO HIS FRIEND.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

O friend, dear friend, we are not old,
Not old in heart, my friend;
Our pathway 'neath the sunset-gold
Hath greenness to the end.

Though age has made o'er face and form
All mortal beauty sear,
The heart's own soil is flowery-warm,
No frost hath reached us here.

Though o'er our heads the gathering snows
Come gently, yet so fast,
We count by these not future woes,
But griefs of seasons past.

Toward dreary gloom we do not draw,
When hope must cease to soar;
We're nearer all man liveth for,
Than o'er we were before.

O should we faint while flee and fade
Life's few and evil days,
And could we see but fearful shade
Beyond their sunset rays—

Did not some glorious promise lend
Sweet comfort in our need—
We should, alas, be old, my friend,
We should be old, indeed!

ONE OF TWELVE.

BY EDWIN MILFORD.

SOME years ago, I was hastily passing along the crowded streets of my native city, on my way home, after a long absence from my family and friends. I was naturally in very much of a hurry, and was not greatly pleased to be confronted suddenly by a person who announced himself as Coroner Blankman, and who pressing invited me to form one of his jury. In vain I represented my great haste, and that probably I was anxiously expected at that moment by my wife and children. My friend Blankman would take no denial.

"My dear Mr. Jones," said he, (I belong to the firm of Jones, Smith, Jones & Co.,) "it is precisely good, sensible, business-men like you whom I want, and such men always are in a hurry."

Somewhat mollified by the compliment, I gave a reluctant consent to the invitation, especially as Coroner Blankman stated that it was a very simple and evident case of suicide, which would not detain us long.

"Who is it?" I inquired, as I turned with my new friend, to retrace my steps.

"Why, you will be surprised to hear that it is

one of the Brothers Pitcairn of Ingot Street. You knew them, I suppose.

"Yes, in a business way; I certainly am very much surprised. Suicide, did you say?"

"Looks like it, but you must make up your mind for yourself. Here we are." And we turned into the store of the Brothers Pitcairn.

These men, their names were James and William, were middle-aged bachelors, who carried on a broker's business, and were reputed to be very wealthy. Certainly they were very parsimonious, living in two little rooms behind their office, having no servant but a charwoman, who came for an hour in the morning, and dressing in the coarsest and cheapest clothes.

Neighbors they had none, as Ingot Street, as everybody knows, is merely a business street, and uninhabited by night, save by watchmen and a few economists like the two brothers, who inhabit otherwise useless rooms, in their warehouses.

Great had been the consternation, therefore, of the occupants of the next store, on the morning of this 31st of September, to see old Peggy O'Flinn rush into their counting-room, and beseech them for the love of Heaven to come directly into the next house.

"For one gentleman is stark and stiff, kilt and kilt intirely, and the other is like to die of fright," said she.

Thus appealed to, masters and clerks rushed in, pell-mell, to the hitherto uninvaded and mysterious private apartments of their unsocial neighbors. On entering the principal room, used as sitting and dining-room, a truly awful sight met their view. On the floor lay the rigid and bleeding form of James Pitcairn, stone dead, and with his fingers clenched around the handle of a dagger, which still remained in the one deadly wound, apparently penetrating his heart.

On the floor sat the younger brother, his face covered with his hands, and all his senses so clouded with horror, that he could give no explanation of the dreadful scene, except to point to a slip of paper upon the table on which was written in pencil.

"I am about to commit suicide, for reasons sufficient to myself, but known to no other mortal."
JAMES PITCAIRN.

Leaving everything in the same state in which he had found it, Mr. Pitkins the proprietor of the establishment next door, despatched a messenger for Mr. Coroner Blankman, and another for a physician. The latter arrived at the scene of the awful tragedy, at the same moment that the coroner entered with myself, who completed the requisite number of the jury of inquest.

William Pitcairn, still sat almost motionless upon the floor, at the side of what had been his brother, his face covered, and his mind so engrossed by grief and terror, that he failed to comprehend the questions addressed to him by Mr. Blankman and others.

Peggy O'Flinn was still present, but so agitated that her testimony was very incoherent. It finally was condensed in the statement that on coming to her work as usual, she had found the back door fastened, and could not make any one hear her repeated knocks. That she had come round to the counting-room door, and waited till the boy arrived to take down the shutters, and open the door. She had then passed through into the sitting-room, and found the body, cold, even then. Screaming with terror, she had rushed into Mr. William's bed-room, which adjoined the sitting-room, and aroused him from a deep and tranquil sleep. He had hastily dressed himself, come out, read the slip of paper upon the table, and then sinking upon the floor, had taken the position which he still occupied.

All this was not given as testimony under oath, but told as a narrative to one and another who questioned her, while the physician was feeling the pulses, and examining the body, to see if any vestiges of life might still linger. At last, rising to his feet, Doctor Charnry shook his head.

"He has been dead for hours," said he. "There is nothing possible to be done except to undress and lay him out, I will send a person for that purpose—but stop—"

And the physician knelt again and examined the deep wound from which but little blood issued outwardly. Long and attentively did Doctor Charnry examine the position and direction of the stab, from which he had withdrawn the dagger, still tightly clutched in the dead man's fingers. Then, looking quickly up, the old doctor shot a keen, searching glance from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, first at the old charwoman, and then at the crouching man beside him.

"We will raise the body and place it on these two tables," said he, at length; "Mr. William Pitcairn, I must beg your assistance."

So saying, the doctor took the still impassive man by the arm, and forced him to rise to his feet. In so doing he disclosed his face for the first time since we entered, and truly, such a haggard, withered look, I should not have supposed it possible for a few hours to produce, upon that hitherto florid countenance.

The doctor still eyed him attentively, but did not insist upon his helping to raise the body. This was done by Coroner Blankman and himself. When it was carefully extended upon the

two large tables, the coroner was about to remove the dagger from the cold fingers, still clenched about it, but Doctor Charnry, by a slight movement of the head, prevented him, at the same time whispering a few words in his ear.

The coroner turned to William Pitcairn, who still stood where the doctor had left him, his eyes cast down, and his face trembling convulsively.

"Mr. Pitcairn," said Blankman, solemnly, "it is proper that this dagger should be removed from your brother's hand. Will you be so good as to do it?"

At this request, the face which had before been of ashy whiteness, now turned lividly pale, and shaking his head vehemently, the mourner was about to leave the room, but was stopped by the coroner.

"I have no doubt, sir," said he, kindly, "that it is very trying to your feelings to be present at this investigation, but I must take your testimony presently, and in the meantime it is necessary that you should comply with my request. Surely you are not afraid to touch your brother's hand," added he, in a whisper, which I, alone, was near enough to hear.

At these words Pitcairn, shooting at his tormentor a look of fear and hate, turned from the door which he had reached, and going precipitately to his brother's side, began hastily to unclench the cold, stiff fingers from the handle of the bloody dagger. We all stood looking at him, and pitying his excessive agitation; but suddenly our attention was attracted to the corpse. As William unclosed the last finger, a convulsive motion crept over the rigid form before him, and suddenly the eyes, which had been tightly closed, flew open, and rolling vacantly for a moment, fixed themselves upon the face of horror which bent over the dead hand.

More and more, recollection and expression surged up in great waves into those horrible, glassy eyes. A fierce resolution seemed to combat with the departing faculty of speech. At last that iron will, stronger even than death, conquered, and half-raising himself, his gleaming eyes fastened themselves more and more intently upon his brother's face, the white lips unclosed, and he whom we had thought dead spoke.

"Murderer! Confess!"

All eyes turned with a start of horror to the man, summoned from the other world, as it were, by the spirit of his victim, to yield himself up to the earthly judgment which was but a type of that more solemn and irrevocable tribunal to which he was hastening.

I cannot tell which was the more fearful spec-

tacle—that stern face struggling with death, or that hardly more animated one which could not turn away from its summons. We had thought him pale before; I know not what to call the color which usurped that pallor. His eyes had gleamed with fear and terror; it was as nothing to the look of agonized doom with which they fastened on the fast glazing eyes of his dead brother; each hair stood upright upon his head, and as his ashen lips opened, apparently without volition upon his own part, a voice thick, hoarse and broken, came forth like an echo of those sepulchral tones which still vibrated through the room.

“Yes, James, I know it, I am a murderer, and I will confess, that they may kill me as I have you—but after!”

He gasped for breath and presently went on, his eyes still fastened upon those of the dead man.

“You said that you would find poor Jessie, whom you ruined when we both were young, and that you would marry her, and make her boy your heir. I told you that it was robbing me of my inheritance, and I could never consent. Then, James, you spoke bitter, angry words, and bid me seek a remedy. I stole upon you, from behind, and then I drove my dagger to the hilt. I aimed at your heart, and you fell without a word; only your eyes, they turned their last look upon mine, and burned in their stern reproach upon my brain. I called the fiends to aid me, and pressed down the lids, tight and tighter over them. You had clutched at the dagger as you fell, I held your fingers there till they stiffened. I wrote the note and signed it with your name. Then I went and crawled into my bed, but your eyes followed me there, they gazed upon me from every corner to which I madly turned for refuge. I covered my head, but they gazed upon me from vacancy. I tried to pray, but the fiend snatched the words from my lips, and laughed aloud in my ear. The woman came and I feigned to sleep; no one suspected me till that old man bent over you—did you whisper the secret to him, or did I say it aloud, as I have said it in my heart without ceasing?”

“Now I have confessed. I have done your bidding. O, shut those fearful, searching eyes!” And with a wild peal of hysteric laughter, the unhappy man sank back in a strong fit.

He revived enough to dictate and sign a full confession some days after, but did not live until his day of trial. Before that came, murderer and murdered lay side by side in the city churchyard, and accuser and accused had met before a more solemn tribunal than any of earth.

THE EVE BEFORE THE BATTLE.

BY EDWIN L. LOTHROP.

“AND after all, we must be separated, Jules! Ah, my God! what has your poor Celeste done, that the only flower that ever opened upon her life should fade and droop away just as its bloom began to cheer and bless her? What do we care for the man who rides over the heads of our rightful born kings? Napoleon, forsooth! Bonaparte, the Corsican!”

“Hush, sweetest wife! Forget that you were ever a subject of any save the Emperor Napoleon. He rules France, and we pay allegiance where it belongs. And the lovely empress too—our good Josephine. Why, Celeste, next to your own dear self, there is not a woman in the world, no, nor a person, man or woman, that I would draw my sword so readily to defend, as Josephine, even were she not the empress. You should hear Jacques Hand tell what she did for his suffering family, when the fever deprived him of all power to labor. You must know that Jacques is a lapidary, and employed by some of our best jewellers, who make vast sums from his labors, while they pay him little or nothing for his work. Well, he works in a damp basement, and as might be expected, he caught cold and was laid up with a very severe fit of sickness. One thing after another went to the pawn-broker’s from his few household possessions, to pay the doctor and apothecary, until Jacques seriously proposed to his wife to carry out his tools and sell them for what she could get. She obeyed him very unwillingly, for she thought it would be impossible for him to replace them on his recovery; but like a good wife, as she is, she did not remonstrate a word.

“When she went to the drawer, however, where the delicate instruments were kept, she observed a quantity of stones lying there, which she remembered as some which a sailor had once given her husband. They were nearly valueless, as she had often heard him say, but he had nevertheless polished and re-polished them, till they were really very beautiful. Without saying anything to Jacques, she gathered these all up, and placing them carefully in the case of instruments, upon cotton, she proceeded to the jeweller’s shop, to which he had directed her to carry the tools, and offered them for sale, supposing they would bring only a trifle.

“In the shop was a lady whom she recognized as the empress, though in a plain dress, and with no carriage waiting. She knew her readily from the portraits which she had frequently seen

of her. Madame Hand told her errand; and the jeweller, who is a man of feeling and honor, exclaimed, 'what a pity to take your husband's tools, for he will soon want them to use, I trust; and these stones, which are indeed so very pretty, are, I am sorry to say, worthless.'

"Josephine, approaching him, after hearing the wife's story, offered to buy them, on condition that the jeweller should set them in a plain, rich style, and keep perfectly secret as to their value. He agreed; and the empress paid the full worth of real stones; and Madame Hand returned with her stone-cutting instruments, and money enough to supply their needs until Jacques should be restored to health."

This conversation took place between a young soldier and his wife, on the eve of one of those battles which immortalized the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, but which various opinions have lauded and execrated, as the case might be. Jules Montespan was a youth of nobler blood than the Corsican could boast; but by a long series of family reverses, brought on by the downfall of the Bourbons, he was at length obliged to accept a lower rank in the army, than his birth and education would have entitled him to accept. His scientific knowledge was of a high order; although his modesty prevented him from displaying his attainments.

Once or twice, it was evident to him that Napoleon had made a false move; but he did not dare to express his opinion openly; and although he would have been an acquisition to the army as a superior officer, he still remained as a private in the regiment of dragoons, where he had been noted by his companions as a brave soldier and a faithful friend. One year before he had married the daughter of a musical composer, Pierre Benard; and her beauty, good sense and innocence were better to him than the greatest wealth or rank could have been. Their home was in a quiet, retired spot, far from the noise of the great world, and where Monsieur Benard could compose without disturbance, the operas which, just then, were charming the musical world with their sprightliness and grace.

Like a good and true daughter, Celeste Benard would not leave her old father alone; and although she had accompanied Jules to the scene from whence the army were to commence hostilities, she was intending to go back to her home on the following day.

Half an hour after her conversation with her husband, Napoleon was seated in his private tent, poring over the imperfect plan which he had arranged. Imperfect, because his usual sagacity was at fault in a single point which af-

fected, or threatened to affect, the whole affair. For once, he was foiled, and the thought that he was so corrugated his brow and pervaded his whole appearance. Testy exclamations issued from his lips, and an involuntary drawing away of the muscles around his mouth showed that he was in a state of perturbation and disturbance unusual to him. He was awakened from a fruitless reverie, by a tap at the door of the tent. The guard entered at his call, and announced one of the dragoons of the —th regiment.

Napoleon, irritated at his want of success, sternly demanded his business. The visitor respectfully laid it before him. It was a plan for the next day's work, detailing at length the mode of attack and defence, describing the whole in a scientific and masterly manner, and covering the point of difficulty in the most ingenious and thorough way.

Napoleon saw the advantage he had gained at once, and was intensely vexed that he had not before discovered it himself. He contented himself, however, with asking his name only. No word of thanks or commendation escaped his lips; and when Jules Montespan (for he was the midnight visitor of Napoleon), warming into enthusiasm, pointed to this or that unprotected spot in the enemy's fortifications, and showed how easily they might be stormed, or how adroitly a secret attack could be made, he was coolly made to understand that he might leave the presence of one who could not bear a rival in the minutest point.

Equally cool became the soldier; and when he bowed himself out of the tent, it would have been difficult to say which of the two comforted himself with the greatest *haut-cœur*.

Returning to Celeste, he spent with her the few remaining hours which intervened between that time and the call to arms. Celeste was overcome with the dread of separation. She had a strange presentiment of coming evil, of which all her husband's efforts could not divest her. She was weeping when he entered, but hastily endeavored to conceal her tears from Jules. With the quick eye of affection, he saw that she was distressed, and tried to wile her from her apprehensions, by painting to her in glowing colors the paradise they would make of their little home in the country, when the war should be over.

The moment of separation came. Celeste had not closed her eyes for the night, and at day-break she heard the first beat of the drum that called her husband from her arms. In her excited state, it sounded like the death note. With its first deep, echoing roll, in the gray stillness of

the morning, hope departed out of her heart, leaving it cold and lifeless with apprehension. To prolong this scene would be cruel. Jules pressed his lips again and again to her forehead, clasped her in his arms for the last time, and rushed from the house.

An hour after, Celeste was on her way home. Passing a lonely churchyard, dark and dense with shadows from the yews and cypresses which seemed more in accordance with her feelings, she begged the driver of the diligence to allow her to alight, while he ascended a steep hill, that she might have time to pluck some of the mournful buds that opened slowly and drearly under the heavy shadows of the trees.

When she entered the vehicle again, she felt as if she had been gathering these sad memorials to scatter over her husband's grave. Her home was, in many respects, the paradise that Jules had promised to make it the night before. It had been the summer dwelling of one of the aristocratic families of France, before the Revolution; and although the house itself was somewhat decayed, the surroundings were of the finest kind.

As she approached, the setting sun cast its brightest ray upon the figure of the old composer as he sat in the rustic porch, which was made of the branches of small trees intertwined, and covered with a profusion of honey-suckle.

His appearance brought a fresh burst of tears from the eyes of Celeste, and she sprang from the diligence, to be sheltered in his fatherly arms. He needed not to ask the cause of her grief.

"Be comforted, my daughter," he said gently. "His fate is with the God of battles."

The next day, Celeste tried to settle herself to her daily avocations. She even had the courage to employ herself upon some linen that she was making up for Jules; although her shaking fingers and the tears that trembled in her eyelids, showed that the pain was still at her heart.

Her father was moved by this silent grief, and when she told him of her presentiments he shook his head in silence. Afterwards, when he had evidently thought a great deal about what she had expressed, he said to her:

"I do not actually believe in presentiments, Celeste; but at the same time, I know many instances in which they have been realized in a most remarkable way. We will hope that your fears have been all in vain. When Jules comes home to us, bright with health and flushed with victory, you will laugh at these melancholy thoughts, or forget that you ever allowed them to have a feather's weight with you."

"When Jules comes home!" murmured she.

She repeated this so often, as if to prop up her

sunken courage, that Mons. Benard really began to feel alarmed for her reason. She had taken scarcely any nourishment since she returned, and her excitement had already begun to make inroads upon her appearance. A hectic flush had stationed itself on the upper part of her cheek, leaving the rest of her face white and ghastly.

The old gardener whom they occasionally hired to assist—for their means would not allow them to keep a man servant constantly, had been a soldier in his youth. To him, Mons. Benard confided his anxieties respecting his daughter, and received the old man's cordial sympathy. Madame Montespan's little maid, too, Rose Vernet, was in the greatest distress and agitation imaginable on her mistress's account. She lay down beside her at night, held her hot and burning hands, and did not close her eyes to sleep, until she saw those poor weeping orbs sink to their unquiet slumber.

So passed two or three days—the length of which might have been years, if we measured time by agony. It was growing late in the afternoon and the red sun was fast sinking into the west. The quiet retirement of Belleisle gave back no echo from its hillside, and the twilight that was coming on was still and soundless.

Suddenly, Celeste sprang from the couch, her whole figure elate with expectation. "Do you hear that, father?" she asked, as her face brightened into a glow. It was the first word she had spoken since the morning, and she now stood as if waiting the return of a sound which no one else had heard.

Again she started like a fawn, and with a strength that must have been borrowed only from excitement, she ran up the hill with swift and hurried steps. They all followed her—the old gardener, Mons. Benard and little Rose. Celeste stood with her ear turned towards the distant city, in an attitude of expectation. "Again!" she uttered; and this time the sound was heard by all. It was the firing at Paris. The battle then was over. It was the sound of victory, for the roar of cannon came booming at regular intervals. Celeste seemed renewed in health and spirits. She slept calmly that night, and the next day was cheerfully smiling at her own fears.

Another night must necessarily elapse before her soldier could return; but the morning after that, she would most assuredly see him. She trusted now in his safety; for the news of victory was spread far and wide, by couriers who scarcely drew rein until their tired horses fell to the ground. And if there was victory, why, surely Jules must have helped to achieve it.

"Not this cloth, Rose, dear, but the very best,"

she said on the morning after the second day. "And lay the table in your best style. Cut the brightest flowers you can find in the garden, and I will go down the lane by myself and get the Provence roses for our vases. Ah, I wish the grapes were ripe, but futher, you can bring out the bottle of old Maraschino which we have preserved so long for some festive occasion. Our poor, weary soldier will need its refreshing virtues. And old Bernardin will bring in his early fruits, and we will make some of those nice *pates* that Jules likes so well."

To her father, this unwonted excitement was nearly as melancholy as her former state—but he indulged all her fancies, and brought her everything she asked for. He walked down the lane with her after the roses, and cut them for her himself, that the large garden scissors which they used in cutting the grape vines might not hurt her thin and tender hands. While they stood there, in the light of the early morning, Celeste again threw herself into an attitude of listening. It seemed as if her previously nervous state had preternaturally sharpened all her senses.

"Listen, father! I hear the tramping of many feet. What can that be? I should not wonder if Jules is coming, attended by all the young men from this and the adjoining hamlets. Listen! they are horses' feet. It is perhaps the whole company of dragoons to which Jules belongs."

She waited, clinging nervously to her father's arm until a turn in the road brought the whole procession to her sight. Then with a wild cry, which might almost have waked the dead, regardless of the horses' hoofs, she dashed into the midst of the dragoons, and lifted up the close curtain of a litter which was borne a short distance from the front of the procession. Jules lay there so pale and still, that at first she thought he was dead; but at sight of her, his eye gleamed with a sudden light. The dragoons stopped, and Celeste, throwing herself upon her knees by the side of the litter, scattered without knowing it, the roses which she had gathered, all over the form that lay within it.

The scent of the flowers came to him with a life-giving power. "Home! Home!" burst from the pale lips, and Celeste allowed them now to bear her poor wounded soldier to the couch where she had passed so many sleepless hours.

The gallant soldier had been in the thickest of the fight, and at no moment had spared himself. Near the close of the battle, almost at the very moment of victory, he was wounded by a sabre cut, which at first was not thought dangerous. His intense anxiety to get home induced those who were most intimate with him, to ob-

tain leave for the escort; and by slow degrees, they had come from afar, to bring home their dying comrade.

For Jules Montespan was dying! Not even the love of Celeste, strong and passionate as it was, could detain him past that day. Love had sustained him in life till he could look on her once more, and breathe the air of his beloved home, and then he could bear to die. Celeste watched him through every moment of that day, ministering all those tender offices which she only could perform; and at the twilight hour, which deepened around her, just as it had done two nights before, when listening to the roar of the cannon, she held his cold hand in hers, and pressed upon his lips the last kiss she would ever give to him in life.

A week later there was a gala night at the imperial palace. Many of Napoleon's heroes were there, and a knot of his generals were gathered closely around him and Josephine. The recent battle was the theme of conversation.

"That was a most ingenious stroke of your majesty's, at the last," said one of the generals. "That won us the victory!"

"The conception was not mine, general," replied the emperor, with magnanimity. "I owe it to one of the dragoons of the —th regiment. I have forgotten that man too long. I saw him, too, fighting on the field, like a lion. I have his name somewhere, I think." And from the folds of some old tablets which Josephine had given him in the first days of the courtship between the first consul and herself, he drew forth an ivory leaf, on which was inscribed "Jules Montespan."

"Here is the young Count de Montalban, who served in the same regiment that you speak of, your majesty."

"Ah! then you can doubtless inform me where I may find your gallant comrade, count."

"He is dead, sire."

"Dead!"

"I helped to bear him home to his young and beautiful wife, wounded at the very close of the battle. He lived only through the day."

"His widow shall be pensioned immediately."

"Sire, his wife was buried with him. They were never separated. Her child, a few hours old, sleeps with them."

Long after this, an aged man, attended by another like himself, and a young and pretty woman whom they called Rose, might be seen every morning scattering flowers over a little mound at the foot of the hill above Belleisle. No tombstone tells who rests beneath—but a father's heart mourned deeply above that spot, until he, too, slept the slumber of the grave.

THE ORDEAL OF PRIDE.

BY MRS. FANNY E. BARBOUR.

"You are dressing yourself very elaborately to-night, Margarette," remarked Mrs. Clayton, as she entered her daughter's room.

"Yes, mother," returned Margarette, with heightened color.

"Are you expecting visitors this evening?" inquired Mrs. Clayton, after a moment's pause, during which her eyes with an anxious glance had followed the motions of her daughter's fingers.

"No, mother; I am going to Mrs. Walton's party."

"And I not informed of it!" said her mother, reproachfully. "With whom are you going?"

"Mr. Payson is to be my escort." There was a tremulous motion of the white fingers, as the young girl continued to arrange the flowing drapery, which told that her heart was not quite at ease.

"Margarette!" A world of love and sorrow was in the tone of the mother's voice, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Well, mother?"

"Why will you so grieve my heart, my child? Why will you bring sorrow upon yourself?"

"Is it then so terrible a crime for a young girl to attend an evening party?" said Margarette.

"My daughter, once more listen to me. Have I not again and again told you my reasons for wishing you to discontinue your intimacy with Frank Payson? Is it not your good and happiness alone which I ask?"

"Some people have curious ways of trying to accomplish their purposes," remarked the daughter, calmly, with a slight sneer curling her lips.

"Margarette, may it never be your lot to feel 'how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.' God knows I have tried to do my duty, and to make you a good and happy woman; and I will still try, though you do grieve me sorely, and sometimes make me faint and heart-sick."

"Go on, mother, this is very agreeable," said the young girl, as she sank into a chair; "but please be as brief as you can, consistently, for it is nearly time for me to go, and it would be a pity to lose any of the discourse."

For a moment Mrs. Clayton could not speak; but controlling her emotion, she said:

"Once more, I must beg of you to hold no further intercourse with that man, he is not in any respect a fitting associate for you."

"Allowing you to judge of his qualifications," sneered Margarette.

"My child, your mother has seen more than double your years, and she can judge better than you in this matter. I entreat you to consider it well, and pause now before it is too late."

"Spare your entreaties, mother, I have promised, and am going with Mr. Payson to-night; in fact I believe he is at the hall-door now." And rising she went to the door to listen for his steps.

"Then, Margarette, hear me; if neither entreaties nor tears, a mother's tears, will prevail to save you, I will use authority. I command you to remain in your room; I will see Mr. Payson, and make your excuses for to-night and the future."

She was passing out, when Margarette's voice detained her.

"Mother!" The tall form of the young girl was drawn up to its full height, and she seemed to look down upon her mother, as her splendid eyes shot forth rays of angry light. "Am I a child, to be commanded thus?" she said, in a low, hissing tone. "Henceforth I consult only my own inclinations, and if you dare to interfere, my mother though you are, you will regret it as long as you live. You are answered, and thus do I obey commands. Good-night, and pleasant dreams!" And with a low, mocking laugh, she passed out, and the next moment, with a calm, unruffled brow, she was replying to Mr. Payson's greeting.

Pre-eminent among the many forms of beauty and grace which made Mrs. Walton's crowded rooms so attractive, was the queenly figure of Margarette Clayton, as she passed slowly along, leaning on the arm of Mr. Payson, and none could have guessed, from her gentle and winning manner, that beneath that beautiful exterior there slumbered a haughty and unlovely spirit. But once let the proud will be thwarted, and the quick, sharp flashing of her eyes told that all her powers were roused for resistance, and it would be strange if she did not come off victorious in the contest.

At length, fatigued and heated, she seated herself beside an open window, and for a few moments gave herself up to a dreamy enjoyment of the brilliant living panorama which was passing before her. But her repose was not of long duration, for her own name, spoken in a low voice by some one on the balcony close beside the window arrested her attention, and when the answer came, she recognized the voices of two of her friends, who were discussing her appearance, and drawing inferences therefrom, never dreaming that their subdued tones could be overheard by a third person. At first, she was only amused,

and her heart throbbed with an exultant consciousness of her power, as they spoke of the beautiful grace of her every motion, and of how naturally she attracted and received admiration, as if she were a very queen, accepting the homage of her loyal subjects.

"But," said Minnie Gray, "if I do not greatly mistake, there is one heart, which she cannot subdue."

"You mean Mr. Payson," returned Lucy Davis. "It is quite evident that he admires her, but if reports are true he has no heart to give, for he has already bestowed it upon so many that he cannot have any left. And I am told that in the town where he used to live, there is one poor girl who has lost her reason, in consequence of his baseness. I hope Margarette will not continue intimate with him, for I am quite sure that on two occasions I have seen him when his brain was confused with liquor."

"Why, Lucy, you astonish me!" replied Minnie. "I only meant that he sings so splendidly, and is so attractive generally, that there will be too many rivals in the field for Margarette's chance to be worth much, even should she desire to win him. I heard Mary Ellis and Katie Steele say, jokingly, that they were going to 'set their caps' for him, and you know they are both magnificent looking girls; many think them quite superior to Margarette, even in personal charms."

"Well," said Lucy, laughing, "I shall leave them to fight their own battles. But as you say, with such enemies in the field, I do not believe Margarette will win; but time will tell."

"Ay, time will tell!" muttered Margarette, between her closed teeth; but her brow was as serene and cloudless as ever, and her laugh rang out silvery and clear, as some of her young companions joined her, and commenced the recital of some amusing occurrence.

Margarette Clayton did not love Frank Payson, and had never loved him; but she greatly admired his musical talents, and was flattered by the marked attentions of the handsome stranger. She was not ignorant of the rumors which were floating about to his discredit, and in her heart she sometimes believed them; but she was too wilful and self-reliant to act upon offered advice, even though it came from her best friend, and so had continued against her own better judgment, to permit his constant visits and attentions.

But now, her pride was aroused, and she determined to show the world that she could win the contested prize, notwithstanding the brilliant charms which were arrayed against her. And she succeeded. Within one short month from

the time of Mrs. Walton's party, there was a midnight elopement and a marriage, and the bride and groom were Margarette Clayton and Frank Payson.

A year had passed. It was night, dark and gloomy, and the heavy rain beat against the windows of a plainly furnished room, where sat a young woman, bending over some light work which she held carelessly, as if she was quite indifferent with regard to the progress which her fingers made in its accomplishment. She was not thinking of her work, it was evident, for occasionally an angry flush would pass over her face, and her great black eyes seemed to gather new and intenser brilliancy from the thoughts which were passing within. At length, as a slow, uncertain step sounded on the walk without, she threw down her work, and springing to the door, opened it wide, and passed out into the stormy night. For a moment, so intense was the darkness, she could see nothing, but becoming accustomed to the gloom, she groped her way slowly down the little walk to the gate, and there, half seated and half lying in the wet grass, she found, as she had expected, the figure of a man. Grasping his arms with her whole strength, she tried to raise him, and at length succeeded. Having partially roused him, she at length got him into the house; but not until her own garments, as well as his, were drenched through with the pouring rain. The door was no sooner closed upon them, than she relaxed her hold, and he fell heavily to the floor.

"Lie there, brute!" she said, spurning him with her foot, as if he were a loathsome reptile. "You enter no room of mine to-night." He was already in a deep sleep, and she passed into her room, closing and locking the door after her, leaving him to rest as best he might on his hard couch, in his wet clothing.

Ah! Margarette Payson, the discipline of sorrow is not yet completed! Still deeper of the bitter cup thy spirit must drink ere it becomes gentle and beautiful as woman's should ever be.

The next morning, when Frank Payson's drunken lethargy had passed away, there was bitter strife between him and his beautiful wife—and so there had been on similar occasions for months. He had married her because she was the reputed heiress of the rich Mr. Clayton; but Frank Payson's wife was no longer considered as Mr. Clayton's daughter, and when he found that the contested prize had eluded his grasp, he gave vent to his disappointment in coarse oaths and curses, and did not attempt to conceal his real disposition.

On her part, the stubborn pride of character which had led her into this misery, rose up in fierce rebellion and hatred toward him, and she made no effort to lead her husband into a better way. And with this dreary cloud of shame and misery resting upon them, they lived on, until poverty, deep and hopeless, seemed likely to crush out the wife's pride and life together.

Bending over a rough cradle, a pale and sorrow-stricken woman sat, watching with keenest anxiety the infant who lay within, lest the feeble spark of its brief life should go out without her knowledge; and fervently, as the hot tears fell, she prayed that God would spare her child. Discarded by her father, abused and left to starve by her husband, what had she in the wide world to bind her to life but this tiny being, who even now seemed about to pass from her sight? She could not die, and wildly she prayed that her child might live, that there might be one ray of light to cheer her darkened woe. Just then, her husband, with ragged and disordered attire, and his uncombed hair streaming over his bloated face, staggered into the room.

"I want some money!" he growled, savagely. She did not notice him, but bent yet closer to the sleeping child, from whose face she did not for an instant remove her agonized gaze. "Mag, I say, are you deaf? Give me that money you got yesterday." And he laid his hand heavily upon her shoulder.

"I've no money for you," she said, shaking him off. "Go and beg!" And again her eyes sought the calm, pure face of her child.

"You can't fool me! I saw Old Turner come in here yesterday, and I know you've been doing some sewing for him; so give me the money, or I'll know the reason." And with an oath, he seized her luxuriant hair, and sent the comb which confined it, flying in a dozen pieces.

Starting up, for an instant her eyes blazed with the old fire, which sorrow had partially subdued.

"Fool! beast!" she exclaimed, "you are not a man! I have given you the last cent you will get from my earnings, even if you die in a gutter for the want of more!"

"Then I'll see what I can do to raise the needful. Here, take your precious brat!" Seizing the child, ere she could spring to prevent it, he tossed it towards her, and taking the cradle, started for the door.

When the poor, distracted mother lifted the babe from the floor, where it lay motionless, her child was no longer a feeble, suffering mortal; but a freed, rejoicing spirit. Its head had struck the sharp rocker of the cradle, in passing, and

thus, through murder's terrible gate, the immortal soul had passed upward.

It would be useless for me to try, for my weak pen could never picture the wild anguish of that mother, as she pressed the little cold form to her bosom. For a time, the over-tried brain trembled on the very verge of insanity; and fearful, blasphemous words escaped from her lips, as the black gulf of despair rolled its waves higher and higher between her and the light. But at length a merciful Father sent his ministering angels to her soul, and from the lowly grave of her child, Margarette Payson's spirit was born into a new and better life.

A strange, calm peace pervaded her being, and the sweet thought that one among the angels called her mother, gave her a holier joy than she had known while her child was with her in the flesh. At last, after many prayers and agonizing tears, the last remnant of the old perverse, wilful nature passed away, and with undoubting confidence, she said, like him of old, "I will arise and go to my father."

Gratefully and affectionately her parents received their penitent child; and it was like balm to her bruised spirit, to listen once more to gentle tones from those she loved. Aided by his wealth and love for his restored child, Mr. Clayton did not rest until she had procured a divorce from her husband.

But now she has aspirations and hopes of which once she had not dreamed, and she would not sit idly down, contented to pass a life of ease without one effort to do good to those around her; so for a year, she applied herself constantly to study, reviewing and perfecting herself in the various branches necessary for a thorough education; then, with the full consent and co-operation of her parents, who saw that it would greatly increase her happiness, she opened and fitted up a room in her father's spacious mansion, and collected about her a band of young girls, whom she is now guiding in the pleasant paths of knowledge.

And she does not forget the heart, while she is educating the brain; but, taught by her own bitter experience, and enforcing her lessons of goodness by her own gentle, blameless life, she is leading the willing feet of her pupils through flowery paths, to usefulness and happiness.

Margarette Clayton, lovelier now than in her earlier days of beauty, is "clothed with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Through suffering and tears, she has "worked out her own salvation," and from black and rayless night there has dawned on her soul the brightness of a new day.

CROWNED A KING.

A supposed Soliloquy of Louis XVI. on assuming the Royal Purple.

BY WILLIE E. PABER.

Crowned a king! but in the crowning
My young heart was dispossessed
Of the holy sense of quiet
I had nurtured in my breast;
And I lost the conscious presence
Of repose, of peace, and rest.

Crowned a king! the noisy rabble
Gathered round my royal throne,
Just as they before had gathered
Round the one whose life alone,
When they had withheld their homage,
For his crowning could atone

Crowned a king! but in the crowning
Staking life upon a throw;
Trusting to the fickle currents
That know not the way they go;
Setting sail for a far-haven
Over seas I do not know.

Crowned a king! And do you envy
All the greatness of the great?
Take the record of the nation—
See what woes on station wait;
And be thankful your position
Does not court the stroke of fate.

Crowned a king! and for my future
I the fearful scroll must ken
Of a past whose crimson record
Boasts the blood of kingly men;
And I see a page unsullied
Waiting for such blood again.

Crowned a king! And is it fancy
Or a stern, prophetic thought,
That reveals a bloody future,
Such as very few should court
If they love a quiet pillow,
Or the peace of conscience sought.

Crowned a king! is it a token
As of old the lamb was drest,
Of a robing for the scaffold?
Has my fever of unrest
Aught to do with such a crowning?
Aught to do with such behest?

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

BY MYRA C. GREENLEAF.

I HAD that late at night reading; then tossed for a few hours restlessly upon my bed, with the sound of cold November winds in my ears, and fitful visions of life's labors in my brain, when the gray, timid dawn came creeping in at my window. Faint, and pinched, and starved, it was, as the little beggar boy I had seen in the street the previous night. Unnerved and feverish, I went out into the morning twilight. As I

drew back the bolts, and opened the door, the gleam of pure, fresh fallen snow met my eye. "Now to feast my eyes with this purity," said I, with keen pleasure. How pure and white it lay upon the steps—or, awning each separate rail in the fence—wreathed in the corners—out upon the sidewalk, worn with its thousands of viewless tracks—out on the round, foul paving-stones, wallowing in filth, hiding their deformity, and giving to city dwellers, if they would but rise and look upon it, a glimpse, a hint, of what winter sights are in the country.

The wind came whirling down the street and shook me with its rough embrace. But mine was not the first footprint upon the snow, I was aware of a track going on in the way I had taken. I stooped in the dim light to examine it. O, misery! It was a child's, a barefooted child's! I still crouched and examined it. Delicate, slender, I thought emaciated, and here was a slight stain of blood. I turned and traced it back, to find, if possible, the home of misery, if not sin, from which one so young had been sent out on that cold, cold morning with unshod, bleeding feet.

I had not far to go. As is often seen in the more modern houses, the door leading to the kitchen and cellar is directly below the principal entrance, with a flight of winding steps leading down to it. On the third step down, where the last flake of snow rested, was the last or rather the first trembling foot-mark. There, then, while I was tossing restlessly in my bed, some shivering child had watched the night away, or perhaps had slept.

I turned and followed briskly on. The light increased. A market-man's cart rumbled in the distance. Here the little thing had rested on one foot, leaning against a railing, to warm the bleeding foot in its hands. Round the corner, faster and still faster, and there it skulked into a sheltered doorway and sits down upon a step. It is the beggar boy I saw last night, and who hurried past so quick that he could not accost me, stilling the upbraidings of conscience by the sophism, "It is of no use, there are so many of them."

The tattered remnants of a man's coat, and a pair of old knee-breeches, hung upon this shrivelled, almost dwarfed child of ten. Hands and feet were black with dirt, cracked and bleeding from the cold; coarse, stiff hair was matted above savage-looking eyes, but I thought it was fierceness induced by suffering only.

All this while the dirty hand was held up, and a whining voice repeated at short intervals, "a cent, to buy bread."

Through the long summer preceding that November morn I had strolled daily, as night approached, under the lofty old trees in Summer Street. An odd figure attracted my attention. It was that of a woman, approaching with a long, hurried stride. Her garments were of a fashion ten years gone by, her arms were rolled tightly in the corners of a mean, faded shawl folded across her breast. Ha! she is crazy. The gleaming eye tells the tale. Daily I met her, always hurrying, always looking anxiously at every child she saw.

As I looked about me, on that November morning, for some means of removing the boy to my home, which should preclude the necessity of his walking, the maniac approached with folded arms. She gazed a moment at him, then sitting down in the snow gathered his bleeding feet into her lap, saying:

"I have found him. The angel said he would not die, but I should see his bleeding feet and hands. How cold they are, and how stained with sin!"

"Is this your child?"

"Mine? no. I never had a child. I never was married. Men are false." And again she chafed the filthy feet in her delicate hands.

Despairing of a carriage, I proposed that we should take the boy to my house ourselves, and clean and clothe him.

"O, yes, we will wash off his sins. His sins are on the outside, *men's* sins are in their hearts."

"But what have you lost, my friend, my sister, that you have been searching for so long?"

With a quick, startled glance around, she whispered suddenly in my ear, "my lost innocence, and my sinless child." Then speaking aloud: "You are a woman; you are kind to children, and poor bereaved women like me!"

She would not speak again. Arrived at my house she was the kindest of assistants in the task of cleansing the child, but as silent as a mute.

Washed and fed, robed in a snowy night gown that my little girl in heaven had worn while she was with me here, I laid him in my bed, and saw him sink into a gentle slumber. Then the question arose in my mind, what shall I do with him? If I had known from whence he came, had known that no brutish parent would interfere with me, I should not have hesitated long, though the child's ill manners, coarse language and sickly look were anything but attractive. Finally, I decided to take care of him for the present, and not trouble myself about the future. Turning to my new companion, who sat rocking quickly in a large arm-chair by my side, I said:

"I shall keep the boy."

"You will never repent. How sweet he sleeps. Let me go to sleep with him. I am very tired." And suiting the action to the word she threw herself upon the bed by the side of the child, laying her hand caressingly upon his forehead.

I turned away and sewed on in silence for some time; then rising found the maniac's eyes closed. Once more gentle slumber had been won to those restless, sleepless lids.

Could there be any truth in her words? Was the child her own? And, if so, what was her story? I put the fancy from me; it was too foolish to be harbored; but in a few moments my mind was again dwelling upon it. I passed again to the bedside, to trace the resemblance that there must be, if they were mother and son, and there it was. Unnoticed, while both were awake, it could not but be observed while they slept. The same broad, rather low brow, the same clinging, trusting, almost weak expression of the lips, the same straight nose.

Days passed on. Maria, as she told me to call her, seemed to have forgotten that Jamie, or Jim as he called himself, lived. Hour after hour she sat in the same chair, gazing at the carpet, but becoming each day weaker.

I called a physician unknown to her. When he entered the room, she started from her chair and cowered behind it in an agony of fear. But after many avowals on my part that the gentleman was only Dr. Sanderson, a very dear friend, she consented to return to her former place. Dr. Sanderson looked at me and shook his head, at the same time pointing up, and saying, "There only will the weary rest."

A week passed and Maria lay dying. I scarcely left her, hoping that her clouded mind might once more be illuminated, that reason would resume her sway this side the grave; nor was I disappointed. She had slept, and now turned to me with wondering but sane looks. She took my hand:

"You have been very kind to the poor, friendless maniac. I know now that I have long been insane. None but God will ever know how keen the agony that made me thus."

I begged her not to agitate herself, but she must speak now, she said, and went on:

"Was there not a child, a poor boy, here one day?"

"There was, and Jamie is here now," I replied. A quick flush spread over her face as I spoke his name.

"O, let me see him, now, quick."

I brought the child. She gazed upon him for a moment, turned back the collar from his neck,

pointed to a crimson spot, the size of a pea upon his shoulder, then clasped him wildly in her arms, imprinting hurried kisses on his brow and lips.

Jamie was somewhat frightened, nor did he fancy at all the unceremonious embrace, and in his rough way struggled to free himself.

"Alas! he does not know me, so well as I do him. Send him away. I want to speak while my strength lasts."

I complied with her wish, and she continued :

"You will easily guess what I am about to tell you. Jamie is my child.^a He was born in 18—, how long ago is that? I cannot tell."

I replied, and Maria resumed :

"It is the usual tale of man's falsehood and woman's weakness. I cannot say much more. I have stayed at No. 10. — Street. Every year my board has been paid in advance, and I believe money has been sent for the education of my child, but I never could find out certainly. Go to Mrs. Barchmann and tell her my end, and that I wish her to give you my box. You will find among other almost useless articles, a pamphlet, a manuscript; it will tell all, though perhaps wildly."

The last words were uttered in a scarcely audible whisper, and with nearly closed eyelids, and sleep once more fell sweetly upon the wreck before me. It was the last sleep. She passed so gently from life to death I knew it not, although I sat by her bedside, and gazed upon her face.

It is now time to narrate the conversations I had held with Jamie, respecting his home previous to his coming to me, and of his early recollections.

The day following his arrival, I said to him, "Jamie, where did you live before you came here yesterday?"

"Sha'n't tell ye."

"Why not?"

"You'll send me back, and I don't want to go."

"No, Jamie, I will not send you back; you may stay with me if you will be a good boy."

"Sure—wont you let Old Donnelly have me again?"

Jamie had seized my hand in his eagerness, and seemed as if his happiness or misery hung upon my next words.

"No, Mr. Donnelly shall never take you away from me."

"O, I will be so good, if you will tell me what it is to be good; nobody ever told me anything about it."

"You must not swear again, then, if you want to please me." For he had used several oaths during the conversation.

"Swear—what is swear? I don't know."

After explaining my meaning, I repeated my first question, to which he replied :

"I lived with Old Donnelly, in S——'s Alley; but he aint my father, and the old woman aint my mother. Old Donnelly whipped me once, when I was ever so little, for calling him father."

"Did you ever ask him who your parents were?"

"What did you say?"

"Did you ever ask him who your father and mother were?"

"O, yes; I asked him once, and he said I was an imp of sin, and that was enough for me to know."

"Did he ever drink rum?"

"Yes, sometimes, and then he whipped me dreadfully, and would turn me out of doors, and tell me go beg, for it was good enough for me; but then they kept me begging, and used to whip me if I did not bring home a lot, and I was so cold and hungry in the winter."

"What made you come and sleep under my steps that night?"

"Why he and the old woman both got drunk, and beat me, and I hoped I should die before morning if I staid out in the cold."

During another conversation I learned that Old Donnelly had a "big trunk," as Jamie called it, under the bed, where he thought there was money, because when Donnelly and his wife were in good humor he had heard them saying that it was most full of the "shiners," or "round ones," or "beauties."

I tried in vain to call up some recollections of his life previous to his stay with Old Donnelly; cold, hunger, beating and hard words were the only memories he seemed to have. Was it strange if the child was fierce and repulsive in his manners and looks? But he was softening under the influences of love and home comforts. I read stories to him, so as to induce him to learn to read, without, however, telling him my object. I was obliged on one occasion to lay aside the book as the interest of the story culminated; when I returned to the room, I found him turning the leaves of the book rather impatiently.

"What troubles you, Jamie?" said I.

"I cannot read."

"Would you like to learn?"

"Guess I should, but I can't."

"Why can't you learn, Jamie, as well as other boys?"

"Don't know, only I can't."

"If you wish, I will teach you, but it will be difficult for you, and take a long time to learn to read well."

"Let me begin now, and I will be good all day."

The boy's heart was in his work, and in the space of a few weeks he had made more progress than many another child of equal ability would in as many years.

I hesitated long whether to go to Donnelly's and Mrs. Barckmann's. It would be much pleasanter should they never know Jamie's fate, for then no one would ever interfere with me in educating him; on the other hand, I was sure they had dealt unjustly by Maria and her boy, and I wished that they might no longer receive money on their account; and again the hope would arise that from them something might be learned of Jamie's friends. Summoning Dr. Sanderson, I imparted Maria's story, so far as I knew it, and asked him to appoint an early day to accompany me to these places, for I disliked much going alone.

"I am at leisure this morning," he replied, "and the sooner this matter is searched out, the better."

We entered his carriage, which stood at the door.

"Where shall we drive first?"

"To Mrs. Barckmann's, I think. We may there learn something of Jamie, as well as his mother; and at Donnelly's we shall have but little chance of success, unless we are prepared to force him to terms."

A short drive brought us to the place indicated. It was a small, old wooden house, surrounded upon three sides by quite a large yard, the gable standing toward the street. As we opened the gate, which creaked loudly, a somewhat comely looking woman of about fifty drew aside one of the closely drawn curtains, to gaze at the intruders; but finding her gaze met by one equally curious, she abruptly retreated. Our knock summoned an old man, who might have been husband, father or servant to the person we had seen at the window. He was wrinkled and bent to the last degree, but with a still vigorous look in his deep-set, dark-blue eyes, while his garments and bearing were those of a servant. Determined to carry my intention out, I said without hesitation:

"We wish to see Mrs. Barckmann, for a few minutes."

"Your names, and I will ask if she can wait on you."

"Dr. Sanderson and Mrs. Grey."

The wrinkled face turned away, closed the door upon us, and we heard the sound of whispers, indicating that some person had been quite near during our short interview. After a little

delay the door was again opened, and a servant girl bade us enter, and showed the way to the room whence the comely matron had looked forth. She stood near the centre of the room, which was large and low, and furnished primly with antique chairs and tables; no sofas, ottomans or lounges, no mantel ornaments, save two silver candlesticks in which were no candles, and a very diminutive pair of silver snuffers.

"Mrs. Barckmann, I suppose?" said I.

"The same; and you are Mrs. Grey?" I bowed. "What is your pleasure with me? I think we are strangers."

The comely face was getting less so every moment. The abundance of flesh was not sufficient to cover the hard outlines of chin and mouth, while the expression of the whole face was selfish and unscrupulous. The eyes were finely formed, of a good color; but looked as if warding off inquiry, as if the soul was conscious of concealments it feared to have known.

"Your thought is correct; I came at the request of Maria, a maniac, who has boarded with you for some years past."

There was a slight and momentary compression about the lips, a motion as if to turn the eyes from my gaze, but checked by a strong will ere it was done, and Mrs. Barckmann replied:

"It was a fiction of Maria's that she boarded with me, if by that she meant that she paid any board. I never have received a cent from her since she entered my house."

"How long since she came to you?"

"More than nine years."

"May I ask what motive induced you to care for a maniac so many years without any recompense?"

"I shall hardly be expected to answer such a question, put by a stranger. There are unfortunate ones in every family."

"Shall I conclude that the unfortunate Maria was of your family?"

"You can conclude what you like. I have not said that she is, or is not."

"Will you have the goodness to tell me where her child, Jamie she called him, is to be found?"

"Not till I know why you question me so closely concerning this woman, and how you came to know of her having a child."

"Perhaps then, you will tell me where Maria is at this moment, as you are not willing to speak of the child?"

"She often wanders away for many days; I presume she will soon return, though she has been gone longer than usual."

"What was her object in leaving you so often?"

"She always went in search of her Jamie, as she called him, for I may as well tell you that we put him to school as soon as he was old enough to learn anything, and have kept the place a secret, so that he might grow up with no knowledge of his weak, maniac mother."

All this seemed quite plausible, and in accordance with worldly usage, if not strictly kind, but I distrusted the cold, measured tones, the fixed, though unwilling gaze. I stepped toward the woman, and said :

"Maria is dead ; she died perfectly sane in my house ; Jamie was with her and is living with me now ; he has never been at school, unless you call Old Donnelly a teacher, and no doubt he was, of every mean and cruel vice."

The face near which I had approached my own, became livid, whether with fear or hate I could not tell, for ere I ceased speaking she turned and moved toward a door in the back side of the room, and without opening it, called, "Josiah!" A moment after the same bent figure that had opened the street door, entered, saying :

"Did you call, wife?"

Making no reply, she stood as if expecting to hear more. Dr. Sanderson came to my aid.

"Mrs. Grey nursed the poor wanderer in her last days, saw her buried in her own tomb, and now has the boy she has mentioned in her family."

"I suppose then you wish to be paid for the expense and trouble you have put upon yourself?"

"No, madam, I came merely to perform my promise given during the last moments of one who is now 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'"

"May I ask what this promise was?"

"That I should come to you, inform you of her death, and receive her box with its contents, in token of her gratitude."

"If that is all, 'tis easily accomplished. If you expect to be much better off for the contents of the box, you are likely to be disappointed ; I could not afford to keep her very richly clothed."

Josiah left the room at a hint from his wife, and soon returned, bringing with him so small a mahogany box, that the idea of speaking of it as containing clothing, was absurd in the extreme ; but Mrs. Barckmann, with great gravity, remarked that there was the box, to which we were welcome, she wished none of its contents.

I tried the lid—it was fast ; but on applying the key which Maria handed me, it yielded, and I saw a few feminine trifles, but no manuscript. The only curious thing was a soiled kid glove,

evidently a gentleman's. I re-locked the box, gave it to Dr. Sanderson, and having asked him by means of the alphabet used by the deaf, if we should speak of the manuscript, and being answered by his opening the door, I bowed and passed gladly into the open air again.

No more convincing proof of Mrs. Barckmann's guilt was needed, than we already had, in her silence when Donnelly was mentioned, when I repeated several times that Jamie was with me, and that she could and did refrain from asking any questions with regard to the death of one who had been an inmate of her family for years.

We were now on the way to S——'s Alley, and arriving there, I remained in the carriage, while Dr. Sanderson entered a house teeming with wretched inmates, and reeking with filth. After an almost endless stay, the good doctor emerged from the building, took his place beside me without speaking, and drove away. I looked back from the window, and saw three ragged boys clinging to the carriage for the sake of the ride. After a moment I looked again, and found we had but a solitary outrider. I then mentioned the fact to my companion, who glanced over his shoulder and said :

"Dogging, and rather bold, too ; but I will arrange that. The fellow followed me up stairs and down again, and I have no doubt he listened while I talked to Old Donnelly. Dick, Dick, I say stop a minute."

The horses stood still ; we were opposite a watch-house, and I realized how the doctor intended to arrange for our outrider. But no sooner had we stopped than the little rascal showed his head at the door, and begged to be taken in, for he had something to tell us. We might gain, we could not lose by taking him at his word, so he was soon established on the seat opposite us.

"Well, boy, what have you to tell me?" said Dr. Sanderson.

"Not much now, only the story he told about Jim's being sick, and costing him so much is all a lie ; and what you said about his beating Jim is all truth ; and he has got a mint of money about somewhere, and he bees counting it every night."

"So you listened at the door while I was in Mr. Donnelly's room?"

"Don't be calling him mister ; he's *Old Donnelly*, and I hate him cause he turned mother out when she was sick, and we had to go down to the Island a while. But I have bothered him for it, and I will. I've listened cause I know there is wickedness going on, and I want to get

'Geevus' hold of him, jest as you, mister, thought you would get him hold of me when the man pulled up. I'll have him, yet; I am old enough to take my oath in court. Perhaps you will help me, stranger, I thought you was mad with Old Donnelly when you was talking with him."

"Well, my boy, what is your name?"

"Dennis O'Flaherty."

"Can you tell me whether Donnelly has many visitors?"

"Not many, there's one old un comes pretty often."

"Bent and wrinkled, with sharp eyes?"

"He's the one."

"Well, you go back, and if he goes there, or any other one, listen as well as you have to-day, and I will pay you for your time."

The boy protested that he would sooner have help to pay Old Donnelly, than money, but the money would help his mother, and so he went off, Dr. Sanderson having given him his address.

Nothing could be made out of Donnelly, Dr. Sanderson said. He and his wife both vowed they were but poor people, beggars almost, and that it was hard to be accused of ill-treating a poor boy they had taken from the hospital when its parents died, and had brought up as they would their own, though it was but poorly. They would own to no knowledge of Mrs. Barckmann. They were willing that any one should take the child, they would be glad to be rid of the ungrateful imp.

I left the carriage at my door, and as the doctor drove away he promised to see me on the morrow, when perhaps we should have heard from our little spy, Dennis O'Flaherty. There seemed little hope of arriving at any satisfactory result. The manuscript upon which we had depended for information concerning Maria's friends had been purloined, if it had ever existed except in the fancy of a poor maniac. There was quite a probability that Mrs. Barckmann and Donnelly would share the yearly stipend paid for the support of Maria and Jamie, while the one was cold in her grave, and the other cared for in my house.

I had passed an anxious night, and was startled by an early call from Dr. Sanderson. He had seen Dennis, who told him that Donnelly had been out the moment we had gone, that he went to No 10 — Street, and staid there a long while, but nobody had been at Donnelly's house during the day. Dr. Sanderson had related the circumstances of the case to a friend, an eminent lawyer, hoping that the parties could be forced to make statements concerning the reception of money for the support of Maria and Jamie; but

was told no legal proceedings would avail anything.

"What more can we do, Mrs. Grey?"

"It looks rather dark; but we must do something. I cannot bear the idea of such dishonesty going unpunished."

"We might advertise, and possibly stop the remittances, if we gain no trace of the connection."

"If we could do that I should be satisfied, for if we find friends they might wish to take Jamie from me, and I am getting really attached to him."

"What papers shall we insert it in?"

"Give it as wide a circulation as possible."

We parted, and two days after, my morning paper contained the following paragraph:

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—A maniac, named Maria, died at the house of a lady in this city, declaring that funds had been sent yearly by friends for her support, and that of her child Jamie, born in 18—, which funds have been appropriated to other uses, and said Maria and child have been left to the charity of strangers. Any person having sent money to this city for such purpose, will do well to communicate with Dr. Samuel J. Sanderson before making further remittances."

Papers were requested to copy, and a month having passed with no response, the paragraph was re-inserted. A few days only after the second insertion, Dr. Sanderson called late at night, and with some agitation of manner, told me that he had received a note, without any signature, wishing him to call at the Albion Hotel the next morning, concerning an advertisement that had lately appeared in his name.

"Will you accompany me, Mrs. Grey?"

"If it is necessary, I will; but would rather not go."

"I think you had better go; I do not know in what spirit I may meet the writer of the note, and then 'two heads are better than one—'"

"If one is a woman's," said I.

"Then you will go?"

"Yes; I will be ready at ten o'clock."

At half past ten, we sat in a small but comfortable private parlor of the Albion Hotel, waiting to see the occupant of Room 106, according to the directions given in the note. In a few moments there entered from a sleeping-room adjoining, a man of about thirty-five years of age, medium size, pale, with noble head, features and carriage, the entire person bearing the marks of sorrow. There was a quick, anxious glance at my companion, then one of almost disappointment as his eye rested upon myself. With perfect breeding, he bowed to each, and paused

Dr. Sanderson rose, handed him the note he had received, saying :

"I am come in answer to this note; do I address the writer?"

"You do, sir; but, pardon, madam, I hoped, sir, you would have come alone."

"I thought best not; in fact I could not, as I have only acted as the agent of this lady in the business of which we would speak."

"Is this then the lady whose charity moved her to take the forsaken, the outcast under her roof?"

"It is."

"Will you, sir, or you, madam, tell me what you know of these unfortunate ones?"

I recounted the story. The fixed eye of the stranger was upon me during the whole. At the mention of Mrs. Barckmann's name, he passed his hand across his brow as if he would recollect something standing indistinctly in his memory. His brow would gather in a frown or soften in pity as I went on. When speaking of the box, he wished a description of it; but it seemed to afford no satisfaction. I mentioned several articles which were contained in it, among them the gentleman's worn glove.

"What was the color; was it kid, and buttoned with a gold stud?"

"It was kid, a dark brown, and had evidently been fastened with a stud, though there was none in it when I saw it."

"Have you the glove?"

"Yes, here it is." And drawing from my reticule a small paper package, I handed it to him.

He seized it eagerly, unfolded it, saying, the moment his glance rested upon it, "The same!" Then to my surprise, he drew from a pocket in the inner side of his vest, a little morocco bag, and from it the mate to the glove, and spreading them out side by side on the table by which he sat, he seemed lost in thought.

We sat in silence some minutes, when the stranger spoke as follows:

"I do not know as you will give credence to the story of a stranger; but what I have to say is of such a nature that no one would be likely to doubt it. I will be as brief as possible; but even then, fear I shall trespass too long upon your time."

Being assured that our business was to attend to him, he proceeded.

"Maria, who died at your house, Mrs. Grey, was once my affianced bride. She was the daughter of a small trader, in Glasgow, Scotland. My family stood above hers in social position; my father having been a lawyer of some

note, and having held for many years an honorable office under the crown. All were proud but myself. I was entirely democratic in principle and conduct when I returned from the university. I must also add that my principles were not firm, and my conduct not better than my principles. This never troubled my family; but my constant association with 'vulgar people,' as they termed all beneath them in the social scale, soon led to high words, and coolness succeeded, so that I scarcely was a member of the family during several years. I must say in justice to myself and my chosen friends, that I found more moral principle, greater worth and reliability of character among them than in the higher circle in which I had formerly moved. Among these friends was John Radkin, to whom I was much attracted by his earnest and strong love of liberty, his earnest endeavors to carry out his principles into life. At length I was invited to pass an evening at his house, for the purpose of discussing our favorite topics. We had sat more than an hour, when a young girl came in, and in a low tone gave a message to Radkin. She was not beautiful, as many reckon beauty, but there was in her face and figure an air of such freshness and purity, that my attention was riveted to her face. Once and once only her glance rested upon the stranger by her father's side. Again and again I passed an evening with my friend, and soon it came about that I was admitted to the family sitting-room, and conversation took a more general turn. Maria was as innocent, as pure and unsophisticated as she had seemed to me on that first evening. Her doting parents had spared no pains in educating her, so that with the exception of a few showy accomplishments, she was the equal of my sisters, or any of their associates. I loved her. I asked her hand in marriage. Her father would grant his consent on no other terms than that my father would sanction our union. He would not be the cause, nor have his daughter the cause of a rupture in any man's family. He knew I would not look down upon any of them; he would not have my family do it. My father forbade me ever to see 'the girl,' as he called her, again. He would disinherit me if I did. I wished no support; his consent to receive and treat Maria as a daughter, was all. I had a path marked out for myself, which would build up in time a name and fortune. He was immovable; and despairing, I returned to Radkin and Maria. I begged again for my bride; I would cut myself off from my family, never would see them more; but the stout will would not yield. Would that I might blot out the year succeeding that of

which I speak. She is forgiven, and at rest; the time will come for me too. We were secretly betrothed, and though Radkin told me in a frank, manly way, that he should be glad to see me at his little counting-room, I must come to his house no more. We met a few times only, during the six months following. God forgive me that my love was impure and selfish—Maria would in a few months become a mother. I was quietly making preparations for marriage, when one day her father came to me in a just fury, and branded me by many a foul but well-deserved epithet, and finished by demanding that his daughter should be returned to his roof, dishonored though she was. I knew not but that she was there. How sharp the pang that pierced my heart I can scarcely now endure to recall. Mr. Radkin was at last convinced that my intentions were as I had stated, and together we sought the lost one; for Maria had been absent from home two days, and then for the first time Mrs. Radkin had disclosed her fears to her husband. We sought in vain; no trace of her could be found. Months rolled on; Mr. Radkin was a broken-hearted man, and soon the grave closed over him; nor was his wife left to mourn him long. My family seemed inclined to win me back to them, when they found that nothing more could be heard of Maria. Their efforts were useless. I lived much alone, having procured a situation as copying-clerk in a large counting-room. I will not fatigue you by rehearsing the mental changes that came over me; but remorse and sorrow have never departed from me from then till now. Five years of bitter waiting, searching, hoping and disappointment rolled on. I was suddenly summoned to the bedside of my dying father, who then told me that he, and he alone, had taken Maria from me; that from the time I had spoken of our marriage he had kept spies upon us; that when he saw marriage was determined upon, he had taken Maria and sent her to America, under pretence that the order was from me, and that I would join her on shipboard. Then he told me that soon after giving birth to a child that had proved to be idiotic, Maria had become insane, and would never be cured. He had sent yearly to Mr. Handley, two hundred dollars, and hoped I would continue to do the same. And so he died, admonishing me to marry, and forget that early passion. How my heart shuddered: Maria insane, our child an idiot. I never doubted my father's word; I do not now; a part of the story was true. This Mrs. Barckmann, or Mr. Handley, whoever it may be that has received this money, must have deceived him. I had at last

determined to come to America, and at least be near my victims, for I could call them nothing else. In the first paper I glanced at after my arrival, your advertisement met my eye. Now, my kind friends, will you let me see my boy, before we take any other steps?"

During this recital, the stranger had walked up and down the room; now fast, now slow, with his eyes generally fixed intently upon the carpet. But a strong shudder now and then shook his attenuated form, and an occasional glance at his auditors, or upward, revealed much of the struggle which he had passed through. Dr. Sanderson replied:

"I do not doubt your story, sir. Your look and manner convince me you have told us the whole truth, not sparing yourself, not uselessly criminating others; but you will own, sir, that Mrs. Grey's wishes ought to have some weight with regard to this boy."

"Certainly, Dr. Sanderson, and I hardly feel competent to say what my own wishes are at present, only that I would see the child."

"Then, sir, if you will take a seat in my carriage, we will drive to Mrs. Grey's at once."

The distance was soon passed, and in silence. As we entered the drawing-room, Jamie started up from a book of prints he had amused himself with, and seeing a stranger, slunk back to escape observation.

"Jamie," said L.

The stranger started. "It is my own name. Call him Jamie Colgate."

I repeated the call. "Jamie, come to me; I wish you to speak with Mr. Colgate." I was obeyed, but reluctantly, for Jamie had not yet learned to meet strangers without fear. I placed his hand in his father's, saying, "This is your father, Jamie; he has come to see you."

"I don't want any father; I want to stay with you. Fathers aint so good as you."

"Jamie, I will be good to you, but I will not take you from Mrs. Grey, if she wishes to have you stay."

Since that day many years have passed. Jamie Colgate has become Mr. James Colgate, merchant; but he has not left Mrs. Grey, and now he is about to bring a bride under the family roof, that our circle may be complete, he says.

Now as I finish writing this little sketch, a gray head looks up from a book on the opposite side of the table, and remarks:

"How this November wind whistles; I think we shall have snow before morning."

It is Jamie's father; more content, he says,

than he ever hoped to be; but the sad eye, fixed for hours upon the glowing coal of a winter's night, or upon the quiet stars in summer, tell of remorse and sorrow still.

Would any reader care to know the fate of Mrs. Barckmann, I do not know it. Mr. Colgate and Dr. Sanderson once visited her, when the former recognized her as a woman who had formerly served in his father's family. Filled with consternation at beholding Mr. Colgate, she confessed, that on the death of her former husband, Mr. Handley, she had married her servant, because he knew some things she would not have repeated, and that together they had laid and carried out the plan of passing off Maria's child for an idiot, and then of taking the money paid for their support, themselves, except a trifle which they paid Donnelly on Jamie's account. She came over, she said, with Maria, who gradually came to believe the story they told her of her lover's faithlessness, and that they would take care of her.

With the words, "Pray God that he forgive you, as I will that he may forgive us all," Mr. Colgate left her; nor would he listen to Dr. Sanderson's oft repeated wish to make her disgorge her ill-gotten gains. "Leave her to God and her conscience," was his constant reply.

THE WAY TO DO BUSINESS.

It is seldom in the busiest seasons and in the most prosperous times that our retail merchants are more crowded with customers. Those men who have taken pains to inform the public that they have goods to sell, and will sell them cheap for cash, are driving a brisk business. Many of this class of merchants are selling more goods than at the same time last year. If ever the fact was demonstrated beyond peradventure, that extensive advertising is a paying investment, it has been during the past few weeks in this city. The evidence is conclusive that thousands of dollars worth of goods have been sold for cash as the result of advertising; where without it, the sales would have been a few hundreds. We merely state this as a fact, which ought to be fully realized by every business man.—*Hartford Courant*.

RENEW THE FALLING FRUIT TREES.

Some have died of age, after long and fruitful lives, trees planted by your predecessors upon the farm. You have enjoyed the fruit of their labors, and it is meet that you should plant for others, even if you never see their fruit. Some trees of your own planting are already dead. It is not strange that every planting is not a success. All crops fail sometimes, and the fruit-grower must have his share of failures. Trees well planted are much more likely to live than to die. Plant pears and apples next spring from the best nursery near you, and let your children bless you.—*Exchange*.

WILD-PIGEON SHOOTING IN SUSSEX.

BY MARY W. JANVEIN.

"WHERE, now, 'Launce?' exclaimed Dick Tudor to a handsome, aristocratic-looking young gentleman who had presented himself—booted, cloaked, in short, *en costume* for a journey—at the door of the apartment where the speaker sat lounging over a fashionably late breakfast. "Not going to leave London, I hope?"

"Yes—deuce take me—I'm tired to death!" drawled Launcelot Templeton, Bart., snapping his riding-whip till his leader in the light brougham before the door reared and plunged. "Bored with this noisy, Babelish London! So I told Bob to pack my valise, and I'm off for Fairfax Manor and the Sussex woods, where the wild pigeons are as thick as bees in summer—so the old squire writes me. Better come down home and spent a fortnight with me, Dick, after the shooting season fairly sets in! Let alone the shooting, it's quiet and cool there; and with a volume of Shelley, and under the old trees, we can manage more comfortably than in this whirling city. I'm sick of it, Dick! No bother there, at the squire's quiet manor house, what with finding a dozen cards of invitation on your table on a morning to select from; nor running the risk of whisking your head off with bowing to My Lady So-and-so, and the Countess This-and-that, at their evening routs. Come, promise me you'll join me, Dick!"

"Bless you, my dear fellow, what would the charming Lady Flora Hyacinth do for lack of my most dutiful devoirs at Almaack's? I am her engaged *escort du bal* there to-night. So you see, Launce, the thing's quite impossible, at present." And elegant Dick Tudor dangled the tassel of his smoking-cap between his very white fingers. "Couldn't get off for a month, 'pon honor! Queer—what started you so sudden? Time enough, in midsummer, to bury yourself down there in the woods of Sussex. Besides, I fancied that doing execution with Cupid's missives was rather more congenial to your tastes than shooting wild pigeons, Launce. If the fair Lady Elizabeth Dutton inquires for your baronetship to-night, at Almaack's, what reply shall I make?"

"O, bother the women!" exclaimed the young gentleman at the door, in language certainly far removed from the classical; "that is, deuce take it!" And a red flush dyed his brow, while a sudden curve contracted his lip. "I do not think the Lady Elizabeth Dutton will spare a thought, or query, for me. If so, please make answer that I'm in Sussex, shooting wild pigeons

—while she, I fancy, is seeking to ensnare *higher* game! But good-by—*au revoir*, Dick!” And with a sarcastic laugh, Launcelot departed.

“Hey, pet! That boy, Launcelot, will be here ere the evening chimes ring.” And old Squire Fairfax laid his hand on a white, plump shoulder covered with dainty India muslin.

A slight, *petite* figure moved nearer the old squire where they stood, on the broad oaken threshold of Fairfax Manor House, in the twilight; and a dark-eyed, crimson-cheeked face, framed in a cloud of short, gipsyish, raven curls, was upturned to the old gentleman’s ruddy one.

“You remember him—hey, pet?—the tall boy whom you used to play with through these rooms and this garden, years ago, in your childhood? Launce was a good boy, Lu!”

“I remember him for a very *cross* one!” pouted willful Lulu Lyle, flinging back her curls and pursing up her rose-bud lips. Yes, he was *thy* especial torment, Uncle John; always teasing my kitten, ridiculing my doll-babies, and frightening my poor *ayah* with his dreadful faces. I remember well that he did not like little girls, and I fancy he will not be better pleased with large ones!” And Lulu Lyle shrugged her fair shoulders and drew up her fairy-like figure with a comical assumption of dignity. “However, I shall just keep on in my own pursuits, and not trouble this young gentleman at all.”

“Hey, pet! all nonsense, every bit of it! If the boy don’t fall in love with a pair of black eyes before he’s been here a week, why I’ll—but ho, there! Robert! Thomas! William! all of you!” And the old squire’s stentorian shout brought a half-dozen serving men from the long panelled hall. “Here, don’t you see that cloud of white dust down the highway? Set wide the gate! ’Tis young Mr. Launcelot coming back to Fairfax Manor House! Give him a true English welcome, boys!”

And long before Launcelot Templeton’s fast span whirled the light brougham up the courtyard, while Lady Fairfax, in her best silk and cap, stood beside Lulu Lyle in the doorway, and a crowd of servants gathered about the broad steps, a loud and ringing shout of welcome, echoed back from the carriage where a velvet travelling cap was waved to and fro, rent the air.

Lulu Lyle first opened her dark eyes under Indian skies. Her mother was a daughter of that tropic land; and her father was the younger and only brother of Lady Fairfax, Cornet Ernest Lyle, early created an officer in the English army

stationed in India. But the mother died early; and during a furlough home in the little Lulu’s fourth year, the father bore thither his motherless babe to place her under his sister’s fostering care. Here, at Fairfax Manor House, attended by her faithful *ayah*, the child forgot her separation from “papa;” and, till nearly her seventh year, she lisped broken English, played with her doll-babies, and had quarrels innumerable with the high-tempered Launcelot Templeton, her uncle’s ward, a boy of twelve, and heir to Templeton Grange in Lincolnshire and a baronetcy in prospective.

Fairfax Manor House would have been dull, without the children’s voices, for the squire was a hale, hearty, but quiet country gentleman “all of ye olden time,” content with his pipe, a game of chess or piquet with the curate, after dinner; and Lady Fairfax, though in her younger days a belle and beauty, had relapsed into a staid, portly, middle-aged matron, who regarded the squire as her “liege lord” in the fullest sense of the word, cherished a strong affection for “brother Ernest” and his motherless child, and was the almoner to all the poor in the precincts of Fairfax Manor.

Hence was it that the two children in their charge did much to enliven the solitary country mansion; and when in little Lulu’s seventh year, Cornet Lyle, again in England on a furlough, took a high-bred English wife, and came with an English governess to recall his daughter to his arms, it was very hard to give her up; and still further, when the young Launcelot had got quite beyond his village tutors and the country curate’s Latin grammar, and was pronounced ready to be entered at Oxford. Then the good old squire went about, the personification of despair, that both his “children” must be thus taken from him.

But so it was. Lulu went, in a great white-winged ship, over seas—and the song of the bulbul made sweet music to her childhood’s ears, despite her memories of the thrushes, linnets, and the stock-doves in her English home; and the boy Launcelot went to his university studies, expressing a vast deal of affection for Fairfax Manor, but still greater joy that he had got quite beyond the days when he conned Latin verbs under the eye of his tutor, held Lady Fairfax’s silk-winder, or stooped to “make faces” to frighten a poor Indian *ayah* and her young mistress. Besides, Dick Tudor, the son of a neighboring wealthy country gentleman, was ready to be entered at the university; and Dick and Launcelot had always been great friends, and it would be so pleasant to go together! So trunks

were packed—in one corner the old squire laid a well-filled purse, Lady Fairfax placed a red-covered Bible, and the cook Margery brought a rich plum-cake, in a snowy napkin, that “young Mr. Launcelot” might not quite forget *her*—and the same month that saw Lulu Lyle on the blue waters nearing her East Indian home, also saw Launcelot Templeton entered at Oxford.

Ten years went by, during which, save at occasional vacations, Launcelot had not spent two consecutive months at Fairfax Manor. He had taken his degree, won university honors, and then, instead of further application to his studies, joined himself with Dick Tudor and dashed headlong into the gaieties of a London season. Lady Fairfax fretted immensely; but the old squire only “pho’d” the matter with:

“Nonsense, Eleanor! It won’t hurt the lad to see a little of life. He’s got too much of old Sir Hugh Templeton’s strong good sense, to turn out badly.”

Thus the winter passed; then followed a summer spent at Bath, Brighton, and all the fashionable watering-places; and another winter had become merged into spring, during which Launcelot Templeton, Bart., and the young lord Richard Tudor clubbed, smoked, supped, and drove their teams together, were seen nightly in the *salons* of the exclusive, dangle attendance to fair ladies, flirted, and were victimized in their turns by sundry pairs of blue English eyes. And now, while the volatile Dick is busy with his latest love-affair, behold Launcelot Templeton, wearied, disgusted, “bored to death” with London life, longing once more for the quiet of his boyhood home—tendering to his friend the excuse that “shooting wild pigeons” called him home to Sussex.

Meantime, Fairfax Manor House had received another occupant. The cessation of difficulties with India cancelled Cornet Lyle’s foreign appointment; the officer came back to England, yellow, jaundiced, and disabled, with the promise of an annual stipend from government. But the half pay of the disabled officer was of scarcely gutta-percha facility to find the wherewithal of “food and raiment” for the whole squadron of little Lyles that had quartered themselves upon him in India; hence, when they set foot upon English soil, the provident mama, with an eye to the comfort of her *own* darlings, very gently hinted to the cornet that her oldest “darling’s” paternal aunt was very wealthy and childless; and it was with no small sorrow that, when a letter came from good old Squire Fairfax—who, during the arrival of “Cornet Ernest Lyle and

family” in the Times, sent off post-haste for the loan of “his little Lulu”—it was with no small sorrow that Lulu was sent off to Sussex, instead of the step-mother’s *own* daughter, in answer to the old gentleman’s request. But the squire himself had made the decision; they could not gainsay it. So the dusky-eyed, crimson-lipped Lulu parted from “papa” with a heart full of sorrow; and, with a great share of love for her girlish home, and a very vivid memory of her girlish tormentor, “that ugly, frightful Launce,” was installed in the hearts of her aunt and uncle, and all the retainers of Fairfax Manor House.

Reader mine, I doubt very much if a whole volume of “Peterson” would contain the half of the doings and sayings, whims and caprices, of lazy, idle, good-for-nothing Launcelot Templeton, those four long weeks he lounged at Fairfax Manor; consequently, this good pen will not be expected to record them.

What mattered it to him that, of early mornings, the larks wheeled and flashed past his window, and then soared away on their long joyous flight? Not the larks of all England, warbling their *operas* together, could have enticed him out of doors, and into the gardens where dark-eyed Lulu Lyle picked fair English violets, stooped over the pale crocus, culled the fragrant mignonne, or broke forth into trills and carols more musical than the birds.

Not even her mocking laugh of defiance, as she sprang lightly into her saddle and scoured the wide, breezy moorlands, could tempt him into a race. “Did Miss Lyle suppose *he* wanted to get his death cold, with riding those foggy, misty mornings, over the damp, open country?” “It was a novelty to her; but she would get wearied of it by-and-by. The English climate would begin to tell upon her; she had better stay within doors!” Most wise, sapient Launcelot!

And why, indeed, after his late breakfast—when he nibbled hot rolls and sipped a cup of coffee, while Lulu had eaten steak and ham and eggs with her uncle full three hours before—why, indeed, then, should he go out to practise shooting at a mark all the forenoon, if Lulu Lyle *did* banter him to it, and the crack, crack, of her little rifle was heard through Fairfax woods, in many directions, while he dozed over the volume of Shelley he had brought down with him? Why, indeed? No, he would not be bantered into bringing forth his pistols from the cases where they had lain undisturbed since he left London. He had come down to Fairfax Manor to rest; shooting was harder work than he had

anticipated. Besides, he was somewhat out of practice, and he didn't care for a spectator in his shooting forays—though he didn't believe that Miss Lyle, despite her boasts and brags of being "a sure shot," could bring down a bird upon the wing.

Moreover, with the memory of the elegant statuesque London belle, the Lady Elizabeth Dutton—though, by the way, said Lady Elizabeth, despite her evident delight at the attentions of the young baronet, had coolly and unceremoniously "cut" him for an earl—with the memory of that elegant, high-bred lady still fresh in his mind, how could the fastidious young Sir Launcelot endure the madcap freaks of a little black-eyed girl whose waist he could span with his two hands, who was not five feet in height, and with whom he had regaled himself by the unique entertainment of "making faces to her," when she was a mere baby—how could he endure her boasts of leaping a five-barred fence, with Thomas the groom as confirmer of her words, and also swallow her bravado to "practise at a mark?"

"Bah! Save me from an Amazon, a Di Vernon, a feminine 'shot'"—so he wrote his friend Dick Tudor. "There's a regular East Indian panther (minus the claws) down here at Fairfax Manor, Dick; or a spotted leopard, perhaps I should say—bright, beautiful, and always ready to spring. If you were to hear of Lulu Lyle, 'an East Indian beauty,' Dick, you would fall at once to dreaming of ottar of roses—*Cashmere* roses, too!—bulbuls, nightingales, and moonlight; but, heaven forefend us! it is a little fury in disguise. Pity me, good Dick, that I live under the same roof with the formidable creature! As soon as I can get away silyly, I'll slip off to London; then you and I had best try the waters at Bath. I've had enough of quiet country life, with this little bright-eyed leopard springing in and out all corners of the old mansion house. How fares the Lady Flora? and 'how speeds the wooing?' *Au revoir*, till you shake by the hand

"Your quondam chum, LAUNCE."

So wrote Launcelot Templeton, Bart., and turned from sealing his letter, where he sat by the window overlooking the court, to behold Lulu's *petite* form bounding along the shrubbery in pursuit of some object, and then to hear her gay laugh ring out on the air.

"Come down here, boy! come down!" sang out the old squire, holding his sides with laughter. "The witch's chasing a little white pig that she mistakes for a rabbit!"

"A white pig! O, shocking!" And Launcelot Templeton, Bart., turned away in dignity.

But all that day there flitted before his mental vision a fairy-like, flying figure, with crimson cheeks and dancing curls; and a ringing laugh echoed through his brain. What a pity that Launcelot was the victim of his "dignity!"

And Dick Tudor tossed his friend's letter to the table with:

"Hang it, what a fool Launce is, to talk of coming back to this noisy, babbling, hollow-hearted London! Not know when to let well enough alone! Down there in the cool, splendid woods of Sussex—nothing to do but shoot, hunt, and make love to East Indian beauties! Deuce take me, if I stay here any longer to be a pendant to Lady Flora Hyacinth! in other words a dangler! I'm almost petrified now—frozen into an icicle, with her my-ladyish airs and frigidity. I'll pack up, next week, and go to join Launce in Sussex!"

"Hallo, there! Launce, come out here quickly—I saw a great flock of wild fowl sailing directly over Crow's Nest-Hill! Ho, Thomas! take care of Sultan; but first bring me my rifle! And hurry down here, Launce, with your pistols!"

And little Lulu Lyle threw herself from her horse, where she had galloped up to the manor house door on a bright summer morning, and, taking her rifle from the groom, gathering up the skirts of her riding-dress, ran lightly down the path leading from the court-yard, through the meadow, to a clump of rocks in the rear of the mansion.

And Launcelot Templeton, for once roused from his dreams over Shelley at the window, took down his brace of pistols, slung on a light hunting-cap, and, with two or three bounds that quite astonished Thomas, reached the foot of the broad oaken staircase and followed Lulu heartily.

"She is handsome, by Jove!" muttered Launcelot to himself, his eyes fastened upon her, as she hurried on before him, turning roguishly, every now and then, and pointing to the great flock of wild fowl darkening the air in the direction of the forest. "If she weren't such an Amazon, and didn't shoot, or laugh so loud, or call me 'Launce!'" he murmured. And straightway, keeping in the rear of his guide, Launcelot Templeton fell into a most inexplicable fit of musing.

"Come hasten, Sir Dawdler! Don't you see? there they are! I declare, I never *did* see such a lazy body as you are, Launce Templeton!" exclaimed Lulu, in a rapid undertone, as he

gained her side at the edge of the wood under whose cover she might take aim when the birds came within range of her shot. "Here, Launce, give me one of your pistols! What! I declare, *not capped!* O, you're a brave marksman, Sir Launcelot! Look out! you're a dead man!" And a suppressed laugh rippled out on the air, as Launcelot started back when she aimed the weapon full at his breast. "Don't be afraid! Poor boy! he shouldn't be hurt. But hush! hist!" And stepping forth a little, bringing up her rifle to her eye, with a sure aim and a loud "crack, crack!" a brace of birds came fluttering down among the shrubbery. "Pick them up, Launce!" she whispered, re-loading rapidly and firing again ere the flock went screaming beyond her aim; then, turning to where Launcelot stood with the brace of wounded birds in his hands, she said, sarcastically: "O, don't touch 'em! I beg pardon, good Sir Launcelot! They bleed; they may stain your delicate white hands! Let me take them!" And she leaned her rifle against a tree and advanced towards him.

"Lulu Lyle!" And the brace of birds were flung far away into the green shrubbery, and a voice sterner, louder, than any that little wilful East Indian had heard on English soil, caused her heart to flutter strangely, and her eyes to droop beneath the two angry ones that flashed down into her own, as a trembling hand closed tightly about her arm. "Lulu Lyle, do you take me for a boy—a child—to humor all your whims and caprices?—to become the target for all your ridicule? Because I have shown no symptoms of restiveness under your sway up there in Fairfax House—because I have treated you very cavalierly, and idled away my time rather than join you in your madcap, unladylike freaks, until now you enticed me here, you now, in turn, laugh at, ridicule, taunt me! By—(but the wicked word which trembled on Launcelot Templeton's lips shaped itself into a heroic one)—by Jove! I will not be treated so by *any* woman, much less by *you*—a mere atom, a will-o'-the-wisp, a fire-fly! You shall not presume on your boasted bravery, your sex, or your beauty—for hang me, Lulu Lyle, you are beautiful as a houri, and I know it, and you know that I know it, too! Yet you shall not triumph over me so! I will not—but ah! what is it? what have I done? Pardon me, Miss Lyle! I was mad. You are weeping! O, I am a brute! I have been harsh, ungentlemanly—I know not what I said! But forgive me! look up, sweet Lulu Lyle—*dear* Lulu—and tell me if I am forgiven!"

Now, reader mine, I'm sure that I don't know

what followed; and would it not be best for you and I to let our own imaginations decide whether sweet Lulu Lyle spoke the edict of banishment, or of forgiveness? Judging from sundry facts which afterwards duly transpired, it may be presumed that the little East Indian beauty pronounced the latter, for very certain it is, that no more rifle-shots were heard in the Sussex woods that day, and the brace of wild fowl lay where they fell among the bushes; and two hours after, Lulu Lyle went to her room with flushed cheeks and eyes sparkling brighter than any eastern gem; and Launcelot Templeton, Bart., came forth from a long closeting with old Squire Fairfax looking very manly and self-possessed, with the light of an earnest purpose in his eyes, and a mien quite unlike that of the lazy idler of the morning; and straightway a letter, bearing for seal a baronet's crest, was forwarded to "Cornet Ernest Lyle of Her Majesty's Royal Service," at Brighton, where the invalid officer had sought lodgings; and another to "Lord Richard Tudor," which caused that young gentleman to countermand his orders just as he was leaving London—and still further, caused another exclamation when, three months afterward, a white-ribboned card, whose envelope bore the Templeton crest, informed him that "at nine o'clock, Thursday evening, Sir Launcelot and Lady Lulu Templeton would receive guests at their house, Grosvenor Square."

"Hum, hum!" muttered Dick, laying out a faultless pair of white kids. "*This comes of 'shooting wild pigeons in the woods of Sussex!'*"

BRING YOUR PUMPKIN WITH YOU.

We find the following in the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser: A gentleman from one of the lower counties of this State recently visited middle Georgia, and in the company of a party of ladies and gentlemen, gave a description of a "surprise party" in his county. He told them that there were but few, if any palatial homes in his vicinity, but instead, rude huts with oftentimes, dirt floors. In the middle of the room a basket of *gouber peas* were emptied, and *pumpkins* being substituted for chairs, they gathered around and participated in the banquet with all the gusto imaginable! But the following is the invitation to the "*gouber digging*" in — county, Ga., which the gentleman has received since his return home:

"The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited to attend a Pindar (or Gouber) Digging at Miss —, on the 9th of November. "P. S.—If convenient, bring your pumpkin with you."

LOVE.

Alas! the love of women! It is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown:—
And if 'tis lost, life has no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone.—BYRON.

THE INDIAN LOVER.

BY EDWARD S. ELAIS.

The night wind soft is sweeping by,
 As saddened visions fading;
 And like the tearful, mournful sigh,
 With perfumed incense laden,
 The zephyrs rise and slowly die;
 Yet waits he by the maiden.

He whispers not unto the maid,
 The stillness is unbroken;
 For love the soonest bath decayed,
 When words were but the token;
 The truest love that e'er was made,
 Was when no words were spoken.

THERESA DI MONTALDI.

BY EDGAR W. TURNBULL.

THE lofty cathedral of Santa Rosalia, in the fair city of Palermo, situated in the Val di Mazzara, was thronged with a crowd of devout worshippers celebrating the feast of St. Giuseppe. Apart from the crowd and alone, enveloped in a cloak, stood a man whose eyes seemed fixed on one object, and who among that throng seemed conscious of the presence of but one fair being. His countenance betrayed the emotions which filled his soul; and a close observer might have detected, in his calm, earnest gaze, the workings of a mind full of deep design and artifice. His figure was tall and commanding, and at a careless glance, one might have pronounced him handsome; but a closer one would have detected the deep, piercing expression of the eyes, and the smile which appeared subtle and insinuating as his manners. And yet this man, Sir Richard Harford, was called fascinating; and, indeed, there had been few women, whose hearts he had laid siege to, who had escaped his power—for his was the fascination of a serpent.

Blasé as he was, and satiated with the world, he had passed a month in Palermo without being able to find anything in which to indulge his thirst for novelty, until, in the church of Santa Rosalia, a face and a voice had roused his almost deadened senses. While he stood enraptured with the sight, the rich tones of the organ pealed forth, and then a voice of such sweetness, such purity, filled the cathedral, that every eye was turned on the fair chorister as she stood in her entrancing beauty and purity, unconscious, as it were, of aught save the presence of her Maker.

Theresa di Montaldi was acknowledged to be the most beautiful maiden in Palermo; or, indeed, one might have said in the whole fair island of Sicily. Hers was one of those faces which

make us "sigh even to have seen such," and ah! many a noble-hearted Palermitan had sighed in vain for the fair Theresa—she, who in her retired and secluded life, lived for, loved but one alone. But the ceremonies are over, and the crowd are leaving the cathedral. Theresa, drawing her veil closely around her, and accompanied by a duenna, with a light step quickly descends the steps of the church, and, all unconscious as she was of the observance of any one, there was one who, as she hastened on in her beauty and innocence, thinking only of the loved face that would greet her on her return, had marked her for his victim.

Theresa had been married but two months to Enrico di Montaldi, a noble youth, who loved her with all the unchanging fervor and devotion of a true Italian. Since their marriage, nothing had happened to mar their mutual happiness. Constantly in each other's society, they wished for no other; and their days passed in such uninterrupted felicity, that Theresa sometimes trembled in the fear that it could not last, believing such happiness was seldom the lot of mortals, and fearing that sooner or later the cloud must break upon them. But Enrico smiled her fears away; and as he reclined at her feet in their garden, the air heavy with the perfume of orange-blossoms, they gazed with silent rapture on each other, and as they gazed, forgot that they were mortals. But alas the day that she had returned with a joyous face and happy heart to Enrico! Why does he not come forth to meet her, as usual? Why does he leave her to seek him, as he sits unmoved in her presence, and gazes through the lattice out upon the street? And worst of all, why, when she approaches him with an anxious, inquiring look, does he frown upon her? During the year of their betrothal, the months of their marriage, this was the first time he had frowned on her. What could it mean? She approached him, and throwing her arms about his neck, begged of him to tell her all. He spoke not, but looked at her—a look which, had deceit or treachery lurked in that heart, would have turned her eyes into her very soul; but she stood calmly before him.

"Theresa!" he exclaimed, at last, "look out upon the strada. Think you that I do not see that tall figure who, since your entrance, has three times passed and re-passed our house? Think you I did not see him follow you from church? And more than this, by heaven, it is not the first time!"

As he finished these words, his voice faltered, and the anguish he felt, the struggle with his feelings, was painfully evident. And the pangs

of Theresa—who can describe them? As she stood there, in her beauty and angelic purity, what human being could have dared to distrust her? Alas, the dreaded cloud was gloomily dawning upon them which was to sever their dearest ties! Theresa looked out upon the strada, but betrayed no emotion; and, with a quivering lip and voice which told plainly the conflict she endured, she exclaimed:

"Santa Madre! has it come to this? O, that I should have lived to see this wretched day, when you, Enrico—you, who, orphan as I am, alone I cared for, lived for—believe me *conscious* of being followed daily from church by this man! No, Enrico, it shall not be! Know, then—I *swear* it—that I have just looked upon this man for the first time! But, since you have so soon lost your faith in me, it is better, far better, that we should part."

Enrico trembled. He was not prepared for this on the part of Theresa—deemed not that his gentle bride would resent his suspicions with such vehemence—and, in a moment, the sense of his injustice, the cruel wrong he had done her in suspecting her so quickly, for so light a cause for his suspicion, all rushed upon his mind, and, as she stood there, motionless in her queen-like beauty, he threw himself at her feet, and kissing her hand, begged her to forgive him. She bade him rise.

"No," he exclaimed, "here let me kneel at thy feet! Humiliated as I am, I feel too base to stand in thy presence."

She bent over him, imprinted a kiss upon his brow, and their sorrows were forgotten in a mutual embrace. The first cloud had darkened their happy home for a brief space, and sunshine had again dawned, only to give place to a still heavier one which was threatening them.

At the time our story commenced, the Revolution of 18— had just begun, when many a noble fellow was obliged to flee for safety to another country, or be put to death in his own. Enrico was at the head of a young band of republicans who had taken a prominent part in the rebellion, and now, to save himself, was obliged to fly from his home and Theresa, with scarcely a parting word or look. He sailed for England; and Theresa, half-bewildered with this sudden misfortune, was left in desolation, without hope of ever beholding him more. The sole chance of seeing him was by going to England herself, to seek him, and her whole soul was filled with this dream.

The scene now opens in London. Two years have passed, and Her Majesty's Theatre is filled

with an audience eagerly awaiting the lifting of the curtain. All London seems astir to hear the famous cantatrice, who, after charming thousands on the continent of Europe, was to make her first appearance in England in the opera of *La Juive*. United to a voice of marvellous power and sweetness, she possessed a face beautiful as an angel's, and a character "unspotted from the world." Her debut to-night in London was honored by the presence of royalty, and a great triumph was to crown her efforts. The theatre was thronged to its utmost, and every eye was lighted up with expectation of her entrance. Bursts of applause and admiration greeted her coming; exclamations of wonder and delight at her bewildering beauty, were heard on every side; and, as she stepped forward after her acknowledgment of this admiration, the transports subsided, a solemn stillness pervaded the house, and, as she poured forth her thrilling notes, their melting pathos seemed to touch each soul. Ah, that crowd entranced by her beauty! little did they dream, while gazing at that face, beaming with smiles and happiness, of the wretchedness and desolation of her heart; little did they dream, when the curtain had fallen and hidden her from their eyes, which would fain have gazed longer, that tears took the place of smiles, and that her hours of solitude were passed in grief! For the fair prima donna was no other than the once happy Theresa di Montaldi; and in that dark, tall figure, who stands with the same earnest gaze as when he first beheld her in the church of Santa Rosalia, we recognize the features of Sir Richard Harford.

After her husband's departure, Sir Richard had eagerly watched his opportunity—had waited till the first shock of grief had given place to a dull calm, and, with the adroit and subtle management of which he was the master, despite of her retired life, he succeeded, through a friend of Enrico's, in obtaining access to her society; and by feigning a deep interest in the fate of her husband, and by constantly talking to her of him, she felt *almost* an enjoyment in his society. Cunningly, step by step, did he endeavor to insinuate himself in her favor; attentive to every want or desire, he called up every allurements in his power to gain her heart. Never before had he seen a woman for whom he had struggled so hard to win, or one who had so long withstood his fascinations. Each day her desire to visit England increased, but her fortune was small, and would barely suffice for her support in a place like London; and, not willing to accept Sir Richard's bounty, he proposed she should study to be a prima donna, and, with such a

voice, she could soon render herself independent to visit any part of the globe where her husband might be. She recoiled at this proposal, though she felt it was her only hope; and, in time, Sir Richard had triumphed, and her consent was gained. With the aid of the best masters, for a year she studied for her profession, and became famous as we have seen her; but worn out with this false life, weary of admiration, of being flattered and fêted even by royalty, and despairing of ever beholding Enrico more, she wished to live again in retirement, which was better suited to her refined and delicate nature. Sir Richard had followed her to England, and, like the eagle bent on his prey, he was not yet weary of his pursuit.

After witnessing her success at the theatre, we will follow her to her home, where, after disrobing herself of her costly garments and her sparkling jewels, she assumed a plainer attire, sunk exhausted upon a chair, and burying her head in her hands, she wept. She is awakened from her reverie by a knock at the door, and ere she has risen to open it, Sir Richard is by her side, and breathing words of consolation in her ear; but his countenance looks troubled and dark, as if he were struggling with some evil emotion. He retires to a remote corner of the room, and sits with his eyes fixed on Theresa; then, suddenly rising and approaching her, he draws a paper from his pocket, and pointing to a marked paragraph, presents it to her; and then, resuming his former seat, calmly awaits the result. She looks inquiringly, bewilderingly at him, and then, carelessly glancing at the paper, her eyes are fixed on the marked paragraph.

"DIED—In New Orleans, on the 1st of June, 18—, Enrico di Montaldi, a native of Palermo, Sicily; obliged to flee his country during the late revolution, he had hardly arrived in a land of liberty, ere the fatal fever of the South had marked him for its victim."

The paper fell from her hands, and Theresa knew no more till she awoke and found herself lying upon a couch, and Sir Richard standing by her side.

"My God!" she exclaimed; "have I been dreaming?" as she started up and gazed wildly around her.

"Alas, it is no dream!" replied he; "your husband is indeed dead." And he turned aside with an exulting smile. "A friend of mine, just arrived from America, showed me this paper with regard to some affair of business, and I by accident discovered the fatal news."

From that day, Theresa quitted the stage. Of "all who courted, followed, sought or sued," not

one had learned her sad history. But Sir Richard was not yet discouraged; now, his hopes were at their zenith—and, although he dared not speak of love, he knew that sickness and poverty must sooner or later make her yield, for her health was wasting with the agonies and trials she had suffered, and since her retirement from her profession, her money had been fast expended, and, in a place like London, even the sum she had acquired, would soon be gone. Sir Richard lavished upon her every attention, and it was all done in so artful a manner, so delicately, that she could not fail to feel grateful.

"Ah, Sir Richard," she exclaimed to him one day, "I can never repay you for all this kindness; it grieves me to think of it."

"Theresa!" and he looked at her with those deep, subtle eyes; "there is but one way in which I would have you repay me, but I dare not breathe it to you."

She looked at him apparently perfectly unconscious of the tenor of his words, so full of meaning.

"How—what mean you, Sir Richard? Tell me, I pray thee."

"And must I tell thee? Theresa, if in return for a love which has consumed me, which has burned within me with ever-increasing ardor from the first moment I beheld thee, with which each thought, each act of my life has been governed—in return for this devotion, this love, say you will be mine, and I am repaid!"

He paused, intensely awaiting her reply.

"Sir Richard," she began, and she rose from her seat, "leave me! I will not, must not, listen to you. How dare you insult me with these mocking words?" And she had left the room ere Sir Richard had time to speak.

Evening was casting its shadows over the city of London; gas was quickly taking place of a sun which had shone brightly all day, and the busy throng were hurrying to and fro, some returning home after the labors of the day—the tradesman from his counter, the mechanic from his tools, the clerk from his ledgers, the seamstress from her needle—till the dawn of another busy day. A few dim candles were vainly striving to illuminate the altar of the Catholic cathedral in — Street. A dark, damp gloominess pervaded the building, and not a single human being had assembled to witness the ceremony of marriage which was to be performed there. Soon the doors are opened, and the bride and bridegroom stand before the altar. They are Sir Richard Harford and Theresa di Montaldi! With a heart in the grave of another, she has, to save herself from poverty and want,

consented to become the bride of Sir Richard. His deep designs of years are nearly consummated, and success has at last almost crowned his energies. Theresa, trembling with despair, stands before the altar; fain would she now, were it in her power, retract her promise and live a life of penury, could she never see Sir Richard more. But 'tis too late! his insidious snares have entrapped her, and she must meet her fate with an unflinching countenance.

But the priest has commenced the ceremony; his deep-toned and solemn voice makes Theresa tremble. She stands with her head cast down; but when the priest is about to join their hands, she looks up for the first time, and as her eyes meet his, she becomes deadly pale.

"*Enrico!*" she exclaims, and falls lifeless upon the marble pavement.

Sir Richard, the picture of guilt and despair, attempts to raise her.

"Villain, begone!" cries Enrico; "or I shall slay thee before the altar." And with his priestly robes thrown aside, he lifts her in his arms and bears her from the church to the carriage.

For two days she remains in a state of delirium, but gradually her consciousness is restored, and Enrico hears her sad history since he left her, learns the want and destitution which drove her to consent to wed Sir Richard, and beholds the paper containing his death, which was a base lie forged by Sir Richard's hand!

He had written to her again and again, but the letters had been intercepted, and he had believed her dead or that she had forgotten him. After wandering heart-broken in Scotland, he had but a few days before returned to London. There he learned from a friend the marriage which was to take place, and with his bosom swelling with rage and indignation, believing Theresa false and perfidious, he assumes the priest's robes and in this manner proves her heart.

Thus, after long years of separation and sorrow, they were united; and, happy as they had been during the few first months of their marriage, all the past was forgotten in the rapture of the present. But Montaldi's revenge must yet be satisfied; and the feeling that this man still lived, continually haunted him. He sent Sir Richard a challenge, and the next day was waited upon by a servant, who brought to him the news that Sir Richard was that morning found dead in his room. He had shot himself! and thus ended the fate of Sir Richard Harford.

The increase of wealth enlarges the desire of men to possess it. He who labors hard for his daily bread hath seldom such earnest desires for an addition to what he already has.

I LOVE THEE.

BY LENA LYLE.

A shell, all tinted with pearly pink,
Lay by a rivulet's swelling brink,
A lover saw it, and made it the link
To say to his dear one, *I love thee.*

A rosebud white, with its petals fair,
Threw out its fragrance upon the air,
A lover chanced to be wandering there,
Gazed in its cup, and read, *I love thee.*

A birdling young, cleft the ether blue,
With quivering wing it onward flew,
The lover watched the birdling too,
And it softly warbled, *I love thee.*

The lover smiled, and the lover sighed,
And then he sought the lady's side,
She blushing promised to be his bride,
And laughingly whispered, *I love thee.*

HEARTS TRANSFERRED.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

I HAVE but a simple story to tell you, gentle reader; but such as it is, you shall have it; and I think you will bear with me, because of my inexperience and awkwardness in writing stories.

It is of my eldest sister that I would tell you—my good, patient, loving Catherine—who took charge of us all when our dear mother died; and performed her part with more than a mother's devotion. She had done this for several years, when my father was lost in the terrible gale of December, 1839. Who does not remember that dreadful storm, when the whole coast was strewn with wrecks; when gallant ships that had out-ridden hurricane after hurricane, laid their precious burden of human life down deep in the sea, some to throw only a single mark upon the shore, and others to sink away into the boiling flood, without a vestige to tell of its loss?

Who does not remember that, in a single town, a mere village on the sea-coast, forty families were at once clothed in the mourning which charitable hands bought and made; while hundreds who were not thus reduced, were wearing the garb of woe for son, or brother, or husband, who lost their lives on that memorable night?

Of these last, was my father. We had indeed, the melancholy satisfaction denied to so many, of knowing that his remains were found and buried beside my mother; and then Catherine, and Alice, and I, sat down with our two young brothers, to consider what we should do without the guiding hand that had hitherto led us along with gentle care, and whose provident forethought had left us a home.

Yes, we had a home, a pleasant, comfortable home. Not in the heart of the great town, of which our little village was but a small part, nor yet among the poorest of the population, whose living depended solely upon the fisheries. My father had commanded large vessels, bound to rich ports, with valuable cargoes; and he had saved enough to build him a pleasant house on the slope of a hill which sheltered it completely from the rude north wind, and to lay out a fine garden which was open to the sunny south, and where our grapes ripened in the sun, and our flowers whispered to the breeze the alphabet of God's love, all day long, in the sweet summer.

Catherine was twenty years old, on the very day in which my father was lost—a sad and sorrowful birthday for her, poor child! Alice was eighteen, I—named after my mother, Mary—was fifteen, and the boys still younger. Of course, they had not yet completed their schooling; and could not be expected to add to the family store. We had our home, free and unincumbered, but we had little else, and after our mourning was purchased—without which, the simple villagers would have deemed us careless of our father's death—and the setting of a plain stone over his grave, we found ourselves with scarcely any resources.

In the spring Catherine thought we might find something to do, and she suggested several plans by which we might maintain ourselves, all of which we received from her as being perfectly infallible, and bound to succeed, choose which we would. But the present was Catherine's anxiety. Four or five months of cold or chilly weather—for even our springs on the sea-coast, are trying seasons—must be met, before our garden could be planted, or any of our schemes realized. It is so much easier planning for a long way ahead, than to meet present emergencies! We found it so, at least.

We had one treasure in our little brother Jack, the youngest of our group. He was just turned of ten—a bright, smart, sensible little fellow, with a most affectionate heart, and a mind altogether beyond his years, he was the beauty, too, of the family, next to Alice, who carried off the palm from all the rest; Catherine being simply good, without being handsome, and my own face being positively plain. Fred, who was next to me in age, with scarce a year between us, was so nearly like me in looks and stature, that we were always taken for twins.

We held important counsels, in which, although Catherine presided, each member of the family was allowed a voice; and when Jack suggested that the house was large enough for boarders,

and that we had better begin by taking the school-master, we were all struck with the proposition, and thought Jack the wisest of the party.

He had heard Mr. Delano say that he could not find a boarding-place, and Catherine now despatched him to tell the master that he might call and see the house. So in the course of a day or two, he accompanied Jack home, just as we were sitting down to tea. We were not ashamed to ask him to sit down to our table, for everything on it was the very perfection of neatness, although there were no luxuries there, except a dish of our nice preserved strawberries, and the rich cream which our good Brindle yielded us; for the blessing of a good cow was amongst our best treasures. Our linen was bleached on the snow, and ironed to the last polish of which it was capable; and the beautiful porcelain tea set, which father had brought from beyond the sea, and the old-fashioned, but brightly kept silver, added even elegance to our table, and gave a better relish to the plain bread and butter and tea, which were all we had to offer our guest, except the luxuries aforesaid.

Catherine showed him a room which he could have. It overlooked the broad sea, and the pretty islands which dotted the beautiful bay. It was furnished thoroughly, and the white curtains and quilt seemed to take his fancy mightily. He offered a fair compensation, a little beyond what we had thought of charging him, and wanted to take possession at once. In a week, we had our three remaining chambers occupied by boarders, one of them a physician, Dr. Calder, and the others retired sea captains, Mason and Hentz; the two last having wives and children.

We were greatly pleased at this addition to our family circle, especially the two ladies, for Catherine felt the want of companions who had more experience in the world than herself; and Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Hentz were lovely women.

We three sisters worked like bees all winter; and as we found when spring approached that our boarders were only too anxious to remain, we gave up all thoughts of any other occupations, and were rejoiced that we could thus profitably keep together. We worked hard all day, as I said; but the evening was our resting time and festival. Our winter parlor, opening to the south, and warmed by a good hard wood fire, was at once our dining-hall and sitting-room. Here were gathered the many curious things which our father had brought from sea, and our nicely kept best furniture, and here we enjoyed the evening hours together; occasionally assembling our lodgers, when we felt like having company.

Altogether I feared sometimes, young as I was, that we were too cheerful for our situation, and that we ought not to feel so happy. It was not long, however, that this continued. Fred, who was nearer in age to me than the others, and who was my chosen confidant in all secret matters, was taken violently ill. Dr. Calder watched over him with an unwearied care and generous self-sacrifice, which we could not too strongly appreciate, and Mr. Delano, whose best scholar Fred had always proved himself, devoted night after night to the sick boy.

A gleam of hope for his life was followed by the announcement from Dr. Calder, that he could not live many hours. We lingered round his dying bed, and he knew and kissed us all, then, with a look of ineffable love and peace, he clasped his hands and breathed out his life.

It was May when Fred left us, and all summer we were haunted by his dying voice and smile. All summer we carried the flowers which he had loved best, and laid them on his grave on the hillside. But in the midst of all this sorrow, we had one pleasant thought. Alice was beloved by Dr. Calder, whose care for Fred had endeared him to us all. Her fresh young beauty had not more fully pleased his eye, than her bright, cheerful disposition had charmed his heart. Already we looked upon him as a brother.

I had been gathering flowers one morning, for the sacred use to which I had already devoted so many, and threw them on the large table which stood in the back parlor, in order to arrange them. There were bright roses and pale heliotropes, and pure white camellias, and fresh, glossy green leaves, all wet with the night dews that the sun had not yet kissed away.

So intent was I upon my flowers, that I did not perceive Catherine, who sat in the corner of the shaded room. When I at length saw her, I saw, also, that she had been weeping. Some now calamity I feared had come upon us—but what could it be? Where was little Jack? was the first question that occurred to me; for since Fred's death, I had attached myself wholly to Jack, and we were seldom separated except when he was at school. Jack was safe, Catherine, said, but she burst into a new fit of weeping which, for one so habitually calm and serene, surprised me beyond measure.

"You will think I am making a fool of myself, Mary," she said, when the paroxysm subsided. "Don't ask me what it is," she continued, hastily, as she looked at my anxious and inquiring face. "It concerns none of you, believe me; and as I seldom have a trouble which does not, pray let me keep this to myself."

"But you must not keep it, dear sister," I said, as I caressed her pretty, shining hair, and kissed the tears from her cheek. "Let us share it with you. Nay, what would you think if Alice or myself concealed anything from you?"

I could make no impression upon her; and, as my flowers were dying, I set off for the little consecrated spot on the hillside. Some one had preceded me in this delicate offering to the dead, for Fred's grave was literally covered with beautiful flowers. I laid one splendid white rose among them, and then decked my father's and mother's resting-place with the rest.

When I returned, Catherine was absent from the breakfast table, and Alice was just taking its head. She said that Catherine had the headache, and had lain down. You will think me selfish when I say that in an hour, I had forgotten her tears, and the mystery that had accompanied them, but in that brief hour, I gained a knowledge which had never come to me before, and which even then, seemed strange and incomprehensible. I learned in that hour that I was dear to the heart of Herman Delano.

He had asked Catherine's permission the night before, to tell me this, and she had given it fully. It was so new to me, that I could only falter out a few words, in token that I would consider his proposal.

All day I was in a dream. Do not think me altogether foolish, dear reader. I was only sixteen that very week, and love, except that which diffused itself towards family and friends, had never been among my experiences. I could only wonder at the new comer which was knocking at my heart for entrance. I went down to tea, thankful that Mr. Delano had been called away to his distant home on the event of a sister's marriage, and would not return for several days. Catherine looked pale, with evident traces of tears on her sweet face; which she attributed to the pain she had suffered.

All that week Catherine seemed struggling with a hidden grief. She had never named to me Mr. Delano's conversation, which I thought strange and unaccountable, but which I could not talk of to her. When Mr. Delano returned, he pressed for my answer, for which even yet I was not prepared. Why I could not decide was more than I could tell. How I missed Fred! Jack, however, divined my secret before many days, and the little fellow's eyes sparkled at the thought of his master becoming his brother.

"But I do not think I like him sufficiently, Jack," I said.

The boy's eyes opened wide at the idea of any one not liking Herman Delano.

"Then I hope you'll let Catherine have him, for I know she likes him if you don't."

Here was a new phase of the matter, sure enough! I suddenly felt as if all the light would die out of my existence, if I did not marry Herman Delano. I could not believe any other fate would content me; and I felt anxious to tell him so at once. I even sent Jack to call him to me, and when he came, I accepted him unreservedly. He thanked me warmly, told me he had feared otherwise, as I had seemed so indifferent to him. We parted that night as lovers, and to him I delegated the task of informing the family, for I felt I could never tell Catherine, after my little brother's hint.

There was no reason why we should not be married immediately; for Herman had chosen his profession for life, and his income was fully equal to our modest wishes for a home. But we delayed, on some slight ground or other, until the autumn woods were putting on their glory. I had begun to love Herman as dearly as he could wish, and our autumn rambles, long and frequent, brought us into more intimate companionship than ever.

My marriage and that of Alice were now fixed to take place in the last of October; and we were both too busy with the bridal paraphernalia, to allow any anxiety about Catherine to excite more than a passing thought.

"She will get strong and well, when four of us are well off her hands," said Alice, in reply to something I said about her drooping figure. "She has had too large a family to take care of, but she will have rest when we are gone."

Strange, that Alice nor myself had never once thought of Catherine's making the bridal tour with us; although we had petitioned her several times to have Jack go, to which she at last consented. Everything was arranged, and no one seemed to think that Catherine was to be left for the first time at home, ministering to strangers, and we all off on a journey of pleasure.

Our arrangements were again delayed—a bad omen, some would say—and this time it was Catherine's illness that had caused the cessation from our preparations. She was taken ill in the room where Alice and myself had collected our bridal finery. She was sitting with my satin dress in her hand, and suddenly she put her other hand to her heart, and fell forward. We laid her on her own bed, and summoned Dr. Calder from his room. Before night she was in a high fever. Such revelations as she unconsciously made in those dreary nights in which Alice and I watched her ravings!

"Come to me, Herman!" she would exclaim,

"Mary does not love you! You were mine, long before you loved her."

It was sad to see her who was usually so calm, and collected, and patient, now so restless and disturbed—sadder still that I had been the unconscious cause of her sufferings.

I learned, beyond a doubt, that Herman had really been attached to Catherine, that she had returned that attachment with the whole strength of her earnest soul. My course then lay clear and plain before me. I laid the knowledge which I had obtained before Mr. Delano, and formally resigned the engagement. He was grieved at my statement, but owned its truth.

"I did love her, Mary," he said, deprecatingly, "and should always have done so, had you not grown into such beauty before my eyes. When I came here last January, you were a plain, shy child. A few months developed you into such strange beauty, that I could not resist your attractions. Poor Catherine!"

"And this poor, suffering sister, has been wearing out her young life, because, forsooth, her little Mary had grown more decent-looking than her homely childhood promised! I am ashamed of you, Herman, and she your first love, too! How dared you ask me to stand in the place of my sister? And she so good, so worthy of all love—so far beyond me in everything! Herman Delano, I will never forgive you, never speak to you again if you do not make my sister happy once more."

"You are a noble girl, Mary," he began, but I stopped him at once.

"No, I am not noble. Had I possessed a spark of nobleness, I should have tried to know what little Jack's hint meant about Catherine's liking you. I hate myself for the part I have taken, though all unconsciously, against my sister's peace. And now she will die—and you, Herman, and I, will be the means of her death."

"No, Mary, Catherine shall not die, if repentance on my part can save her."

"Then why do you not go instantly and tell her so?" I exclaimed passionately.

"Hush, Mary, you are too violent. Let me go alone to her; possibly all may yet be well."

"Alone! no, I must hear your renunciation of me, and your renewal of love to her."

"Then it will not be made," he answered coldly. "Catherine, after all, understands me better than you do, Mary, and I now believe that you and I could never be happy together. You do not love me?"

"True as a book, Mr. Delano. I would not marry you if you were the only man in the world. But why do you stand here, talking

about me, while she is, perhaps, dying? Go, I entreat you!"

He sighed heavily, but went to the door of Catherine's room. I called Alice out, and the two were alone for nearly half an hour. When Herman came down, he told me to go up to her. His countenance was very pale, but quite serene, like one who feels rightly within.

I went up to Catherine. She lay with clasped hands, like one at peace with all the world. The fever flush was yet on her cheek. A slight shadow came over her when she saw me; but I went up softly and kissed her, saying: "You have done me a great good, dear, by taking away this good-for-nothing man," for I saw that he had followed me up stairs, and I was determined to punish him.

"Complimentary!" he answered.

"Better than you deserve. I have a good mind to persuade Catherine to give you up now. It would be rendering poetic justice."

"You see, Catherine," he said, "that Mary makes no sacrifice, as you feared she would. She has never loved me."

"No—only for a little while at a time. I have had misgivings always, about you."

After all this, reader, it may astonish you to know that I am married, and still more perhaps, that my name is Delano. But do not think that I bought the name with my sister's happiness. I will tell you how it came about.

Herman and Catherine were married on the same night with Doctor Calder and Alice. Nothing was changed, except the bride—a rather important part of the ceremony, one would be apt to think. I officiated as bride's maid, without a sigh of regret. Catherine—pale, or flushed with fever, was present to my mind—and kept off effectually anything like that.

They wanted me to go on the bridal tour—but I preferred playing housekeeper, and Jack would not go without me. So I remained with the Masons and Hentzes, and we had a social time at home. The party returned, and both Doctor and Mr. Delano went to housekeeping. I visited Catherine freely, and called her husband "brother Herman." I do not believe he would have exchanged his wife for a dozen like myself. His preference of me had been a mere fancy, and had probably never touched his heart.

The following summer, his brother, Frank Delano, made him a visit. He was a man after my own heart, and from the first hour we met, a mutual feeling of love sprung up between us, which finally resulted in our marriage, and I am happy in possessing him whom I regard as the "flower of the family."

TO MY COUSIN.

BY THOMAS KING.

When day hath fled—mid darkness hid—
And all is hushed at rest,
When nature sleeps, and Sol has veiled
His light behind the west:

How sweet 'tis then to meditate
Upon our childhood's hours,
The days we used to consecrate
To happiness and flowers.

How oft we've wandered hand-in-hand,
Conversing with each other,
How then we seemed to understand
Feelings we could not smother.

And when the Sabbath day returned,
That day of rest and prayer,
To the little village church we turned,
And our praises offered there.

Those joyous days have passed away—
O would they still were here—
Life then was but one summer's day,
And we to each were dear.

The scene is now, alas, how changed!
Those happy days have fled—
The stern realities of life exchanged,
Since both of us are wed.

Yet let us not forget those days,
So fraught with every joy,
But unto God our voices raise—
United prayers employ.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

BY MARTIN L. LANGDON.

LAURA MANSFIELD sat alone in her chamber. Life had been very weary to her for some time past, for the simple reason that she had had nothing to do. She was not very fond of reading, plain sewing was her aversion, and she had exhausted all the last new stitches in embroidery. Her wax flowers stood in large vases down in the best parlor; flowers that always looked just alike, and buds that never opened or shut. Ottomans and tabourets were there also, whose embroidered lions always remained couchant, and whose tigers were always rampant. Dogs and cats never moved from their position, and the everlasting basket of wax fruit, which she had poisoned her lungs in manufacturing, held always the same unsatisfying morsels—Dead Sea apples—fair to the eye, but very hollow within, and mocking the lips that longed for them.

A tap at the door, and the dress-maker brought her a new dress. She languidly tossed it out of the paper, in which it was folded, and scarcely looked at it at all. A new dress was too common an affair with Laura to attract more than mo-

mentary notice. But as she turned from the bed where she had thrown her dress, the newspaper was still in her hand, and her eye was caught by the words, "Wanted, a Wife." She sat down to read the odd advertisement, the first of the sort that she had seen; and read as follows:

"WANTED, A WIFE!—A gentleman of good position in society, and a professional man, would like to become acquainted with a young lady, with the view to forming a matrimonial connection. She must be of good family, well educated, graceful and accomplished. Fortune is of no consequence, but she must be good-looking, amiable, and not over twenty-five. Address 'MANFRED,' United States Hotel."

Laura looked at the date, it was the advertisement of that very day. She sat poring over the paper, and comparing the requisitions with herself. "Of good family." The Mansfields had always moved in first rate circles, and the family name was unblemished. "Well educated." Did not Laura "finish" with Madame Le Borde, and was not Signor Vittelli her last music teacher? "Graceful." If she was not, Papanti must be blamed, for she had taken lessons of him for three years. "Amiable." She had never scolded the servants, to her recollection, and no one had ever found fault with her temper. She thought it would do. "Not over twenty-five." Laura was twenty, and would pass for eighteen anywhere.

Her mind was made up. Here was a new sensation, and she could not deny herself the pleasure of experiencing it. She would address "Manfred" at once. And if his requisitions in a wife were any type of his own qualities, "Manfred" must be worth while as an acquaintance merely, if she would not like him in the capacity which he proposed.

With the greatest secrecy she wrote an answer, went out and deposited it in the post-office herself. That day and the next went off very comfortably; expectation supplying all the stimulus she had been lacking for the last two or three weeks. The third morning brought a letter. She hastened to her room, trembling lest any one should discover her secret, and full of its importance to herself and another.

It was written in a bold, handsome hand; expressing great pleasure in her own description of herself and requesting an interview, at any time or place she might name. She wrote again, and stated her preference to maintain a correspondence only, for the present, and defer the interview until they had learned more of each other by writing. She was in no haste to see him, but was willing to answer his letters.

His next letter consented, although unwillingly, to this arrangement. For several weeks, therefore, scarcely a day passed, in which Laura did not receive some missive, expressive of attachment from the unknown Manfred. She answered all, but was extremely guarded in her replies. Finally he insisted strongly on an interview; and she was obliged to think seriously of finding a suitable place to meet him.

Up to this time she had not felt that the matter was very serious. She had thought that she could withdraw from the correspondence at any time, but she had become really interested in her unseen friend, and did not like to resign it. To see him at home was impossible. Her parents had always been very strict in regard to her making acquaintances. To meet him at any public place, or in the street, could not be thought of for a moment; it was repulsive to her ideas of delicacy. She was in despair, and almost resolved to give it up. While thus musing, a friend came flying into her room, quite unceremoniously. It was Mrs. Leslie, a young married lady, who kept up the intimacy which she had held with Laura Mansfield from a child.

Laura's first impulse was to confide in her friend, and ask her advice. Mrs. Leslie shook her head with the importance of a woman who, having been married a year or two, must, of course, be very dignified, and exercise superior judgment; but as Laura proceeded with the letters and her own answers, of which she had kept copies, her love for frolic was aroused, and she promised to aid her as much as possible, and offered her own house to receive "Manfred" at the first interview. This could be more securely done, as she was to remove on the following week, and Laura could appoint the meeting if she pleased, on the day previous to the removal.

With a trembling hand, Laura wrote the letter, appointing No. 40 Phillips Street as the place, and the ensuing Monday as the time. It was immediately answered, and the greatest satisfaction expressed in the arrangements.

"I do not think, Miss Burton (although that is not, of course, your real name), that you can find any fault with my position in society. I have a lucrative profession, am abundantly able to support a wife in good style; and when you learn my true name, you will be convinced of the entire respectability of my family. I await with impatience the time when you have allowed me to hope for a sight of your face, which, if it correspond to the mind which is discoverable through your letters, will be all I ask."

Circumstances seemed adverse to the meeting. Mrs. Mansfield had set Monday to call on some friends, and wished Laura to accompany her; and it required all Laura's ingenuity to devise a

plan to prevent her. At last, she got Mrs. Leslie to send for her to pass the day there, to assist her in some fancy work. Fancy work! it was fancy work enough, this transaction of Laura's! She excused herself to her mother, promised to go with her the next day to make calls, and set out for Fanny Leslie's house at eight in the morning, just as her friend was sitting down to breakfast.

"Delightful, Laura; just in season for this exquisite coffee. Nobody has such coffee as Nanny makes! See, she has hot milk, just like cream in it; and such toast! Come, love, take off your shawl, and sit right down here."

"I need it, Fannie, for I tremble like a leaf. I'm afraid I am doing wrong. Where's Charlie?"

"Gone out of town."

"I am glad of it. I could not have looked at him. I hope he suspects nothing."

"Nothing, dear; make yourself easy; it will be easy to get rid of the man if you don't like him."

"Yes, but I dread his meeting me afterwards, and recognizing me as 'Miss Burton.'"

"Nonsense. We will have the room so well shaded, that he shall not have a fair look at you. Besides, there is my plaid silk. Put that on, and as he will never see you in it again, that will be so much gained. You should not have worn that conspicuous-looking dress of yours to-day."

"I did not think. Just lend me a plain gingham. I should be loth to owe his liking to my gay dress. There is your pretty blue gingham, let me wear that."

"Well, perhaps it would be better. Go up stairs and I'll dress you. Ten is the hour, isn't it?"

They proceeded after breakfast to Fannie's room, where the blue gingham, with linen cuffs and collar, and the absence of all jewelry, added to the combing back of Laura's beautiful braids and curls, and confining all her hair in a knot behind, altered her completely. The nice fitting of the dress gave it an air of elegance even, and the simple arrangement of the hair proved, after all, more becoming than the other style.

They sat down in Fannie's little dressing-room, which was over the street door, and had also a bay window which commanded a view of all persons coming up or down the street.

Meantime, the gentleman who called himself "Manfred" was speeding along in the cars towards the town which contained the charming young lady, whose letters had given him so much pleasure. He was very thoughtful, but once in a while he smiled, as some thought seemed to flit over his mind. A friend, Walter Langdon, sat beside him, and to him he unburdened his full heart.

"I tremble like a girl, Walter. Really, I have enjoyed so much in Miss Burton's letters, that if I become disappointed in her when I meet her, it will affect me very seriously."

"I trust not, Horace, but pray tell me, as you promised, how you came to think of this wild scheme. Why, nothing under heaven would make me accept a wife who would answer an advertisement. And you, too, so singularly modest, and fastidious, too, in regard to a lady. I was surprised enough to find that Horace Gray would condescend to such a piece of absurdity."

"Talk on, Walter. I begin to think you are half right; but then I am determined to see the termination of this affair, which for weeks has completely filled my heart and brain."

"Foolish fellow! But go on, and reap the fruits of your silly scheme. I hope, however, that you will like her, if only to save you from committing a similar folly at another time."

"Well, Walter, I will tell you how this came about. You know that I returned from Europe with the reputation of being rich. This was not the case. I had nothing but my profession to trust to then; but the report brought around me all the managing mamas and eligible daughters in Clifton. When my poverty was really known, I was left alone. Not one of the butterflies remained. Now, that I have attained prosperity, I wish to share it with one who will like me for myself; and something in Miss Burton's letters tells me that she is above marrying for money."

"Well, here we are, at Burlington. Now, Horace, for No. 40 Phillips Street. Courage! *mon enfant!* I will await you at the hotel."

And they parted; Walter going towards the hotel, to enjoy his cigar and morning paper, and Horace, with a beating heart, to his destination.

"Hark, Laura, the cars are coming in! I hear them thundering over the bridge. Now don't look so like a frightened child! Stay, let me arrange this stray hair. You look well, believe me. You do indeed. There is a crowd coming up the street from the cars. Very likely he will come in them; for it is now five minutes of the time. There are two young men, and now they are parting. Look through the blind, Laura, one of them is coming this way. Yes, dear, the hour is come; and the man!"

The bell rang, and Laura heard Nanny ask him into the parlor. She summoned up all her courage, and went down to the room in which Nanny told her the stranger was waiting for her. It would be false to say the heart did not throb violently, under the blue gingham dress, as she entered the room, but she advanced gracefully towards the gentleman, who rose to meet her.

"Miss Burton," said he, "this is indeed kind, and I scarcely know how to thank you."

She raised her eyes to his face. It was not handsome nor very young; but the broad forehead showed intellect, and the lines round the mouth told of genuine good humor. He led her to a seat, and took one opposite. He entered fully into all the reasons which had induced him to advertise; and dwelt largely upon the pleasure which her letters had given him.

"I had several answers," he remarked, "but I have had no interview with any one but you."

They conversed for an hour; and then Laura called down her friend. Fanny was a physiognomist. She decided inwardly in his favor, and her manner towards him was so cordial, that Laura understood it as approving. They disclosed their real names to each other; and then Horace begged the privilege of introducing his friend; and he went out to find Walter Langdon. The appearance of the latter was also in his favor, and contributed to the ladies' approval of Mr. Gray. After dinner the gentlemen again called, and Horace desired Laura to name the day when she would see him again, which she did.

"Charlie, do you know the Grays of Clifton?" said Fanny to her husband that night.

"I used to know Albert and Horace Gray; and fine fellows they are too. They were sons of old Doctor Gray. I wish I knew where they were at this moment, but how came you to ask?"

Fanny replied that a gentleman of that name had called there to see Laura Mansfield, and would probably be in town again next week.

"I should be delighted to meet him. He is, I am told, at the top of his profession; but I have not seen him for two years."

"That will do," thought Fanny; "now one great anxiety will be over for Laura; for Mr. Gray can be introduced to her parents as Charlie's friend." And she ran up stairs to communicate the pleasant fact to her friend.

The following Monday came. Laura was again at Fanny Leslie's, and Charles had stayed from a journey to meet his old friend and have the pleasure of his company to dinner. Fanny sent for Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield to spend the afternoon; and unsuspecting of any under plot they came, were delighted with Mr. Leslie's friend, and saw with pleasure his attachment to their daughter, when Charles had told them whose son he was. Doctor Gray had been an old suitor of Mrs. Mansfield.

Now that Laura's apprehensions on these scores were allayed, she could meet Mr. Gray without the painful trepidation she had experi-

enced. She only dreaded lest her parents might learn and disapprove the course she had taken. But that they had seen and liked Mr. Gray, was a circumstance that gratified her beyond measure; for the truth was, that she was becoming really and truly attached to him. On his part, too, nothing was wanting to complete his approbation of the lady, who had thus thrown herself in his way.

"Well, Walter," said he to his friend, who always accompanied him on these visits, "what do you think of 'advertising for a wife' now?"

"No better than ever, Horace. One successful enterprise or one lucky ticket does not establish a precedent. You have been fortunate, I concede; but it would not do for me to do such a thing. If in asking me that question, you were fishing for a compliment to your lady love, I am ready to pay it to the uttermost. I admire her much; and I believe that she will make you most happy."

"Thank you, although you imply an error in her judgment and mine."

The wedding came off very shortly; and the prospects of the happy pair seemed to be as promising as could be hoped for. They never repented the odd way in which their attachment commenced; and the mutual friends were quite as much pleased as though it had happened in the ordinary manner.

They frequently visited Burlington; and on one occasion were at Mr. Mansfield's to pass the night. Charles and Fanny were there in the evening; and one of the gentlemen drew a paper from his pocket, and gave it to Mrs. Mansfield, who withdrew to a side-table to enjoy it. Presently, she came to a paragraph, which seemed to excite her indignation very highly, and she began to exclaim, "Absurd, ridiculous!"

"What is it, mother?" asked Laura.

"It is one of those ridiculous advertisements for a wife, which are so common now, and which are so repulsive to all ideas of delicacy."

Charles and Fanny defended the custom, saying that they had known very estimable people whose marriage originated in it. Mrs. Mansfield called for proofs; and encouraged by a look from Horace, he gave them the first hint which Laura's parents had ever received of the manner in which her husband was introduced to her.

Mr. Mansfield laughed heartily. "Well, Laura," he said, "I will forgive it in you, but if I had any more daughters, I would not forgive you for setting such an example."

"And for my own part," said Horace, "I trust never again to be under the necessity of advertising for a wife."

THE GOVERNORS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. Banks is the thirtieth person who has filled the gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts during the seventy-seven years since the adoption of the State Constitution. At sixty-five of the seventy-seven State elections, Boston has given a majority for the successful candidate for Governor, and on four of the exceptional years no Governor was elected by the people. Mr. Banks is the fifth Governor who did not receive a majority of the votes in Boston. The others were Democrats, viz., George S. Boutwell, Marcus Morton, Wm. Eustis, and James Sullivan. For seventy years from 1780 Christopher Gore was the only Governor who was not at some period re-elected to the office. Governors Clifford and Washburn served but one term.

Levi Lincoln was Governor nine consecutive years—the longest term of any Chief Magistrate of the State. Four of the Governors of Massachusetts have severally served for seven consecutive years, viz., John Hancock, from 1787 to 1794; Caleb Strong, from 1800 to 1807; John Brooks, from 1816 to 1823; George N. Briggs, from 1844 to 1851. Governor Hancock had served a previous term of five years, and Governor Strong served a second term of four years. Governors Hancock, Strong and Lincoln filled the office an aggregate of thirty two years. Marcus Morton, after being a defeated candidate fifteen times, succeeded at the sixteenth election by a majority of one vote out of 102,066 votes cast.

Up to the election of Levi Lincoln in 1825, the Governors of Massachusetts were men belonging to the Revolutionary era—Eustis, Brooks, Strong, Gerry, Adams and Hancock. All of them have long been numbered with the dead; and are only known as historical personages to the present generation. Governor Brooks retired from the office when he was 70 years old; he died at 72. Gov. Eustis died in office at the age of 71. These gentlemen died within a few weeks of each other, in 1825. Gov. Strong died in 1819, at the age of 74, and Gov. Gerry died in 1814 at the age of 70. Of the nine Governors since the death of Mr. Eustis, eight now survive, viz., Messrs Lincoln, Everett, Morton, Briggs, Boutwell, Clifford, Washburn and Gardner. Gov. Davis died April 19th, 1854. Four of the living Ex-Governors have been Members of Congress; four have been, or now are Judges of the State courts, and three of the number now occupy public stations in the service of the State.

The revolutionary patriot Samuel Adams was the oldest Governor of Massachusetts. He was elected for the first time in 1793, and was then at the advanced age of 72 years. He remained in the office three years, when his age and infirmities induced him to retire from public life. Mr. Adams was Lieutenant Governor under John Hancock from 1789 until his elevation to the executive chair in 1794. George S. Boutwell was the youngest Governor of Massachusetts, having been elected in his thirty-third year. Gov. Banks was born in Waltham, January 30, 1816.—*Boston Transcript*.

Falsehood strips the mind of its conscious dignity, keeps a man in perpetual fear, and puts invention continually on the rack to prevent the means of detection.

TAKE CARE OF SMALL THINGS.

No man ever made a fortune, or rose to greatness in any department, without being careful of small things. As the beach is made up of grains of sand, as the ocean is made up of drops of water, so the millionaire's fortune is the aggregation of the profits of single adventures, often inconsiderable in amount. Every eminent merchant, from Girard and Astor down, has been noted for his attention to details. Few distinguished lawyers have ever practised in the courts who have not been remarkable for a similar characteristic. It was one of the striking peculiarities of the first Napoleon's mind. The most petty details of his household expenses, the most trivial facts relating to his troops, were, in his opinion, as worthy of attention as the tactics of a battle, the plans of a campaign, or the revision of a code. Demosthenes, the world's unrivalled orator, was as anxious about his gestures or intonations, as about the texture of his argument or its garniture of words. Before such examples, and in the very highest walks of intellect, how contemptible the conduct of small minds who despise small things.—*Dewey*.

WIVES IN AFRICA.

My men were exceedingly delighted with the cordial reception we met with everywhere; but a source of annoyance was found where it was not expected. Many of their wives had married other men during our two years' absence. Mashauana's wife, who had borne him two children, was among the number. He wished to appear not to feel it much, saying, "Why, wives are as plentiful as grass, and I can get another; she may go." But he would add, "If I had that fellow, I would open his ears for him." As most of them had more wives than one, I tried to console them by saying that they had still more than I had, and that they had enough yet; but they felt the reflection to be galling, that while they were toiling, another had been devouring their corn. Some of their wives came with very young infants in their arms. This excited no discontent; and for some I had to speak to the chief to order the men who had married the only wives my companions ever had, to restore them.—*Livingstone's Travels*.

LAST WORDS.

"Talk to me now in Scripture language alone," said a dying Christian. "I can trust the words of God; but when they are the words of man, it costs me an effort to think whether I may trust to them." This was the testimony of one who died in the morning of life. "Charles, bring me the Bible," said a dying mother. The weak sufferer laid his thin, pale hand on the blessed book, and said, "I rest in Christ." How pleasant are the last hours of a Christian; and how often have they borne to the trembling the assurance that death has no sting, and the grave no victory! Who would not bear the cross on earth, to wear a crown in heaven?

"Who, if his God be there,
Would hesitate to tread death's narrow vale,
And die to live forever?"

—*Christian Witness*.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY ALBERT AINSWORTH SAUNDERS.

My childhood's home! my childhood's home!
 My thoughts still turn to thee;
 No sculptured wall or palace dome
 Can be so dear to me.

I love in thought to linger there,
 Around that happy place,
 To gaze upon that Eden, where
 Life's path I 'gan to trace.

There still I view the time-worn cot,
 The same my boyhood knew;
 The garden and the flower-plot,
 Where early violets grew.

And there's the meadow fresh and green,
 And orchard old and gray;
 The brooklet, all the same as seen
 In early childhood's day.

And all that's beautiful and bright
 To me upon the earth,
 Beams forth, as doth the beacon-light,
 From the spot that gave me birth.

And should early scenes to memory
 Grow dim, as on I roam,
 The one that's last effaced shall be
 My happy childhood's home.

PARTED FOR A YEAR.

BY ALICE C. DENTON.

"AND did you dare to peril your happiness and that of another, on such a foundation? Strange! passing strange, and more mysterious than anything which mortals are permitted in God's providence to do, is this way in which they are left to torture each other and themselves by such unions."

"You speak very strongly, Elizabeth. Remember your nature is different from mine—more passionate, more powerful. I am more cold and indifferent, and care less for the love and affection of those with whom I live. Why, if you lived with John, you would alternately pet him and rage at him, every hour in the day. I leave him to himself—which is the worst company I could leave him in, if I wanted to be revenged on him; and when he scolds, I just coolly bid him good-night, and pass out of his presence as gaily as if I was very happy in his sulky humor."

"Georgiana! God forgive you—but you are frittering away your own happiness, in the vain love of power; and the day will come when you will rue it severely. And, mark me! the day is not far distant."

"Creak away, my strong-minded cousin; I do not fear it. John and I will get on very well,

so long as he behaves well—but the moment he attempts to control me, I will leave him."

"Leave him? Good Heavens! Georgiana, you must be playing on my credulity, or else you have gone further in sin than I imagined—for sin it is, thus to trifle with your marriage vows."

"Cousin Elizabeth, you would certainly make a model wife. What a pity that your talents are not employed in the way in which you would shine so much."

"Rather thank Heaven that I am not placed in a situation so perilous, if I may judge by you. Better the lonely life to which I seem destined, than to live the life which some wives lead."

"Well, so it is, Elizabeth. I sometimes envy your freedom. I don't think I should agree with the woman who, when consoled with, on having a bad husband, answered that 'he was a great deal better than none.'"

"Don't try to make me smile, Georgiana. The subject is too grave and important for trifling. I shall think of you all night, and pray that you may awake to a sense of your peril. You seem to me like one standing on a precipice, where the first false step may plunge you into death."

"Good night, dear!" and the languid beauty buried her face in the pile of soft cushions which she had drawn around her on the couch. With her face hidden there, she looked only like a soft bundle of white muslin.

Elizabeth turned one look of pity and reproach mingled together, at the weak child who was thus trifling away her heart's happiness for a little wilful indulgence.

Elizabeth Dutton and Georgiana Marland were consins. The one, a grave, serious, high-minded girl—the other, light, frivolous and romantic. She had married John Bruman at sixteen, and for a brief time, she was full of the importance of being a married woman. Sooner than might have been expected, she began to weary of the bondage, as she called it; and John's incompatibility of temper with hers, was the constant theme of her conversation. She had been telling Elizabeth how little she had ever really cared for him, and that had drawn her cousin out, to warn her of the consequences of her folly and the danger to which she was exposed.

The difference between the consins was as marked in person, as in mind. Elizabeth was tall and rather large; having a fine, open, intellectual countenance, more massive than was really consistent with beauty. This massive countenance, however, was softened and toned down by paleness, and also by a slight touch of

melancholy expression, not sufficient to call sad, but still and subdued.

Georgiana, on the contrary, was small, almost to dwarfishness, with an exceedingly pretty baby face, and an expression compounded of sentiment and sprightliness.

Her husband was a lawyer—a man of strong, keen perceptions, a temper which a woman of sense and judgment could have moulded into softness, but which was continually goaded and irritated by the little exacting ways of his wife.

One child, a little girl, formed now the only tie between them. But for this child, John Braman would, long ago, have separated from his wife, and seen her no more. Strong as he was, he felt himself unequal to the petty annoyances of his everyday life, and although fond of Georgiana, to a certain degree, he was continually the prey of unceasing mortification and disappointment at finding his idol so unworthy of the pedestal on which he had placed her. This mutual discontent could not do otherwise than bear evil fruits—and a few months after the last conversation with Elizabeth Dutton, Georgiana and her husband parted.

The child had hardly been thought of, in the sudden and passionate whirl of feeling which finally caused them to separate—but when the first remembrance of her came into the heart of both parents, each refused to give up the claim. It was agreed then, to leave it to the little Agnes herself, and she passionately refused to leave either of them.

One would have thought that this alone would have been sufficient to smooth the path to a reconciliation; but it did not so effect it; and the only compromise that could be made, was to give the care of Agnes generally to the mother, with a proviso that she should spend a few days, each alternate week, with her father.

One noble sentiment came to Georgiana, through Elizabeth Dutton's influence; and that was to refuse a maintenance for herself, from the man with whom she could not be happy to live.

Among Georgiana's almost forgotten accomplishments, the love of music had never forsaken her; and Elizabeth persuaded her to turn this talent to account, and to accept nothing but for her child. She returned to her father's home, where Elizabeth's influence was constantly over her and Agnes; and operated in some degree to check the reproach which the world was only too forward to charge upon the separated wife.

"It will be—it must be a salutary discipline for Georgiana," said Elizabeth, when John Braman remonstrated against her advising his wife to earn her own livelihood. "Depend on it,

she needs the discipline of care and sorrow, and even hardship, to make her a true woman. Sometimes I am almost thankful that my uncle is so reduced in circumstances—for if Georgy were to come back to him and lead a life of luxury, I should have no hope of her whatever. But 'passing through the furnace' may bring her mind up to some growth, which she would never have attained with you."

"But Elizabeth, she is my wife still—and the stigma of allowing her to go out into the world will cling to me, and not to her."

"True, John; but as in this affair, you are not without your share of fault and blame, so you must be willing to accept your share of the punishment. Georgie is not altogether to be blamed. Hers are faults partly of education and partly organization; and if this wrenching of the ties between you does not make her a wiser and better woman, I shall give her up as heartless indeed. And I truly believe it will. I do not despair of her growing into such mental and spiritual life, as to be worthy of you, John, when you also shall have grown into a more perfect man.

"You are a blessed prophet, Elizabeth. I would gladly accept the words of your prophecy, but I fear that henceforth a gulf is fixed between us, which even your strong and steady hope can never span for us. My only hope is in my child, and even that would be faint, if she were trusted alone to Georgie's weak and vacillating guidance. I am truly thankful that so much of your influence will be about her. But O, Elizabeth, it is hard to bear, when I reflect what we might have been!"

"Too late, John, to think of that—but not too late to think of what may yet be. Absence and distance may soften the medium through which each of you has viewed the other's faults, and bring you to a more forgiving temper; but it will depend entirely on the manner in which each accepts the annoyance of the world's sneer, which you must both expect. So long as you lived together, the world had nothing to do with your private differences. Having separated, your affairs become public property, and will be thus considered."

"Elizabeth, I promise on my part, to look at this unhappy separation rightly, as you wish me to; and I need not ask you to influence my wife, for I know you will be untiring in doing so. Had she but possessed your spirit, I should not now go forth, disgraced and blamed as I feel myself to be."

"Hush, John Braman! Had you, who married my cousin when she was a mere child, per-

formed *your* duty to her—had you strengthened her character, instead of petting her as a plaything until *you* wearied of it, and *she* presumed upon it, you would not now have been the desolate man that you are. You pampered Georgie, ministered to her childish folly, paid adoration to her pretty face (as if that were all that a woman needed!) and when you woke from your lover's dream, and found that you needed a companion, a spirit, a soul, then you were angry that she did not all at once, and without any attempt at culture on your part, spring up into an intellectual greatness, which it takes years to foster. And for want of this culture, she had not strength enough to bear the loss of your first homage to her beauty, and trifled with her happiness until you were both brought to this."

Georgie returned from her first attempt at labor in despair. It was all that Elizabeth could do, either by persuasion, or by the modest recital of her own life-long efforts at self-maintenance, to inspire her cousin with courage to make a second trial.

Mr. Marland, too, a man of weak mind, and passionately fond of his daughter, resisted Elizabeth's anxiety to strengthen and sustain her. He declared that she should not be forced into working for a living, and blamed Elizabeth for so advising her. Georgie, discouraged and miserable had gone to bed in tears, and Elizabeth sat in the darkened room, which was redolent of camphor and hartshorn, trying vainly to see to work.

Three days of this went by, and Georgie still cried and moaned. Agnes was with her father, wondering what it all meant, and reasoning as a child of six years might be supposed to reason, upon the strangeness of her parents not living in the same house.

"Do you intend to pass much more time in this way?" said Elizabeth, on the fourth morning, "or do you mean to become a reasonable being, and look the consequences of past folly directly in the face?"

"How harsh and unkind you are, Elizabeth! You think I ought not to have any feeling, but to be insensible, like yourself."

Elizabeth answered her by simply saying that a good surgeon would not shrink from applying the knife where it was needed.

Georgie covered her face, and murmured something about feelings.

"I have no sympathy for feelings that will not submit to necessity. Once for all, Georgie, and then I will trouble you with my advice or interference no more. You have erred miserably, and miserable will be your punishment. For a

life of such small fruits as your own, the future must necessarily be ploughed deeply to ensure any harvest."

"I am no philosopher, Elizabeth."

"True, but you must accept the philosophy that falls in your way, and profit by it."

A moan was Georgie's answer; but Elizabeth's quick ear detected a variation of feeling, even in that; and she remained quiet, to see how it would work upon her patient.

"What *shall* I do, Elizabeth?" she asked, after two or three attempts to make her speak.

"Do you ask, with any resolution to abide by what I tell you?"

"Well—*perhaps*."

"Georgie, I am ashamed of you! A human being—a 'possible angel,'—a wife—a mother—to say nothing of your minor relations to the whole of humanity—to lie here, as you do this day, a mere infant in resolution, and weaker than an infant in action! God help you! for my exertions are in vain with such as you make yourself."

Georgie winced as if the iron had entered deep. She rose from the pillow, and gazed at Elizabeth, who had risen with the strength of her feelings and now stood before her.

"And I am of the same race—formed of the same clay as you are, Elizabeth; and you look as if you could make your own fate, while I—ah, answer me truly, Elizabeth! what *shall* I do?"

There was a faint show of earnestness in her tone, which Elizabeth was glad to accept as a token that, under the crust of Georgie's outward character, there was something that might be warmed into life and produce better things than it had yet shown.

Her first words had chilled it into inaction; but there was a hopeful, encouraging look in her face now that Georgie felt that she was not utterly forlorn.

"Rise, and be a woman!" was Elizabeth's answer now. "With your first effort, God will give you strength to go forward. It needs only your own will. Your friends can do nothing for you—not even to sustain you in your own resolutions of right. You have chosen your path, apart from him who should have protected you—who *would* have protected you, for believe me, Georgie, John Braman is more sinned against than sinning, and now you must walk in it *alone*, working out your life as you list."

While she spoke, Georgie was rising from her bed. She threw herself beside it on her knees, and prayed to God for help. An hour after, she was on the street with a roll of music in her hand. As she turned a corner, she encountered

her husband. An expression of painful self-reproach, it might be, came over his face. It was, after all, *his* wife! and had it not been for the remembrance of Elizabeth's words, he would have asked her then, to go back to the home she had left. Georgie gathered new strength from that expression, for she saw and appreciated it; and she went on. For one year she did this; and Georgie was now twenty four years old. Recently, she had allowed Agnes to stay longer, and go more frequently; feeling that should her life or her resolution fail, the child would be better protected, the more he loved her, and the more she loved her father.

She had a large and interesting class of young ladies to instruct, and she did not visit in their homes without watching somewhat of the internal life of the parents; and she gathered and treasured up many a lesson of vast import to her own character.

She was returning home in the twilight from a long and hot day's labor, when she met a man on horseback, riding hastily towards her. She recognized him as her husband's clerk.

"Mr. Braman wishes to see you immediately, madam," said he, "the little girl is very ill." She was near the gate, and she only stopped to leave a message for Elizabeth, and then hastened onward. As she passed over the threshold of the home once her own, a dim fear assailed her, lest the child should be already dead. Mr. Braman came down himself, and led her without a word, to the chamber. Agnes lay on a couch in the middle of the room, in order to have the air circulate more freely about her. She was asleep, and Doctor Warwick who sat by her, had decided that this sleep would determine her chance for life.

Georgie was awed and hushed by this sight. Her husband had dreaded an outbreak which would startle the child, and her calmness astonished him. He had not seen her since he met her round the corner a year before, and he looked in her face for a moment, earnestly. That brief glance told him that the face had gained in character and expression, while it looked five years older. The mouth had grown firmer, the eyes more earnest, the brow not so white, but broader and fuller than before.

No one but the three were in the room; and they sat there, silent and grave, until long past midnight. Even Elizabeth came not. Her anxiety about the child was less than the idea that this night might prove one of reconciliation, and she would not interpose her presence. Wise and prudent was Elizabeth always, and never more so than now. She had told John Braman

of Georgie's improvement long before this. At two o'clock, Agnes stirred. Georgie's heart beat so loud that the others could distinctly hear it; and when the doctor leaned over her and examined her, she watched him with lips apart, and eyes painfully earnest in their expression.

"She is safe?" said the doctor—and with the hearing of those three joyful words, Georgie, whose nerves had been wound up to the highest point, turned pale, and fell to the floor.

John Braman's arms received her as she fell, and it was he on whom she opened her eyes, when recovering from that long swoon. It was his lip which had rained kisses on her pale face, and his voice that whispered "no more parting until death!" And the look which she gave back, told all that his soul was longing to know.

Agnes was lying on the couch, pale and speechless, but with intelligence and returning reason in her eyes; and the good doctor was absolutely weeping. He knew all that had transpired between the two, and the reconciliation gave an inexpressible joy to his benevolent soul.

"Come to us, Elizabeth," wrote John Braman, that morning, "come and behold your work! But for you, Georgie and myself would still be apart. Come and see us re-united, as I trust, now and forever!"

Elizabeth needed no second bidding. She left the breakfast-table so hastily as to carry a part of its arrangements away with her dress, and took up the sugar-bowl, as she passed her uncle's chair emptying its contents into the cup which he held out to her.

"What on earth are you doing, Lizzie?" asked the old gentleman, who was getting somewhat oblivious of late; "and where is Georgiana this morning?"

"Where she ought to be, dear uncle!" joyfully answered Elizabeth, "in her own home! in the bosom of her family! in her husband's arms!"

"Are you practising upon my credulity, niece?" asked Mr. Marland.

"Not at all, sir," she answered. "Read this note from John."

"Thank God! and thank you, too, Lizzy; for under him, you have strengthened and encouraged my child to a new growth; while I, weak and short-sighted as I was, would only have made her weaker. Heaven bless you!"

Every person is proud. Pride is an element of our nature. We could not live without it; we should even be worthless. All the passions are good, without exception—it is excess that makes them evil, and the best of them are as bad as the worst.

THE SONG OF AURORA.

BY C. L. JENKINS.

From the regions of splendor where glories are gleaming,
Where elements joy at the morning's new birth,
From bright orient skies where the sunlight is streaming,
I come, young Aurora, to gladden the earth.

I have looked on the face of the wide rolling ocean,
And gilded with light every coralline reef;
Transparent and clear are the waves in their motion,
I've silvered with brightness the sea-weed's dark leaf.

Through the blue fields of ether, the high dome of heaven
My radiant beams are enlightening the spheres,
As by powers unseen on their courses they're driven,
There floats, O such music as man never hears.

Where in grandeur and freedom the proud Alps are
soaring,
And glaciers look down on the green vales below,
I have stood on their summits, my treasures outpouring,
Bright rose tints are blending with pure lily snow.

Where Niagara's waters, tumultuously dashing,
Like hostile battalions, are mingling their roar;
Through the feathery spray there comes, brilliantly
flashing,
The gleam of my robes as I stand on the shore.

I have seen where, low bending in wordless devotion,
At nature's thrice hallowed and innermost shrine,
Fair Iris adores, midst the cataract's commotion,
That Power supreme, all-pervading, divine.

At the dawn of my brightness all nature rejoices,
The pulse of creation beats joyously high;
And hark! there upriseth a myriad of voices,
The soul of all harmony floats through the sky.

From the clustering vines in Hispania waving,
Maturing in richness 'neath summer's glad smile;
From shores that the blue Adriatic is laving,
From each billow-girt rock, each bright verdant isle.

From the hills of France, now so goldenly gleaming,
From laurel-crowned mountains in Helias that rise,
To the glorious land which first caught the bright beaming,
When the Sun of all nations arose in the skies.

Those sweet voices, forever in unison blending,
Through the atmosphere float, as I move on my way,
And the lyre of praise its pure music is lending,
The anthem ascends to the Author of day.

THE RIVAL ITALIAN NOBLES.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

ALL well-informed persons are of course aware of the origin of the contentions between the German, Italian and Polish provinces, and also of the minor one included among them, and which was more a matter of private than of political pique—we refer to the quarrel, which had had a century's existence, between the principality degli Valdambri and the marquisate di San Romolo. This enmity, far from wearing itself out, rather gathered strength with its years; and although

on the death of his father, the young Marquis Falconi di San Romolo would willingly have ended it, his uncle, the Count Rimlan, who hated his nephew, while envying his superior rank, employed himself ceaselessly in privately frustrating such design, and the old Prince Valdambri used every means of fomenting the hostile feeling among his dependents towards those of his young rival. Thus a bitter feud was made to extend over thousands of acres; for, although both were of Italian origin, they were also large landgraves under Ladislaus V. of Poland, whose heir San Romolo might possibly become, and to complicate matters, their estates joined. Nevertheless, though maintaining outward appearances of hatred, the vassals of each had frequent friendly interviews and marriages, concerning which the young marquis did not care and the old prince did not know. At this time, rumors of conspiracy were afloat in the kingdom, and a system of vigilant police was known to be in operation; thus, gay as the free city of Rentz (which was contiguous to the dominions of the enemies and a frequent rendezvous for the riots of the opposing factions) might be during market days, each one felt as if he walked on the edge of a volcano.

It was on one of these gala days, that our story opens. The town was full of market folks and their wares; the bowmen of Valdambri were scattered here and there throughout the streets and squares, and those of the young marquis showed, by their eager eyes and quick retorts, that they needed only a word to kindle as hot a tumult as had ever colored the pavement of Rentz. Still others in opposing livery walked amicably arm-in-arm, ready at a moment to separate for deadly combat, and then, if neither should be killed, to meet together again and make merry the night in one long carousal. The marquis himself, dashing, handsome and brilliant, with a half-dozen associates, walked gaily along, exchanging jests and smiles with all he met. Every cap, whether of the enemy's colors or of his own or of the town's people, was doffed as he passed.

"By my faith, sir," said his friend, Lippo d'Istria, "they might as well be all green as half scarlet! for I think they wear your colors at heart. What think you? It would not be so difficult to rob this old surmudgeon of his principality!"

"Nor so pleasant," returned Falconi; "when the old fellow has neither youth nor Christianity, pray leave him his acres!"

"Ah ha! You would be sorry to rob the pretty young princess of her patrimony—is that it?"

"By the rood, I did not know there was so fair a lady!"

"Not know of Sara degli Valdambri? Where are thy eyes, man? Tush! I forgot she has been at school in Florence; there I met her—"

"Speaking of ladies," interrupted another, "what say you of her in yon window?"

Turning to look, the marquis beheld a slight, tall girl, but of exquisite development, leaning from a balcony lattice high above the street—the face oval and delicately fair, though a bright carmine dyed either cheek, every feature regular as a statue, the full red lips just suffering a smile to die in their corners, the black hair looped, in heavy, separate masses, with a small diamond crown at the back of the head, and the black, soft eyes, large and beautiful, shining clearly on his own—which, to tell the truth, save that they possessed a dash more fire, were not less beautiful. What is that inexplicable first glance which, from the moment it is interchanged, compels each gazer to see the world forever only through the other's eyes? The marquis felt as if an arrow of subtly mingled joy and pain had pierced him—that he had met his fate. He paused a moment before making the bow required by courtesy.

"Eh?" said D'Istria. "What say you of her?"

"She is more fair than words can tell," was the fervent reply.

"She is your excellency's enemy, the beautiful Princess Sara degli Valdambri!"

He had felt that to be the case, even while gazing so entrancedly; but though his thoughts were full of nothing else, he pursued his way, recounting a laughable anecdote of the old prince's dignity, and never mentioning the beauty's name. He wondered, while walking, if she had recognized him; but that was impossible. Then he wondered had she been taught to hate him; of course—of course she had. And then he vowed that he would make her love him before she knew his identity, despite Rimnal, Valdambri and even herself.

As they proceeded, the cheers that greeted them grew less and less, and immediately they saw the prince and his suite advancing slowly and bowing blandly to one and another of his own men and the citizens. The San Romolos had orders from their lord to doff their caps to the prince, and unwillingly obeyed; he, however, took no notice of this tender of peace from his foe, passing every man in green with erect chin. And the town's people, having uncovered to the marquis whom they esteemed, kept on

their surly caps before the prince. As he passed the marquis, the Chevalier Falconi di San Romolo plucked off his long-plumed cap and saluted his highness with a courteous and respectful bow. Valdambri stared an instant, then laughed a taunting, offensive cachinnation, and heaven alone knows what act of insolence would have followed, if at that moment a frightened animal, breaking from its stall, had not dashed down the market-place, with foaming mouth and glaring eyes, directly into the prince's path. There was neither time for the flight of so infirm a person, nor room to spring aside into; and assuredly the old man would have been struck beneath the hooves of the enraged beast, had not San Romolo, swiftly seizing, swung him to a place of safety with one arm, while felling the animal by his sword with the other.

"Where were ye all, ye poltroons," cried the prince, "that ye suffered this fiend of a San Romolo"—and he fairly hissed the name—"to save your lord's life?"

And this was all the thanks he got. It was all that was needed. Lipponi d'Istria, hearing the words, threw them back with an addition of his own; and like fire along dry grass, an insult was in the mouths of all the scarlets round, and a scoff and a laugh resounding from all the greens. In an instant all was uproar, and the old battle-cries of the factions were shrieked along the air. Vain were the impetuous endeavors of San Romolo to quiet the multitudes, for the rejoiced old prince heaped fuel on the fire. After all, the latter was hardly so much in the wrong as might appear. The Chevalier Falconi had not spent all his years at home, and had finally taken his title and property, regarding the feud as a very trivial and merry thing. Not so Valdambri; it had been his life—and all the marquis's attempts at friendship had been misrepresented to him as ironic impertinences, while Rimlan's hostility, open in action but hidden in source, was all ascribed to his nephew.

When the first shouts resounded, the Princess Sara turned from her window, fearfully asking the cause. Her polite hostess strove to reassure her.

"But where is my father?" asked the younger lady.

"He went out an hour or two since," the other was obliged to admit.

"Then he must be found; I must go to him! My father will be wounded!" cried the princess.

"Nay, he has friends, many friends with him!"

"He has not me! I must go to him."

"Dear lady, are you raving? he will not want you! You have neither weapon nor strength! A woman in the mob! a princess—"

"Quick! my capote, Maria!" interrupted the other. "Lady Lorraine, pardon me. I have a weapon, this little dagger I bought for the masquerade! Lady Leonore, will you, too, come on an adventure?"

And before the imploring Lady Lorraine could utter another articulate sentence, the Princess Sara and her southern friend Leonore, wrapping their hooded cloaks about them, had issued into the street, and, without fairly knowing their situation, found themselves swallowed into the driving, fighting, noisy mass. Still they struggled on, for the quarrel was not against women, and no one touched them, dodging missiles, and diving under the uplifted arms of brawny wrestlers.

"It is more than I thought," cried the princess; "but still who does not desire to have seen one such thing in one's life? We can understand the old battles in the monk's chronicles now!"

As she spoke, they saw the marquis, with his friends, making way through the crowd, sword in hand, and constantly repressing his own men.

"God for the Leopards of Valdambrini!" shouted one she knew as a knight of her father's, the Leopards being their arms. "And down with—"

His cry was however drowned by a myriad of voices replying:

"Down with the Leopards! and Heaven make the Olives of San Romolo to burgeon!" While to her surprise, the marquis suddenly ceased his endeavors at peace and plunged into the strife, as perhaps he had been longing to do, with all his heart.

She had indeed seen him earlier in the day, but at that moment had never noticed his colors. True, he wore green—green and silver—but he might be an Italian, a guest, she thought; he was not like these Poles—he could not possibly belong to that detestable gang of the villain San Romolo! So reasoning, and quite forgetting that she had come out intending to employ her immense strength for the rescue of her father, she caught a limb of the statue of some worthy erected on the square in which they now were, and held fast to its shelter, watching the fray with intense interest. She beheld the marquis making a path before him like Achilles, and laying heroic blows about him; but at that instant he, in turn, caught a glimpse of her face as she stood bending eagerly forward, so that her cloak, half awry, displayed the rich attire beneath, as well as the beautiful flushing countenance. And that glance nearly wrought his ruin, for it came just as the shout of certain victory was on his

lips; his opponents seized the moment of advantage, and closing round, prostrated and disarmed him. A moment, and there would have been no longer any Chevalier Falconi and the County Rimlan would have reigned in his stead, had not Sara stepped from the pedestal, insinuated herself like a flash between the masses, and slid into his hand her little dagger. Before she could retreat, he was up again; but his partisans had rushed to the rescue, and were trampling over the unprotected girl. As swiftly as he had freed himself by her means, he saw her almost under their feet, snatched her up as they would have trodden her into the stones, and thrilling all through at thought of what he carried, opened the crowd of greens for his passage to where the old prince, from the doorway of St. Ambrose's Church, urged on the scarlets. He had not spoken to the girl, while bearing her on with her sweet breath fanning her cheek; now, with all that grace which was innate with him, he surrendered her to her father.

"Your daughter, prince!" said he, laconically, and vanished.

"Both of us!" cried that astounded gentleman. "In one morning risked his own life twice! Is he drunk—or can a San Romolo do a noble trick? We'll not be behind. Call in the Valdambrini!"

After this, nothing else could be done; but it was rather useless, for the Valdambrini had already very much the worst, and were glad of any pretext for retreat. Of course the princess received a very stately reprimand for her imprudence, and in her confusion and pleasure, and the discovery of Leonore, who had been conducted by D'Istria to her side, she quite forgot to inquire the name of her preserver. Thus soon, quiet being restored, the retainers wound off to dine at their separate hostelries, and the nobles of the princely faction at Lady Lorraine's, who gave a masked entertainment somewhat later.

At the time when the marquis first saw the princess, the County Rimlan at no great distance was drinking in the same glances, not for the first or second time only, for he had met the lady often before, and what had at first worn in him a semblance of passion, had soon changed to a bad and revengeful impulse, that since she had chosen to assume haughty airs towards himself, he would yet become her master. Night drew on, and the facade of the Lorraine Palace was a blaze of illumination; colored lamps hung everywhere in the gardens; horses, chairs, coaches, guests, servants, filled the court-yard; while the link-boys, running here and there, shed strange flashes over the whole.

Two tall figures, in armor and closed-steel helmets, entered the hall later than most others, and making their bow to the hostess, moved on. If any one had taken pains to observe, all the throng, whatever were their character, had a scarlet mantle, dress, flower or ribbon about them; but these two wore no color save the gray of their armor and a cloak, hanging from one shoulder, of sombre green; round either helmet was wound a spray of olive leaves. The tallest carried a small dagger, very richly jewelled, and quite inappropriate to his dress—the only atom of the prescribed color being the rubies on the hilt, while the other, more independent, had not even that. A beautiful figure, in the perfection of an Odalisque's array, floated down from a dais, through the apartments, as they entered. Her robes were all of some flashing white gauze, threaded with gold; a crimson cashmere was the loose girdle; the tiny feet were encased in upturned, dazzling slippers; a scarf of lace, fastened with bunches of emeralds and pearls, was half wound through the drooping streams of glossy black hair, allowing its long ends to float as she moved; the jacket, rather open at the throat and bosom, displayed a resplendently white skin, contrasting well with its necklace of emeralds and pearls as large as filberts; and the only thing wanting to complete this delicious costume, was the invariable dagger of the Turkish lady—for though she carried the little sheath, it was empty.

As she passed the two, another figure, similarly attired, slipped her arm into D'Istria's and led him off. They were, it seemed, old acquaintances; while the first figure, coquettishly half lifting her mask, threw a sidelong glance at the one remaining, thus revealing the bewitching eyes of the Princess Sara, and floated on. He, it may be believed, did not hesitate in following, and very soon found himself sitting beside the fair Turk in the very balcony from which she had first seen him.

"I knew you, signor," said the princess, "by the dagger in your belt."

"It saved my life," he replied; "life of small consequence two hours before, but then and now of infinite value!"

"And what has so suddenly increased its worth?" asked the innocent lady.

"Ah, lady," was the rejoinder, "I had seen you! The dagger which has hung at your belt would therefore be inestimable, had we not an Italian proverb—"

"You are then of Italy?" she inquired.

"My ancestors were Romans; I am proud in being a Pole!"

"And your proverb?"

"That such things cut love."

"We have that in Poland, too!"

"Then it remains with you to prevent such sanguinary proceedings—whether you command me to retain the dagger, a gift from you to fulfil the proverb with, or whether you take again your own!" And he presented it to her.

She half hesitated, and then took and placed it in its sheath.

"You would be loath to have it perform its work?" questioned he.

"Ah, you know we ladies are averse to bloodshed," she answered, laughing. "But tell me, do I not speak to an enemy?"

He had lifted his helmet ere this.

"God forbid!" said he. "To an adorer, rather!"

"But you wear the colors we detest!"

"And why do you detest them?"

"Are they not San Romolo's?"

"Pardon, lady! and in what has San Romolo injured you?"

"Have we not hated for a century?"

"It is time, then, surely, to try if love be as delicious as hate!"

"Signor!"

"Seriously, I believe your enemy, as you will have it, is weary of brawls."

"The tumult of this morning has that appearance!"

"Believe me, it was against every wish of the marquis."

"But I have heard of his exploits on the same occasion. He would hardly have fought so valiantly, had he not relished it."

"That was after he found it in vain to try peaceable means, and when a man's blood is up, do you suppose he pauses to look at the consequences?"

"True. The Marquis of San Romolo I have heard pauses at nothing. Yet he saved my father's life this morning, and you, my friend, saved mine!"

"That you cancelled at once, lady."

"And yet I can do nothing but dislike the sound of his name."

"When, intrinsically, you can accuse him of nothing but virtue!"

The princess began to own that she was actuated by prejudice and precept.

"Is it not then absurd," continued her companion, "to suffer a quarrel of people—no doubt hot-headed and obstinate, and both in the wrong and both dead a hundred years ago—to entail woe and misery upon us? Ah, madame, our vassals have fought for us always before! Surely

we have no need to take their work from them and quarrel ourselves?"

She started suddenly, wavered a minute, and then bending forward, said earnestly:

"Signor, who are you?"

He laughed before answering. Said he:

"Let me, too, ask a question. You who saw me this morning, who watched me in the disturbance, who have conversed an hour, at least, with me—confess, have you formed a favorable opinion of me?"

"Yes. Certainly."

"Although I wear green?"

"You may be misled by the wiles of the marquis, or you may be a chance guest and wear it through ceremony."

"Ah, you think so?" returned he, laughing still. "But if you discovered me to be one considered by you equal to the arch fiend, your opinion would not be so favorable?"

"By no means."

Judge, then, if you acknowledge yourself, dear lady, to be thus biased by prejudice, if I were wise in telling you my identity, or for what reason I make my cloak green."

"But I wish to know," she continued, after a pause. "It is not right that I should even speak to one who bears hatred towards my father!"

"Believe me, princess, I bear nothing but good will to the Valdambri. Least of all would it be possible to entertain such a sentiment as you express, towards your father. Once he loved my mother. She was a Florentine; and we of this hot, Italian blood, curse quicker and love quicker than any other race on earth. As for the feud with its causes, I regard it as absurd, and abstain from it! As for the love, Princess Sara, since I saw you this morning, it has sprung full-grown into a world that was ready for it! Before heaven, it tingles in all my veins at this instant!"

As he spoke, he stood erect with uncovered head. It might have been some wonderful magnetism, or indeed it might have been a corresponding passion, that caused her to rise beside him, to cling in his embrace, and suffer his burning lips to fasten themselves on hers in one long, answering passionate kiss!

When the two in helmets and armor had entered the salon, another, arranged in a parade of scarlet, had followed them, pressing through the throngs of dancers, and keeping them in his eye. Having at last beheld the Princess Sara seated in the balcony with one beside her, he straightway sought the prince, and thus it came to pass that Leonore at this instant stood before them.

"Fly, signor—fly!" she said. "The prince knows of your presence—he is coming! D'Istria awaits you below!"

"Let him come," returned he, carelessly, his arm still round the princess. "Fly? Not I!"

"You will be killed!" ejaculated Leonore.

"I, too, wear a sword!"

"And would you use it on my father? There is no shame in flying; you are one, they are a thousand."

"I cannot fly," he answered hoarsely, for Leonore had sped back, "till you tell me with words also that you return this love of mine!"

"Fly, then, by your love for me, mine for you! Fly because I love you with my whole soul, and swear it forever!"

"Once more, blessed words! once more!"

But she only flung her arms around his neck an instant, and suddenly dropping on her seat, motioned him imperatively away.

Taking the balustrade in one hand, he sprang across it and dropped himself into the court-yard below; D'Istria stood there, and without a word, they sped away. Hardly was the feat accomplished, before the old prince, livid with rage at being thus bearded, entered the balcony.

"Where is he gone?" he cried, passionately.

"Who?"

"Your companion!"

"He bade me good-night a short time since."

"And departed?"

"I believe so."

"By the heavens above us, child!" exclaimed her father, moved by such carelessness. "Do you know who it is who has thus sat by your side, with whom you have interchanged words and even breath?"

"No," she replied, half alarmed at his vehemence, "I do not know. Who?"

"It is mine enemy!" he thundered. "The Marquis Falconi di San Romolo!"

Perhaps had the marquis been able to delay a moment, he would himself have confessed to her his identity, ere it should be thus rudely thrust on her. The princess sprang to his side and caught her father's arm. O heavens! did she then love, and had she then vowed to love forever, not only an ally of San Romolo, but their very enemy, the chevalier himself? And before her father could prevent, she fell at his feet in a passion of tears and repentance, albeit she never spoke a word.

"Poor child! poor little one!" said Valdambri, lifting her soothingly. "How she hates him—the scoundrel! See, gentlemen, how generation to generation perpetuates this hate, thank God!"

There might have been a few present who hardly thought it hate; and Rimlan, who had whispered the announcement in his ears and spread through the throng the audacious act of the chevalier, now quietly slipped away.

Two days had passed, and in the city of Rentz, after most others had departed, the County Rimlan might have been seen walking, one dark night, with his hat slouched over his face, and anxiously awaiting some one—might have been seen, we say, because from behind every adjacent cranny fifty pairs of eyes were watching each movement. At last a step broke the silence, and D'Istria joined him.

"Have you the papers?" asked Rimlan.

"Ay; and I flatter myself no soul could detect that they are not San Romolo's own script. I drafted them myself."

"How many are there?"

"Three. One calling on the subjects of King Ladislaus to rebel and aid the marquis in obtaining the crown for him, and certain immunities from taxes for themselves; one purporting to be a letter to some friend revealing a plot for the murder of the Prince Valdambrini, and marriage with his daughter; and the other, a roll of the conspirators against the king, embracing San Romolo and the names of such other of your enemies as you wished to destroy."

"Either of which will, I suppose, be sufficient to doom him to death?"

"Without doubt. And now, County Rimlan, why do you do this?"

"For one thing, in order to divert attention from my own conspiracy for the throne; for another thing, that I may gratify my hatred of this boy; for another thing, that I may obtain the Princess Sara. And seeing you had become disaffected, I judged well that you must be willing to share the dangers and profits of these attempts with me; therefore I sounded your inclinations, and finding them favorable, have extended certain proposals to you, which you have accepted. And you have moreover done your part well? I will, however, take the papers, if you please."

"Yes, directly," said D'Istria, taking out a blank parchment and an ink-horn. "I would like your written promise to these obligations first."

"Bah! I like not black and white. It is dangerous," said Rimlan.

"It cannot be in this case, since for my own sake, I shall preserve it religiously. Moreover, should anything happen to you, your adherents will respect it."

Rimlan took the pen.

"What shall I write?" said he.

D'Istria proceeded to dictate the terms, and after long hesitation and much questioning, they were penned by the light of a dark lantern, and D'Istria had folded the parchment away.

"You see, signor, how strict are the terms which I have put upon myself," said the latter.

"Ay," assented Rimlan, dubiously.

"And I now surrender the other papers to you."

At this, the County Rimlan took courage.

"They will finish him, I trust!" said he.

"And you too!" muttered D'Istria.

"And I shall take care to have them dropped in the king's way by to-morrow, and then we can very safely leave San Romolo's destruction to him. Good night, Signor Lippo!"

As Rimlan turned away, D'Istria, always on his guard, saw the flash of his stiletto quite ready to put so important a witness of his treason out of the world; and as it made a dexterous and back-handed lunge, he threw himself aside and saw it penetrate a wooden post. Rimlan drew it out with an oath, swearing that that stiletto was the plague of his life, and strode away.

"Ah, you villain!" said D'Istria; "do you suppose the whole kingdom could bribe me to betray San Romolo into your clutches, and for your advancement? Crown such a rascal, forsooth!" And then with the fifty gentlemen, who now issued from their retirement, he left the spot.

But when Rimlan reached home, a brother conspirator, who hated D'Istria, was already there; and after the two had perused the documents, Rimlan locked them up and retired. Later at night, the other stole down, and procuring them a moment, inserted in the roll, in a fine text and somewhat similar chirography, close under the name of San Romolo, that of Lippo d'Istria—so that when the Chevalier Falconi may find himself in a prison, he may be sure that his friend Lippo is not far off—and having done this, and replaced them as before, the wretch crept to bed again. The next day, these three papers were in the hands of the king.

Meanwhile, the gay-hearted chevalier was bent on following up his adventure with the princess; and though wondering what could so suddenly have become of D'Istria, he unsuspectingly donned a palmer's broad hat and cloak, and betook himself, across the forest that joined their country seats, to the residence of the Valdambrini. Leaving his horse in a thicket, he faced onward on foot. The prince was in the capital, he knew, his daughter at home, and so he craved permission of the porters at the lodge to go up

to the palace and recount his travels to their young mistress. The holy dress that he wore being always a passport, this was readily granted, and soon he once more found himself in the presence of his enchantress. By chance, the princess sat alone; and as he entered, she rose with a sweet gravity to ask the customary pilgrim's blessing. But at the sight of him as he threw off the screen of hat and cloak, she recoiled.

"Your highness flies from me to-day," said he.

"I am at a loss to know why the Valdambrini Palace is honored by a call from Falconi di San Romolo!" she replied, with flashing eyes.

"Indeed, lady, you would not have been at such loss on Monday night!"

"Why do you recall that disgraceful scene?"

"Pardon. You can forget it, as you have already forgotten the oath you swore when I left you," said he, bitterly.

"I made the oath, in a dreadful moment, to one whom I esteemed an honest man. I might have kept it, perhaps—though that I doubt—even to an enemy, as I so soon discovered you to be. But to a traitor, the proofs of whose treason are even now in the king's hands, as my father has told me, and for whom a band of the loyalist gentlemen of the country, in royal uniform, are scouring hill and dale, to him I proudly break all oaths, and pray to lose the abhorred memory of having made them!"

Perhaps this was the only way in which to notify him of his danger; perhaps she really thought herself in earnest.

"A traitor!" cried the chevalier, raising himself to his loftiest height. "I? You mistake, lady! It were impossible. You hardly know how insulting is the language you use—though you use it!"

"I sir, insulting? It is your presence that insults me. This roof has never till this moment sheltered any but faithful subjects."

"Let me ask you to explain yourself. Do you mean that any one suspects me of disloyalty?"

"As you say, and much more."

"It is my enemies who will not be my friends!" he said. "There is not a more liege vassal in the kingdom than I! I defy every Valdambrini to do their best, and prove me with a drop of the blood of the San Romolos to have mixed reason with it!"

He saw the changing expression on her face, the tears in her eyes, the color wavering on her cheek, and looking firmly at her, he added:

"Do you doubt me?"

"The chevalier has an uncle!" she responded, the thin, pink nostrils dilating and quivering

with wrath at mention of his name. "San Romolo's blood perhaps does not run in *his* veins!"

"And it is to him that I owe this favor?"

"He gave the proofs—"

"Proofs? What proofs?"

"I do not know—into the king's hands, and he told my father that on this night week you intended to steal me away."

"The wretch may have divined my desires, but I certainly never told them!" laughed the marquis. "And if my uncle be at the heart of this mystery, I have no fear of him!"

"The Signor d'Istria is also there."

The marquis started. "D'Istria? I would trust him with my heart's blood!" he said.

"You have already trusted him too much."

"He? he may counterfeit enmity to me. He is deep enough to foil a thousand Rimplans."

"Your uncle said that the pain it cost him to do his duty here, it was impossible to believe."

"Too small to be seen, I suppose. But since your highness says these things, I must hasten to the king. Nor shall I, while this blot threatens our escutcheon, ask again if you return the love of a suspected traitor."

The palace Valdambrini stood on the summit of an eminence, and this room commanded a wide view, so that now while they spoke, they saw approaching, from three opposite directions, three separate bands of horsemen, in royal uniform, who from their confident demeanor seemed to have tracked the marquis to this spot.

"You should hardly have been so bold, chevalier, as to have sought the lair of the leopards," said the princess, after watching them a moment; "there is no path by which you may fly."

"I do not wish to fly. Of course I surrender and demand investigation, but not to these!"

"Then you must be concealed."

"Never!"

"What then?" she demanded.

"Die first!" he answered, quickly.

"For my sake," she said, pleadingly.

"For your sake? What do you care?"

"Do I not care?" she cried; "do I not care? O heavens, San Romolo! Can I forget? Is not your honor mine also?"

"And you keep that oath then?"

"Forever!" And putting her arms round his neck, she laid her head on his bosom, clinging to him more tenderly than in this hour he might feel what comfort she could bring.

Already they heard the quick-galloping hoofs loudly resounding.

"There are countless vaults and coping-stones which might screen you if you will!" she said, lifting her head with a sudden smile.

"No, dearest, I will go out by them all as I am. Meet me, love, once more this evening, in yonder wood, and then I seek Ladislaus."

A moment of passionate farewell, and then, as the riders dashed up the lawn, he went down, and the whole troop passed him at a gallop; and so common was the sight of a palmer, that they did not even think of asking a benedicite.

That night, the moon lighting the shades of the old beech forest into a pale greenery, the lovers sat long hours together, alone and free. Midnight separated them, and dawn found San Romolo at the palace gates, where he surrendered himself; but ere the king could be made aware of the circumstance, Rimlan appeared, and ferociously ordered him to the lonely dungeon of the prisoner of state, and at noon, the king, without thinking it worth mentioning to Rimlan, arrested and confined D'Istria whose name he had also found upon the list. As soon as this intelligence became public, the loudest murmurs of anger and disbelief filled the people, and the Princess Sara, with Lady Leonore, came up at once to join her father.

A week passed, and the trial of the marquis was holding. The three papers, with the false oaths taken by Rimlan on the occasion, were sufficient testimony for treason, although the first haughty denials and then indignant silence of the marquis could not but move all hearts. The council rooms were crowded with the first nobility of the realm, for the San Romolos were cousins to the reigning house of Poland. Palest and most beautiful of all, beside the queen in the foremost rank of the confronting benches, sat the Princess Sara, and looking demurely sad below her, sat the villainous County Rimlan.

It was at this juncture that the lord keeper of the prisons entered and addressed Ladislaus in a low tone. The king rose and with him left the place for a short time, when he returned, he pronounced it necessary to delay passing sentence on the prisoner, who was, he said, without doubt guilty, and that further proceedings would be held on the morrow in the royal Church of the Cross. Those most accustomed to observe the royal countenance, did not on this occasion fail to notice that whereas all the previous part of the trial he had worn a most perplexed and sorrowful air, now he with difficulty repressed smiles. When all were gone but the Prince Valdambrini, he turned to him saying, "I have long desired to do your highness a favor, but never found anything sufficiently worthy before, now, I rejoice that it is in my power to bestow a husband upon your daughter. A man who has placed me under endless obligations, and who is des-

tined to even higher rank than he now holds, for since his nephew dies to-morrow, he is already virtually Marquis di San Romolo!"

The old man turned white and red by turns, and it was some moments before he could master himself enough to speak. "Your majesty," he then said, "cannot mean to do me such dishonor!"

"Dishonor?"

"Is not his family name even now stained with treachery?"

"Remember, Valdambrini, that unless my new queen brings me heirs, which is unlikely, he will be after to-morrow the nearest relative I have. My heir. Shall you have no pride in seeing your daughter on this throne?"

"I shall not live to see it, and cannot desire to, if shared with my ancestors' enemy!"

"But let your king implore you to waive this quarrel, that the nation may see how we reward the faithful, and those who discover treason!" still urged the king.

It was dusk ere they parted, and then with a heavy heart the old man had assented to the proposition, and had gone to lay his commands upon his daughter. But her he found immovable and indignant; she spurned the request, and made a hundred rash vows to support her refusal; her father was nearly in despair, when falling on her knees and holding his hands in her own, she confessed that she loved the nephew, the traitor, and that he knew it. The old prince staggered, overcome by this last blow. That to please the king, and for various compulsory and necessary reasons, his daughter should wed the other one, had been enough; he could have sympathized with her, they would have been wretched together; but to have her love him, was out of the question; and now to find that she indeed loved one positively worse, and worse hated than he, and a condemned criminal moreover, was too much for his princely pride. What words he might have uttered were stayed by the entrance of the king, who begged him to leave them that he might exercise his royal powers of persuasion.

Kings, as well as their subjects, are sometimes fond of practical jokes, and neither of these unhappy people noticed the mischievous twinkle in his majesty's eye, as the prince went out. Standing before the princess, he said:

"The County Rimlan has to-day requested the honor of your highness's hand. I can deny so trusty a noble nothing, and have granted it. I have also to-day given the Signor D'Istria an interview, and thus learned your love for the Chevalier Falconi. It is idle; dismiss it! You will wed Rimlan to-morrow."

"No, sire. I will not!"

"No?" he resumed, assuming a sterner air. "Listen. If you become the Countess Rimlan, the Marquis di San Romolo shall live. I will only banish him, and bestow his estates, titles and heirdom on your husband; I will spare his life. But if you refuse, by the holy cross, I will cut off his head so surely as I stand here, and as in that case you will be his murderer. It is in your power to save your lover's life! I give you fifteen minutes to decide!" And he left her.

When he returned, she was lying cold and senseless in a swoon upon the floor. It was a long time before, with every combined assistance the unfortunate girl could be recalled to life, and then so weak and wandering was she, that it was impossible to arrive at her decision, so the king departed, saying, "To-morrow morning, when you go with the court to the Royal Church of the Cross, you will go either prepared in wedding array, or in black, headsman's garb, as a type of the fate of him whose widow and executioner you will surely be, for remember by your appearance will the chevalier's sentence be decided."

Day came, and the church filled with the nobles, each silently taking their accustomed places. Lastly came the Prince Valdambri, the County Rimlan, and the king. Immediately afterwards the marquis entered alone, and with the same haughty stride as of old, and stood below the high altar to receive sentence. Then stole a loud rustle and murmur through the galleries, and from the chapel the queen and her train of ladies, with the Lady Leonore and the princess, entered. The latter moved stiff and white as a corpse, in a dress of sweeping, snowy brocade, the bodice covered with diamonds, and a full veil of gauze, set on beneath a crown, shrouded her completely. The king smiled, as she entered and took her seat in a chair not far distant from the altar. When all was quiet, the doors of the main entrance swung open once more, and the Signor Lippo D'Istria with some fifty gentlemen behind him, looking smiling and defiant, also appeared. Leaving them in the nave he advanced alone to his majesty and gave him the parchment once bestowed on himself by Rimlan.

"Sire," said he, in a loud tone, "I surrender to you a document whose value you can best ascertain."

Rimlan made a motion as if to snatch it, but the dreadful eye of the king palsied him.

"It is not a month ago," continued D'Istria, at a nod from the king, "that I, who am a friend of San Romolo, overheard a plot of the County Rimlan's to destroy his nephew. That I might learn more concerning it and so frustrate it, for

to the marquis I owe more than life, I exhibited signs of hatred towards the chevalier, and was of course eagerly seized by the county. I appeared to enter in his plans, that I might obtain them, and shortly afterwards, he disclosed a more enormous one aimed at the crown. My lords and gentlemen, the three papers on which you yesterday convicted the marquis, I myself forged, as you will see by looking in the upper corner of the under side where in very minute letters I have written '*Philippus D'Istrius hoc fecit*,' and the king will read to you the document which I received in payment."

Much more followed, and then the fifty gentlemen, all of whom we have before met with, each came forward and swore to the truth of D'Istria's statements, and revealed the treachery of the shrinking man before them. Lastly the king unfolded his parchment, first saying:

"Yesterday, the Signor D'Istria told me many things, but did not suffer me to read this. I allowed him to depart under escort, in search of his witnesses, and the course I have pursued since then, is partly derived from his suggestions!" And then in a loud voice he read:

"I hereby promise to Lippo D'Istria, the marquisate of San Romolo, the principality of Valdambri, and in addition a yearly revenue of six thousand florins from the royal exchequer, in lieu of assistance already afforded me in my struggles for the crown, and provided that on the sixteenth of June he meets me in the palace and there aids in putting Ladislaus V. to death. By this contract he binds himself to ask nothing more, and I also acknowledge the receipt of three papers forged by him and containing false evidence of San Romolo's treason.

Signed, RIMLAN GALGANO DA GARGANI."

"County," said Ladislaus, "it is the sixteenth of June to-day."

There was an awkward movement of Rimlan's arm in the king's direction, intercepted by D'Istria.

"That stiletto is the plague of your life, is it not?" whispered the latter.

Meanwhile the princess, half risen from her chair, leaning heavily on one hand and thrusting aside her veil with the other, gazed bewildered at the scene, for the king had said, "People of Poland! is the Marquis di San Romolo guilty or not guilty?" And the answering cry of the nobles had rent the dome with a reverberated "Not guilty!"

"And the County Rimlan?" questioned the king, but such a dead silence suddenly reigned that a falling feather might have been heard. "I then must speak," continued his majesty, "and that no death-sorrow may dim so fine a day, we

pardon him ; but let him never, under our heaviest penalty, enter the boundaries of Poland again !”

Four guards who were to see the royal will executed, accompanied the pardoned man from the place.

“What says your highnesses ?” resumed the king, turning to Valdambrini, “shall we have no wedding to-day ? ’Twere a pity so fair a bride should have no groom !”

The old prince paused a moment, then went forward and took the marquis’s hand.

“Chevalier,” he said, “I have been in the wrong. I should have known better than I believed regarding your mother’s son. Behold, if your generous nature can overlook the past, let us seal our amity by an irrefragable bond. Take my daughter, sir, and God bless you !”

And proud of his child’s beauty, for the cheeks were all rosy beneath their filmy covering, the eyes liquid and glowing, and of his own magnanimity, for it had taken severe effort to subdue the habit of years, he led her on and placed her hand in his, as the bishops advanced to meet them. When the chevalier and his wife arose, two others silently took their place for a similar ceremony. The bishops looked a moment at the smiling king, and then solemnly gave the same nuptial blessing over D’Istria, the gay Duke of Modena, and the Lady Leonore. Thus was ended the bitterest feud in the annals of any history, and often afterwards, did the chevalier, still the chevalier, though he wore a crown, remind his queen of her improper and undignified demeanor on the very first night of their acquaintance. And she, copying her former behaviour, demands, “And you, love, what did you do ?” Upon which he repeats his first offence.

A DOVE STORY.

A gentleman of this city who has a dove cot at his residence at the West End, relates the following incident as having occurred last week. In the cot were a male and female dove and two squabs. The male squab having died, the elderly dove drove from his nest his female mate, and promoted to his bed and board the young female squab, pecking at and driving from his cot the female dove. Finally, upon one occasion, when the female appeared at the door of the cot, the male sallied out, pecked at her and drove her away. The persecuted mother flew down to a perch below, where with her head under her wing, she remained for a short time, and then fell suddenly to the ground. The inmates of the house, who had witnessed the proceedings, immediately went out and ascertained that the dove was dead, but no wound was found sufficient to cause death. Possibly she died of a broken heart from the brutal treatment of her false and sickle mate.—*Traveller.*

THE AZTEC'S REVENGE.

BY MARY W. JANVEIN.

NIGHT, gorgeous night, bent down on Lima. Afar off, the blue Andes loomed distinctly against the serene sky ; peak and precipice, crag and cliff, covered with tangled shrubbery and giant trees upon whose hoary trunks matted vines had for ages been slowly creeping. Below lay beautiful valleys dotted with the huts of the peaceful Indians, gardens filled with purple laurel and orange blossoms ; and far away to the east stretched immense *pampas*, their vast monotony occasionally broken up by groups of stately palmettos, and the shady plantain with its glossy, dark-green leaves.

And this was Peru, beautiful Peru ; the clime that had once been free as the pure air above its blue Andes—whose Incas had held regal sway in its ancient Cuzco—whose sons, true Aztecs, had never writhed beneath the yoke of foreign bondage.

But now, alas ! how changed. True, the Andes rear their heads still proudly, lakes lay gleaming like mountain mirrors in their frames of dark evergreen, and the Peruvian maiden still sought their margins to dip her flowing tresses, and lave her polished limbs—orange groves and lime trees still bloomed luxuriantly, and tropic gardens flung out their wealth of fragrance on the soft, sensuous air ; but the hearts of Peru’s children were sadly changed—their free, and once tameless spirit had been ruthlessly quenched—trampled upon by the race who had come thither over the eastern waters, and whom they in their childlike wonder and guileless confidence named “Children of the Sun.”

The races of the Spaniards and Peruvians, since that age, have mingled, even as the sea receives the tributary river into its bosom ; and now many ages will not be shaken from the tireless wing of Time ere tales of ancient Peruvian glory and splendor will live only in the wild legend of the serf, or the ballad of the hardy mountaineer, who, leaping chamois-like from peak to peak of his native Andes, inspires himself alike with the free mountain air and the olden love of liberty which dwelt in the bosom of every Peruvian. But to our story.

A massive palace reared its walls in the heart of the city. Its proud turrets and lofty pillars ; its velvet draperies and heaped-up cushions ; above all, the banner that flaunted from its stone gateway, proclaimed that here the Spaniard dwelt amid the enslaved people on whose neck his foot had trodden.

The twilight hour was deepening, and still the Alcade Gonzalez de Leon lay upon his cushion of velvet, listlessly noting the long smoke-wreaths that went curling upward from his fragrant cigar to the arched roof of his apartment.

Another hour passed by; his senses overpowered by the soporific perfume floating in the palace gardens through the open casement and lulled by the monotonous sound of dropping water from a small marble fountain, the noble fell asleep; and the weary slaves, seeing their master's slumber, also lapsed away into a deep slumber.

Thus neither noble nor serf heard the sound of muffled oars from the water beneath the balcony; nor saw they a lithe form spring like a gazelle up the stone balustrades, neither the dark shadow that fell across the marble floor, when, from behind the velvet hangings of the casements, he stole cautiously to the side of the slumbering Alcade.

Steadily the young hunter—for such the closely fitting hunting-sack, and the weapons about his belt, bespoke him to be—steadily he gazed on the sleeping noble, a look of concentrated hate gleaming from his dark eyes.

"Tis well," he muttered. "At length the hour is here when another accursed Spaniard shall fall beneath an Aztec's avenging hand; when one less of my sire's murderers shall hold triumphant rule over his son. And now, good steel, strike home—death to the Spaniard!"

A dagger gleamed bright in the moonlight on its way to the heart of the sleeper, when from the shade of a heavily-draped window looking out into the palace gardens, a white-robed form dashed wildly, and a piercing cry rang upon the still air, "O, do not kill my father!"

The hunter lowered his steel; for before him knelt as beautiful a flower as ever bloomed in Peru's balmy air, or was transplanted thither from distant sunny Spain; for this was the Alcade's daughter, Inez de Leon, whose dark locks made an ebon veil for her matchless form as she clung imploringly to his knees and turned a face of startling beauty upon the astonished hunter.

The awakened Alcade now sprang to his feet, for a moment dimly comprehending the danger of his situation, then hastily grasping his carbine, sprang forward with the shout:

"Ha, thou here! Die, base Indian dog! Ho, guards, to the rescue! Cut him down, slaves!" Then, seeing their hesitation, exclaimed contemptuously, "What, do ye fear one Indian?" And he dashed toward the hunter.

The Aztec quickly parried his thrust; yet finding himself unable to cope single-handed

with the guard whose tread resounded through the marble gallery, he delayed but to whisper fearfully distinct to his adversary:

"We meet again, proud Alcade, but not single-handed. 'Twill be where the fight rages fiercest, where Aztecs will deal death to many Spaniards. Revenge! The Aztec hath sworn it, beware!" And before the astonished soldiers could define his purpose, with his dagger's point he severed one dark lock from the Donna Inez's floating hair, then sprang from the balcony into his canoe, and shot out like an arrow into the night.

Torches gleamed brightly in the palace gardens; the shouting of the Spanish soldiery hurrying to and fro in search of the hunter raised scores of Lima's citizens from their slumbers; but the Aztec saw not, heard not, for his canoe cut the dark waters, till, miles from the city, his footsteps gained the wooded shore.

On, on, dashed the brave hunter, through tangled forests, over deep streams and yawning chasms. The tropic sun rose and cast scorching beams down upon his head; but what cared the young Peruvian, since a fiercer fire preyed on his heart? Ay, the fires of revenge, and cold or heat it mattered not which, so he slaked that inward fire in the red blood of the haughty conqueror.

Onward still the hunter urged his good steed, pausing not till after coursing over the wide *pampas*, again he plunged into the depths of the wood; and then, springing from his fleet mountain courser, he entered a low cabin half hidden by festoons of rich moss that had been suffered to creep undisturbed over its entrance.

An aged Indian, one who ere the weight of many years had unnerved his arm had been chief of a mighty tribe, sat upon the hearthstone in moody silence; and scarcely seemed aware of the presence of his visitor, save that he raised his eyes from the earth at his entrance.

"Father, I have come to claim thy long promised aid, and that of thy people, for the hour has come!" exclaimed the hunter.

The old man sprang to his feet. "Ha, what sayest thou?" he gasped hoarsely, his faded eye kindling. "Is vengeance ready to be meted out to the Spaniard?"

"Even so," rejoined the young hunter. "We delay no longer. Every moment is an age of doom. Even now the Alcade's guards are scouring the mountain for me. This night blood shall flow like water through Lima's streets. And now, canst bid thy people aid me?"

"Dost doubt it, Gabriel?" was the reply. "Has not Caraco sworn death to the perfidious

Spaniard! The Indian chief is bowed down with many years; the lightning has stricken the mighty forest tree, and it cannot lift its head proudly over all as was its wont, but new saplings shall spring up from the old roots. His arm is weak in the fray; but his voice is not buried under the earth, and he can yet call about him brave Aztecs, sons of kings, who shall break the tyrant's rule and drive him far beyond the eastern waves. My son, the Indian hath spoken!" And he relapsed into his former moody silence.

"It is enough!" said the hunter. "Caraco was never known to fail in the hour of flight. Gather thy people with the wind's speed, and bid them seek me at the moon's rising within the forest near the city's western walls."

And away, to gather his band and impatiently await the coming of night, sped the hunter as upon the wings of the wind.

Years before our tale commences, ere Pizarro's foot had pressed the golden strand of Peru, up the mountain sides, and scattered throughout the valleys, dwelt a peaceful people who had built there their humble cabins and subsisted on the products of the chase.

These hunters were a quiet race, and alike distinguished for their bravery and fidelity toward their chiefs. But the Spaniards came from afar, took prisoner their Inca, desecrated their fair homes, and by their grasping avarice and unholty ambition made bitter enemies of these tribes, and also of those weaker ones who dwelt on the wide-spreading *pampas*, and who now called on their mountain brethren for assistance.

Ever foremost in the chase was Pedro; and when the call came from his brethren on the plains, he gathered about him his band, and sped to their aid. Bravely those Peruvians fought against foreign aggression, but the Spaniards triumphed; and after a fearful slaughter on the well-contested battle plain, carried prisoners to the city some of the leading chiefs, among whom was numbered Pedro. They yielded their lives, those brave mountaineers, and the roll of the Spanish drum drowned their death struggles. So ended the life of Pedro, the father of young Gabriel the hunter.

And is it strange that he who had been reared from early boyhood by his widowed mother with the one idea of hatred to the Spaniard, who had been taught that revenge was a virtue, should have sought the Alcade's life? Is it strange that a stern satisfaction filled his mind, as he mentally pondered over the approaching conflict,

or that ever and anon, young and impressible as was his tropic heart to the sight of rare female loveliness, there rose up before him a vision of the Alcade's beautiful, high-born daughter—a tress of whose raven hair his dagger point had severed to wear next his heart—as she knelt before him that night and turned his hand aside from its righteous revenge?

But not love of woman, her beauty, or tears, might stay the purpose of a rough son of the forest who had been educated in the stern creed of an Aztec's faith. So Gabriel the hunter gathered his braves about him, and gave the battle cry, "Death to the treacherous Spaniards!" and dashed away toward the city.

'Tis night again in Lima, but how different from the last. Then the spirit of peace and of beauty hovered over this fair tropic land, kissing the orange blossoms and folding the lily's snowy chalice; but to-night all the elements of strife hold high festival. The elements are in fearful commotion, thunder peals hoarsely, vivid lightnings glare incessantly, for a storm has broken in all its fury above the city.

The Alcade sits alone in his apartment, thoughtful and stern. Deep furrows mark his massive brow; time has silvered his once dark locks, yet never can he wrest from that princely form its haughty bearing, or dim the lustre of the eye that speaks conscious pride; for was he not an old Castilian grandee, and was not the tide of blood circling through his veins caught from a race of kings?

From his earliest years the Spanish noble had known no law save his own imperious will; and when sent from his own government to Peru, he had gone thither but illy prepared to hold sway over a people whom he had been taught were but a race of subtle, indolent Indians; and he had yet to learn the lesson that oppression often goads to revenge, and that many a brave Aztec heart still beat beneath the rude garb of the mountaineer.

This haughty bearing had already roused the hate of Lima's citizens; many had sworn vengeance on the Spaniard, who had pronounced the death decree of the chiefs brought captive within the city; and many the futile attempt to assassinate him in his own palace; but from none had his escape been so narrow as that of the previous evening. Now, he sat pondering some scheme to gain possession of the daring hunter, for whom all that long summer's day his soldiery's search among the mountains had been fruitless; and he muttered audibly:

"And shall this dog of an Indian escape me?"

Nay, by St. Jago, he dies ere the morrow's sun crosses the meridian!" And, consoling himself with this reflection, the noble threw himself upon his velvet couch and again sought slumber.

And the noble's daughter, Donna Inez de Leon sat alone till the evening had merged into blackest midnight, and the pinions of the storm-angel circled lower and closer over the city.

A silver lamp fed with perfumed oil shed a faint moonlike light throughout the chamber; vases crowded with the richest exotics of Peru, stood upon tables of the azure lapis-lazuli; and tropical birds of gorgeous plumage drooped low their heads and slept. It was a rare and gilded cage against whose bars the heart of the Spanish maiden fluttered; for the girl sat now in tears, unmindful of the storm that shook the city to its foundations, heeding only the distasteful decree which that day she had heard from paternal lips, that in one week the Count de Sylva would claim her as his long-promised bride.

"Nay, the virgin and the saints forbid!" cried the girl, with tearful eyes, slipping the beads of her rosary one after another over her white jewelled fingers. "Wedded to a man old enough to be my sire, a wicked, cruel man, whose nobility lies in his title alone, and whose days and nights are squandered in noisy revels. It is my father's gold he would wed, it is that he loves, not me."

And then the maiden fell to pondering (strange mischance) on the young and handsome hunter whose fresh, manly face had been revealed to her one instant the previous night in the glare cast by the approaching guards' torches.

"Ah, he was so handsome," murmured the Spanish maiden. "But the saints preserve me!"—and she devoutly crossed herself—"he is one of these poor, base Peruvians; and he would have slain my sire! But Jesu Maria, what a storm! I will to rest, and try to sleep." And after again commending herself to the blessed virgin, the girl sought her slumbers.

Fearful, ay, deadly was the affray within Lima's walls that stormy night. The cries of "To arms! death to the Indian dogs!" mingled with "Freedom for Peru! death to the Spaniards!"

The deafening yells of the Peruvians mingling with the roar of musketry, aroused the Alcade from his slumbers, and grasping his carbine he dashed wide the door.

"Ho, guards, without there; to the rescue! The Indians are upon us! This is that cursed hunter's work!" burst from his lips.

Steadily, firmly, the Indians pressed on,

through deserted, rain-beaten gardens, trampling rarest plants, over marble walks, through the main entrance of the palace, and along the spacious corridor, even to the Alcade's door, headed by Gabriel. Dashing it from its heavy hinges, they burst like an avalanche upon the Spaniards.

"Strike for Castile!" shouted the noble, as the foe poured upon his men; but a wilder chorus burst from the savages as they saw their youthful leader single out the Alcade, raise aloft his weapon, and bound to his side.

"Ha, this is well!" shouted Gabriel. "Said I not, proud Spaniard, murderer of my sire, that when I met thee next 'twould be where the fight raged fiercest, and the blows fell like rain drops? Pedro shall be revenged!"

No word came from the Alcade's fearfully compressed lips; but silently they closed together for the deadly struggle. Then loudly clashed their weapons, and the ring of steel sounded out high above the din of the terrible elemental strife without. Thrust followed thrust in quick succession; and blow after blow, skilfully parried, showed that the combatants were equally matched. But at length the Alcade stumbled against a marble column and fell prone. Now Gabriel had him at his mercy, and his braves rushed forward to his bidding.

"Nay, back, my brothers!" said the young hunter, as a hundred daggers flashed athwart the gloom. "Back, he is my prize! Mine for Pedro's sake!"

"Mercy!" shrieked the despairing Spaniard, fixing his gaze imploringly on the stern white face gleaming above his own. "Mercy—my life!"

A scornful smile wreathed the hunter's well-cut lips, he essayed to raise his carbine; a hoarse laugh echoed strangely on the hushed air; when, just as his hand sought the dagger's hilt, a tress of midnight hair fell from the loosened folds of his hunter's jacket over his bosom and fluttered softly as down upon the other hand, whose iron gripe was on the prisoner's throat. A dash of red broke through the marble pallor on the hunter's cheek, the iron smile relaxed, the iron grasp was loosened, and lowering his weapon's point to the floor, he hoarsely whispered:

"Live, base Spaniard, coward; live! Away with him to the deepest dungeon cell!"

Away toward his mountain home madly dashed Gabriel, bearing in his arms across his steed, enveloped in the folds of an ample velvet cloak, a precious burden—the senseless, fainting form of the Donna Inez, whom he had rescued from the rude grasp of the mountain soldiery.

Once, only once, did he check his courser's

speed, and gaze back on the distant towers of Lima, distinctly thrown in bold relief against the black sky by the glaring torches of the savages and the lurid light of burning palaces; and then he wildly laughed aloud, and shouted to the free winds revelling across the deep *pampas*:

"Ha! truly said I, that to-night there would be wailing within yon city's walls! Piedro, thou art beginning to be revenged!"

Again morning breaks over Peru, and O, how beautiful! The day-god guides his chariot high above the Andes' snowiest peak, bathes the city spires in golden light, and sheds a flood of burnished gold on lake and water. Clumps of palmetto trees wave lightly in the soft air; clouds of incense fragrance float upward to heaven; birds of crimson and gold flash athwart the sunshine.

But how changed the city! Where now the long columns of soldiery, who but yesternorn paced the square in front of the grand cathedral to the sound of the deep drum and beneath the waving banner of Spain? Alas! they lie low. Their red blood stains the marble floors of the noblest palaces. No longer the roll of the drum calls them forth to their morning parade; the market places are thronged with files of swarthy Indians; the proud banner of Castile has been torn from its standard and trampled beneath their feet; Peru is again free from the rule of the Spaniard!

Beneath the shade of a wide-spreading plantain sat the hunter. Seated in the door of his mountain cabin was an aged woman, Gabriel's mother; her feeble, shrivelled fingers essaying to braid up the fibrous strips of the torn palmetto leaf; and at a little remove, idly toying with the splendid crimson blossoms the hunter had thrown into a heap before her feet, stood the captive Spanish maiden, Inez de Leon.

Captive, I said; and yet there is a more dreaded captivity than that into which Gabriel had brought this child of sunny Spain—that where the heart goes not with the bribed, bought or sold hand—and this mountain retreat was comparative freedom to Inez when compared with the hateful union into which her sire had sought to force her.

Indeed it would have needed no seer to have foretold that the looks which, ever and anon the hunter cast from under his thick lashes upon the beautiful maiden, savored nothing of the revengeful sentiment he had nurtured against her father; nor was it singular that the impassioned child of the sweet southland beyond the blue seas, when, scattering her mountain flowers to the winds and kneeling at Gabriel's feet to implore her

father's release in her own soft, flowing Spanish tongue, and with tears gemming her midnight eyes, she gained an affirmative answer from her moody but admiring auditor; it was not strange that her own dark eyes fell beneath the impassioned gaze of that child of nature, and love crept into the heart where gratitude already lived.

Next day, a heavy footfall resounded along the stone corridor leading to the lower dungeon in Lima's strongest prison; the clanging armor was heard; the ponderous door turned slowly on its hinges, and a soldier bearing a blazing torch gave admittance to the Alcade's cell, Gabriel the hunter. But few words passed the young Peruvian's lips.

"Alcade, choose as thou wilt: death ere the morrow's sun goes down behind yon western waters, or freedom in thy Spain *alone*. Thy daughter weds the hunter; this shall be Gabriel's revenge for the death of his sire. Alcade, which suits ye best?"

How futile the rage of the noble! But the conqueror and the serf had changed places; no hope now, that from the outraged Peruvian could be wrung the slightest concession; the blood of Castilian dukes must henceforth be defiled by contact with the humbler tide caught from the veins of Indian mountaineers. The haughty noble groaned aloud, and tore his gray locks with despair.

But the descendant of the dukes of Castile still clung to life—life at any sacrifice, quite as though he were moulded of commoner clay; and so, with bitterness and concentrated hate, he chose his liberty; and many suns had not set, ere a gallant ship sailed down the blue Pacific bearing away from Peru the liberated Alcade, Gonzalez de Leon.

In after years again the Christian's banner was planted, mid bloodshed and ruin, in the soil of Peru, and again the Spaniard's treacherous foot defiled the sod, and his iron hand clutched grasping at this fair land's golden treasures; again the Aztec's neck bowed to the yoke of slavery, and freedom's flickering torch went out in a long, dark, rayless night; but of this we write not now.

Our chronicle is ended; for, in the brief, golden day when Spain's red ensigns were torn from Lima's towers; when Spain's red blood dyed a defiled land; and when a rare Spanish maiden wound a wreath of orange blossoms amid the tresses of her midnight hair, and joined her hand and heart with the bold, handsome Gabriel, was consummated THE AZTEC'S REVENGE.

EYES TO THE BLIND.

BY MELVILLE A. WALKER.

EMILY BARNARD lost her father and mother when about fifteen years of age. She had not yet left school, and a sister of her mother presided over the household. Mr. Barnard had left a fine property, and Emily was sole heiress.

Twice before she was of age, her hand had been sought under circumstances which displayed to her so fully the fact that her fortune alone was the object, that she felt almost determined never to marry at all. With one of these pretended admirers, her fancy, if not her heart, had been captivated. It is so easy to love beauty! and Fred Harmon was so very handsome. But the spell was soon removed, and Emily had subsided into indifference, and almost despondency, so painfully did the real truth of the case affect her. She found that it was not herself but her broad lands which induced him to seek her; and with a scorching rebuke, which made his ears tingle for months afterwards, when Emily Barnard's name was mentioned, she dismissed him.

He had not believed her so spirited, but he did not know how terrible is the rousing of a mild temper; and he could not help acknowledging that although she was spirited, she was dignified, too. But he did not know, that when he had gone, she ran to her room, locked the door, and fell on her knees by the bedside, in an agony of tears. Relieved by these, she arose, washed away their traces, and joined Aunt Mary in the drawing-room, with her habitual calm and serene countenance, and her soft blue eyes unshadowed in their depths. Years came and went, and Emily's tranquil life was not disturbed again by the shadow of that seeming love which can darken over a woman's heart but once. In quiet intercourse with her aunt, whom she loved almost as a mother, and in deeds of earnest and active benevolence, she passed her days.

The first thing which disturbed her peaceful life was the blindness of her Aunt Mary. It had been gradually increasing for a long time, and had now become entire. With the beautiful self-devotion for which Emily had always been distinguished, she now made her aunt's comfort and happiness her first object.

While she was lying on her sofa one evening, Aunt Mary distinctly heard the wail of an infant, a sound perceptible to no other in the room. To gratify her, Emily arose and went to the door, when a quickly receding footstep was heard in the darkness, and again the low wail was heard. Taking a light, she again sought for the origin

of the sound, and discovered a little child, lying, well wrapped in a blanket, on the step. She tenderly took it up and carried it into the warm room; and on unfolding the blanket, the little creature reached out its tiny arms and smiled in her face. One only thought came to Emily's mind, and that was to receive and cherish the forsaken infant. Of all things human, she had ever loved children. Her peculiarly lonely state had often pressed with weight upon her mind. She had never known the ties of brother and sister—of brother's and sister's children—and her heart had often ached with the yearning longing after kindred, which comes to those solitary ones whom God never "setteth in families." So with sweet welcoming of smiles and tears, Emily took the little child to her heart, and inwardly vowed not to forsake it.

Nothing was ever heard of the child's parents, and it became the pet and darling, not only of the household, but of all who came to visit Emily's pleasant home. She grew and flourished fair beneath the shade of the old trees which grew around that home, and at five years old, there was no lovelier child than little Mary. Emily had named her after her aunt, and the poor blind lady rejoiced in the sweet sunbeam which affection had thus brought to shine upon her darkened path. Day after day that little golden head would nestle fondly beneath the eyes which could not see its glorious curls; and hers were the little feet that ran cheerfully to supply every want, hers the hands that brought the goblet of pure water, or the cooling fruit and fragrant flowers.

Emily's heart glowed with genuine delight at every instance of affection between these two. They were all she had to lavish her own love upon; but Emily was drawing near to a new experience, one to which she had long been a stranger, for she was now past thirty, and Emily had heard no sound of love, since Fred Harmon had so rudely dispelled her young day dream.

Among those who were attracted to her house, was a gentleman whose widowed state had caused quite a sensation in the younger circles of his acquaintance. High-born and wealthy, Mr. Blake might have chosen the youngest and fairest, to replace a wife whom he had never loved, and whose loss he did not mourn. Two children, girls of ten and twelve, needed a mother's care; and yet the task seemed to promise little of comfort or pleasure to one who should undertake it. Their mother was a haughty, proud, self-willed woman, who had made life a burden to her husband, and Catherine and Julia inherited their mother's disposition.

Still, Mr. Blake was excessively fond of his daughters, and was perhaps more blind to their faults, than he had been to those of his wife.

Latterly, Mr. Blake had been more than usually attentive to Emily Barnard. Her nice sense of propriety, her native dignity, and her simple, unpretending manners, won his heart. He had married once for beauty, and the price which he paid was too severe; and the butterflies who now surrounded the handsome widower, could not draw his attention except for the passing moment. The simple goodness of Emily, so necessary in guiding and directing his wayward children, were infinitely more attractive to him than all the lures that were spread for him.

It was not altogether unexpected to Emily when Mr. Blake offered her his hand; but the struggle which it caused in her feelings was none the less severe. With everything to make her turn away from the proposal, Emily Barnard did as many others do in her situation, married to have a protector.

It was with no little surprise that Aunt Mary heard her decision. To her it seemed like the death-knell to Emily's happiness, and although she tried to set aside all selfish feelings, she could not help feeling that this marriage would separate her almost effectually from Emily.

It was arranged that her establishment should continue unbroken; and that Aunt Mary and the little girl should not be separated. They were to see her every day and enjoy every comfort which she had shared with them; for Mr. Blake had generously allowed Emily to settle her whole property upon them. It was the only condition which she made to try the strength of his attachment. He should take her without wealth, if he married her at all; and on his part there was no difficulty, for he was able to dispense with it.

Had Miss Ashton and Miss Stanton, two rival beauties, who had aspired to be Mr. Blake's wife, witnessed Emily's doubt and hesitation in accepting him, they would have wondered much; and many were the jeers passed upon her age and want of beauty when it was known that she had accepted him. She married him; and if tears are a bad omen in a wedding, Aunt Mary shed enough to drown Emily's prospects of happiness forever.

Catherine and Julia were on a visit at their mother's home, and their father would not recall them till they were ready to come back willingly. They had been informed of his intentions, and expressed only a sullen acquiescence; which had changed to absolute dislike of his marriage, after talking it over with their mother's relations.

When at length they returned home, they

were prepared to meet Emily with a sullen indifference which pained her sensitive heart most deeply. She tried to be kind to them, but her advances were rudely repulsed, and Emily was thrown back upon her own heart for sympathy, for to Aunt Mary she never complained. She had chosen her lot, and she would bear it as patiently as she might. Little Mary was still her solace and comfort, except that she could not be constantly in her presence as before. Even Mr. Blake was a little jealous of the child's claim upon her time, and his daughters lost no opportunity of mortifying and annoying her; especially on the subject of her being a foundling. The child's tender feelings were so often hurt at this, that Emily was at length obliged to content herself without Mary's daily visit.

Catherine Blake noticed this, and angry at being deprived of her usual sport, she one day uttered a hint to her sister, upon the subject of Mary's birth, which Emily accidentally heard when she was entering the room. Pale and faint, she leaned against the door, and a cry of anguish came from her lips. Half-ashamed, Catherine blushed at her own words, but proud and arrogant as she was, she refrained from apology or excuse, and Emily, feeling that her own dignity required one, retired.

Mr. Blake found her in an agony of tears, of which he demanded an explanation, which she unwillingly gave him. Then followed a scene between him and his daughters, and it ended in their attempting to justify themselves by stating that common report authorized them. Mr. Blake was struck dumb at this bare-faced assertion; and again he went to Emily's room. This time he did not try to soothe her as before and Emily, sensitive and delicate as she was, was prostrated before this new blow.

An imperative message from Aunt Mary to come to her immediately, drew her away, and begging her husband to accompany her, she went to the home she could truly wish she had never left.

Arriving at Aunt Mary's room, she saw a lady whose face she did not recognize, sitting by the side of the old lady, holding her withered hand, while tears were dropping fast from the sightless eyes. Little Mary was clinging fast to her old friend, but ran to meet Emily, when she saw her.

"As you have done by my child," said the stranger, "even so may it be returned to you a thousand fold. I am the mother of the infant which you took to your heart six years ago; and her father and my husband is the son of this poor blind lady. He waits for her blessing; if indeed she can overlook these long years of

seeming neglect. Sixteen years, a long time indeed, but O, forgive, forgive him!" And the lady wound her arms around her who, for sixteen years, had wept the forgetfulness of her only son. Yes, Aunt Mary had had other trials than blindness; and now—she would never look again upon that face, but she should hear his voice and feel his hand; and this gentle lady would not take away little Mary.

All this she sobbed out at intervals, and then a manly form was seen to go softly up to her chair, and his voice whispered "mother!" But she had known him long before he found utterance, and clasping him to her heart, she murmured, "My son, my son, lost and found! lost and found!"

Sitting afterwards, with his mother's hand holding fast by his own, he recounted his experiences since he had left his home. Mr. Blake and Emily sat by, speechless from emotions of various natures. By their father's express command, Catherine and Julia formed part of the circle, and little Mary pressed close to her grandmother, scarcely willing yet to acknowledge her newly found parents.

Charles Eastford had been somewhat wild in his younger days, and had sent many a pang to the heart of his widowed parent; none perhaps more severe than when he left her without a single farewell, and tried his fortunes upon the ocean. Uncertain of his fate, and not wishing to talk of him to strangers, she had agreed with Emily, when she first came to reside with her, never to mention him, unless some tidings of him should reach them. Thus no one knew that Aunt Mary ever had a son, and the shade of grief that sometimes came over her brow was never attributed to the right cause.

Charles had secretly married a young girl who had escaped from a convent, and as her family were wealthy and powerful, and offered large rewards for her appearance, they were obliged to fly fast and far from their pursuit. Fearing this rapid flight for their child, Charles sent it by one whom he could trust, to take it to his mother, of whose removal to Emily's house he had just heard by accident. That no questions need be asked, he instructed the man who left it at the door not to make anything known, but to watch round for several days, to find if the child was taken care of. He ascertained that this was the case, and Charles was duly informed of the fact. From time to time he heard of little Mary's welfare; but the news of Emily's marriage hastened his determination to visit her, and not daring to trust his own feelings to meet his mother, he had sent the gentle creature he had married

to pave the way for his forgiveness and return.—How deeply grateful was Emily's heart at this unlooked-for result. How happy looked her husband, when he turned to his daughters and bade them ask her pardon for their injustice to her, who by the simple act of goodness to the forsaken child had made the happiness of so many. Proud and self-willed as they were, they came nobly forward to acknowledge their fault, and promised future reparation for all they had made Emily suffer.

To install her cousins in her old home, and to make her husband's home happy, was the height of Emily's ambition. Not even the temper of Kate and Julia could long withstand her influence, and the two families lived in peace and love. Never had Mr. Blake seemed so happy as now; and Emily rejoiced that she had so far won upon his children, as to make them love and respect her. When added years and altered circumstances brought them new experiences, they looked back to their old injustice with grief and shame; but their gentle mother-in-law forgave them, and showered kindnesses unnumbered on them and their children.

Four or five years afterwards, Mary Ashton and Lucy Stanton met Emily in the street. Devoted as Emily was to her household, she seldom walked out, lest Aunt Mary should need her in her absence; and now the two families were under one roof, Catherine and Julia being married.

"How well Emily Barnard wears!" exclaimed Miss Seaton. "Do you remember when she was married, what bitter things we both said in regard to her age?"

"I do," said her friend, "and now we look older than she does. I think some of our set did that woman gross injustice; and I know that Fred Harmon was mean enough to circulate one story against her; and I feel condemned for not exposing him for his share in it. And see, Mary, she is going to pass him this moment. Will she notice him, now he degrades himself by drinking and gaming as they say he does?"

Emily did bow to the shabby, miserable-looking man, who looked as if he would sink with shame, at the exposure of his wretchedness. He looked after her with an expression on his face, as if he had suddenly made some great resolve, and three months afterwards, Miss Stanton met him again, so altered in person and demeanor that she hardly knew him. She learned that Emily had induced her husband to attempt his reformation; and that now Fred Harmon had become restored to society. Who can appreciate fully, the influence of a noble, right-minded woman, like Emily Barnard?

Curious Matters.

A diabolical young Scoundrel.

An extraordinary affair is related in a Silesian journal. Five little children belonging to two tradesmen of Bolkenhahn, in that country, went a few weeks ago, to play in a garden, and were joined by a boy of eleven, who has always been noted for perversity of disposition. After a while their parents sought for them, but found that they had disappeared. After looking a long while they found them lying piled one on another in a wooden case in the garden; four were dead, and the fifth, though still breathing, died shortly after. The lad referred to was then questioned, and he calmly related the astounding fact that he had persuaded the children to enter the case in play—had then slammed down the lid, and seated himself on it—remaining there for three-quarters of an hour listening to their cries and groans; he then raised the lid to see if they were dead, and finding that they were not so, had fastened it down by a hasp—after which he had gone away to fly his kite! This little monster has been arrested.

Capture of a Sea Devil.

The Inverness Observer says: Mr. Leask, of Islay, caught a sea monster the other day, which was found to be what ichthyologists describe as the sea devil. Its peculiar formation is anything but captivating. It is flat, four feet eight inches in length, two feet six inches in breadth; its mouth, in which there is a single row of cuneated sharp teeth, measures twelve inches and a half, horizontal, and when the jaws are fully opened, measures betwixt the lower and upper, sixteen and three-quarter inches; on its belly, near the lower part of the head, are two hands, having five fingers on each, distinctly exhibited, and webbed. It has also two anterior fins, and two lateral bags of great capacity, with one of the triangular form on the belly. It weighs about eighty pounds. It is altogether a formidable and strange looking fish, and the name by which it is known is not inappropriate.

Sagacity of a Pony.

A pony, at Penrith Steam Mills, England, was lately seen to perform a most sagacious feat. It happened that a servant went to inspect some sheep in a field adjoining Stockbridge Mill, in which the pony was grazing; he had occasion to secure one, and tie its legs until his return; the pony witnessing this performance, very sensibly waited till the man was gone; when it was seen to march in quick pace to the sheep, walk several times around it indicating much curiosity, and showed its sympathy thus: by scraping the ground with its fore feet, and licking the sheep with its tongue; but "Charlie's" endeavors were not long ineffectual, he got the rope firm in his teeth, shook it, and threw up his head; the sheep soon ran off, and Charlie, in triumphant manner, galloped round the field with the rope in his mouth.

Splendid Specimens of Persian Art.

The present Shah of Persia, who is a great patron of Oriental calligraphy and water colors, is engaged on the execution of a work, unique in its kind. It is a copy of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments, written in the most gorgeous style of Oriental calligraphy, to which are added some tales, wanting in the original. A society of native painters have also been engaged on this work, for the last seven years, at Teheran, the cost of which amounts already to 800,000 francs.

Curious Coincidences.

The following are some remarkable chronological coincidences suggested by the tidings of the storming of Delhi, on the 14th of September, and the occupation of the city on the 20th. The landing of the allies in the Crimea took place on the 14th of September, 1854, and the battle of the Alma was fought on the 20th. On the 14th of September, 1812, Napoleon entered Moscow. On the 20th of September, 1792, was fought the battle of Valmy, the first and most important victory of the French Revolution. The battle of Marathon was fought on the 6th of Boedremion, B. C. 490, answering to the 8th of September of the Julian calendar. The day of Alma was, consequently the Julian anniversary of Marathon, the 20th N. S. in this century being the 8th O. S. as still used by the Russians. The battle of Salamis took place, according to the same mode of calculation, 20th of September, B. C. 490.

Potatoes.

Potatoes were first brought to Europe in 1583. After fifty-nine years the potato rot broke out, and after eighty years there was no seed fit for planting to be obtained. In 1796 the Spaniards brought good seed from Peru, which gave healthy tubers for forty-five years. In 1779 the rot so far destroyed the potatoes that no good seed was obtained. In 1797 the English brought new seed to Europe, but it was not until 1802—3 that seed generally spread throughout the continent, and was in general use. Fifty years later the rot again appeared, and decreased in 1856. From this it appears that potatoes are liable to suffer from this disease about every fifty years. If this be so, would it not be important that new seed should be imported from the native soil of the potato?

Treasure Trove.

A workman called in to cure a smoky chimney in an old house in the Rue des Carmes, Paris, had occasion to examine a little closet which had not been opened for years, and he found in a corner nine heavy bags. On examining them, to his astonishment, he found them filled with silver coin with the effigies of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., the value of the contents of each bag being between 7000 and 8000 francs. Two of the bags bore the inscription "The Bishop of Glendev," four that of "M. Ducros, vicar of St. Jacques-du-Haut-Pas," and the others had none. The money will be shared equally between the finder and the party being the owner of the house, namely, the Municipality of Paris.

An Odd Fellow.

A post-horse master died in 1757, and left a closed box, with instructions that a century was to elapse before it was opened. In order to secure compliance with his wishes, he stated expressly in his will that the contents of the box were of no value, but would be regarded as curiosities in a century. A few days back the box was opened, and it was found to contain a lady's bonnet, a purse, some playbills, placards, and engravings, some coins, a tinder-box, and other objects in use a century ago.

Extraordinary Lamb.

There is a man named Joseph Northridge, living at Ordsall, in the possession of a singular species of a lamb, having only one head and two perfect bodies and eight legs. The most singular part of it is that the inner fore-most legs, instead of hanging down, are turned upwards, giving it the appearance of horns.

Liquid Stone.

In the Scientific American, the inventor of the process of preparing liquified quarts, and precipitating any gold which it may contain, has published a correct statement. By this mode of dissolving quarts, he says the solution of one ton of quarts in 800 gallons of water is perfect in one hour. The solvent used is common salt, the chlorine being first set free in a process of treating gold-bearing pyrites, etc. The principle in this particular patent is the introduction of highly-heated steam, through a hollow shaft, to the bottom of the digester, while the escape steam, above a certain pressure, is rapidly condensed. A fifteen-horse power engine carries the shaft to five digesters or boilers, besides the pestle-mill. In this way twenty-five tons of quarts are dissolved daily, making 7500 gallons of liquid stone, besides taking all the gold.

Romantic Streak of Fortune.

The Palmer Journal says that Dea. Joseph Miller of Ludlow has fallen heir to \$50,000 by the decease of a distant relative in New Orleans. The grandfather of the testator, George Miller of West Springfield, was taken prisoner by the Indians in 1765, and subsequently became chief of a tribe in Western New York. He afterwards visited Boston with a party of his warriors, for the purpose of showing them the strength of the country, but refused to recognize his brothers and sisters, who met him at West Springfield and Ludlow and attempted to induce him to remain with them. Dea. Miller of Ludlow is a grandson of one of these brothers, and the grandson of the Indian chief has thus recognized him as the inheritor of the old family homestead.

Sad Mistake.

Major Beale, says the Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist, has just returned from his European tour, but his fellow townsmen are astonished and horrified at his altered appearance. When in Paris he challenged a French colonel, and the weapons being swords, at the first stroke the major's nose was severed close to his face. Hastily picking up and replacing the organ, he tied his handkerchief over it. After leaving on the bandage for eleven days he removed it, when to his consternation he found that he had placed it wrong side up, and it was now healed. Although it looks ugly, he finds it very convenient for taking snuff.

Antiquarian Treasures.

Vice-Admiral Sir Maurice Berkeley has had a "clearing-out sale" of some of the antiquarian lumber of Berkley Castle, England. The bed on which Edward II. is said to have been murdered fell into the hands of a Wotten-under-Edge broker for 17s. 6d.; an old piano was knocked down for 2s. 3d.; and the stuffed birds, which were ranged in the chapel, and which the late earl spent hundreds in collecting, could hardly be sold at any price.

Curious Calculation.

If we would obtain any idea of the water which the sea contains, let us suppose a common and general depth for the ocean; by computing it at only two hundred fathoms, or the tenth part of a mile, we shall see that there is sufficient water to cover the whole globe to the height of 503 feet; and if we were to reduce this to one mass, we should find that it would form a globe of more than sixty thousand miles in diameter.

The rival Misers.

There died lately at Bruyeres, near Loan (Aisne), France, aged 74, a wealthy old woman who was originally a farm-servant. She married a laborer in the neighborhood. Their joint savings amounted to 3000 francs. They took a small farm, on which they lived for forty-five years, and had the reputation in the country of possessing some money. They both died about the same time, aged 74; and on their decease pieces of gold were found in almost every nook of the house. A nephew of theirs, who inherits their property, and who used sometimes to visit them, states that they were in the habit of robbing each other, and then hiding their money in various parts of the house. In the garret, under the thatch, in corners of cupboards, in every place, in fact, where money could be concealed, sums were found after their death. The nephew found upwards of 40,000 francs in gold and silver, and does not despair of finding still more. How they have amassed so much money with their apparently small means, has excited general surprise.

Nineteen Months without Food.

We learn from the Albany Times that Mrs. Hayes, of the town of Day, Saratoga county, N. Y., who had lived nineteen months without food or drink, died a short time ago. She remained insensible for fifteen months of the period, and up to a few days of her death, when she seemed to revive, and spoke occasionally. After her death, her body was opened and a snake five feet long and half an inch thick was taken from the stomach! It was alive when removed, but died soon after. The case is a very remarkable one, and it is to be regretted that it was not subjected to scientific examination.

Floral Curiosity.

At the recent exhibition of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, Mr. Harling exhibited from Mr. Longworth's collection a magnificent specimen of the *Crinum Amabile* in full bloom. It belongs to the family of the Lily; is a native of the intertropical regions of the valley of the Amazon; and the present splendid plant indicates the most judicious care and splendid cultivation on the part of the florist, under whose hands it had come to its present remarkable beauty of bloom and vigor of growth.

The Buskin and Sock.

The word buskin is the translation of the Greek and Latin word *Cothurnus*, which signifies a high-heeled boot or shoe, used by the Greek and Roman tragic actors to give an appearance of elevation to their stature, in conjunction with the mask and other stage properties. *Cothurnus*, in Latin, is used in contradistinction to *Soccus*, the flat-soled shoe, worn by comedians. Hence, in English authors, the words buskin and sock are often used for the tragic and comic drama.

Singular Accident to a Horse.

Two horses belonging to Mr. George Smith, of Whittinsville, were standing together a few days since, and one of them began to lap the other with his tongue, when number two caught his mate's tongue in his mouth, and tore it out by the roots. It of course became necessary to kill the tongueless horse.

Remarkable Dinner.

A curious dinner took place a few days ago at Klean's Hotel, in Finsbury Square, London. Everything on the table, the meat, fish, vegetables, fruits, and edibles of all kinds, had been kept for four years. They had been hermetically sealed under a process.

The Florist.

Who does not love a flower?
Its hues are taken from the light
Which summer suns fling pure and bright,
In scattered and prismatic hues,
That smile and shine in dropping dews;
Its fragrance from the sweetest air,
Its form from all that's light and fair:
Who does not love a flower?

Removing large Trees.

Care should be taken to prepare the roots by cutting a trench around the tree for a year or two before removal, and pruning off the roots which project into it. The removal should be conducted with great care; either a large ball of earth should be removed with the tree, or the roots spread out carefully at full length when the tree is replanted. Some persons, before removing a tree, mark which side stood to the south, in order to replant them with the same side towards the sun; this is sometimes done with young trees from a nursery. Some persons think the change hurtful, others that it is beneficial—which is best is still a disputed question.

Dolichos—Leguminosae.

Climbing annual and perennial plants from the East and West Indies, generally with purple or yellow pea-shaped flowers. The pods and seeds are eatable, and in some cases the roots. Soy is made from the seeds of the East India species. They thrive well in a green-house. The D. Don, Egyptian Bean, has splendid dark purple flowers, and will grow well in the open air.

Xylaphylla.

Very curious shrubs, which produce their flowers on the margin of their leaves. They are mostly natives of Jamaica, and require a stove in England. The flowers are generally greenish, but the *X. montana* or Seaside Laurel bears bright yellow flowers in great profusion. They are generally grown in sandy peat.

Hibbertia.

Trailing shrubs, with large yellow flowers, natives of New Holland. They require green-house heat. They are very elegant and graceful. They should be grown in a mixture of sandy loam and peat, and they are propagated by cuttings.

Eugenia.

Rose Apple. Handsome shrubs, grown as fruit trees in the East Indies, which produce freely flowers in a green-house. They should be grown in a mixture of two-thirds sandy loam and one-third peat, and are propagated by cuttings from the ripe wood, which strike freely.

Martagon Idly.

Those lilies which have the segments of the perianth so completely turned back. In England, in the midland counties, these flowers are called "Turn-again-gentlemen."

Picotee.

A kind of Carnation, with a narrow, dark-colored margin to the petals, or with the petals covered with small brown or purple dots.

Green-house Plants.

There are two very useful plants, of which a half a dozen each add greatly to the beauty of the green-house all winter, or may be made to do so by a little management. They are the *Primula sinensis*, or China Primrose, and the *Cineraria*, both of which may be brought into bloom by the beginning of winter. Also to every lady's collection should be added the beautiful and fragrant Cape Jasmine. The leaves of the Cape Jasmine, *Gardenia*, are dark green and glossy, and the blossoms large and white, and very fragrant. The soil should be a mixture of peat and loam. It is propagated by cuttings stuck in sand, under glass, with bottom heat.

Lycopodium.

Club-moss. A very curious kind of moss, common in Europe and America, some kinds very ornamental. The *L-helicticum* is very handsome, and well worth cherishing in green-houses. It should be grown in peat and loam, and allowed an abundance of water and not much sun; that is, not allowed to stand continually in the bright sun.

Stevia.

Mexican perennials, with tufts of very pretty white or pinkish flowers, which should be grown in sandy peat, and require a little protection during the winter. It is a very pretty plant for filling a bed in a geometric flower-garden, from its compact habit of growth, and the abundance of its flowers.

Beaumuria.

A very pretty little shrub, with fleshy leaves and bright purple flowers, very suitable for rock-work. It should be grown in peat and loam, or in heath mould, in rather a dry situation; as it is very liable to damp off if grown in the shade. Flowers abundantly.

Hakea.

Australian shrubs, with flowers somewhat resembling those of the *Jarilla*, which are frequently very sweet-scented. The plants are generally kept in the green-house; should be grown in sandy loam, and never suffered to be either too wet or too dry.

Baptisia.

Herbaceous pea-flowers plants, of vigorous growth and elegant appearance. They may be grown in the open air in any common garden soil, and propagated by division of the roots.

Koniga—Crucifera.

Sweet Alyssum. A pretty little annual, with white sweet-scented flowers, often used as an edging plant to beds and borders. It only requires sowing in open ground in March.

Conanthera.

Chilian bulbs, requiring the green-house; useful for their small stature, which seldom exceeds six inches, and produces beautiful blue flowers in March.

Platystigma.

A very curious little plant, with petals alternately white and yellow.

Triptillon.

Chilian annuals, which are hardy in Britain, and worth growing for their curious feathery seeds.

Tulips.

The flower of a first rate tulip should be large, and composed of six petals—these proceeding a little horizontally at first, and then turning upward,—forming almost a perfect cup, with a round bottom, rather widest at the top. The three exterior petals should be rather larger than the interior ones, and broader at the base, all of them having perfectly entire edges, free from notch or serrature, and the top of each being broad and well rounded; the ground color of the flower at the bottom of the cup should be clear white or yellow, and the various rich-colored stripes, which are the principal ornament of a fine tulip, should be regular, bold, and distinct on the margin, terminating in fine broken points, elegantly feathered or pencilled. The centre of each petal should contain one or more bold blotches or stripes, intermixed with small portions of the original or breeder color, abruptly broken into many irregular obtuse points.

The Holly-tree.

The American, like the European holly, which it closely resembles, is a handsome, low tree, whose scarlet berries and green leaves, bright throughout the winter, make it a pleasing garden ornament. It is of slow growth, however, and very difficult to transplant. When transplanted, they should be protected for a while from the heat of the sun. The best time for transplanting is early in the spring, before the plant has begun to shoot. The silver and gold-edged varieties are very beautiful.

The Narcissus.

Grown in pots, it well deserves a place in every sun-shiny parlor window. The varieties of this plant, consisting merely of the different shades of two colors only, yellow and white, in single and double central flowers, offer much less diversity than other bulbs of similar rank. Still, they have their steady admirers, attracted by their graceful habit, the ease with which they are brought forward, and even by their powerful odor.

Sutherlandia.

A beautiful pea-flowered shrub, with scarlet flowers, formerly called *Colutea frutescens*; a native of the Cape of Good Hope, which here is only half-hardy and should be grown in sandy loam. It is a plant well worth the care which it needs, as the blossoms are of a beautiful bright scarlet, and the leaf a handsome dark green.

Potentilla.

The potentillas are of various shades of red, or deep blood red, crimson, rosy crimson, orange, scarlet, salmon color and bluish; they are low plants, and grow like the strawberry, but without runners, producing a profusion of flowers in July, August and September.

Japan Lilies.

These flowers are white, crimson-spotted, or spotted white and red. They are the most beautiful of all lilies, hardy and blooming in the open air, during the months of August and September.

American Cowslips.

These are pretty, small plants, with flower-stems about a foot high, bearing a cluster of very singular and pretty flowers, either purple or white in May and June.

Trifoliata Gillenia.

The three-leaved gillenia is a small plant with red and white flowers, white inside and red without, blossoming in August and September.

Hyacinths.

Hyacinths grown in pots are especial favorites, and are elegant parlor ornaments in winter. In an ordinary garden-pot of sufficient depth—not less than ten or eleven inches—a clump or knot of hyacinths of different colors may be grown. There is a good number to constitute these bouquets, and the permutations and combinations that may be worked out in this way with the different colors of white, bluish, pink, pale-yellow, red, porcelain-blue, deep-blue, violet, and dark purple, afford a varied scope for the exercise of one's taste.

Pelargoniums.

The number of varieties of this plant, considerably exceeds a thousand, though many of these doubtless, so closely resemble each other, as scarcely to be distinguished. The colors are generally brilliant; in some, a single shade predominates, while others are variously blotched, striped and shaded in a unique manner. The whole family are generally kept in pots the year round, but where it can be avoided, this is injudicious.

Strelitzia.

Magnificent plants, with large, long leaves, and very large and singular purple and orange flowers. They will flower in a green-house or room, and require a light sandy loam. They are very difficult to propagate, but sometimes send up suckers and sometimes ripen seeds.

Rasselia.

A very elegant stove plant, with slender, rush-like branches, and scarlet, tube-like flowers. It should be grown in a rich, light soil, and abundantly supplied with water while in a growing state. It is propagated by cuttings, stuck under glass, with bottom heat.

Tournefortia.

Hot-house and green-house shrubs, and hardy and half hardy perennials, natives of South America. The blossoms are very fragrant, but have no great beauty. The half-hardy perennial resembles in its blossom the bellotrope, but has no fragrance.

Etiolated.

This is a term meaning drawn up, with weak and slender stems—a consequence which in hardy plants results from want of thinning out in proper time, and in green-house plants from being kept in too small pots and too far from the light.

Jaquima.

West Indian trees and shrubs, with showy flowers, requiring a stove in this climate. They should be grown in sand and loam, and are propagated by cuttings.

Valeriana.

Perennials plants, mostly natives of Europe, which will grow in any common garden-soil. The blossoms are pinkish and slightly fragrant.

Physostegia.

A beautiful plant, with pale purple flowers, which only requires the usual treatment of hardy perennials. There is one species with pale pink flowers.

Victoria Tricolor Paeony.

The outer petals are pale rose mottled with pink, centre ones yellowish white, with a few red marks, very large and full.

The Housewife.

Mead.

This favorite beverage, that for centuries was the chief libation of northern nations, is made by dissolving one part of honey in three of boiling water, flavoring it with spices, and adding a portion of ground malt, and a piece of toast steeped in yeast, and allowing the whole to ferment. It was sometimes flavored with primrose blossoms, which, by the way, is a little plant that does not grow this side of the Atlantic.

Simple Bread Panada.

Put a quantity of grated stale bread into enough water to form a moderately thick pulp; cover it up and let it soak for an hour, then beat it up with two tablespoonsful of milk, and a small portion of refined sugar, and boil the whole for ten minutes, stirring all the time. This may be eaten by the sick, laboring under any disease in which abstinence is not strictly enjoined.

Delicate Cake.

Stir to a cream, a pound of powdered white sugar, seven ounces of butter; then add the white of sixteen eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, half a nutmeg, or a teaspoonful of rose-water, or lemon; stir in gradually, a pound of sifted flour; bake the cake immediately; the yolks can be used for custards.

To make Sandwiches.

Rub one tablespoonful of mustard flour into half a pound of sweet butter; spread this mixture upon thin slices of bread; from a boiled ham cut very thin slices, and place a thin slice of ham between two slices of the bread as above, cut the sandwiches in a convenient form, and serve.

Cure for a dry Cough.

Take of powdered gum arabic half an ounce, liquorice juice half an ounce. Dissolve the gum first in warm water, squeeze in the juice of a lemon, then add of pargorio two drachms, syrup of squills one drachm. Cork all in a bottle and shake well. Take one teaspoonful when the cough is troublesome.

To cure Hoarseness.

Take the whites of two eggs, and beat them with two spoonsful of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg; then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well, and drink often. Repeat the prescription if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.

Chapped Hands.

Take two ounces of glycerine, and one ounce of rose-water, mix, and rub your hands well with it before retiring to rest. It is pleasant, agreeable, and cleanly, and its effects are truly wonderful; indeed, whatever business a party may be engaged in, it will not fail to effect a cure.

Cream Cake.

Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter; one cup of sour cream, five eggs, four cups of flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus.

Ginger Snaps.

Two cups of molasses, one of lard, a tablespoon of ginger, a tablespoon of saleratus, dissolved in as little hot water as possible; flour; roll very thin.

Excellent Syrup for a Cough.

An ounce of flaxseed must be boiled for half an hour in a quart of water, after which may be added to it half a pound of sugar, two ounces of sugar-candy, an ounce of Spanish liquorice, and the peel of half a lemon. Let this simmer slowly for half an hour, then add twenty drops of Ipecacuanha wine, stir it well into the syrup, and when cool bottle it. A teaspoonful may be taken occasionally when the cough is troublesome.

How to keep Eggs fresh.

Be sure to have the eggs fresh; put two or three dozen in a colander, pour boiling water over them, and as soon as they are dry, roll each one in a paper, as lemons are put up, and stand them on the small end. I kept eggs last winter this way, without freezing, in the cellar-way, when everything in the cellar froze solid. I have those now that I put down in July, as fresh as new ones. To be kept in a cool, dry place.

Mucilage of Sago.

To make sago into a proper mucilage for the sick, an ounce or a tablespoonful of it should be steeped in a pint of water, in a pan placed on the hob for two hours, and then boiled for fifteen minutes, stirring assiduously during the boiling. The mucilage may be sweetened with sugar, and flavored with lemon-juice, or milk may be added to it, according to circumstances.

Sago Pudding.

Wash a teaspoonful of sago; put it in your pudding-dish, and pour on a quart of boiling water, stirring all the time; put in a little salt and a tablespoonful of sugar; The longer it stands thus, before baking, the better. Bake slowly an hour. Eaten with sugar and butter stirred together.

Making Vinegar.

Fill a large glass bottle with weak tea, which may be what is left after drinking. Add a small quantity of sugar or molasses, and set them in a warm place, say in a window where the sun shines. In a fortnight it will be fit for use, and is as good as cider vinegar.

To clean Riding-Habits.

Take a piece of woolen cloth, dip it in either spirits of wine or ammonia, and rub the marks, and they will at once disappear. This application will do to remove any grease marks. The spirits of wine are the most agreeable to use.

Luncheon Cakes.

Take of flour, one pound; muriatic acid, two drachms; bicarbonate of soda, two drachms; sugar, three ounces; butter, three ounces; currants, four ounces; milk, one pint, or twenty ounces; bake one hour in a quick oven.

Cream Pie.

Cream pie, and very rich, is made by a rich paste for bottom; then a layer of butter, the thickness of a cent; then one of sugar; then one of flour, the same thickness, and fill up with cream.

Soda Jelly Cake.

One teacup of sweet cream, two of sugar, two eggs, half a teaspoon of soda, one of cream of tartar stirred in the flour; flour to the consistence of butter cakes; bake immediately.

An excellent Stew.

Slices of cold beef or mutton, or of any other kind of meat, dredged with a little flour, pepper and salt, must be placed in the stewpan, a small onion, some potatoes, carrots and turnips, all previously half boiled and cut in slices, a cup of broth or gravy, and a little water to cover the whole; this must stew gently till the meat is tender. It may be greatly improved by a spoonful of mushroom ketchup or Worcester sauce.

Mutton Ham.

Take a leg of mutton of about seven pounds, shape like a ham, and hang two days. Take six ounces of coarse sugar, an ounce of saltpetre, four ounces of bay, and three ounces of common salt. Mix and rub them well into the ham, lay it in a tub, with the skin downwards, and rub every day for a fortnight; then have it smoked, or hung in wood smoke for a week. It is excellent cut in rashers and broiled.

Fricassee of cold roast Beef.

Cut some thin slices of under-done beef, an onion in quarters, chop some parsley very small: put these into a stewpan, with some strong broth, a small piece of butter, and a little salt and pepper. Simmer gently a quarter of an hour, then add a table-spoonful of white wine vinegar, and the yolks of two eggs; stir quickly over a brisk fire for a few minutes, and then serve in a deep hot dish.

German Toast.

Two eggs, one pint of milk, and flour enough to make a thick batter, cut wheat bread into very thin slices, and soak them in sweetened water; cover each side successively with the batter, and fry brown in lard. Eat while hot, with butter and white powdered or brown sugar.

Syrup of Coffee.

Take about an ounce of the finest coffee, ground, and a pint of cold water; allow them to stand together for twelve hours or more, then strain, and add one pound and a half of sugar; boil for one or two minutes—not longer, and again strain.

Bachelor's Pone.

Three eggs well beaten; three half pints of milk; a piece of butter the size of an egg; a table-spoonful of strong yeast, and as much corn meal as will make a batter as thick as for muffins. Scald half the meal with half the milk.

Nice Plum Cake.

Take of flour, one pound; bicarbonate of soda, quarter of an ounce; butter, six ounces; loaf sugar, six ounces; currants, six ounces; three eggs; milk, about four ounces; bake one hour and a half in a tin or pan.

Indian Griddle Cakes.

One quart of milk, six eggs, teaspoonful of saleratus, some nutmeg, teaspoonful of salt, stir meal in until you have a thick batter, fry in melted butter and lard.

Cream Cookies.

One teacup of sour cream, two cups of sugar, one egg, teaspoonful of saleratus; flour to roll out; nutmeg or seeds.

Water-Cure Jumbles.

Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, two cups of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one of soda.

Indian Meal Dough Nuts.

A teacup and a half of boiling milk, poured on two teacups of Indian meal. When it is cool add two teacups of wheat flour, one teacup of butter, one and a half of sugar, one of yeast, and two eggs, with a tablespoonful of cinnamon, or a grated nutmeg. If not sufficiently stiff, add equal portions of wheat and Indian meal. Let it rise till very light. Roll it about half an inch thick, and cut it into small diamond-shaped cakes, and boil them in lard.

For a Cough.

An excellent remedy for a cough caused by a common cold, is as follows: take half a pint of sharp vinegar, place in it an egg without being broken, allow it to remain forty-eight hours, when it will be found that the shell has been completely dissolved by the acid; then break up the egg in the vinegar, add half a pint of honey, which being well mixed, will be ready for use. Take a spoonful for a dose several times a day. It is said that it never has failed to produce relief.

Save the Soot.

This, though generally thrown into the street and wasted, is one of the best manures. It is extensively used in England, and when only fifteen or twenty bushels are applied to the acre, it induces the most luxuriant crops of wheat, and other grains. It contains in small compass, almost all the ingredients of the coal or wood used for fuel.

Mucilage of Rice.

Take one ounce of good Carolina rice, and having washed it, steep it for three hours in a quart of tepid soft water in a pan placed upon the hob, then boil the whole slowly for another hour, and strain through a sieve.

To make Hens lay.

If a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper is given to a dozen hens with their food every other day, winter and summer, the quantity of eggs they will produce will nearly double. So says Dr. Hall.

White Cake.

One pound loaf sugar, one pound flour, ten ounces butter, whites of ten eggs beaten to a froth, half teaspoonful cream tartar, one do. of soda.

Gold Cake.

One and a half cup sugar, half cup butter, the yolks of seven eggs, one cup sour cream, half teaspoonful of saleratus; spice to your taste.

Composition Cake.

One pound loaf sugar, one pound of flour, seven eggs, half pint sour cream, one pound butter, one teaspoonful saleratus, raisins to liking.

Sunflower Seeds.

The seeds of sunflowers have been found to render chickens not only fat, but the flesh is also rendered tender and juicy.

Lemon Pie.

Grate one lemon, one teacup of sugar, one cup of water, one tablespoonful of flour, one egg.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

DEATH'S HARVESTINGS.

"Death loves a shining mark," and the grim monster has recently stricken down four persons of the highest distinction in Europe—Gen. Sir Henry Havelock, an English hero, of late renowned, whose laurels reaped in the Indian war were green upon his brow; Radetzky, the Austrian marshal, who was almost a century old, who had fought Napoleon in Italy and Germany, and was the faithful servant of imperial despotism in crushing out continental liberty; Redschid Pacha, the ablest man in the Ottoman empire, the favorite and true friend of the sultan, Abdul Medjid Khan; and last not least, Rachel, the tragic muse of France. The old Austrian field-marshal and the young French actress (for Rachel was only thirty-seven) died on the same day. A few days before her death, the faded, failing woman, caused her jewels, of which she possessed a valuable collection, together with some of her richest dresses, to be brought and spread out before her on the bed. She examined them one by one, and then murmured with a sigh, "*Faut-il donc quitter tout* (Must I leave them all)?" Yes, all! nothing of the gauds of earth can follow the departing spirit. The wealthy actress in the hour of her death is no better than the ragged ballad singer of the French cafes. Rachel died true to the faith of her fathers—a Jewess—though the church of Rome had long and honorably struggled to bring this lost sheep into the fold of St. Peter.

NEWS FOR TOPERS.—The city of New York alone sells three times as many "pure, imported brandies," and four times as many "pure, imported wines," annually, as all the wine and brandy producing countries export. Somebody, it is clear, drinks a spurious article.

STARTLING.—A correspondent of the New York Courier says the ladies are coming out without hoops, bustle, wadding or anything else!

INUTILITY OF GRIEF.—One hundred hours of vexation, says the Italian proverb, will not pay a farthing of debt.

REAL CAPITAL.—The best capital to begin life on is a capital wife.

SCOTCH SHREWDSNESS.

In the Letters from the Highlands, written about 1720 by one of General Wade's engineers, there occurs a good practical joke with respect to the tailors of Inverness. To prevent *cabbaging*, an ingenious process was adopted: "I shall give you a notable instance of precaution used by some of the men against the tailor's purloining. This is, to buy everything that goes to the making of a suit of clothes, even to the stay-tape and thread; and when they are to be delivered out, they are altogether weighed before the tailor's face. And when he brings home the suit, it is again put into the scale, with the shreds of every sort, and it is expected that the whole shall answer the original weight."

WORTH THINKING OF.—Many of our readers and subscribers have quite a collection of magazines, sheet music, pamphlets, and the like, lying about their rooms in most unavailable form. Now to double their value, to preserve them, and to make them convenient for use and ornamental to your apartments, you have only to place them together, send to our office by express, or hand them in personally, and they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned to you in one week. A valuable collection of books is accumulated in a little while by this means at an extremely trifling cost.

"MA CONSCIENCE!"—The stationery used in the public departments of England, last year, amounted to nearly two millions of dollars. That ought to buy red tape enough to go several times round the world.

INTERESTING QUESTION.—The Evening Gazette suggests a question for a debating society: "If mead was an invention of the Medes, was soda got up by the Persians?"

POSTAGE STAMPS.—The number of postage stamps used last year, was 168,494,540, the value of which was \$4,649,975 25.

A LEAGUE.—The entire police corps of Petersburg, Va., have joined the Sons of Temperance.

CHURCH ORGANS.

The organ is of such great antiquity, that neither the time nor place of invention, nor the name of the inventor is identified; but that they were used by the Greeks, and from them borrowed by the Latins, is generally conceded. St. Jerome describes one that could be heard a mile off, and says there was an organ at Jerusalem which could be heard at the Mount of Olives. Organs are affirmed to have been first introduced into France in the reign of Louis I., A. D. 815, and the construction and use of them taught by an Italian priest, who learned the art at Constantinople. By some, however, the introduction into that country is carried as far back as Charlemagne, and by others still further.

The earliest mention of an organ in the northern histories is in the annals of the year 757, when the emperor Constantine, surnamed Copronymus, sent to Pepin of France, among other rich presents, a "musical machine," which the French writers describe to have been composed of "pipes and large tubes of tin," and to have imitated sometimes the "roaring of thunder," and at others the "warbling of a flute."

Bellarmino alleges that organs were first used in churches about 660. According to Bingham, they were not used till after the time of Thomas Aquinas, about A. D. 1250. Gervas, the monk of Canterbury, who flourished about 1200, says they were in use about a hundred years before his time. If his authority be good, it would countenance a general opinion that organs were common in the churches of Italy, Germany and England, about the seventh century.

HIDES AND LEATHER.—There is invested in the hide and leather business in Philadelphia a capital of not less than two millions of dollars; and in the manufacture of morocco and sheep skins at least five hundred thousand dollars. Many a cobbler invests his little and in this material.

A SPLENDID TEMPLE.—The cathedral of Berlin, the construction of which is to be shortly resumed, will cost, it is estimated, at least five millions of thalers. The steeple will be higher than the cupola of St. Peter's, at Rome.

A SWEET ITEM.—It is stated in the New Orleans Crescent that the sugar crop of Louisiana for 1857 was from 225,000 to 250,000 hhd., against about 75,000 hhd. in 1856.

TRUE.—A diligent man always finds leisure to do what he has a mind to—a lazy one, never.

DYING OF FRIGHT.

Brantome relates that the Duchess of Angoulême, in the 16th century, being awakened during the night, she was surprised at an extraordinary brightness which illuminated her chamber. Apprehending it to be the fire, she reprimanded her women for having made so large a one; but they assured her it was caused by the moon. The duchess ordered her curtains to be withdrawn, and discovered this unusual light to proceed from a comet. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "this is a phenomenon which appears not to persons of common condition. Shut the window: it is a comet which announces my departure; I must prepare for death." The following morning she sent for her confessor in the certainty of an approaching dissolution. The physicians assured her the apprehensions were ill-founded and premature. "If I had not," she replied, "seen the signal for death, I could not believe it, for I do not feel myself exhausted or particularly ill." On the third day after this event, she expired, the victim of terror. Long after this period all appearances of the celestial bodies, not perfectly comprehended by the multitude, were supposed to indicate the deaths of sovereigns, or revolutions in their governments.

RICHES NOT HAPPINESS.—The late Mr. Girard, of Philadelphia, when surrounded by immense wealth, and supposed to be taking supreme delight in its accumulation, wrote thus to a friend: "As to myself, I live like a galley slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with care. I do not value fortune. The love of labor is my highest emotion. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day, that when the night comes, I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

DISTILLING SPIRITS FROM BEETROOT.—A company is at present in the course of formation for carrying on operations upon a very large scale in France. The firm in London who have taken the matter in hand is a guarantee that ample capital will be provided.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?—In the year 1862, the thousandth anniversary of the Russian monarchy is to be celebrated with great pomp and national manifestation in Russia.

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD.—The Viscountess de Renneville says that a woman of the world is a first class actress who knows how to play her part to perfection.

THE RAILROAD MIRACLE.

In scanning the physical history of our country for the last twenty-five years, the immense amount and importance of the work which has been accomplished in the establishment of our railway system, appears as though it were the result of miracle. If any one had been bold enough to predict in the year 1833, a half century only after the treaty of peace which confirmed our independence, that in twenty-five years from that date the United States would be covered with a network of railroads extending from one end of the Union to the other, he would have been regarded as a crazy enthusiast. Truly, when we consider the vastness of the work, the immense expenditure of labor and capital which it has required, the complete revolution which it has made in the mode of travel and conveyance, and the trade and intercourse of the country, and then look back upon the few years of our own life within which it has all been accomplished, the American railroad system appears like a stupendous miracle.

In this wonderful achievement of enterprise, skill and capital, the good old State of Massachusetts has borne no small part. A pioneer in this, the most effective form of internal improvements, and numbering among her own works some of the first and most important of early railroads of the country, the genius, skill and enterprise of her sons have stamped themselves upon almost every mile that has been built, whether north, south, east or west. Nor have her coffers been shut against the calls of other States for aid in those great public improvements. The wealth of her moneyed men has been invested in their stocks and bonds with a lavish hand, and whether in all cases productively to the capitalist or not, yet with unquestionable benefit to the growth and prosperity of the country. Perhaps it would have been better for the Old Bay State at this day, if a few millions that have been sent to the West and South to aid unproductive enterprises in those regions, had been devoted to tunnelling the Hoosac mountain range, in the western part of our own State, and thus opened a practicable channel through which a share of the vast products of the western country might have flowed to our seaboard, to the enrichment of our State and the building up of our commerce. But it is too late to repine over this misdirection of capital, and all we can now do is to hope for better things in the future.

The railroad system of our country has done more to consolidate it, and to make us one people, than anything else of a material nature—standing in that regard as far before all other

physical agencies as the admirable and soul-stirring farewell address of Washington does before all political documents. This system has been, and in the time to come will still be, of incalculable benefit in promoting trade and commerce between the different sections of the country. It brings together the merchants of all parts of the Union, even the most remote, to buy and sell, and thus facilitates that exchange of the productions of labor upon which the wealth of a country, and the happiness of its people so largely depend. Social intercourse and fraternal feeling are also largely promoted by this means, and true nationality of sentiment thus developed and strengthened. With all the disturbing causes that exist to alienate the attachment of the different sections of the Union from each other, it is hard to tell what would have kept us united, and happy as a nation, to the present hour, but for the free, full and hearty intercourse which railroad communication has established and promoted between those who might otherwise have acted upon erroneous and disparaging ideas of each others' feelings, motives and purposes.

Besides obliterating State and sectional distinctions, this wonderful system of easy and rapid intercommunication has developed and stimulated the arts, sciences and literature of the country. Now a man's readers, auditors and patrons are not confined to his own neighborhood or State; but, thanks to railroads, they are found in every part of our widely extended country. The "Dollar Monthly" is whirled by the locomotive to every locality which is protected by our flag, and read by our fellow-countrymen from the Aroostook in Maine to the Masilla Valley in New Mexico; our "Pictorial" graces every drawing-room table from the city of Brotherly Love to the Golden Gates of the Pacific. Our Boston lecturers flit away for a few days, and are heard by large and delighted audiences on the shores of the great lakes, and the banks of the mighty father of waters. Railroads too have performed wonders in opening the natural resources, powers and capabilities of the newly settled portions of the country. They are moreover effective in concentrating men and materials for purposes of war, and therefore an important guarantee for peace.

The United States are ahead of all other countries in the number and extent of railroads, and a most important item of the wealth of the nation is represented by their stocks and bonds. The actual number of railroads in operation in the United States at the present time, is two hundred and fifty-nine, extending throughout

the whole Union in almost every direction. Of these, New York has the largest number, having thirty-eight. Ohio has twenty-seven, Pennsylvania twenty-one, Massachusetts twenty, Indiana eighteen, Virginia thirteen, Georgia nine, South Carolina eight, and Wisconsin seven. Other States have from six to one each. The total length of railroad lines now in operation is nearly twenty-four thousand miles, and their cost is not far from nine hundred and sixty millions of dollars. By this brief and necessarily imperfect synopsis of the extent and cost of our railroad system, our readers can form a pretty good idea of the magnitude of the miracle which twenty-five years have wrought in the land.

THE STATE OF WISCONSIN.

It appears from the Wisconsin State Directory that there are in the State ten railroads in full operation, covering a distance of 1888 miles, the gross receipts of the same being \$150,000,000. The merchandise imports reached \$28,000,000. There are eighty-six banks in the State, and seventy-four doing business under the general banking law, with an aggregate capital of \$6,815,000. The total amount of circulation issued by such banks is \$3,133,501, and securities assigned in trust to the State treasurer to the amount of \$11,000,638. The aggregate of specie on deposit is \$50,488 15. There are 2381 common schools in the State, attended by over 60,000 children. There are twenty colleges. There are one hundred and sixty-five newspapers published, being an increase of over one hundred during the past two years, and a good portion of them are German.

A LARGE FIGURE.—It is stated by a San Francisco paper that the Mormons can bring into the field seventeen thousand troops. This appears to us an over-estimate, but should Brigham's forces be as large Uncle Samuel is abundantly able to take care of them.

A STEAMBOAT.—Brother Jonathan thus describes a steamboat: "It's got a saw mill on one side, and a grist mill on the other, and a blacksmith's shop in the middle."

FINANCIAL DEBATES.—Punch says, dry as the monetary debates may be deemed, they relate to a subject of immense interest.

GOOD DEEDS.—A good action is never thrown away, and perhaps that is the reason why we find so few of them.

THE MUSK DEER.

The animal which furnishes the popular perfume known as musk, is a native of Asia, being found in the cold and mountainous regions of that continent, particularly in the Himalaya range. It is partial to the roots of the pine, cedar, holly and cypress trees, which have a strong aromatic perfume, and this diet probably accounts for the odor of the peculiar musk secretion. This precious substance is contained in a small pouch, suspended from the belly, near the navel. The musk deer is about the height of a goat, has a small head, pointed nose ornamented with long, white mustachios, slender legs, and large, thick haunches. Two long, crooked teeth, protruding from the upper jaw, enable it to tear up the odoriferous roots upon which it feeds. Its hair is from two to three inches long, coarse and bristling; black below, white in the middle, and of a grayish hue on the back. The natives of the country hunt these animals in great numbers, for their perfume bags, and find a very profitable market for them in India and China. It is with this perfume that the cakes of India ink are flavored, which our artists and draughtsmen use.

COMMERCIAL DISHONESTY.—It was formerly the boast of the English mercantile community that their body was entirely free from rogues. But of late years there have been some signal instances of commercial dishonesty in England. However, they punish their rogues always. Lately Henry Smith, formerly a large merchant at Hull, was sentenced to ten years penal servitude for forgery. Not many years since this crime was a hanging matter in England.

LIBERAL PATRONAGE.—It is stated that the subscription to Agassiz's forthcoming scientific work already exceeds a million and a quarter of dollars. This is almost unparalleled in the history of modern literature.

LITTLE THINGS.—A word, a look, a frown, are little things, but they are powerful for good or evil. Remember this.

A HINT TO SLANDERERS.—A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill only requires our silence, which costs us nothing.

THE COST OF VICE.—What maintains one vice, would bring up two children.

WHO THEY ARE.—The three great conquerors of the world are Love, Death and Fashion.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

The immediate proximity of Cuba to the United States, its commanding position in the great outlet to our Mississippi valley, the Gulf of Mexico, its control over the pathway to our possessions on the Pacific ocean via the isthmus routes, and its commercial importance to our great productive interests, all combine to render the possession of that great and wealthy offshoot from our continent, a question of the deepest interest to the people of the United States. This is no new, no partisan question; it is eminently an American, and a national question, and one as old as the Independence of the United States. Cuba has now been in the possession of Spain for nearly four hundred years; sometimes as an indifferent dependency of the empire, again as an important rendezvous for Spanish fleets and armies in the subjugation of Spanish America, and within the last century as a prolific source from whence to extort a princely revenue. The first Spanish settlement was made in 1511, by Velasquez, at Baracoa, on the eastern end of the island, at which time it is estimated there were one million of native Indians in Cuba. In the course of an hundred years the Indians had utterly disappeared, owing to the remorseless cruelty of the conquerors. In the course of an hundred and fifty years more, the Spanish population amounted to one hundred thousand, the free blacks to thirty thousand, and the slaves to forty-five thousand—one hundred and seventy-five thousand in all. The total present population is estimated at one million and a half, fifty-four per cent. of which is Spanish and free black, and forty-six per cent. slave.

The area of Cuba and its small dependencies is given by the Spanish authorities at 36,013 square miles, which is nearly five times as large as Massachusetts, and more than one half of the extent of all New England. The extensive shore-line thus presented, is furnished with numerous accessible harbors, some of which are the best in the world for commercial and naval purposes. There are several mountainous ridges, traversing the island in various directions, but the interior is generally gently undulating, like the surface of England, with an average elevation of about three hundred feet above the sea-level. The rivers are abundant for an island, but of course small when compared with those of the continent; they however furnish much available water-power. The supply of fresh water is very abundant, even welling up copiously beneath the sea, in various parts of the coast, and with such force as to preserve it from taint of salt water long enough to be baled up by vessels for use.

The climate, owing to the moderate elevation of the island and its proximity to the gulf, is uncommonly mild for the latitude, and generally healthy, with the exception of the sea-coast in the months of July and August. The mean temperature of those months is 84°, and that of the coldest month is only 18° lower. The mean temperature of the whole year is about 78°. Rain falls frequently during the hot season, but in showers of short duration, while for the greater part of the time the sky is clear. The diary of a year's mean observations show—of clear and partially cloudy days, 286, and of cloudy days 80. The lands are celebrated for their fertility in the production of the usual tropical crops, such as sugar, tobacco and coffee, while cotton and indigo are seen growing in a wild state, and all the esculent roots grow lavishly. The sugar production, even under the enormous burden of Spanish taxation, is a profitable pursuit, and the tobacco of the island, which owes its superiority to the peculiar nature of the soil, may be increased to any extent that the commerce of the world shall require. Probably two-thirds of the territory of Cuba is uninhabited at the present time, so unequally is the population distributed over the island. The average population to the square mile is only forty-two for this rich and fertile island, while that of Massachusetts with its rugged and meagre soil and exacting climate, is one hundred and twenty-seven. Under wise and liberal government, and judicious management, this gem of the Antilles could be made to support a population of at least two hundred and fifty to the square mile, or of twice the density of our own State.

Of the roads in Cuba, it may be said generally, that they are bad, owing to soil, rains and Spanish character. They are worse in the eastern than in the central part of the island, and better in the western. The principal road running east from Havana is the great highway of the island, and the mail road. It extends the whole length of the island, and is 299 leagues in length. There are four short turnpikes radiating from Havana, which are very excellent roads. There are eleven railroads with various branches, amounting in all to nearly four hundred miles. These have cost upwards of fifteen millions of dollars, and pay an average income of five per cent. over and above the cost of running. The island is well adapted for railroads, and the system is as yet but partially developed.

Although the military position of Cuba is one of great importance, yet its military strength is not great, the present sparseness of the population, great extent of coast, and large number of

good harbors, rendering its defence impossible. Nothing but a dense population, composed of hardy, prosperous, patriotic citizens, can ever render Cuba secure against foreign invasion. Particular ports and harbors are very strongly fortified and guarded, by the Spanish government, and at great expense to the people of Cuba; but there are several other ports which an enemy might seize upon, and make as formidable as these. Cuba was captured by the British in 1762, and the cities of Havana, Matanzas and Mariel occupied by them. It was, however, restored to Spain in the year following, by the treaty of Paris. The same facilities that encourage foreign invasion also promote smuggling, and to so great an extent is this carried on, that no accurate idea of the imports and exports of this island can be given. The official returns for 1852 showed the amount of imports for that year at about thirty millions of dollars, and the exports at twenty-eight millions. Two-thirds of the amount of imports was in Spanish vessels, while only one quarter of the exports was in those vessels. The Spanish vessels in this commerce were about eight hundred and fifty, while the foreign vessels numbered three times as many. This statement furnishes a key to Spanish Cuban policy, whereby the Cubans are taxed enormously to encourage the vessels and products of Old Spain, while the superannuated old tyrant is unable to take even a moiety of her products in return. Thus by the tariff at Havana, products and manufactures of the United States in American vessels, pay an average duty of 32 1-2 per cent., while the same descriptions of articles from Spain, in Spanish vessels, pay only 9 1-2 per cent.—a tax of almost one quarter the cost of the article, wrung from the Cuban commoner to enrich the Spanish grandee. Again, flour from Spain in Spanish vessels, is taxed only \$2 per barrel duty, while that from the United States, in American vessels, is taxed \$10 75 per barrel. In the year 1822 there were imported into Cuba from the United States about 145,000 barrels of flour. The duty was then seven dollars per barrel. In 1852 the total importation was 327,950 barrels, of which only 7610 barrels were from the United States.

Besides the tariff duties, Spain also bleeds her victim with various internal taxes, such as the *alcabala*, or six per cent. tax on the value of real estate sold, a meat tax on all animals killed for consumption, ecclesiastical tithes, stamp tax, lottery tax, etc., so that the actual and acknowledged revenue raised from the people amounts to about sixteen millions of dollars per annum. The amount exacted by the illegal rapacity of officials

is probably about as much more, for all offices are sold, and the Spanish courtiers at Madrid receive a handsome per centage for the appointment and continuance of persons in office. These again fleece the people without mercy. So universal is this practice that it was made a topic of remark by Gen. Concha, in his work on Cuba, published at Madrid in 1853. Concha, who was formerly captain-general of the island, gives an instance of "an officer of a special tribunal who made in his office, in the short space of four months, more than *forty thousand dollars!*" The civil list of Cuba costs about seven, the military about six, and the crown revenues take about three millions, thus using up the sixteen millions of dollars which are raised by public exaction.

From this brief and imperfect sketch of the condition, capabilities and political importance of the island of Cuba, our readers will see that the acquisition of that valuable possession as a part of our Union, in case it should ever pass from the hands of Spain, is a subject of vital interest to the people of this country. Let us hope that wise, just and peaceful counsels will prevail, and that our government, by preserving a liberal and honorable policy, may succeed at no distant day in attaching this invaluable jewel to the diadem of the American Union. That the happiness of the human race, the peace of nations, and the permanent prosperity of Cuba as well as our own country, would be thereby promoted, it seems to us no one can doubt.

OUTRAGEOUS.—A poetical clerk in a Brighton hotel thus parodies the first stanza in Emerson's poem, "Brahma:"

"If the red sleigher thinks he sleighs,
Or if the hostler thinks it's sleighing,
They know not well the muddy ways,
Where all the snows are turned to rain."

YOUNG AMERICA.—The most popular danseuse at the present time in Germany is Miss Maywood, an American girl, well remembered by our play-goers.

A POOR EXCUSE.—A poorexcuse is said to be better than none. "An inebriate recently excused himself on the ground that it wasn't him, but his health that had been drunk."

LOST ILLUSIONS.—The loss of a joyful illusion is always a painful thing. It is like a child looking at a clown after he has washed his face.

INFLUENCE OF THE DEAD.—More tender and more blessed is often the brooding influence of the sacred dead than the words of the living.

Foreign Miscellany.

The English think of branding the Sepoys with the letter "M," for mutiny, "D" for desertion.

The recent earthquake in Naples is supposed to have caused the death of 5000 persons.

Gen. Havelock died on the 25th of November of dysentery, brought on by exposure and anxiety.

Baron Rothschild has placed 60,000 pounds of bread at the disposal of the Paris municipality for the poor.

Accounts have been received that the Circassians have attacked and massacred 1200 of the Russian garrison of Adekow.

According to a Belgian paper, the funded property of the house of Rothschild, of Paris, amounts at present to forty millions sterling!

Russian organs assert that 100,000 of the Circassians are about to abandon the hopeless contest with their powerful and persevering antagonist.

In 1856, the population of France was at a stand-still; and there was that year a preponderance of deaths over births to the number of nearly 500,000.

Dr. Forbes Boyle, the distinguished botanist, died suddenly at Acton, England. His knowledge of the material resources of India renders his death a great loss.

The Sublime Porte (Constantinople) has ordered a propeller to be built in America. Mahomed Pasha, the admiral of the Turkish navy, and a Turkish engineer, will come to the United States to make the necessary arrangements.

The veteran Field Marshal Radetzky's death took place on the 5th of January, its immediate cause being paralysis of the lungs, after an illness of a week. The marshal was in the ninety-second year of his age.

Intelligence has been received of a continued persecution of the Christians in Madagascar. Thirteen persons had been put to death, while many more had been subjected to torture, and a number reduced to slavery.

The public life of the King of Prussia is terminated. His intellect is gone, and he is a mere wreck. All hopes of his ultimate recovery have disappeared, and in this state of affairs the idea of a regency has been abandoned.

A ladies' association has been established in England to promote care in the physical training of young girls, and "for the diffusion of sanitary knowledge and the promotion of physical education."

The wines of the Duchess of Raguse, recently sold in Paris, embraced one hundred bottles of port which the Duke of Abrantes captured from the Duke of Wellington in Portugal. It brought twelve dollars a bottle. Some Madeira wine of the vintage of 1778 also sold at a high figure.

Mr. Bagdanoff, of St. Petersburg, announces that, by a new method, he has succeeded in extracting from bird feathers the pigments which color them. These pigments are, besides being organic matter, durable enough to bear transportation from St. Petersburg to Paris, without alteration or decomposition.

The police of Paris give the number of strangers now in Paris at 110,000.

Layard the traveller goes to India, for the purpose of making a book on it.

The Medical Gazette of Lisbon says that all persons living in gas-lit houses escaped the fever.

The French government is making great efforts to encourage the growth of cotton in Algeria.

Two more volumes of Macaulay's History of England will shortly see the light.

The imperial government of China is very feeble, and must bend or break ere long.

Mount Ararat is now among the gold-producing districts, and it is estimated that it produces between 24,000 and 32,000 ounces a fortnight.

The number of volumes taken out of their places and consulted last year, at the British Museum, was about 344,500, or 1175 per diem.

Mayall, the celebrated artist in Line, has recently taken in London, a photograph of Lord Palmerston, of the size of life.

The French government has determined, after mature deliberation, to work the gold mines discovered in upper Senegal.

The companion diamond to the Koh-i-noor, viz., the "Kon-i-toor," is said to be secreted somewhere in the Palace of Delhi by the royal family, which lately occupied it.

An explosion of the heating apparatus in the church of St. Surplice, at Paris, lately occurred during divine service, killing three persons and wounding several others.

Eugenie of France recently appeared at a ball, wearing jewels whose value was estimated at \$800,000, and having flounces of lace on her robe that cost \$120,000.

Archdeacon Jeffrys, a missionary in the East Indies, states that "for one really converted Christian, as a fruit of missionary labor, the drinking practices of the English have made fully one thousand drunkards in India."

The French Academy has lately determined to allow no literary man to enter it, of whatever talent, unless free from debt, and of good moral character. This proposition at first raised great clamor and opposition, but, nevertheless, it has prevailed.

The British government in India recently hanged the great banker of Benares, near Calcutta, for treasonable correspondence with the insurgents in Oude. He offered a vast sum for his life—four lacs of rupees—but the governor-general refused to accept the ransom.

Mad. de Flemmern, an old lady, says the Zurich Gazette, blind for years past, and who had gone through a painful operation without benefit, was fondling a grandchild, two years old, at the door of her cottage; the baby gave her a violent thump in the eye, and she at once recovered perfect visual power.

There is at this moment between the Ottoman and Greek government a subject of difference which makes some noise. A Greek fishing boat, when getting under way from Constantinople, refused to permit the custom house officers to come on board, and the crew even levelled their muskets at the captain's pasha, who was walking on the quay.

Record of the Times.

Imprisonment for debt is still in vogue in Canada—a relic of unenlightened days.

The population of the world is estimated at 1,000,000,000, and 33,333,333 die every year.

Raw onions are said to be good disinfectants; but what will disinfect them—eh?

The average of human life is 33 years—one quarter die before 7, one half before 17.

The number of languages in the world is about 3094; including dialects, of course.

Gins manufactured from resin, is thought to be the most brilliant light.

A law school has been opened for natives in Honolulu.

The Philadelphians are building new yachts, remodeling others, and making extensive preparations for the coming yacht season.

The Virginia Senate has passed a bill appropriating \$5000 for the purchase of Mr. Barbee's statue of "Young America."

A new invention is announced for spinning cotton while in a wet state. It is said to be stronger and finer than when spun dry.

The official valuation of property in the several counties of Oregon amounts to \$1,463,772, which is believed to be much under the real value.

Blankets were first made in Bristol, England, by a poor weaver named Thomas Blanket, who gave his name to this peculiar manufacture of woollen cloths.

An old lady who recently died in Portsmouth, N. H., left as a relic of the better work of olden time, a pair of shoes in a state of good preservation, which she had worn for the last forty years.

A clergyman of Cincinnati has sued a druggist of that city for the sum of ten thousand dollars damages for making up for him a wrong prescription, which seriously affected his voice.

Eighty-five pardons were granted by the Executive of Maryland during the two years past. Thirteen of these were given to persons convicted of murder or manslaughter.

The Cumberland (Md.) Telegraph estimates that the aggregate shipments for the year, from the whole coal regions of that State, will amount to about 600,000 tons, or 116,000 tons less than the year previous.

The estimated crop of cotton this year is now placed at 3,250,000 bales. The low prices are likely to postpone, for some years to come, anything like a serious competition from any cotton region in the world.

It is a current rumor in private circles, that Mr. Fillmore is to make a second marriage. The lady designated is a resident of Albany—"a widow fair"—possessing in her own right grace, fascination and property.

Upwards of seventy-five thousand dollars have already been raised, and put out at interest, of the sum required for the purchase of Mount Vernon. Two hundred thousand dollars is the sum demanded for land and buildings not really worth one-tenth that amount.

There are 520 students in the South Carolina college.

Two sons of Patrick Henry of Virginia have erected a monument over his remains.

The Isthmus of Suez, and that of New Granada and Nicaragua, must be dug through.

The New York Harbor Commissioners report that the harbor is filling up and shoaling rapidly.

During 1857, 26 revolutionary soldiers died, and 26 persons a century old and over.

The State debt of Michigan is now \$2,269,467. The balance in the treasury is \$158,690.

The taxable property of Pennsylvania is assessed at \$568,770,234.

The debt of New York State is over thirty-one millions of dollars.

The debt of the State of Pennsylvania amounts to \$39,881,738.

A young lady of Brighton has committed to memory 4440 verses of Scripture within a year.

Col. Inglis, lately commandant at Lucknow, India, is a Nova Scotian by birth.

Worcester has one member of a parish, who pays on a valuation of his property, twelve hundred dollars a year towards his minister's tax.

In the Salem Court of Common Pleas, lately, a man named Brown recovered of a Mr. Smith, who spit in his face, damages to the amount of \$60.

An Iowa paper states that a colony consisting of some twenty or thirty females, have purchased the northeast township in Bremer county and will settle there next spring. They hail from Lowell, Mass.

The poet Bryant was lately in Madrid, and a paper of that city, in a kind notice of his person, classes his poems with those of Rioja for nobleness of thought, truth of description, delicacy and tenderness.

Mr. Merriam, the clerk of the weather on Brooklyn Heights, reports that eighty-seven shocks of earthquakes were felt in different parts of the world in 1857, and he expects to hear of others which took place during the same period.

Col. Cross, an American, has recently arrived from India, where he amassed \$7,500,000, and is in treaty for the purchase of large estates in Yorkshire, England. The colonel left England in 1808, almost penniless.

By statistics published in the Baltimore papers, it is shown that in that city, during the past year, the casualties from the use of camphene have occasioned the maiming of 42 persons, including seven cases which resulted in death.

Mayor Tieman of New York has determined to visit the mock auctioneers with a sort of punishment that they will feel. On the second complaint which is made against any one of them, the license of such person will be revoked, and his bonds (\$2000) will be forfeited.

At the present time, says the Pioneer, there are not less than 7,000,000 acres of public lands in Minnesota subject to pre-emption at the rate of \$1 25 an acre, or we might say at the rate of ninety cents an acre, for land warrants can be had at this price.

Merry-Making.

An auctioneer does as he is *bid*.

How many pannels are there in the door of a "brown study?"

"Don't rob yourself," as the farmer said to the lawyer who called him hard names.

They have got a fellow in jail in Troy, N. Y., for swindling. He dried snow and sold it for salt.

When was Noah's wife's cradle like a county in Virginia? When it was Rocking *Ham*.

A correspondent of a Picayune paper has such a cold in his head, that he can't wash his face without freezing the water.

"My dear," said a distinguished gentleman to his wife, "I hear much about the age of Perikles. What are perikles?"

There is a family in Ohio so lazy that it takes two of them to sneeze—one to throw the head back, and the other to make the noise.

"Did you say you would put a knife into me?" "I think I did. I said I would put a knife into any goose with pleasure."

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them are satisfied with the moderate use of the glass.

Why is mortar adhesive? Because it is of a confiding nature, and imagining that every object is a brick, it will attach itself to anything.

Mike, speaking of a celebrated musician, said, "He has led a very abandoned life." "O, yes," replied Scaley, "the whole *tenor* of his life has been *base*."

What is the difference between Noah's ark and a down-east coaster? One was made of Gopher wood, and the other was made to go for wood.

A Climax.—A Yankee, boasting of a visit which he had paid to the queen, clinched his remarks by declaring, "I should have been invited to stay to dinner, but it was washing day."

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a Wallsend client to his Grey Street attorney. "Never mind," said the lawyer, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, to the bone." "What is his character?" "Didn't know that he had any." "Does he live near you?" "So near that he has only spent five shillings for fire-wood in eight years."

A witness in a liquor case, recently, gave the following testimony: "Sal soda is ice and water, and some stuff squirted into it from a concern. Don't know whether it is intoxicating or not—it makes one feel good—feet lift easier."

The German Diet.—A boy at school, in the West, when called on to recite his lesson in history, was asked—"What is the German Diet?" "Soukrout, pretzels, schmapps, blut wurst, and lager bier," was the reply.

"Music hath Charms".—A Zebu chieftain, with great nonchalance, called upon Dr. Barth, requesting to be accommodated with some poison. The doctor, instead, showed him a watch, and let him hear a musical box, which reconciled him to life.

The book-keeper who fell from a column of figures is still in a critical state.

Somebody says the Mississippi raised one foot. When it raises the other it will probably run.

When was beef-tea first introduced into England? When Henry VIII dissolved the papal bull.

When should an inn-keeper visit an iron foundry? When he wants a (bar made) bar-maid.

Why is a thief the greatest mimic in the world? Because he takes off everything within his reach.

Why is a man with his eyes shut like an illiterate schoolmaster? Because he keeps his pupils in darkness.

An old advertisement of 1568 reads: "Wanted, a stout, active man, who fears the Lord and can carry two hundred weight."

A young lady is charged with having said that, if a cart-wheel has nine felloes, it's a pity if a pretty girl like her can't have one.

A rural poet in describing his lady-love says, she is as graceful as a water-lily, while her breath smells like an armful of clover. His case is certainly approaching a crisis.

A Yankee medicine-vender advertises that his nostrum cures all "humorous diseases." In this category, we suppose, is included the laughing hysterics and St. Vitus dance.

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by posthumous works? "They are such works," says Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."

Rousseau was one day showing his "Ode to Posterity" to Voltaire. "Do you know," said the sage, "I am afraid your ode will never be forwarded to its address."

A lady somewhere out west advertises for a gentleman for breakfast and tea. Shorthorn wants to know if she intends to make only two meals of him? O, the cannibal!

A rather thick-headed witness in the police court at St. Louis was asked the question whether the party accused "stood on the defensive?" He innocently replied: "He stood on a bench."

A wayward youth, while undergoing corporeal punishment, exclaimed, dexterously directing the instrument of his torture into the master's face, "It's a poor rule that wont work both ways."

A Frenchman thinks the English language is very tough—"Dare is 'look out,'" he says, which is to put out your head and see; and 'look out' which is to haul in your head and not for to see—just contraire."

"Once upon a time," a man met an old woman in an English town, driving several asses. "Adieu, mother of asses," said he. "Adieu, my son!" was the old woman's reply. The fellow went on his way, feeling for his ears.

☞ GIVEN AWAY. ☞

Any person desiring to see a copy of *BALLOU'S PICTURE MAGAZINE*, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

Great success of Mr. Wobby in the character of Office Seeker.



Wobby an influential elector.



Is so powerfully impressed by the merit of Spud, candidate for Congress, that



He concludes to see him—is received with fervor, and promised the vacant post of collector of customs.



Therefore he exerts his influence with the great unwashed.



Explains his candidate's views to the free and independent, etc..



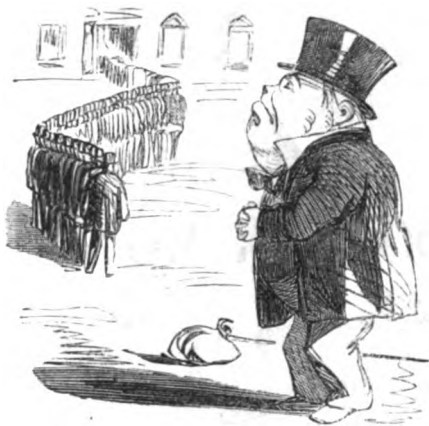
And throws his whole weight into the election, and after Spud is elected.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD



Hurries off to Washington in advance of the express train to get his own appointment.



Where he merely finds 400 applicants on hand for the same office.



He struggles for audience at the expense of his wardrobe,



Only to hear, "There is nothing for you, my good man."



And on venturing to express his indignation, is politely shown out by Bambo.



He returns to his native place improved in figure and wit, but decidedly not in general appearance.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.—No. 5.

BOSTON, MAY, 1858.

WHOLE No. 41.

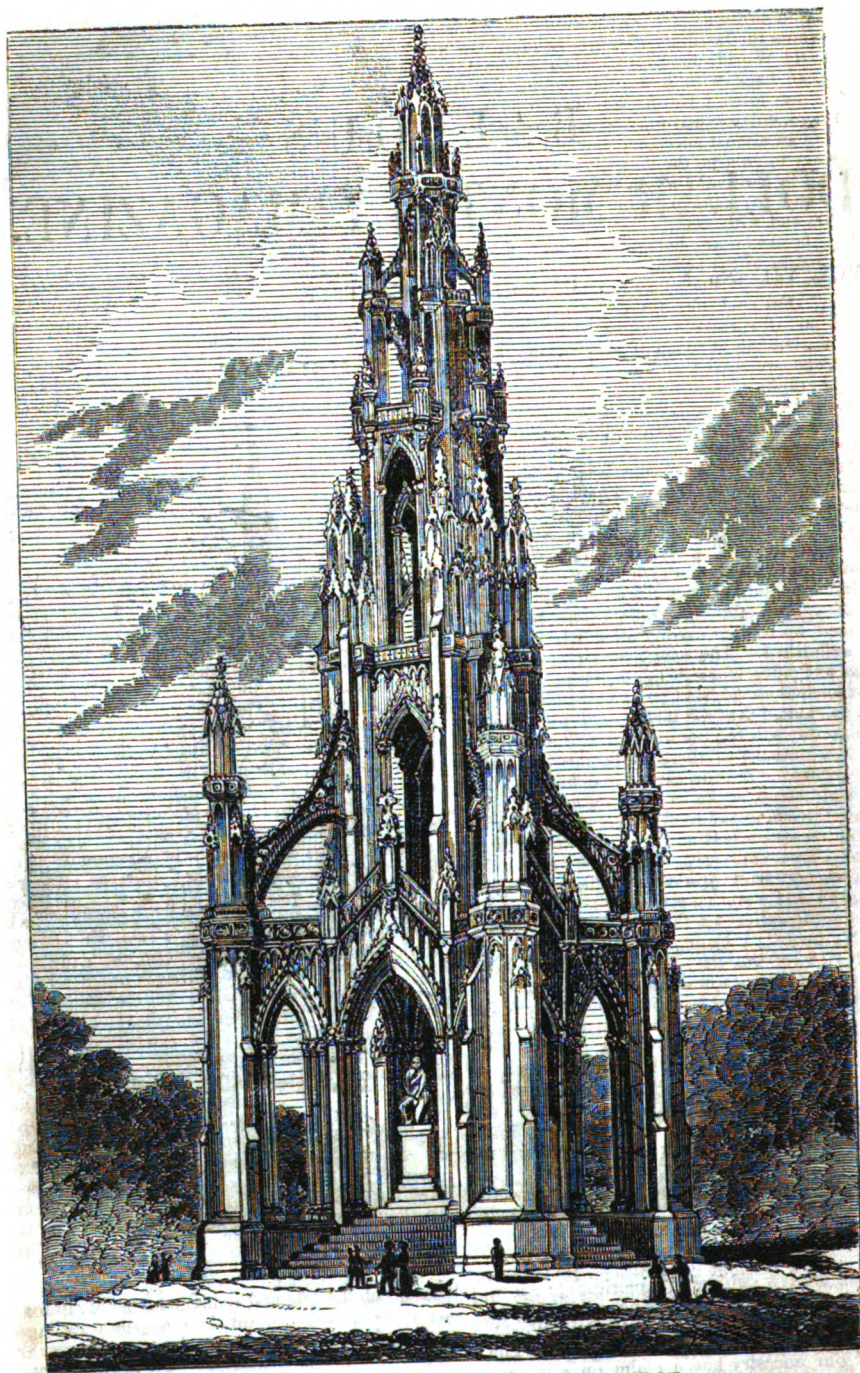
A GLANCE AT EUROPE.



THE CATHEDRAL OF MILAN, IN ITALY.

THERE are few cultivated Americans, no matter how much attached to their native land, who have not a strong desire to visit the Old World. This is a natural longing of the heart. The home of our ancestry has a claim on our consideration as the source of our being, of our civi-

lization, of the arts and refinements which grace our western world. Nor is the home feeling weakened, as many imagine, by straying away from the scenes of childhood. On the contrary, as absence is the true test of love, so it is of patriotism, and it is only the frivolous and fickle



MONUMENT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, EDINBURGH.

who think less of their native land after comparing it with other countries. Distance, which lends enchantment to natural scenery, affords the true point of sight from which to contemplate national institutions. Of the thousands of Americans whom the facilities of travel annually carry to the Old World, there is scarcely one who does not come back with a warmer feeling for the land of our birth. In this late day, it is unnecessary to enlarge upon the advantages of travel which is an almost necessary part of education—necessary to enlarge the views, to obliterate prejudices, to cultivate a generous cosmopolitan spirit, and to make us more fully acquainted with art and with man.

But those who are denied the benefit of travel, may, thanks to the pen and pencil, obtain a very adequate idea of the many wonders of the Old World. For such our present article, with its numerous illustrations, is especially designed. And in glancing at some of the striking scenes in Europe, we shall follow no guide-book route, no geographical line, but shall transport the reader from one country and from one city to another, pausing to contemplate whatever we find worthiest of note.

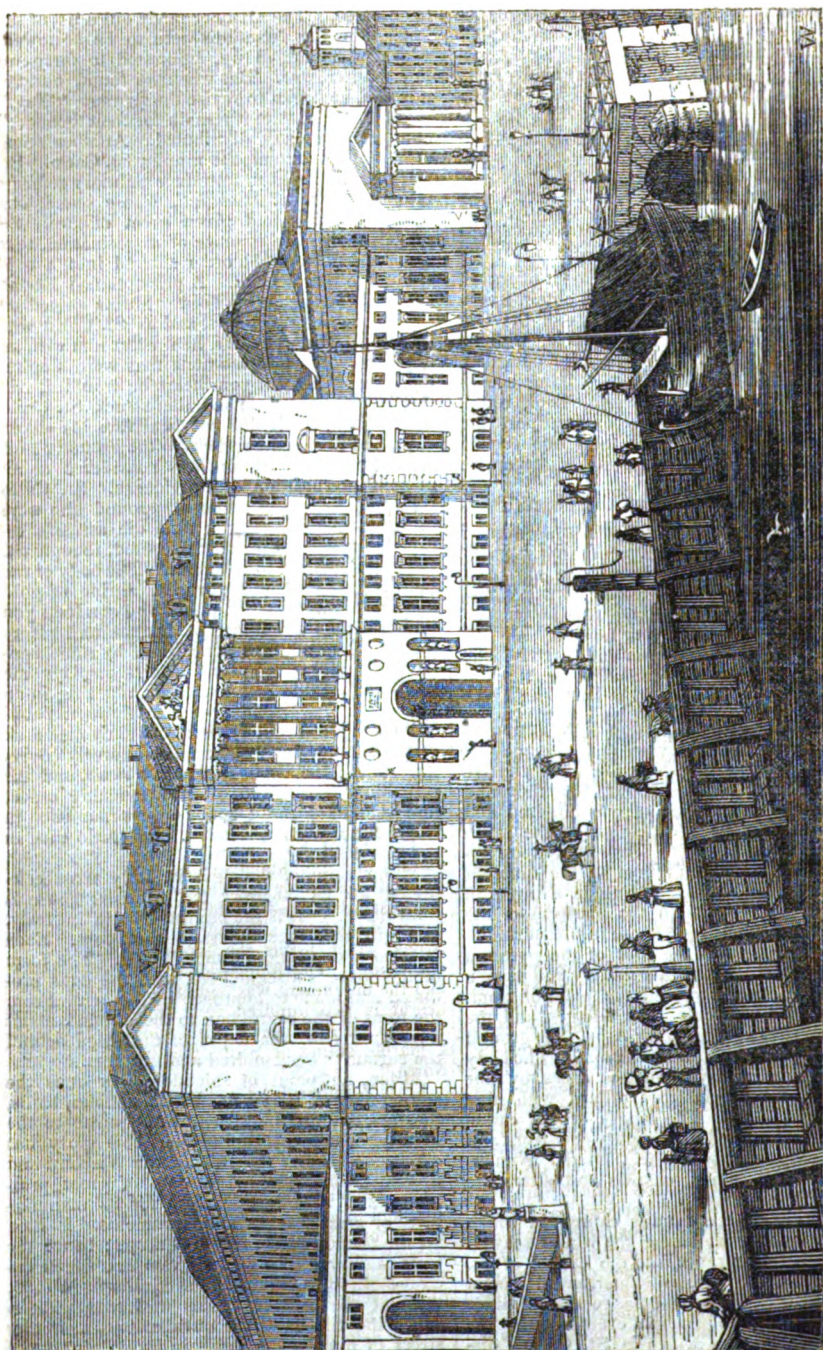
Our first halt will be before the beautiful cathedral of Milan in Italy, a pile of exquisite architecture, unrivalled in the splendor and variety of its ornaments, and its perfect harmony and symmetry. The view we present is a very accurate one. The first stone of the present cathedral was laid in 1386. The building of the same has been often interrupted, and has, when resumed, been often carried on slowly; and it is yet unfinished. The east end, or apsis, which forms five sides of an octagon, is probably the most ancient, or original portion of the structure. It is calculated that the niches and pinnacles of the exterior will require about four thousand five hundred statues; of these about three thousand are executed. A staircase of one hundred and fifty-eight steps, at the west corner of the south transept, leads to the roof. Here steps upon flying buttresses present an ascent to the different levels. Two staircases, winding in a turret of open tracery, bring you to the platform of the octagon; and a similar staircase in the spire conducts to the gallery at the foot of the pyramid which crowns it. From this gallery you have a good view of the city, and the plain of Lombardy, studded with cities and villages, and the whole walled in by the snowy Alps. The ground plan of the cathedral is a Latin cross. The body is divided into a nave and four aisles, by four ranges of colossal clustered pillars, with nine inter-columniations. The length of the cathedral is four hundred and eighty-five feet, and two hundred and fifty-two feet broad. Numerous monuments, tombs, chapels and altars are contained in this church.

Beneath the choir is a lower church, in which service is celebrated during the winter season. From this is the entrance into the chapel of St. Carlo. The walls of this subterranean chapel are covered with eight oval bas-reliefs, in silver gilt, representing the principal events of the life of the saints; among which is St. Carlo's distribution to the poor of the proceeds of the sale of the principality of Orta. He had a life interest in this domain, which he sold for forty thou-

sand crowns; and he ordered his almoner to distribute it among the poor and the hospitals of his diocese. The almoner made out a list of the items, how the donations were to be bestowed, which, when added up, amounted to forty-two thousand crowns. But when he found out the mistake, he began to revise the figures. "Nay," said St. Carlo, "let it remain for their benefit;" and the whole was distributed. Another scene represents the attempt to murder St. Carlo. St. Carlo had labored to introduce salutary reforms into the order of *Humiliati*, whose scandalous mode of living had given great offence. So prevalent was the practice of assassination, that some members of the order entered into a conspiracy to murder him. A priest named Farina engaged to execute the deed. Farina gained access to the private chapel, and as St. Carlo was kneeling before the altar, he fired at him with an arquebus. At this moment they were singing the verse, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither be ye afraid." The bullet struck St. Carlo on the back, but it did not penetrate his silken cape, and dropped harmless to the ground; and the failure of the attempt was considered as an evident interposition of Providence. St. Carlo continued in prayer, while all around him were in consternation. For a time the assassin escaped, but was ultimately executed, though St. Carlo endeavored to save him. The body of the saint is deposited in a gorgeous shrine of gold and gilded silver. The priest who conducts you thither lights a number of candles and places them in front of the shrine, then by some contrivance lowers the front, which displays the corpse, dressed in full pontificals, reposing in an inner shrine, or coffin, and seen through panes of rock crystal. The brown and shrivelled flesh of the mouldering countenance scarcely covers the bones; the head is all but a skull, and the face, alone uncovered, offers a touching aspect amidst the splendid robes and ornaments in which the figure is shrouded. St. Carlo died in the year 1584.

Milan is one of the cities in Italy most celebrated for its theatres; the principal house is "La Scala." It is the largest theatre in Italy, and will seat four thousand spectators. Each box has a small room attached to it. The form of the house is a semi-circle, with the ends produced and made to approach each other. From the front of the centre box to the curtain is about a hundred feet; the depth of the stage behind the curtain is one hundred and fifty feet.

Milan, in point of splendor, was once the second city of Italy—filled with temples, baths, theatres, and all the structures requisite to the dignity of a great capital; but this glory has departed. Under the rule of the Visconti and Sforza, Milan attained a state of great prosperity, and became celebrated for its manufactures of armor, dress and ornaments. It then set the fashion to the rest of Europe; hence the word *milliner*. The wall or rampart which encircles Milan, was built by the Spaniards in 1555. Around the outside of this wall runs what is called the Strada di Circonvallazione, a circular street of over seven miles in length, forming a fine drive. The city has ten gates; on the north side is the Porta Comasina, erected by the merchants of Milan, a doric arch surmounted by



THE ROYAL PALACE OF CHRISTIANSBORG, AT COPENHAGEN.

four large figures representing the four rivers, Po, Ticino, Adda and the Olona.

From Italy, the land of song, let us pass to Scotland, and glance at the city of Edinburgh, which is crowded with objects of interest. The situation of Edinburgh is romantic and striking, being built upon three ridges, and the neighborhood is marked by lofty hills, except towards the north, where the ground gradually sinks away towards the river's course, the Frith of Forth. This is the metropolis of Scotland, and a most ancient, thrifty and populous place it is. Calton Hill, between three and four hundred feet high, affords a most superb bird's eye view of the city. Here may be seen the "Queen's Drive," the "General Post Office," the "Cemetery," where is the tomb of David Hume, "Edinburgh Castle," "Holyrood Palace," the "Scott Monument," and various other notable places. Nearly opposite to the brow of the hill is a monument to the memory of the poet, Robert Burns, on the spot where he is said to have written his fine address, "Edina, Scotia's darling seat!" Poor poet, starved while he lived, but made classic in his grave!

On the brow of this Calton Hill is a fine observatory, affording a most admirable and extended view, embracing some nine or ten counties. To the east, in the direction of the mouth of the Frith of Forth and the German Ocean, are Haddingtonshire, or East Lothian, and the mountain range of the Lammermuir Hill. Below, lies the county of Edinburgh, or Mid-Lothian, and on the west are seen portions of the counties of Linlithgow, Lanark, Stirling and Dunbarton. Northwest are seen the hilly ranges of the counties of Perth and Clackmannan, and the Ochil Mountains; in the background, the counties of Fife and Kinross, with the Lomond Hills. In short, this view from Calton Hill of the old and new city, the Frith of Forth and its numerous bays, the green valleys and hills of the surrounding country, rivals for extent and variety of picturesque grandeur, anything ever witnessed that might be brought within the range of the eye from a single point.

Holyrood Palace is the ancient residence of Scottish royalty, and famed in song and story as such. The building is of a quadrangular form, with a central court. The front is flanked with double castellated towers. The most interesting relic which is to be seen here is the bed of Mary Queen of Scots, which remains in precisely the same condition as when this unhappy woman last occupied it. The closet where the murderers of Rizzio—the queen's favorite—surprised their victim, is also an object of much interest. The largest room in the palace is the picture gallery, some hundred and fifty feet long; and upon the walls are suspended the portraits of a hundred and six kings! On the north side of the palace are the ruins of the Abbey of Holyrood, founded in 1128, by David I. Of this building nothing now remains but the mouldering ruins of the chapel. Here, in 1633, Charles I. was crowned. In the northeast corner are deposited the remains of David II., James II. James V. and Magdalen, his queen. With this chapel, as with almost everything else ancient and notable, there is a legend connected. The purport of it is, that the pious David I., while hunting in the

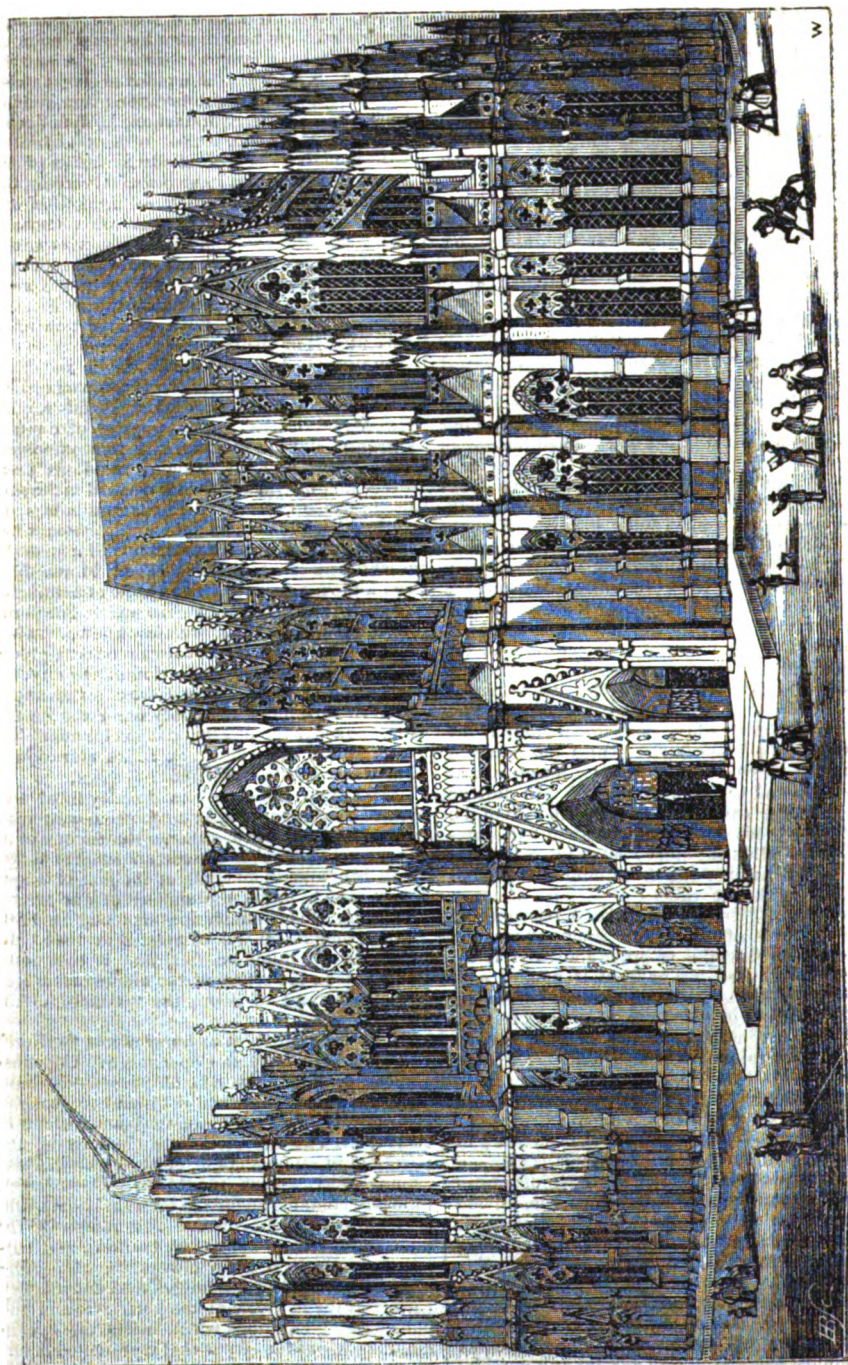
forest of Drumshench, was placed in the utmost peril by the attack of a stag. When defending himself from his assailant, a cross miraculously descended from heaven into his hand, upon seeing which, the stag fled in dismay. Afterwards, in a dream, he was commanded to erect an abbey on the spot of his preservation; and in obedience to the heavenly injunction, he founded the Abbey of Holyrood.

In the streets of the old city the house of John Knox is pointed out to visitors. Over the door is the following inscription:—"Lufe God above all, and your Neighbour as yourself." Close beneath the window from which Knox is said to have preached to the people, there is a rude effigy of the reformer, representing him in the act of holding forth to the multitude. The house of Knox is situated in a wretched portion of the ancient part of the city.

In order to visit the crown room and Edinburgh Castle, it is necessary to obtain an order of the Lord Provost at the council chamber. The insignia of Scottish royalty consists of a crown, a sceptre, and a sword of state; accompanying which, the visitor is also shown the Lord Treasurer's Rod of Office, found deposited in the same strong oaken chest in which the regalia was discovered. Here is also shown the room where Queen Mary gave birth to James VI.; also that gigantic piece of artillery called Mons. Meg, well known in history. The Castle of Edinburgh is fortified and regularly garrisoned. The period of its foundation is not precisely known. There is no doubt, however, that it can boast a greater antiquity than any other portion of the city. It consists of a series of irregular fortifications, and can be approached only upon the eastern side, the other three being so precipitous. The structure stands upon a rock at an elevation of nearly four hundred feet above the sea.

The city of Edinburgh is literally filled with statues and monuments; turn where you may, you will see one or the other. But the one of all the rest which most interests strangers is the Scott Monument, situated at the foot of David Street, which forms the subject of our second engraving. The foundation was laid in 1840, and the monument was completed in 1844. Its height is two hundred feet, and it cost some \$80,000. In the centre of the monument is seen a marble statue of Scott, the "Wizard of the North."

From Edinburgh let us hurry across the North Sea and take a peep at Copenhagen. Copenhagen—*Kiøbenhavn*, merchants' haven—is built principally on the coast of the island of Zealand, but partly also on the contiguous small island of Amak, the channel between them forming the port, and in all respects, it is such a city as the capital of Denmark should be. Copenhagen probably contains about 175,000 inhabitants, and is very strongly fortified. The ramparts for miles in length are flanked by bastions, and surrounded by a deep ditch always flooded. The place is defended by a strong citadel and a heavy battery at the entrance of the port. One of the most striking buildings which meets the eye in rambling about the city is that represented in our third picture, the royal palace of Christiansborg, an object of much interest, being the town residence of the king, and situated on what is called



THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE, IN PRUSSIA.

Castle Isle, occupying the spot where the famous castle built by Bishop Absolou, in 1168, once stood, and which was erected to awe the pirates which infested the waters at that early period. This castle was, on the accession of Christian VI. to the throne, razed to the ground in order that a fitting royal residence might be erected on its site. This palace was destroyed by fire in 1794, and the present palace of white stone was commenced in the reign of Christian VII., and finished during that of Frederic VI., and a noble structure it is.

Over the principal entrance to the palace are two bas-reliefs by Thorwaldsen—Minerva and Prometheus, Hercules and Hebe; Jupiter, Nemesis, Æsculapius and Hygæia; and in niches on each side of the entrance are four colossal figures of the first four named. Entering by the principal door, you ascend the king's staircase, so called, which is of polished mahogany, and the railings of brass. Among the many superb apartments, the most magnificent is the Knights' Hall, called the *Riddersal*. It is a miracle of splendor. A colonnade is formed by Corinthian columns, which at night are lighted by elegant cut-glass chandeliers suspended from the lofty ceiling. The effect is truly grand. The king's throne-room is adorned with four large paintings representing scenes in Danish history. Near the palace is the famous Thorwaldsen's Museum.

This building contains an immense and beautiful collection of works of art, all the creation of one man, Thorwaldsen, and presented by him with patriotic pride to Denmark. The building is in the Egyptian style of architecture, some two hundred and thirty feet in length, and one hundred and twenty-five in breadth, and is comprised in two stories. In the centre of the building is an open court, where rest the remains of the great artist, whose creative genius has filled the museum. The tomb is simple, and was measured out and selected by himself. In the front hall, corridor and apartments, on the ground or first story, are placed the works of the great sculptor, and on the story above, his collections. On the summit of the front and principal entrance stands the chariot of victory, drawn by four horses. To describe the contents of this noble temple of art would occupy too much space, but what the sculptor himself was best satisfied with, are his group of the Graces, the Shepherd Boy, and the Mercuries.

The Church of Our Lady contains Thorwaldsen's original work of Christ and the Apostles in marble, copies of which in plaster were represented in the New York Crystal Palace. Rosenborg is a place of interest, also, built by Christian VII. in 1694. It is in the Gothic style, and the tower towards the west, and two smaller ones to the east, each with a handsome spire. In its curiosities is a cabinet of coins and medals. One old Swedish coin is shown, of the value of about three dollars, which means three pounds, being square and of the size of this palace are the regalia; and here are also silver and gilt drinking-horn of the king, and the celebrated set of horse furniture, sword and pistols, presented by Christian VII. to his eldest son on the occasion of his marriage, in 1664. The saddle and bridle are of velvet, embroidered heavily with gold and

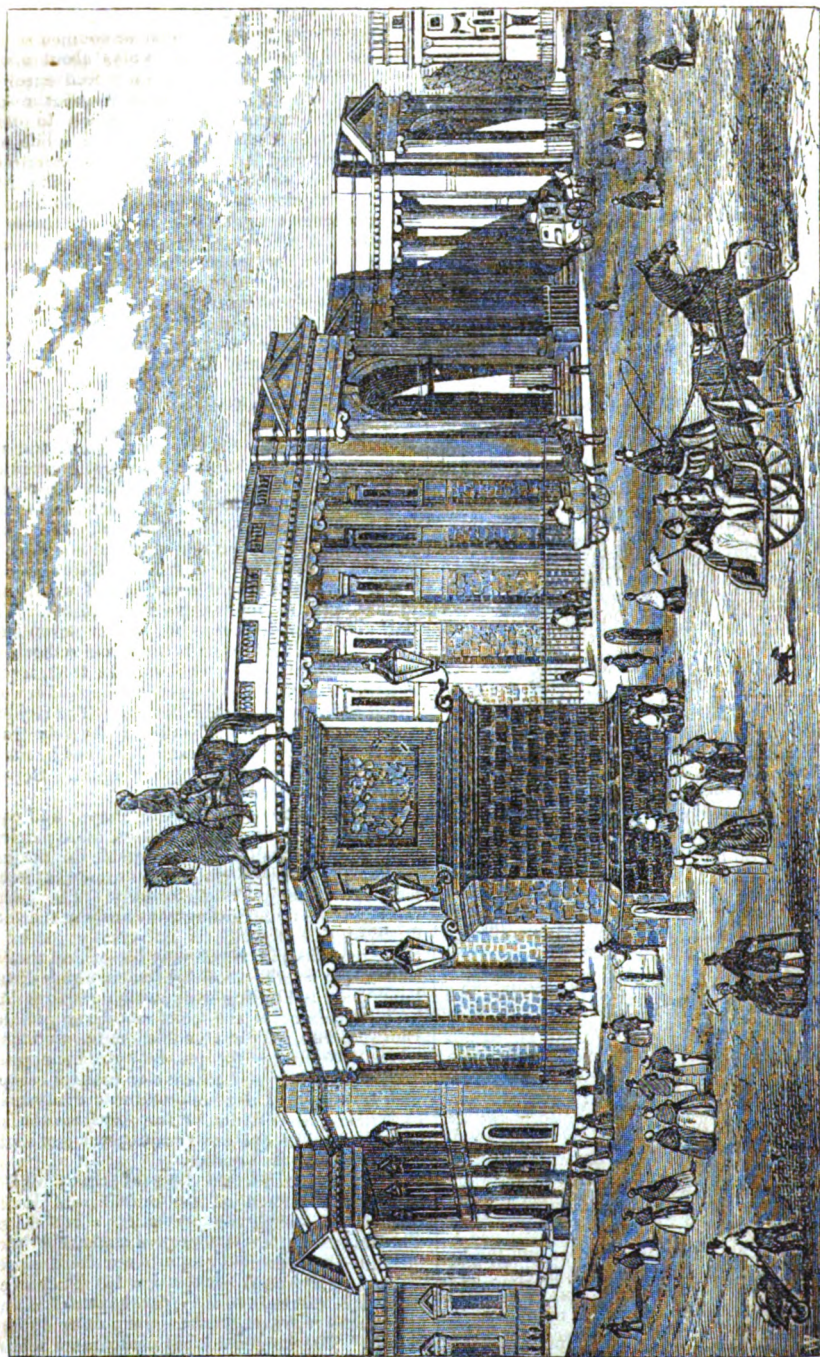
pearls, the buckles set with diamonds, etc. It was made at Paris, and cost the pretty little sum of one million of francs.

The Tivoli Gardens, a summer theatre just outside the western gate, where pantomimes, vaudevilles, etc., are represented, and excellent concerts are given, is a place of great resort. Circus performances are also given here, jugglers' tricks, panoramas exhibited, etc. The place is very lively and attractive, with its admirable refreshment saloons, fireworks and the like. There is a gaiety and abandon about these places of amusement in Europe so unlike those of America, that everything puts on a new color, and facts with which one has long been conversant seem new, and to pass off with additional éclat. The performers, however, are here the very best; and the encouragement offered to this class of artists is so much superior pecuniarily here, that it is hardly for their interests to visit America.

The powerful batteries, Trekroner, Three Crowns, the union of Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and the Sixtus, which command the entrance of the harbor, are objects of great interest. The Trekroner battery, which dealt such havoc among Lord Nelson's fleet at the famous battle of Copenhagen, in 1801, and which was never silenced, was, at that time, although commenced in 1784, in an unfinished state; its bulwarks were then much lower, and of wood, nor did it mount so many guns as at present. The port gives fine anchorage for six or seven hundred ships. Copenhagen is damp and unhealthy, and is often visited by cholera. In 1853, it will be remembered, thousands of its population were swept away by this subtle disease. The city has also at different periods suffered severely from fires, particularly in 1728 and 1794, and again in 1795; but it always rose rapidly again. Copenhagen was founded in 1168.

The Danes are a kind-hearted, happy and contented people—the higher classes, more particularly, are courteous and hospitable in the extreme; the humbler classes are somewhat indolent, but withal quiet and orderly. The ladies there may be found sitting constantly at the windows, outside of which is universally placed a reflecting glass, in which may be seen all that is transpiring in the thoroughfare in either direction; and as knitting-work, which requires but little attention, is the chief occupation of the Danish ladies, they are enabled to amuse themselves by watching the passers-by at their pleasure, and neither pedestrians nor vehicles escape their scrutiny. This is so prominent a feature in their habits, as to strike the traveller from abroad at once; and no one can visit Copenhagen without remarking the practice.

A most immoderate love of finery exists among the women of the middle and lower classes, red being the prevailing color worn. The dresses of the peasants are remarkably picturesque, and precisely as we see them represented in plays on American boards. They wear little caps, extremely pretty, the crowns of which are expensive, varying from three to fifty dollars in cost. The women are physically more robust than handsome, but are nevertheless very interesting; domestic, industrious, and performing more than their share of the common lot of



STATUE OF WILLIAM III., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

labor. Women throughout Europe labor far more than in America, and their lot is generally much less desirable than in our country.

The song of the watchmen, announcing each succeeding hour of the night, sounds novel to one from distant lands. The following is the English of one of these verses sung by the watch of Copenhagen :

When day departs and darkness reigns on earth,
The scene reminds us of the gloomy grave.
Then let thy light, O Lord, before us shine,
While to the silent tomb our steps we bend,
And grant a blessed immortality.

Our next engraving is an accurate exterior view of the famous, but still unfinished Cathedral of Cologne on the Rhine. This cathedral, which was commenced in 1248, is not yet completed, though the work of late years has gone on quite rapidly. The king of Prussia has given immense sums of money towards its completion. Voluntary subscriptions have also been made all over Germany. So the prospect is that it may be completed in another century—rather a long period to look ahead. The name of the great architect who designed so splendid a structure has been lost. The two principal towers, according to the original plan, were to have been five hundred feet high. That which is most finished at present is not over one-third of the height. On its top still remains the crane employed by the masons to raise the stones for the building, where it has stood for centuries. About five millions of dollars are still required to complete this immense structure. The transepts are now nearly completed. The piers which are to support the real roof are making progress. The late king of Bavaria presented five painted windows, which are placed in the south side of the aisle; five painted windows in the north aisle were executed in 1503. The entire length of the body of the church will be five hundred and eleven feet; the choir is one hundred and fifty-one feet high, and internally, from its size, height and disposition of pillars, arches, chapels and beautiful colored windows, resembles a splendid vision. Round the choir, against the columns, stand fourteen colossal statues of the twelve apostles, the Virgin and Saviour, colored and gilt.

In a small chapel immediately behind the high altar is the celebrated shrine of the three kings of Cologne or Magi, who came from the East with presents for the infant Saviour. The case in which they are deposited is of plates of silver gilt. The skulls of the three kings inscribed with their names—Gasper, Melchior and Balthazer—written in rubies, are exhibited to view through an opening in the shrine, crowned with diadems (a ghastly contrast). Under a slab in the pavement, between the high altar and the shrine of the three kings, the heart of Mary of Medicis is buried.

Prime, in his *Travels in Europe and the East*, gives us a brief but lively sketch of Cologne and its notabilities. He says:—"This city of 60,000 inhabitants, and diminishing in number by emigration to America, is celebrated for its fine cathedral, its abominable smells, and its manufacture for that liquid for the toilet known the world over by the name of the town. As the city is planted on a hillside, having a steep

descent to the river, it is strange indeed that its reputation for filthiness should be so well deserved. Coleridge says that he counted seventy-two distinct smells in his walks about town. Yet nasty as the place is, from defective sewerage, it has some twenty churches and the grandest cathedral out of Italy, sufficient to detain the traveller a day on his journey. The church of St. Peter was thronged by an eager crowd filling all the courts and avenues, and the mighty mass of people were singing in concert when I sought admission. They were kind enough to open a passage for us, and we slowly picked our way onward to the region of the altar, to get sight of the famous Rubens picture of St. Peter suffering crucifixion with his head downward. Painful as the picture must be, its power is such that the beholder feels a sort of pleasure in the work of art, that can hardly be appreciated by a reader who has not studied a martyr-scene. On the back of this picture is a copy, which is exposed to view except on fête-days and Sundays, but the sacristan for a fee will turn it in a moment, and show the original. Churches dedicated to particular saints, and to All Saints we had often seen, but here in Cologne, just inside the wall of the town, stands the church of *St. Ursula and of eleven thousand Virgins!* The great attraction of the church, which is a remarkably plain building, is in the bones of these young ladies exposed to view within the walls of the holy edifice. * *

"We seemed to be in the way of bones, for, in a few minutes, we found ourselves in St. Gereon's Kirche, where the skeletons of the whole Theban legion of martyrs, who suffered under Diocletian, are preserved. An immense sarcophagus, with a Latin inscription, tells us that the bones of these saints are here. The church is a magnificent building, dating as far back as the tenth century. The Protestants have possession now of the oldest Christian building in Cologne, the church of St. Pantaleon. Duns Scotus has his tomb in the chapel of the Minorites; tradition says that he was buried alive, burst out of his coffin, but could not get out of the vault, where he perished, and was afterwards found, having eaten his fingers for hunger.

"There are other churches of interest which we visited; paused at the house in which Rubens was born, and in which Maria de Medicis died; looked in at the Rath Haus, or Town Hall, a fine old thing, that has stood for centuries; called at the Kaufhaus, where the Diets of the empire have been held, and emperors have feasted; explored the remains of Roman architecture in walls and towers still standing in the strength and grandeur of their early days—memorials of Trajan, who received the imperial purple at Cologne, and of Vitellius and Sylvanus, who were proclaimed emperors of Rome on this very hill, as Clovis was made king of the Franks on the same spot, in 508. Thus renowned in history, Cologne has been no less important in commerce; but the days of its glory, when it had as many steeples as there are days in the year, have passed away, and now it stakes its chief claim to the attention of the traveller on its great cathedral. The *Dom*—so the cathedral is called in many parts of Europe—the *Domus*, the *House*, the *Lord's House*, the *Chief Church*, is not yet completed, and probably never will be, though it is believed that



VIEW OF THE ROYAL PALACE, AT STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

four millions of dollars would do it. But if it is so beautiful in its present fragmentary state, with the scaffold and crane still standing, what will it be when the topstone is laid? What a vision of grandeur, beauty and architectural glory burst upon my eyes when I entered the choir, and stood in the midst of this temple, pronounced the finest specimen of a Gothic edifice in the world! I looked up an hundred and sixty feet, through the massive columns and splendid arches; and as the whole scene was tempered by the gentle and variously colored hues that fell through the splendid stained windows, I felt the power of human art, and was glad it was employed for so noble a purpose as the erection of a house for God."

The subject of our next view, the statue of William III., Trinity College, Dublin, compels us to bid "adieu to thee, fair Rhine." So, recrossing the North Sea, hurrying at railway speed through England, we cross the Irish Sea, and find ourselves safely landed at Kingston, in that "emerald set in the ring of the sea," Green Erin. Kingston is a comparatively unimportant place, except that it answers as a packet-station, or deep harbor for Dublin, from which it is distant something less than ten miles. Dublin itself has a poor depth of water for commercial purposes, and all the heavy ships and large packets run between Liverpool and Kingston. We take the cars at Kingston for Dublin with keen anticipations of pleasure, for we have been told of the interesting localities and the fine rural country through which we are to pass, and our expectations will be fully realized. Nearly the whole distance is lined with magnificent country residences, the grounds adjoining which are in the highest state of cultivation, and most picturesquely bestowed and ornamented. Here the nobility and gentry of Dublin reside during the summer months. Let no traveller hurry over this route by night trains, even though he should lose a day at Kingston, for it is a trip to be enjoyed, fully entered into, and remembered.

Dublin is beyond a doubt one of the finest cities of Europe, and is at present most thrifty and prosperous in commercial matters. The most of its streets are straight and very wide—that known as Sackville Street is some one hundred and fifty feet in width, and is the principal thoroughfare of the town. In its centre stands a Doric pillar of cut granite, one hundred and ten feet in height, placed here in honor of Lord Nelson. On each face of the pediment is inscribed the name of the hero's great battles, such as Aboukir, Copenhagen, the Nile and Trafalgar. One of the finest views in all Dublin is obtained from the centre balustrade of Carlisle Bridge—the sight taking in at a comprehensive glance a vast picture of the wealth, extent and architectural beauty of the city. To the north stretches away the noble mall of Sackville Street with the Nelson monument. To the south is seen Westmoreland and D'Olier Streets, beautiful in the stately symmetry of their architecture, and a peep at Trinity's garden and one of the side wings of Trinity College, as well as a part of the colonnade of the Bank of Ireland. Turning to the eastward the eye follows the Liffey in its course to the sea; and between the masts of the vessels rises the solid structure of the Custom

House. Westward the eye pursues the river's course where it flows between walls of hewn granite, which form the frontage of the quays.

The "Four Courts," a series of buildings occupying a spot of four hundred and fifty feet, facing towards the river, and crowned with a majestic dome, is one of the first points to attract your attention. The front of the central building has a fine portico of six Corinthian pillars, surmounted with statues representing Justice, Mercy, and other emblematical subjects. On entering the rotunda, you find yourself at once in the midst of a crowd of lawyers and those unfortunate individuals who appeared as plaintiffs and defendants. There are four courts holden here, as the name would indicate—as the place is a sort of lawyers' exchange, where they meet their clients for consultation. There is no mistaking the rest of the throng, as they universally wear a surplice and a white curly wig when in court. When the four courts are in session, and the seats filled by the various judges in their regalia, the lawyers in their powdered wigs and peculiar dress, arranged in rows before the court, the sight is curious enough to an eye accustomed to the sober simplicity of our American form of legal business. The tribunals holden within the "four courts" are the Common Pleas, Chancery, Queen's Bench and Exchequer.

Trinity College buildings, also known as the University of England, are of great extent and much interest. They consist of three spacious quadrangles. Here are shown many portraits of Ireland's most favored sons, past and present. The library is one of the finest rooms in Europe devoted to this purpose, containing some 100,000 volumes, and many valuable manuscripts, some of which date back more than a thousand years! The museum department is also remarkable; among other curiosities are some skeletons of the great fossil deer of Ireland, and an almost countless variety of Irish birds and fishes, the largest collection yet brought together. The buildings partly enclose what is called the College Park, an open spot of some twenty acres. The college was founded in 1592—the present number of students is about fourteen hundred. A statue of William III. is situated in front of the college, as represented in our engraving.

One of the most delightful belongings of Dublin is the Phoenix Park, a noble breathing spot, held sacred, like the Boston Common, or the Battery, New York, containing about one thousand acres, or twenty times as large as our Common! Here are seen hundreds of noble deer, feeding quite unmolested and tame. In this park is the residence of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, through whose grounds sentinels are stationed at all points, and regular military government being observed. In the park is an obelisk in honor of the Duke of Wellington's victories. Here, too, is a fine Zoological Garden. The beauty, nobility and fashion resort here to promenade—the privacy and decorum of the place being preserved by the foot and mounted police. Here you have a fine chance to see the nobility and gentry of Dublin together. Two military bands perform alternately, discoursing sweet music.

At the royal barracks admirable military evolutions and fine drilling of troops may often be



OLD AND NEW JUNGFERNSTIEG, HAMBURG, GERMANY.

witnessed. No holiday soldiers are these, but men who live in the service, and are occupied in handling arms and in the soldier's duty for a lifetime. The precision of their movements, the martial bearing, and the one spirit that seems to pervade the whole body, appear to operate like magic. The English regiments are in a high state of discipline.

The beautiful view we next present, of the Royal Palace of Stockholm, Sweden, takes us back again to the continent of Europe. Stockholm is one of the most celebrated cities of the north of Europe, and its situations and surroundings are remarkable for the beauty of the natural scenery, being situated partly upon several islands at the junction of Lake Mælar and the Baltic, and partly on the main land, upon both sides of the straits, covering an area of four to five square miles. On the three principal islands the houses are of stone, but in other portions the greater part of stuccoed brick, painted white, yellow, or faint blue. Stockholm has few notable public buildings or churches. The palace, however, is an immense and most imposing structure, begun during the reign of Charles XII. The lower part is of polished granite, the upper of brick covered with cement. It contains a museum of antiquities and sculpture, with several good works by Swedish artists, a royal library, etc. The approach to the palace on the north side is adorned by two immense lions, standing on blocks of granite; on the eastern side two wings extend, between which are hedges and beds of flowers. This side looks down upon the harbor, as shown in our picture. The south facade, which is the most beautiful of all, is adorned by several fine trophies. On an open space before this side, stands an obelisk of granite raised by Gustaf IV. Adolf to the burgesses of Stockholm, an acknowledgment of their zeal and fidelity during the war of 1788. The west side of the palace is adorned with some beautiful medallions representing Swedish kings.

Our next engraving represents the old and new Jungferustiegs, in the city of Hamburg, some seventy miles from the mouth of the Elbe. In the centre of the two Jungferustiegs is the Alster Basin, a beautiful enclosure of water in the shape of a square of some thirty acres in extent, actually alive with pleasure boats and graceful, long-necked swans. The city of Hamburg consists of the old and new town, nearly equal in size, containing together some 200,000 inhabitants. It is a "free city," and is governed by a president and senate. The city covers a much larger space of ground than many other European metropolises of the same numerical size, in consequence of its squares, and its many beautiful public and private gardens. After the great fire of 1842—which destroyed sixty-one streets and seventeen hundred and forty-seven houses—the city once more rose in beauty and magnificence from its ashes. The business portions of the place are commercially grand, and indicative of great wealth and prosperity; and throughout the city the style of the buildings resembles that of palaces more than the ordinary dwelling-places of a trading community, the houses being chiefly built of white stone, lofty and imposing in architecture and complete in finish.

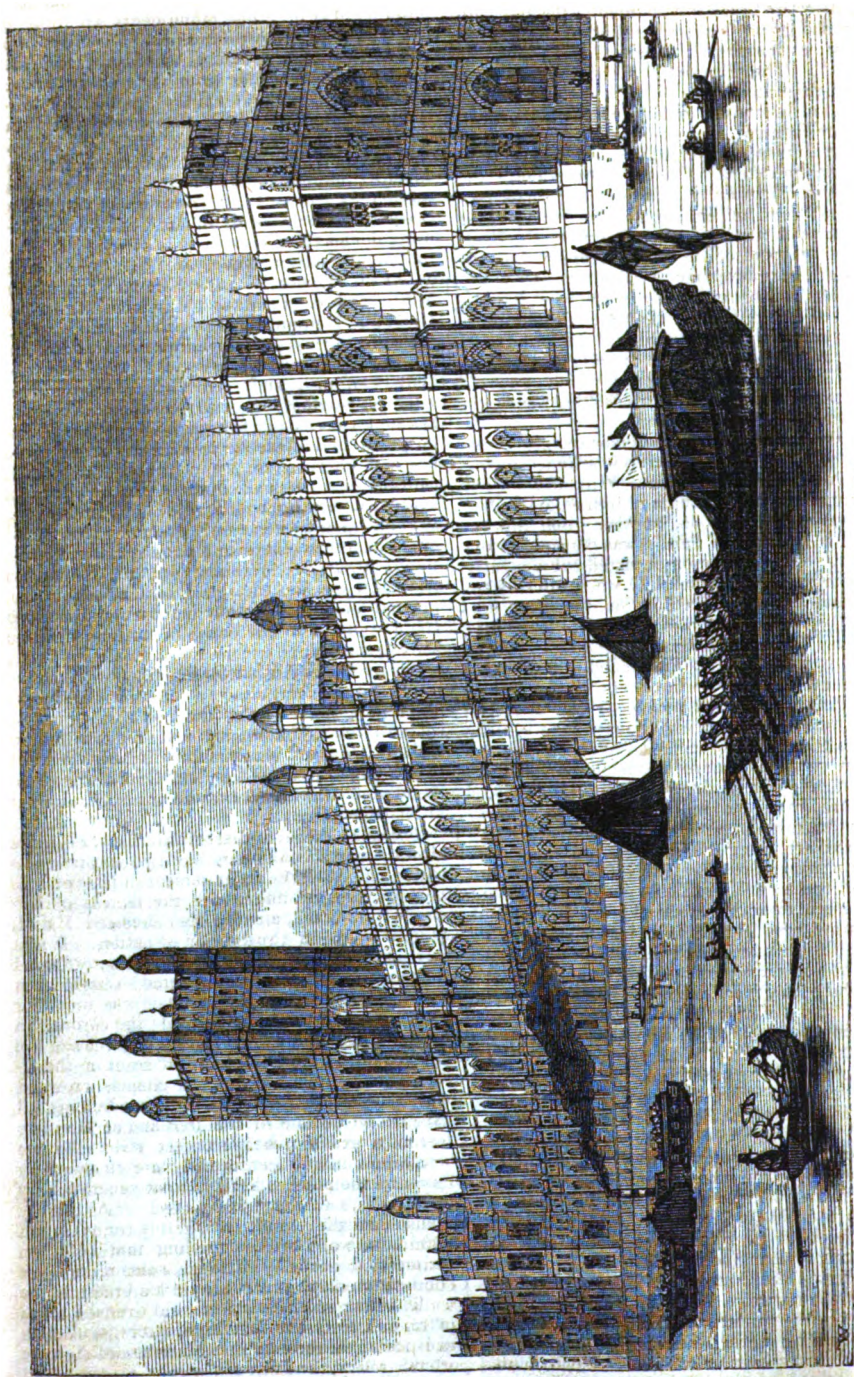
The Exchange Building is a great curiosity

and an elegant structure. It is "high change" from one to two o'clock, when the place presents a busy scene of Babel-like effect. To hear the hum of some four thousand voices, and to look down upon the throng from the gallery above, one seems to be regarding the combined "brokers' board" of the world, who are engaged in selling the goods and stocks of the entire globe. The tower of the Church of St. Michael is an object of especial interest. It is four hundred and fifty-six feet high, and from its top you enjoy a magnificent view of the whole city and its picturesque and rural suburbs.

Hamburg is the emporium of Germany, and must ever remain so. It trades with the whole world, while vessels from all parts of the world bring various produce to its spacious warehouses, and nearly every modern language is spoken in its fine and attractive harbor. It has ever attracted the European traveller, and must continue to do so, whether he be a pleasure-seeker or a man of business. Every surrounding bespeaks the wealth and liberality of the people, the richness and elegance of the city; elegant villas, beautiful gardens and open squares abound. Private gardens are ever thrown open to the visitor, and "stranger is a holy name." The ramparts which nearly surround the city are one continuous flower-garden, carefully tended and beautifully laid out and designed, and at night are rendered even more attractive by the presence here and there of fine bands of musicians, who play exquisitely.

The noble City Museum of Hamburg is only opened on the Sabbath; it contains a rich collection of natural history and curiosities generally. In the grand square one of the military bands is stationed on this day to play for the gratification of the people. The Tivoli Theatre, just outside the walls, is a summer resort not unlike Niblo's Theatre, New York. Concerts are given here in brilliantly lighted gardens, as summer attractions. Hamburg has a police arrangement which sustains a thousand soldiers at all times under arms, and who are retained at the various guard-houses and gates of the city. Every man is taught the duty of a soldier, and all must serve for a certain length of time. There are also a regular corps of armed watchmen, numbering four hundred men.

We close our series of foreign sketches with two views in London, one representing the splendid Parliament Houses on the Thames, and the other the venerable Westminster Abbey, in which repose the ashes of England's most honored dead. The general outline of the Parliament Houses presents a grand frontage on the river side of about nine hundred feet, bearing a rich display of graceful mouldings, tracery, carvings and decorations. The entrance is by the Peers' Lobby, whence, through elegant brass gilt gates, you enter the House of Lords. The first impression is dazzling to the eyes by its richness and profusion of decoration displayed in all parts of the interior. This fine room is about one hundred feet square, and forty-five feet high. At the south end is the royal throne; at the north end the reporters' gallery, the front richly ornamented with panelling, containing the royal badges, painted in gilt ground. The ceiling is very striking in its appearance, its general ground being of a



VIEW OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON.

rich blue, bordered with red and gold, and emblazoned with the royal arms. The railings of the gallery are brass, ornamented at the base with enamelled grounds of red and blue. Below the gallery is inscribed "Fear God—Honor the Queen." The House of Commons is more simply decorated.

London is known to have existed as a town for more than two thousand years. In the year 306, the city was comprised within a wall of only two miles in extent. On the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity, London was formed into a bishop's see; and in 610, a church was erected on the site of the present cathedral of St. Paul. Towards the end of the eighth century, London was four times devastated by fire, whereby many of its inhabitants perished. In 839, the city was destroyed by the Danes. In 886, Alfred gained possession of it, repaired, and laid the foundation of a municipal government. In 961, London was visited by a dreadful pestilence, which swept off vast numbers of its people. In 982, it was again devastated by a conflagration.

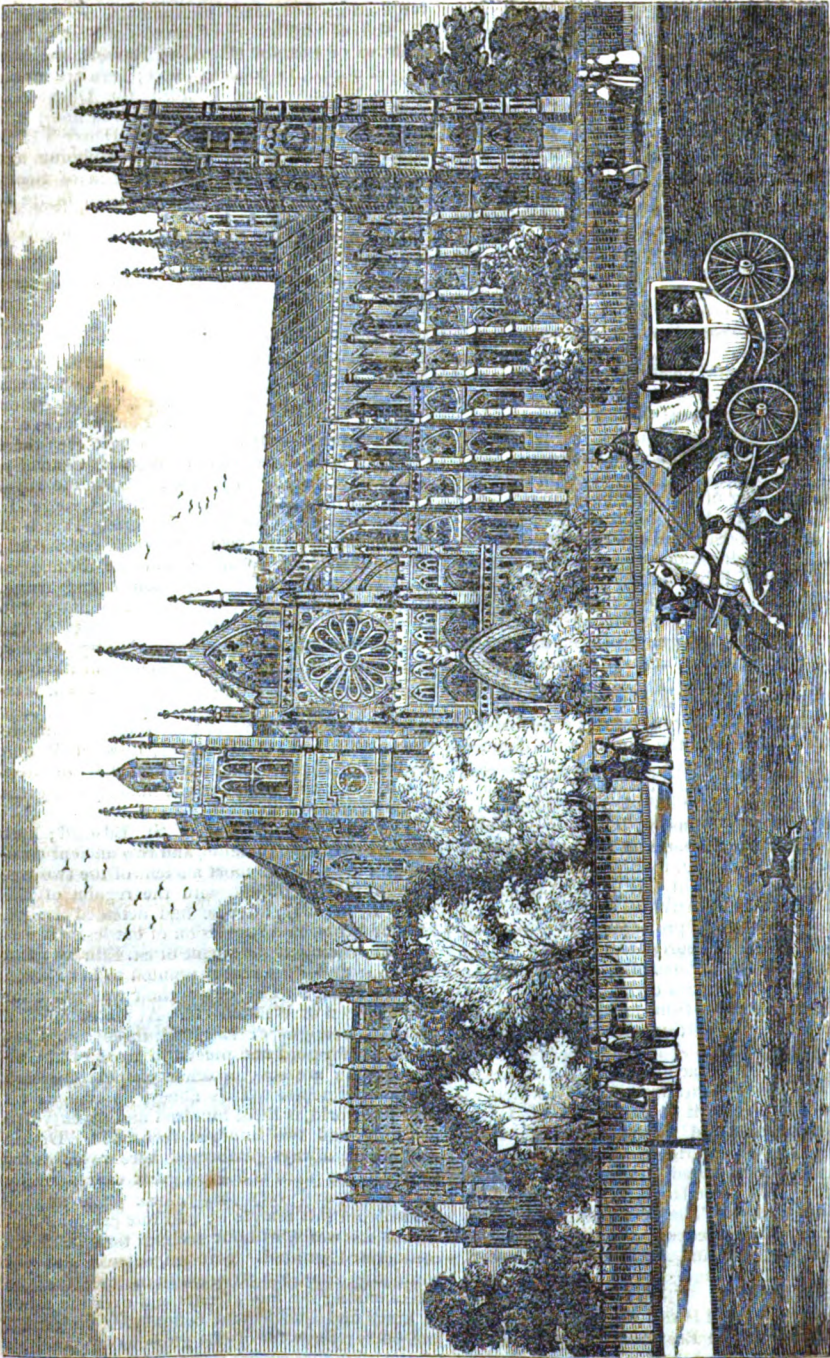
In 1050, Edward the Confessor rebuilt Westminster Abbey. After many vicissitudes, owing to the incursions of the Danes, William the First was crowned king of England immediately after the conquest. In 1066, another great fire occurred, in which St. Paul's was burned to the ground. Little alteration occurred subsequently until the reign of Edward IV., when bricks were first made and introduced for building purposes. In 1471, the art of printing was introduced into London. The great plague broke out in 1665, in the reign of Charles II., and lasted one year and one month; families were swept off, whole districts disappeared, rich and poor lay dead together, business was at end, houses were closed, and death reigned through and over the doomed city. Over one hundred thousand persons perished during this awful visitation. In 1666, a great fire broke out, and lasted for four days, consuming thirteen thousand houses and eighty-nine churches, being five-sixths of the whole city. But in a little more than four years the buildings were all replaced. Until this period, the houses had generally been constructed of wood, thatched with straw, each story projecting as it rose, so that the upper stories nearly met at the top. From this time dates the permanent prosperity of the city, which now measures eight miles from east to west, and five miles from north to south, having a circumference of thirty miles, and a population of 2,500,000.

Almost the first place to which the stranger directs his steps is Westminster Abbey, which, as it now stands, was built by Henry III., and Edward I., being enlarged by the abbots of subsequent reigns. On entering the abbey at the Poet's Corner—consecrated ground—you meet a guide, always in attendance, who conducts you through the abbey. The first point of interest is the chapel of St. Benedict, where you see the monument to Langham, Archbishop of Canterbury; that of the Countess of Hertford, and others, are also hard by. Close to the gate of the entrance to the chapel is the ancient monument of Sebeborh, one of the East Saxons, who died in 616, and his queen, Athelgoda. Between this chapel and the next are the remains of a mosaic work, of fine manufacture, erected in memory of

the children of Henry III. and Edward I. The next chapel is St. Edmund's. Here, among a large number of other monuments, are those of the Earl of Stafford, the Countess of Stafford, the children of Edward III., Lord Russell, etc. The chapel of St. Nicholas is next; here are monuments to Lady Jane Clifford, the Duchess of Somerset, Lord and Lady Carew, and many others. The magnificent chapel of Henry VII. is still more interesting. Here is an elaborate and splendid monument to Mary, Queen of Scots, erected by James I. The recumbent figure of the queen is a fine work of art.

At the end of the south aisle of this chapel is the royal vault, in which are deposited the remains of Charles II. and William III., Queen Mary, Queen Anne, and her consort, Prince George of Denmark. The entrance gates to the nave are of brass gilt, wrought in various devices. Here are installed the Knights of the Order of Bath. In their stalls are brass plates of their armorial bearings, etc., and over them hang their banners, swords and helmets. Beneath are seats for the esquires—each knight having three; there is a little shelving stool in each stall. Centrally, between the stalls of the knights, is the royal vault, in which lie the remains of King George II., and his queen, Caroline; Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his wife; two Dukes of Cumberland; Prince Frederick William, and the Princesses Amelia, Caroline, Elizabeth, Louise and Anne. In this chapel is also a magnificent monument to Henry VII. and his queen. It stands in the body of the chapel, enclosed in a chantry of brass, of fine workmanship, and ornamented with statues of the saints. Within, on a tomb of black marble, repose the effigies of the royal pair, in their robes of state. Here are also monuments to Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, Edward V. and his brother Richard, Duke and Duchess of Richmond, and many others of the nobility and great in English history.

The next chapel is that of St. Edward; here also are many monuments, and two ancient coronation chairs. The most ancient of the two was brought from Scotland, with the regalia of Edward I., in 1297, after he had defeated Baliol, king of Scots, in a succession of battles. It was a royal offering at the shrine of St. Edward; and the stone under the seat is reputed to have been Jacob's Pillar! The other chair was made for Mary, queen of William III. At the coronation of the sovereigns of England, these chairs are covered with gold and placed in front of the altar. There are several other chapels crowded with monuments. This abbey, so famous all over the world, is three hundred and seventy-five feet long, and two hundred feet wide. Divine worship is always performed here twice every day, and the place is held in great veneration by all classes, and very justly, too. "A mighty mausoleum this temple is, and one cannot stand within its walls, without feeling that he is on consecrated ground. Strange, solemn and yet conflicting emotions struggle in his breast as he walks among the monuments and over the ashes of kings and queens and conquerors, statesmen and poets; forgetful of the glorious architecture of the pile that covers the tombs of the great whose names have been household words from childhood to this long-looked for hour."



VIEW OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.

LITTLE MAY.

BY WILLIE E. PAROR.

Once I heard a mother pray,
At the closing hour of day,
"Father, let thy angels stay,
Ever over little May.

"Now her feet are in the flowers;
Now the sunshine fills her hours;
But her future? Father, say
What hath it for little May?"

And a low still voice replied,
From the azure vast and wide:
"Seek not to unfold the veil,
Ask not what shall win or fall."

And the mother lowlier bent
At reproof so kindly meant;
And her final prayer did say:
"Father, watch o'er little May."

MAUD ATHERTON'S LOVE.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

"Such a homely little toad as it is! I won't believe she is our cousin. There never was an Atherton yet that wasn't good-looking." And my brother cast a saucy, self-satisfied look upon the handsome, manly face smiling back at him from the large oval looking-glass suspended from the wall. "What you'll do with her, I don't know! Don't expect me to chaperone her! I'd as soon trot round with a kangaroo, or a wild-cat, or any other natural curiosity! Such a misfortune! Imagine her at one of Mrs. Merlie's select soirees, sitting in the corner prinked up in one of those outlandish dresses, eyes and mouth open to the widest extent, the laughing-stock of the whole company—pah!"

"Robert—don't!"

"I don't care—it is too bad. Why didn't they send her to school, or to a nunnery, or to Jericho, or somewhere else out of the way?"

"They—who is they?"

"O true; I—forgot!" And a slight shade of compassion settled over the handsome features of the speaker, while his dark eyes thoughtfully sought the floor, instead of their too often resting-place the mirror.

Maud Atherton was an orphan. Only one week before, the stage passing through our village had set down at our door a very little girl, with a very large amount of baggage and a very black West Indian nurse. A bulky letter, given by said nurse in great state to our father, after describing certain amount of lands and moneys, and appointing him guardian over the wild-

looking little girl and her immense fortune, ended with these words: "Care for her, love her, treat her as if she were your own; for you are all that is left to her—my darling, my spoiled pet, my poor neglected little orphan!"

It was quite dark when the stage arrived; the journey had been long and tedious, and certainly first appearances had been anything but to the advantage of our new cousin and protegee. Wild and uncouth in manner, shrinking from all approach to welcome or endearment, petulant and cross to the nurse, who treated her with almost idolatrous tenderness, my father found it hard to warm his usually affectionate heart into anything like the sympathy and condolence he should naturally feel for the orphan child of his only brother.

As for my brother and myself, I fear, after the first few impertinent repulses, our feelings were anything but vividly sympathetic or grateful for the addition to our social circle of one so pertinaciously ungracious, and so evidently bent upon refractory measures as far as we were concerned. The poor nurse tried to excuse her shortcomings—pleaded fatigue, anxiety, the novelty of her position, and promised that a good night's rest would reconcile her to her new position among strangers, to all of which she returned only a sulky stare, and expressed a desire to go to bed, "if there was anywhere for her to sleep."

That night my father and mother sat many hours taking counsel, after my brother and myself were in bed; but of the nature of it, we could only guess by the extra kindness of their manner in the morning, and their urgent desires that we should be patient and forbearing with our new cousin whatever her manner might be.

"She is a spoiled girl, evidently," said our father; "but remember she is an orphan."

"And has had no mother's counsels to guide and guard her," broke in our mother, to whom that one melancholy fact pleaded loudly in extenuation for her faults.

Certainly a most unprepossessing child was Maud Atherton. If in the evening's waning light she had seemed to us singularly unlovely and graceless, the brilliancy of the morning did not improve her appearance. Thin and lank almost to attenuation, with large, weird-looking eyes full of repressed craft and fire, and a mass of coarse coal-black hair, which was slovenly wound around a comb at the back of her head, she startled even my gentle mother into a repulsion of feeling which it was difficult quite to conceal from the sharp glance of its object. As for my brother, he did not even attempt to conceal his repugnance. Contempt, dislike and

hostility were visible in every glance of his eye and every curl of his lip—sentiments which we were not long in discovering were paid back with interest by Maud. It remained for me, who was the eldest of the family, to reconcile, as far as possible, these open demonstrations of dislike—to stand between the antagonists, and, if practicable, prevent any active demonstrations of hostility. I do not understand how any person, in this enlightened period, could arrive at the age of fourteen so utterly ignorant of the first rudiments of education, so entirely unformed, and lacking even the commonest ideas of what belonged to civilized society, as on acquaintance I found to be the case with our cousin Maud. My father explained it in this wise :

His brother at an early age had married a West Indian heiress, to whom he was most devotedly attached, and who survived the birth of this their only child but a few days. All the intense love springing from the grave of his dead wife had centered in this the living pledge of their mutual affection. Love blinded him to her faults. In her, he saw the development of all that had been good and tender and true in her lost mother. His indulgence knew no bounds. He closed both eyes and ears to her imperfections, and woe betide the servant who dared complain to him of her ungovernable nature. Being largely engaged in foreign trade, he was necessarily much of his time abroad ; and not until the few months preceding his death, did he become aware of the utter state of ignorance in which she had been brought up. Her nurse, the old woman before spoken of, in her fond idolatry had concealed from him her repugnance to any useful knowledge, and with the aid of interested teachers, had succeeded in blinding him to the fact that while he supposed her advancing in the knowledge and studies peculiar to her age, she was developing only the worst feelings of her nature and laying the foundation for after hours of exceeding mortification and misery. It was then too late for amendment. An insidious disease was undermining his life, his hours were numbered, and it only remained for him to give her over to the care of his only brother, with the hopeful prayer that he would superintend her future, and so far as possible, make amends for his own reprehensible negligence. And thus it was that Maud Atherton, the spoiled child, the wealthy heiress and the unprincipled girl, became an inmate of our own happy home.

Time would fail to tell of the annoyances to which we were subjected. It was impossible to place her at school—my father would not thus expose her ignorance. Teachers she had by the

dozens, not one of whom could be prevailed upon to remain after the first few weeks. Headstrong, sullen, and when roused, passionate in the extreme, she became a terror to all who attempted to coerce her into obedience. My father was at his wits' end ; and after a long consultation with her teachers, it was proposed for the present to leave her at liberty to occupy herself as she thought best, hoping that as she grew older, her nature would change, and she would see the necessity for acquiring that knowledge without which she could never enter society.

It was a long, bright summer—the one on which she came to our quiet village ; and her whole life, which was not occupied in eating and sleeping, was passed out of doors. The village was hemmed in by wild and magnificent scenery. Great hills loomed up in the distance, and rocks, which only the most daring adventurer would scale, frowned down over the cliffs, and looked upon their shaggy faces as mirrored in the passing river. Among these rocks, would Maud spend her days. Agile, daring, fearless, she would climb the dizzy heights, sending back her ringing laughter in mocking echoes upon the world below. She knew every mountain, lake, pond, brook, meadow, rock or valley, for miles and miles away. She knew where to gather the sweetest flowers and to find the most inaccessible birds' nests—though truth to say she never infringed upon the mother owners of those treasures, however much her uncouth presence might have alarmed them. If she had been born on horseback, she could not have been a more fearless horsewoman ; and as she dashed over the country, her great eyes gathering light from the excitement, her wild voice ringing out in gushing joyousness, you may be sure she did not fail of creating that amount of excitement always in a country village gendered by anything beyond the common routine of every-day life.

But—"there is a tide in the affairs of all men," and I presume women come in for their share of it as well. Before the summer blossoms had drifted away upon the autumn air, the tide had come to Maud. The sun lay goldenly upon the earth, and the forest trees were brilliant with gorgeous tints when our annual picnic came off, in the sumach grove which bounded the northern portion of the village. No one thought of extending an invitation to Maud, or imagined she would accept one, even if it had been tendered. The morning beamed breezy, exhilarating and bright, and early our little band mustered on the selected ground.

A picnic is a picnic the world over, and ours was in no way original or peculiar. A good deal

of chattering, a good deal of vociferous mirth, a good deal of mixing up among the young people, and we presume a good deal of love-making, was its sum and substance. Some gathered together in groups to discuss the topics of the day, some wandered away in quest of the lingering wild-flowers, and a few couples sauntered away in exclusive pairs too happy to need other company than their own.

In the centre of the grove, like a king surrounded by his subjects, stood a large oak whose almost impervious branches threw a cooling shade for many feet around. On a natural bank beneath it, an enamored pair were seated in loving juxtaposition, conversing, as lovers are wont to converse, upon subjects intimately connected with their own hopes and fears. Thinking themselves secluded from mortal eyes, they were indulging in sundry tender and affectionate demonstrations, when to their surprise and consternation, a storm of acorns came rattling about their ears. Springing hastily from their seat, and peering up through the leafy branches, a sight met their astonished eyes which, under the circumstances, filled them with consternation and dismay. Seated upon a limb of the oak, the gorgeous leaves enshrining her like a flame, sat the wild, untamable, erratic Maud Templeton. Her great gipsy eyes were full of saucy mirth, her face glowing with malicious triumph, and her whole face quivering with enjoyment over the discomfiture of the lovers, she looked some demon-child bent upon a special mission of mischief. Enraged beyond endurance, the lover sprang to the tree, and would have sent her reeling below; but she was too quick for him. Nimble as a squirrel, she leaped from limb to limb, sending out her mocking laughter the while, and before he could reach her, she had dropped to the ground and started off with the speed of a greyhound.

She was not to escape, however, so easily. The unusual noise had attracted the party on the picnic-ground, and before she could clear the opening, her progress was arrested by a troop of boys just ripe for a frolic. There was scarcely one among them that did not owe her a grudge. Her malicious propensities were never satisfied unless in playing a prank upon some one; and now that the tables were turned, her tormentors were not inclined to let her off without a due retaliation for past offences. They surrounded her on all sides, whirled her about from one to another with epithets anything but complimentary, and one more daring than the rest, was unmanly enough to give her a push, which nearly sent her to the ground.

It was an unlucky feat for him, for my brother, who at that moment arrived at the scene of excitement, sprang into the ring and with one blow sent her tormentor reeling into the crowd.

"Coward!" he muttered between his set teeth. "Don't tremble, my poor girl—I'd like to see the one who would insult you now!" And drawing her into the shelter of his arm, he stood for a moment proudly defiant, casting such contemptuous glances upon her assailants, that they were glad to slink away.

I saw Maud turn her great frightened eyes up to my brother's face with an expression which I had occasion to remember long after the scene which called it forth had been forgotten. Poor girl! it was new enough to her the sensation of protection—new enough to her the idea that she was of consequence to any mortal being—new enough to her the awakening consciousness that she was a responsible girl, a being like other beings, to be cared for, loved and respected. I think in those few moments, while they were standing there facing the amazed crowd, these sentiments for the first time in her life flashed into her soul. A certain peace and quietness, very real and very tender, spread over her turbulent nature, thorough as it was strange; and when my brother turned to take her home, she crept nearer to his side and walked on as one in a dream.

I was more thoroughly surprised than ever when, the next day, she came to me with a sort of bashful awkwardness and begged of me to instruct her. Of course, I was only too glad of the opportunity; and I must say, that for the next two years a better, more tractable, or brighter scholar I should never desire to have. An entire revolution was effected in her habits and temper. She no longer made the rocks and hills her play-ground—no longer gloried in frayed and ragged dresses—no longer rendered herself the bugbear to neighboring children, which had formerly been her delight. Pleasures she still had. I would not listen to her proposal of giving up her horseback exercise, nor did she refer to it again after one bright evening on which my brother had escorted her. After that, she seldom went alone; and as the summer wore away, and the long autumn evenings approached, I was pained to see the growing intimacy between my brother and herself, feeling as I did that only pain at least to one of the parties could be the result.

Before the winter was through, I had occasion to know that his presence alone made up the sun and sum of her happiness; that her whole face would undergo a transition at the very echo of

his footstep; that her eyes would radiate joy at the sound of his voice; that her dark cheeks would flush with happiness whenever he sat by her side; that her moods and tempers were but a reflex of his; that unguardedly, rashly, almost without an effort to prevent it, she had allowed her heart to float away upon the waves of passion, to be wrecked as hearts have been before, and as hearts will be again while the world lasts, on the shoals of unrequited love.

I do not think at the first my brother was aware of the nature of her feelings. Her stolen glances, so full of fond, fervent tenderness—her incessant watchfulness over his needs—her thousand ministrations of love, tendered so shyly, yet with so much devotion—her restless nervousness in his absence—and her gentle, caressing manner when he was present, were all in his mind set down to gratitude. It was pleasant to have her by his side, to watch the development of this singular genius, to see the once pallid cheek filling out into the bloom and the plumpness of high health, to note the angular form swelling into the classic contour and grace of perfect womanhood, to watch the large Oriental eyes flashing and lighting up for him alone; to feel that he had wrought the wondrous change, that his influence and his power had turned the wilful, passionate, fiery Creole into an elegant, refined and graceful girl, it was very pleasant—so much so that few men would have found it in their heart to destroy the illusion, even at the risk of their sincerity.

My brother was only mortal—idle, impulsive and handsome. This exclusive devotion flattered his vanity; this unasked-for tenderness and dependence gave food to his self-love. He was proud of her growing beauty—proud of her open and unguarded reverence for him. To other men she was grave, courteous, and always coldly polite; to him tender, reverent and yielding. He was an only son, and had passed most of the time at home; yet he had been in society long enough to know that such exclusive homage was a triumph, coming from what source it might—the more so then, when voluntarily bestowed upon him by the heiress, the belle, the much courted, greatly prized Maud Atherton.

And she was all of that. At seventeen, our intractable cousin was, without exception, the handsomest girl I ever saw. Tall, graceful, with a form rounded into most perfect symmetry, a self-possession most remarkable for one of her years, and a face whose dark, Oriental beauty was as bewitching to contemplate as it was unusual to see, she moved among her associates regally,—a very queen among her willing subjects.

Music was her passion; and at all hours, when not occupied in the one great dream of her life, her nimble fingers were trailing over the harp (her favorite instrument), and teaching it to give vent to those impetuous thoughts and desires which she dared not otherwise indulge, except in the privacy of her own chamber. From under her skilful hand, I have heard such exquisite strains, such soft, tender pleadings, such an outpouring of human love and trust, that the heart must indeed be callous to all human feeling which could refuse to be touched by their strains.

My brother was as great an enthusiast in music as herself; and to his encouragement I always knew she was indebted for her wondrous improvement. I have seen him hang above her chair, his hand resting upon her shoulder, her wondrous eyes turned ever and anon to him for approval, till my heart ached for the pain that must come of this silent idolatry, if not shared by him. My mother became uneasy, my father shook his head in silence, and as usual, it was deputed to me to discover how far my brother shared the exclusive devotion so evidently bestowed by Maud.

Much as I admired my brother, I could not blind myself to the faults of his peculiar temperament. I knew him to be vacillating, undemonstrative, rather inclined to please himself best with that style of amusement which created for him the least exertion. Maud loved him now with all the force and fervor of a heart heated with the fiery sun of the passionate South. He had been the first fancy of her existence; to this first tenderness her whole soul had gone out like a flood. But would it last always? Would the time not come when that deep heart of hers would cry out for more positive food?—when the fervent spirit now pouring out its rich treasures on his shrine, would ask for an equally fervent return? Would she be satisfied always to be the worshipper, instead of the worshiped? Would there not come longings, unsatisfied—yearnings for something more positive, more demonstrative, more in accordance with the outpouring of her own rich affection? And would there not come times when even my brother would become sated and weary of this perpetual idolatry?

I was many years his senior. I had lived in and of the world, and I had learned the nature of his sex well enough to know that no voluntary gift of affection is held in such value as is one which has occasioned the owner some trouble—that only what is hardly earned is dearly prized; and I knew the nature of my brother too well to hope more from him than from any other of his exacting sex.

"You are breaking Maud's heart," I said to him one evening, after an especially ardent display of improvisation over the harp.

I had never seen her so brilliant, or heard her play with such wonderful power and effect; and through it all ran a vein of wild, poetic abandonment, a sort of inspiration, which could not fail of touching the heart it was meant to reach. It did so. I saw my brother bending over her almost spell-bound and entranced; then he stole his arms round her, sinking down, down, down, till his handsome head rested on her bosom. It was the first positive caress he had ever bestowed upon her. I knew it by the half-frightened way in which the color sprang to her cheek and the light to her eyes. She made an effort to rise, but he restrained her; and I could see by the quivering lip, and the tremor of the whole frame, that she had not expected this demonstration. I saw him draw her lips down to his and murmur on them "my darling—my darling!"

I do not know how he thought she would take this sudden wooing; certainly he was not prepared for the great gush of passionate tears which flooded down over her handsome face. He was evidently startled, and sought by every passionate demonstration to soothe and calm her. I stole from the room, not wishing they should either of them know that I was witness of their stormy betrothal. Late in the evening, Maud came to bed.

Her chamber adjoined mine, and I could tell by the midnight stillness that she was making no preparation for rest. The door was ajar, and looking in, I saw her on her knees—her dark cheeks glowing, her lips moist and red, her brilliant eyes upraised with such happy, reverent thankfulness as only a sincere heart could feel. Later in the night I awoke to find her standing by my bedside. She was too happy to rest—and would I let her come in with me? With her arms about me, she told me the story of her love—how she had suffered to know that she had given her love unsought—almost the bitterest knowledge that ever comes to woman's heart—how she had despaired of ever being happy, as other women are happy, in the certainty of being loved.

"To think," she went on, "that only this morning I was so miserable, over my hard fate, and now it is so beautiful! O, you cannot understand it—you who never loved!"

Who never loved? No, never! Be witness the bitter pangs which tortured my heart while listening to that full prayer of happiness which has escaped my lone life! Be witness the memories which daily struggle from their treasure-house,

taunting me with a lonely, unblessed future! Be witness the wasted, weary years, the youth withered in its spring, the heart grown old in its prime, the desolate, dreary mockery of peace, where there is no peace! No, I never loved! The heart knoweth its own bitterness; let mine keep its secret even from thee, my beautiful Maud!

In two years they were to be married—Maud and my brother—which years, in accordance with my father's wish, Robert was to spend abroad. Fatal mistake! The love of one, naturally inclined to vacillation, needed the presence of the loved one to keep it burning with a steady flame!

For the first year of his absence, letters long and loving came at regular periods, filling Maud with happy, holy tranquillity. Then there came a change. Letters were received less frequently, and even those unsatisfactory, mysterious, and oftentimes cold. I do not know that Maud felt this change; her eye lost none of its tender purity, her cheek none of its crimson bloom—yet I have seen her sit for hours pondering over one of these missives, her eyes, too earnest for seeing, looking bravely away into the future, as if wishing and daring to penetrate the cloud gathering above her. If she suffered, she suffered in silence—a silence which even I, her more than sister, dared not penetrate.

At length my brother's letters contained frequent references to an American family he had met abroad—a Mr. and Mrs. Angier—whose family seat was very near to our own. As good luck would have it—so he wrote—their term of visiting was up, and they would return in the same steamer with himself. A few other letters followed, most of which were directed to me. I could not comprehend them. Some were gay, reckless, wild and incoherent; others gloomy, sad, and almost despairing. I feared he had fallen into the dissipated habits which are so often the curse of manhood, and that his letters were but the different tones of an excitable nature. I did not keep them from Maud, although it made my heart ache to see the wistful, anxious face which bent so earnestly above them.

It was a lazy, luxurious, dreamy autumn evening when the wheels of a travelling-carriage came toiling up the hill on the top of which our house was situated. We were not expecting Robert until the next steamer; so although a strange carriage was something of a novelty in our neighborhood, it scarcely won a glance from us at the homestead. We were sitting lazily under the maple trees which skirted our garden

—Maud dreaming over the last strange letter from her betrothed, I reading, sometimes aloud, from Tennyson's beautiful poems, sometimes stopping to gaze at and pity my companion. I can see her now, reclining there in the shade—the fragrance and the bloom of the garden all around her, the sun flinging down upon her his last rays through the trees, and her large eyes, more than ever prophetic, fixed upon the far-off glory of the sunset clouds! I had reason to remember it, for there was much of tempest and of mental storm to agonize that calm countenance before I was ever to see it again in peaceful happiness.

To our surprise, the carriage stopped at our lawn, and a young man, whom at first we thought to be a stranger, alighted and looked towards the house. With one quick exclamation, Maud started to her feet and almost flew down the gravelled walk. What sudden apparition was it that arrested the speed of that fleet step? What sudden presentiment could have turned that crimson cheek to the hue of marble? What second thought changed the blissful exhilaration of a lovers' meeting into the grave, stately courtesy of a common acquaintance? Framed in the carriage door, poised on one tiny foot, hesitating with a sort of bashful uncertainty of welcome, stood the loveliest, purest vision of girlish beauty that ever greeted the sight of poet or lover. Golden hair hanging in little damp rings about a forehead of polished whiteness—soft blue, frightened eyes gazed deprecatingly from one to the other—a mouth, warm and plump as dew-wreathed cherries, quivered for a moment like that of a grieved child's—and a tiny hand, no bigger than a baby's toy, crept lovingly into that of her companion's, as if to ask for protection and gentleness.

In another moment, I was at the carriage-door and in my brother's arms. Maud stood by me, making no demonstration of welcome, only gazing from one to the other in dreamy bewilderment. Robert, flushed and handsome as ever, tried to make some explanation of his appearance with a lady companion; but his words were incoherent—he was confused and ill at ease, and evidently shrank from the scrutiny of Maud's burning eyes. We made out at last that the young lady was a sister of Mrs. Angier—a stranger in this part of the country—Mr. and Mrs. Angier were detained for a few weeks in New York—wished him to take charge of Lillie till their return—hoped his sister would have no objection to her remaining a few days at the Atherton homestead, etc., etc.

Now all of this was very careless and thoughtless on the part of the Angiers, and very improper in my brother, which I was not backward in making him understand. Courtesy demanded that I should accept the charge—indeed it would have been hard for me to escape it, without being positively rude—but I had the satisfaction of knowing that he was uncomfortable under my studied politeness, and felt the disapproval which I was not slow to evince.

I do not know why, with all her infantile looks and tender, caressing ways, her apparent artlessness of manner and childlike appearance, we could none of us—not even our gentle mother—tolerate the presence of Lillie Lane. Her very caresses had something stealthy and designing in them, and her fawning, childish manner was positively repulsive. Only my brother seemed to feel the charm of her pretty nothingness.

Our coldness seemed to frighten her to him for protection, for she clung around him, sat upon his knee; and seemed to have no more idea than a child that there was anything improper in the act.

A temporary revival of affection seemed to have arisen between my brother and Maud—she, with her deep woman's heart, believing implicitly in his word. Her demonstrations were not open and unreserved, as formerly, but none the less tender and true in their quiet nature. She believed that once Lillie was removed, he would be all her own again. She did not see how he could repulse her—she was such a tender, simple, little child! She believed that from association he had a friendly interest in her welfare—a brotherly feeling for one who evidently clung to him with the regard of a younger sister. And so she trusted on, day after day, happy in the few crumbs which fell to her share from his table of affection.

Robert might deceive her—for we all believe what we wish—but he could not deceive me. His manner had grown as erratic as his letters had been. He was irritable and nervous, now impatient and inconsiderate, then humble and ashamed of his actions. To Lillie alone was he ever the same. No harsh word ever fell from his lips in her presence—no frown ever crossed his face on her account. As the time set for his wedding-day approached, he grew more and more sullen and gloomy—sometimes sitting for hours looking out upon the withering trees, heeding nothing, not even the pretty prattle of his pet Lillie.

A month had passed, and still the Angiers remained in New York with no present prospect of return. I determined that the stay of Lillie

should continue no longer in our family. I felt that she, small and tender as she was, was a Jonah amongst us, who, as there was no whale to tend to her case, would, if not removed, swamp the ship and ruin us forever. Full of these thoughts I hurried out to seek my brother, determined to bring matters to a crisis, and a crisis I found it indeed, when I did discover him. They were both in the library, himself and Lillie seated on a lounge, with their backs to the door, Lillie crying as if her heart was broken. I saw him lift her head up to his bosom to kiss the weeping eyes. I saw his hand smooth down the drift of golden curls, lingering over them, as if every silky thread was precious to his heart; then his lips opened, and I held my breath to listen.

"I don't see how I am to prevent it," he said. "It would break up the family, and kill Maud, I believe. O, Lillie, my blessed darling, what shall I do! Tell me—advise me! It will kill me body and soul to give you up."

A fresh burst of tears, and a closer clinging to his neck, was her only answer.

"If I could only have foreseen this—if I could only have known that you were in the world—it is a fatality, a miserable fatality, and one impossible to avoid."

"If you loved me," cooed the soft voice, "you would give up everything for me. What is she, after all? A great, fierce, horrible creature, with eyes that are enough to frighten one into hysterics. I'm sure she will make you miserable, and I hope she will!" Another sob, and another caress. "And as for your sister, old maid like, she hates me, and I can tell you I don't like her any of the best."

This was the tender, simple, gentle little girl, whose arts had power to win a heart from my good, noble, womanly Maud. O, man, man! it would take more of a philosopher than I am to solve your caprices. Not receiving any answer, Lillie raised her head, and glancing into the mirror saw who was standing in the door. With one spring she fled past me, leaving me alone face to face with my brother. And such a face as it was; so full of shame, passion, humiliation and anger.

"Spy," he hissed, through his clenched teeth, "I hope you are satisfied now."

"Yes, Robert," I answered, seating myself by his side, "I am satisfied. Satisfied that we have all been the dupe of an artful girl; satisfied that my brother has acted a very dishonorable part towards one whose little finger is worth more than Lillie Lane's whole body. I'm surprised at you, Robert. I can't comprehend you at all.

You surely have no intention of proving false to Maud, of bringing that—that girl home as your wife?"

"And if I have, what's to hinder me? Am I responsible to you for my actions? Maud, too, betrothed to a boy that did not know his own mind, and expect him to keep to his word! I liked her well enough then. I had seen no one else, knew nothing of the world; and now if I had never met—" My brother stopped and blushed.

"Well," I went on. "If you had never met. I don't blame you for being ashamed of yourself; you must have been wilfully blind, to let an artful, calculating, unscrupulous flirt like Lillie Lane gain such a mastery over you. Why, you would tire of her in a month, while she—pah, I have no patience to talk of her. And Maud, so good and unsuspecting. Why is it that men like you have the power of crushing hearts so far above your comprehension? Send that girl home at once; it shows her lack of delicacy being here at all. I tell you, Robert, she wouldn't have cared a pin's head for you if she hadn't known you belonged to some one else. O, you will give her up; you won't estrange yourself from those who have loved you all the years of their life, for one so unworthy of the sacrifice. If I didn't know it was a momentary caprice, if I didn't know you would blush for your folly, if I thought your heart or your peace of mind was at stake, I would not plead with you, even to spare Maud."

I heard the rustling skirts of a woman's dress, and turned just in time to save Maud from falling. It was only for a moment, though, that she had need of my support. My brother sprang to her side, forgetting in that anguished face, that wild gaze, that hopeless, hapless expression, that any other person ever lived on earth, dearer to him than his beautiful Maud. All the passionate, endearing words which spring to the lips in such cases of emergency, were poured out to her in frantic impetuosity. She listened calmly for a moment, and then lifting her arm in a grave, stately way, waved him to a seat.

"I heard your conversation," she said, in a dry, husky voice. "I did not mean to, but I did. I do not blame you, Robert—we are not responsible for our own affections. I loved you always; I do not think it shame to say so now it is past. I was very young, and my life had been very desolate before I knew you. You taught me the secret of woman's life; you seemed to understand me, to appreciate qualities in me which no one else discovered; to recognize in me a capacity for higher aims and deeper pur-

poses than had ever governed my impulses. Whatever I effected, or was, or became, you were responsible for it. I strained every effort to improve both mind and person, because you would be gratified with it. It may have been very foolish—I think it was, but I gave you all without reserve, my tenderness, my worship, my trust. I do not complain, it is better as it is, O, far, far better than if the knowledge had come to me too late. Think what it would have been to have laid my head on your bosom as your wife, and then to have found out that another face than mine was mirrored there! No, thank God! it has not come to that. You will understand why I speak so fully of this now. The subject of love must never be resumed." Robert started towards her, but she again waved her hand in a manner not to be mistaken. "You don't love Miss Lane—you never will love her; but neither have you loved me—"

"O, I have, Maud, Heaven be my witness I have and do."

The great gipsy eyes, once so reverent and tender, glittered upon him like diamonds.

"You think you do now; you will think so till another fresh fancy strikes your sight. If I were not too agonized for triumph, I might perhaps rejoice to know that I shall not suffer alone. I do not. If it will be any satisfaction for you to know how fearful is the wreck you have made, I do not mind owning that I have lost within the past few minutes, what a whole lifetime will not recall; not only my love for you, but my faith in your sex. You have taken from me all this earth had of brightness; you have rifled my young heart of all its trust, and hope and love. You have robbed me of my girlhood's birthright, its fresh, unsullied confidence. I do not reproach you; I tell you of it only that you may be sure how impossible it is to bridge over the past. I shall go out into the world with a smiling face and a marble heart. Women, happy in the possession of home-feelings, and home-affections, will envy me the icy brilliancy of my life. We shall meet in society with the coldly clasping hand, and the lying, smiling lip, and we shall laugh to think that out of the whole crowd, only you and I know aught of the dead love whose grave lies hidden at the bottom of a reckless heart. I shall live, for hearts like mine are too stubborn to break, but life will be a *living lie*. My joys will not be womanly joys, my pleasures not womanly pleasures. There will be a heart's hunger to appease in some way; ambition's triumphs—"

I saw her prophetic eyes widening and brightening under the excitement of the time. I saw

her face growing darker and paler, and her lips whiter than even her cheeks. I could no longer contain my calmness.

"This passion, intensity, or whatever it may be, is killing you, Maud," I said, springing to her side, and winding my arms about her.

"I am trying my strength; it is my first lesson; don't you think I'll pass?"

O, the fearful attempt at merriment, the mocking scorn on that pale face, the horrible, grating laugh which distended her rigid lips! I believed she had gone mad. Robert had been gazing at her wildly, silently, as if he had turned to stone.

"Leave me," she murmured, and you, too, Robert. I have not got quite used to my new existence. I shall do better alone. Such funerals as this should have but few spectators. It is all for the best! remember we are to be friends, Robert; I am to come to your wedding and—"

She started towards the door, walking as if suddenly struck blind. Perhaps, I thought, it will be better for her to struggle alone with her great sorrow. I went towards her with a caressing gesture, intending to kiss her before parting with her. She repulsed me, and I saw her handkerchief to her lips. A cry so wild and passionate that I involuntarily turned to my brother, burst upon the silence. The next moment he held Maud in his arms, the blood falling from her pale lips, staining his white shirt bosom with crimson drops. He laid her tenderly upon the sofa, and tried to staunch the blood. He hung over her in frenzied agony, calling upon her by every endearing tie to open her eyes and say she forgave him. He accused himself of being her murderer, lamented that he had ever done her such injustice as to think of another. Alas, he might have spared his words, Maud was beyond the power of hearing or answering.

What weeks of torture followed this one unfortunate night. A quiet, gentle insanity seemed to have settled upon Maud. She was once more the loving, trusting girl, clinging to Robert reverently, and toiling away at her books that he might approve. Then the scene would change; the realities which had tortured her to insanity, would return to her in all their vividness: At such times it would take all my brother's strength to manage her. It was pitiful to see her—the foam-flecked lips, the burning eyes, the cheeks vivid with the fever of heart and brain. In her worst raving one thing was always apparent, that her love for Robert was as strong and as worshipful as ever. That seemed to be her great grief, that struggle as she would, it still held possession of her heart. The physician de-

cided that her mind never would be restored. She was still weak from the rupture of the blood-vessel, and that with the occasional struggles she underwent, kept her from regaining the strength she otherwise would have done. My brother sat, by her side night and day. If ever atonement could be made for the wrong which wrought this suffering, he certainly effected it. He grew pale and thin, almost as the poor maniac over whom he exercised a brother's tenderness and a husband's love. One day, after an especially severe paroxysm, she went to sleep in my brother's arms. It was late in the summer, and the garden was golden with blossoms. A soft, invigorating air came through the vines shading the window at which he sat, and just lifting the loosened hair from her uncovered brow. I don't know how it happened, but for the first time since it occurred, we were talking—my brother and myself—of the singular circumstances that led to her illness.

As usual he had been dealing very harshly with himself, blaming himself even quite as much as the circumstances warranted; said he never had loved any one but Maud, that it was a singular infatuation which possessed him, and if he could only once more see her restored to reason, he would willingly exile himself from her sight forever. We were talking so earnestly that we had not noticed Maud for some time. When we did so, to our surprise we found her eyes wide open, looking up into Robert's face with a questioning stare.

"It was true, then; I've not been dreaming. O, Robert, how could you, and I loving you so dearly?" And bursting into tears, she laid her head upon his shoulder like a grieved child. Her return to reason was as permanent as it was sudden. I think there is a fate which ordains all these incidents of our lives. All her pride, her scorn, and her anger had fled with the ravages of the fever. She seemed always to have a consciousness of my brother's devotion to her during her illness; be that as it may, his tender care, his deep humiliation, his watchfulness over her convalescence all had a most beneficial effect. If she did not quite forget his temporary estrangement, she forgave it most heartily. It was more than a year before she was well enough to join again in society, where she was looked upon as a lost star, restored to renewed brilliancy. It is ten years since they were married, my brother Robert and his beautiful Maud. They live very quietly in a sweet cottage that looks at itself all day long in the beautiful Hudson River. Five olive branches already gather around their table, and on this, the anniversary of their wedding, I,

their old maid sister, take this occasion to remark that a man—a very young one, mind—might do a better thing than be dazzled by stray lights, and a woman a worse one than to forgive him. Lillie Lane married a man four times her own age, for the sake of his money, and ran away with a younger one for the sake of his person. All the Lillie Lanes are not dead yet, so I advise true-hearted men to beware of them.

"By Jove, Maud," I heard my brother say the other day, "you have no idea how fascinating for a little while those soft-purring, pussy-cat women can be. I was really taken in; didn't know my head from my heels; and if had married her, O-h-h! there isn't words enough in the world to tell what a fool I'd been!"

Then Maud looked serious for a few moments, perhaps she was thinking that even now it wasn't a pleasant subject to discuss; but as she only said, "Thank God that you didn't," I trust that all uncomfortable feeling has long ago evaporated, and can only respond, "Thank God that he didn't."

A NEW REMEDY.

The Cineinnati Commercial says, a German who resides in Mill Creek township while recently suffering from a pulmonary attack, sent for a physician who resides on College Hill. In a short time the doctor called on him, prescribed two bottles of cod liver oil, and receiving his fee of eight dollars, was told by the German, who disliked the size of the bill, that he need not come again. The German, who, by-the-by had not heard the doctor's prescription very well, supposed he could get the oil and treat himself. The doctor saw no more of his patient for some time, but one day passing by the residence of the German, he was pleased to see him out in the garden digging lustily. The case seemed such a proof of the virtues of cod liver oil that he stopped to make more particular inquiries about it.

"You seem to be getting very well," said he, addressing the German.

"Yaw, I ish well," responded the formerly sick man.

"You took as much oil as I told you?" queried the doctor.

"O, yaw, I have used more as four gallons of de dog liver oil."

"The what?" said the astonished doctor.

"De dog liver oil dat you say I shall take. I have killed most every fat little dog I could catch, and de dog liver oil have cure. It is great medicine dat dog liver oil."

The doctor had nothing to say, but rode quickly away, and noticed in his memorandum book that consumption might be as readily cured with dog liver oil as cod liver oil.

Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours, we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to the morrow.

SEÑORITA.

BY M. POTTER, JR.

"I cannot love thee"—ah! the words were coldly spoken,
 Calmly the accents floated forth upon the air,
 Crushing a manly love—a heart nigh broken—
 Bringing a mighty woe—bordering on despair.
 A heart nigh broken! nay, a true heart never falters,
 Bending to sorrow oft—its strength seems overthrown;
 Prostrate it seems—yet in its truth it never alters,
 Though every joy and pleasant hope be flown.

Coquette! ah no, a cruel name I cannot call thee;
 My heart may bitter feel—my lips shall never wrong;
 Not thine the fault—I cannot disenthral me;
 'Tis mine—'tis that my love is deathless—strong.
 Why do I cling to thee? thou art unbending;
 Until thou pitiest the patient sadness of my men;
 And then to cheer me thou art condescending,
 Alternately the subject and the queen.

Am I so low become, that I should gladly cherish
 One smile of thine to all the proffers of high fame?
 Am I so reckless, as to deem it would be joy to perish
 Listening to thee—whispering thy dear name?
 O, dearest, lift me from this depth to thy affection;
 Give me the wealth of love I feel thou hast to give;
 Let me no longer linger 'neath this deep dejection;
 Bid me to love thee—whisper me to live.

RAILROAD ROCKET:

— OR, —

HOW TO GET CUSTOMERS.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

As many of my readers may not have had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the hero of this sketch, I will give him the advantage of a general introduction to them, by the following premises.

The father of Mr. Railroad Rocket was the late Nabob Rocket. He was an ambitious farmer and belonged to an ambitious race of Rockets, who believed in the prestige of a good name, and being a go-ahead sort of people, adopted progressive and top-lofty names at all their christenings. Hence, *Nabob Rocket*—his father being desirous that he should become one of the nabobs of his country, in point of wealth—which at one time he was—though he bobbed down again at the close of his life; and hence, *Railroad Rocket*—his father, animated by the Rocket progressiveness, being anxious that the Rocket of his manufacture should put himself through the world with railroad speed.

Nabob died poor; and Railroad came to town without a second shirt to his back and only thirty-four cents when he left the cars. Only thirty-four cents! and he a young man of nineteen years old. This was a hard case, but his

name was Railroad Rocket, and the old blood of the family fired him up; and said he to himself, as he boldly entered a saloon and audaciously called for an oyster stew, "I am determined to go up like a rocket, if I do come down like a stick!"

Cæsar could not have said more.

Having finished his oysters, Railroad Rocket found that he had just twenty-one cents left, which he in a kingly way dropped back into his trousers pocket, and buttoning his coat over his breast, as great men do, he marched out, whistling to the tune of Yankee Doodle Dandy.

There is a green spot to be found in the wildest desert, and in the wisest of men. Railroad Rocket had a very green spot in him, and it was so large it covered the principal part of him. He was green in his look, green in his notions, green in his emotions, and we regret to say that he was very green, sappy green in his head. Not an uncommon case with young bull-calves, who come in from the country, only nineteen years old.

But green as he was, he was not fool enough to think he could live in the city without money; and he set about earning some, that he might touch himself off, before the rocket that was in him should be spoilt, by famine or the vagabond act.

So at first he managed to do a little business in the peddling way, and thus paid his board regularly at Mrs. Crocus's, for nine months; and then being acquainted with various tradesmen, whose articles he had frequently sold on commission, he contrived to get a moderate salary in a dry goods store; then he informed his mind in the monkey tricks of trade; and then slid himself into the "furnishing goods" business, as a silent partner; and then, as luck would have it, soft though he still was—his partner retired with consumption and a competence; leaving Railroad master of a snug shop and stock, before he had walked the wicked ways of the city a complete five years.

Some might consider this fine success for a saphead; and in the blindness of their envy wish that they were born fools. But Railroad Rocket became sole lord of the furnishing goods shop at a time when business generally was at a stand still; when times were hard, money scarce, and customers few and nipping; and when his partner went off with money enough to smooth him into the grave, Railroad began to apprehend that he might have soon to go off in another way; and abdicate control of stocks, socks, gloves, suspenders, cravats and collars, that he might save his bacon; for it appeared that his barren custom would not.

One evening he was toasting his early shins at Mrs. Crocus's boarding-house parlor grate hard coal fire, the centre of a semi-circle of seven fellow-boarders, when he quiddled his toes nervously in his slippers, and heaved a sigh that seemed deep enough to come from them.

"What's the matter, Rocket?" asked Ben Dowly, winking slyly at the others. "Tew-cent-piece to a dollar, you're in love."

"No I haint," replied Railroad. "I'm sighing to think I have to shut up store so early. Former times, people used to keep open sometimes till 'leven o'clock. Times aint been so tight afore since the rebelutionary war."

"How many customers have you taken in to-day?" asked Bob Splitters.

"I didn't count; but the money wasn't much to brag on, I snummy! I shall certainly fail myself, if I don't git up some good dodge to git customers in to see me. Come, boys, talk up. I guess some on ye's got some bright ideas. What shall I do to git up a sensation at my shop? How can I contrive to make folks think I've got better goods and can sell cheaper in my line than anybody else this side of sundown?"

This direct appeal to their ingenuity at once animated the six fellow-boarders into a variety of suggestions. And so then and there, Bob Dowly, Ben Splitters, Sam Bigleg, Tom Gogmouth, Job Jagbag and Timothy Tinfint smirked and winked and leaned their cheeks towards the fire, as if imagination lay on the top of the head, and they were thus warming it up to the required productiveness.

"Selling off at cost is too common-place," suggested Bigleg. "You want something original."

"Something to make 'em squirm," added Gogmouth.

"To make 'em squeal right out," continued Jagbag, "and say they never saw anything like it."

"Something that they will remember and repeat when they get home to their wives and children," said Tinfint.

"That's it, that's it, that's what I want!" cried Railroad, slapping his thighs delightedly. "Now, what do you propose? Say something, somebody."

"In my opinion, Railroad," said Ben Dowly, in a confidential tone, "you ought to give the public the reason *why* you can sell cheap. If you put it to them in an argumentative form, you will remove the usual doubts which prevent many from entering a shop, which is barricaded with big letters and loud lies. You want to hinge yourself on to their confidence as it were."

"I s'pose that's about it. But-how am I a-going to do it?" impatiently replied Rocket. "I know you tell me what I ought to do, but then you *don't* tell me *what* I ought to do."

"Not to be personal," said Bigleg, with an enormous wink, "I will suppose a case; and substitute a Mr. Frogborn for you; not to take your name in vain too many times. I should get 20,000 handbills printed, headed '*Frogborn's Last Appeal*!' A solemn circular, containing the real reasons why he sells cheaper than anybody else in his line; and I should then append the reasons, true or false, something in this style. Frogborn's went so low, little or nothing, because he hires of his Uncle Joe, with whom he is a favorite. Frogborn buys of dealers who have family reasons for selling him at as small a figure as possible—for instance, two of them are his own cousins; one married his sister, and three have sisters, two of whom are already married to two of his brothers, and the other expects to do the similar thing soon."

"But this wouldn't be true," said Rocket, staring and watching his great toes.

"I told you I was only supposing the case, and want you to select what ideas you please," said Bigleg. "And now then, let some other gentleman proceed with the plan and add his suggestions."

"I should think," added Gogmouth, with an ill-concealed grin, "that he might say he bought his stock on condition that he would sell the whole out within a certain time, as many of the goods were stolen, and should be got out of the way speedily!"

"That might be an inducement, that's a fact," observed Rocket, innocently.

Ben Dowly pulled up his shirt-collar and remarked:

"Put in this—Frogborn wishes it distinctly understood that he never tasted a glass of liquor in his life—in fact, is so averse to liquids of any kind, that he did not take the ordinary share of maternal milk, having been weaned before he was six months old; consequently he never goes on *sprees*, covering the expense by overcharging for his goods."

"I did once take a glass of cider," muttered Rocket; "but it made my head hum like a hornet's nest, and I never did such a thing again."

"Put in this," said Bob Splitters. "Reduction of private expenses is a leading idea with Frogborn. He wears coarse clothes and wears them till they almost drop off of him. He is very careful of them and sometimes buys them at second-hand."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the boarders, glancing

mischievously at Rocket's costume, which indeed was seldom little better than shabby. "Put in that, by all means."

Rocket looked sheepish and muttered something about "fifty-dollar suit, up-stairs," but nothing more.

"Put in," now proposed Tom Tinfint, "Frog-born boards at a cheap boarding-house. Style of meals can be told if necessary. Bought large proportion of stock of men in desperate circumstances. Pays very small salaries—one clerk being a blind widow's son, glad enough to get anything to support his mother; the other willing to take a trifling compensation for the privilege of learning the business. Has no expensive friends, never goes to places of amusement, nor out to ride. Never lends to anybody, and has no charity for beggars. Never gets into lawsuits nor any other foolish trouble, though has great respect for law—yet shirks taxes if possible. Pays no poll-tax, cause never votes. No water tax. Borrows water from kind neighbors. Shovels off his own sidewalk."

"All that is very good," said Railroad, with mouth wide open, listening to the ideas in their brilliant flow; "but I want something more—something in the lottery style. Can't you think of something original in that line?"

"I have it!" at last exclaimed Bob Splitters. "This manoeuvre will bring customers, if all else should fail. Pledges himself in addition, that the 101st customer after such an hour, shall receive a loaf of bread and a pair of mittens. 33d lady with blue eyes, who buys something, gets a whole piece of cloth sheeting. 33d lady with dark eyes, gets four yards of fine linen and a pair of merino hose. John, the widow's son, to keep the account. John never lies—you can tell by looking at him. Pledges to be paid at the time of purchase. And to wind up, it might be added—P. S.—This bill printed by printer who owes Frogborn a large bill—on which he never expects to get a cent in any other way."

"Capital! Capital!" now exclaimed Railroad Rocket, in ecstasy jumping up, and shaking hands with Tinfint, and then with each of the other boarders. "I'll follow your suggestions, gentlemen, and make each of you a liberal present out of the stock, if it amounts to anything. Good-night, I'm going to put down the plan before I forget it."

And the progressive Railroad withdrew, leaving the rest in the deepest amazement.

"Poor fellow! He is stark mad!" said one. "It is too bad to play upon him with such notions. He will soon be in the lunatic asylum."

"What!" said another. "You don't believe

he really means to act upon our advice. He can't be so very idiotic as that."

"He will, you may depend upon it, and make himself a laughing-stock, and be hooted out of town."

And the boarders in doubt, separated for the night, confident that all the fools were not dead.

When I said Railroad Rocket came to town very sappy green, I didn't say he was a born fool. He had *trade* in him. He was hard there, even if he was "soft" in his way; and though he had never read the maxim of William Shakespeare, nature had imbued him with the spirit of it.

He cogitated with himself over night, and on the following day he proceeded to act upon the plan proposed to him. As is said of that cunning little animal, the pig, he "could see what was in the wind;" and he determined to raise it. It is better to *make* money in a foolish way, than to *spend* it so. Railroad Rocket thought so and acted up to the style of his instructions, if not to the very letter. As may be imagined, he created a *sensation* immediately.

This odd manifesto flamed throughout the city, on large and small bills, and made many thousands merry over "the crack-brained tradesman." The circular announced that sales upon the new plan would commence upon the second day after its date; and thus the name and number became the objects of general and peculiar notoriety. The whole city was agog to see what manner of a man this Railroad Rocket was; reporters, alive for fun, made mention of the expected elephant; in all public places the "new crazy man" was spoken of; and as the accustomed crowds passed by the locality, their significant looks and actions gave promise of sport to come. The shrugs and titterings and nudges and pointings, and numberless other signs which were made by the public, were not unnoticed by our hero, and he said little, but prepared for the to-morrow's rush.

And rush it was! Mindless of the jokes poked at him by the boarders, Railroad rose early next morning, and put on the "fifty dollar suit," and taking a pile of provender with him, hurried to the shop, having previously hired two extra salesmen—and thus all was ready for the onset directly after breakfast.

And never before into one man's store poured such a living human tide, as that day streamed into Railroad Rocket's place of business, all for fun and curiosity, and not a small proportion to make purchases, that they might carry away some memento of the odd man's store on that exciting day.

Both proprietor and clerks found their hands full; and the crowd without gradually became so immense, owing to the laughter of those who were there before them, and the rude jostling of incomers and outgoers, that policemen were obliged to hurry to the spot to endeavor to clear a passage.

Some of the spectators objected to their intervention, high words ensued, seizures were made, and blows followed, ultimating all in a general *melee*, in which "bloody noses and cracked crowns," oaths, menaces, skittish horses and scampering women, children and dogs formed prominent characters.

For several hours, in consequence of all this, the vicinity was the scene of great excitement, and the newspaper reporters, delighted with the unexampled occurrence, gathered to the harvest in interesting force, and "items" were found plentiful for long accounts in next day's papers—cause and consequences being given in full.

Railroad Rocket woke up next morning "and found himself famous," as suddenly and as wildly as many another child of celebrity has made himself, through more conventional means. He had suffered nothing and gained much, from that extraordinary pressure of business; and the end was not yet. The ball, once set to rolling, he found impossible to stop, nor was it at all his desire. If the first day was a successful one, the second was doubly, trebly so. Fame had come to Railroad Rocket's door, and less disturbance and increase of custom signified his continued enterprise—so much so that nearly all his stock was swept away by sales effected almost wholly through the notoriety of the establishment.

The third day convinced him that he must replenish at once, or shut up shop—for the tide knew no abatement—and he did so; taking care, from week to week that followed, that he gave a fair equivalent for the "curiosity" money received at his counter, he shrewdly fastened upon their future patronage.

And thus it was that Railroad Rocket got a fair start at last. Through the green mist which seemed to have hung over his mind, he had penetrated, characteristically, to the right point of fortune's circling compass, and he attained his end. True, it was ludicrously attained; but though the number can be told by thousands, who had rather waded though poverty forever than to violate their sense of propriety by taking such a way to riches, is it not to be regretted that there are many more than these, who daily and readily violate the rules of integrity, for but paltry profits, so long as they can observe the outward forms of decorum?

SONG OF THE ABSENT.

BY MARTIN LINCOLN.

Look at the light, revealing,
Far away in distant lands,
The joys that once came softly stealing
O'er my heart, in golden bands.

Spirit! turn—the gloom dispelling
From the lowering sky of now;
Wander lightly back—unveiling
On thy journey youth's fair brow.

Scatter from each hill and mountain
All the mists that gathered there,
While the restless years were counting—
Years of sadness and of care.

Mark the loveliness, sweet clinging
To the hill-side tree and vine;
And the bright bird, joyous singing
Songs of hope for future time.

Hovering there, fond, smiling faces
Scattered then their sunny rays
Upon the dim and lonely places
Of those rarely clouded days.

Dear Memory! in thy blest revealing
Stores of life-gems still appear,
Backward through the storm, are stealing
Visions, once to youth so dear.

Thus the weary exile, dreaming,
Gathers in the olden scenes;
Scenes, when life with flowers was teeming,
Filled with hope's transcendent beams.

FIRST AND THIRD MARRIAGES.

BY WILLIAM H. SHERMAN.

"Thus you see, my own Hortense, that I must leave you. I shall provide an income of a hundred louis for your expenses. Look forward constantly to my return; and when fortune again smiles upon me, I shall come back, never again to be separated until death."

The weeping wife could not be comforted. It was hard, that, so soon after her marriage; when the world seemed so bright and gay, and when wealth and fortune smiled so serenely upon her, all should be swept away, and she left, like a lone widow, to protect herself. The husband was almost distracted with the thought of leaving her. His heart had been bound up in his beautiful Hortense. She had been his idol from boyhood, the bright dream of his existence; and when he had attained the distinction of one of the merchant princes of Montreal, he married her and placed her in the very heart of luxury.

Misfortunes came on swift wings to the happy pair. One by one his possessions left him, and worse than that, others were involved in his affairs, who were less able to lose than himself.

He could not look upon the ruin of those around him ; for he had a kind heart, and would not wrong any one for the world. They that lost by his ill fortune, admitted that M. Valentin was a strictly honest man ; and that is great praise from those who are injured by a man's ill luck. People are but too apt to call it dishonesty.

There was but a single bright spot before M. Valentin. Australia gleamed up warm and golden, and with a desperation born of love to his wife, and justice to his creditors, he secretly embarked for the land of promise. There was a nine days' wonder as to where he was gone, and to what purpose ; and then he died out of the thoughts of the community, as thoroughly as if he had been buried in the cathedral burying place.

The weeping Hortense removed to another locality ; the fashionables who had strained every nerve to get invited to the house of the rich merchant, never paused to ask after his wife, and lonely and miserable, without friends or relatives, Hortense drooped and pined, until the beauty which her husband so praised, was changed into dimness. She never heard from M. Valentin. No single word had ever cheered her solitude since he left her. As month after month dragged its slow weight along, and no tidings reached her, her heart utterly sunk within her, and she believed him dead. What indeed could she think ? It was better to think so than to believe him unmindful of her, and day after day she watered his memory with the tears of genuine sorrow, as one sorrows for the beloved dead.

She put on the deepest mourning, kept her room for months, and when she finally went out again, and that only to church, her sorrow was written plainly in the face, which, if it had lost some of its beauty, was yet most deeply interesting. So at least thought the young Eugene Stanbury, an Englishman of unblemished character and prosperous business. He saw her at church, devised some ingenious experiment to be introduced, and begged the privilege of waiting upon her. The lady pleaded her inability to entertain company, the impropriety of her receiving gentlemen, and a thousand reasons why he should not visit her.

He overruled them all, besought her to waive all ceremony with him, to consider him as a deeply attached friend, a brother, anything in short, if he might be permitted to see her sometimes ; and Hortense, weary of her monotonous and dreary life, at last consented.

Once having renewed the delicious consciousness of a protecting presence, she found it hard to give it up for the mere punctilious fear of what the world would say of her. Indeed she

had long since shaken hands with the world, and parted from it. She owed it no favor. It had no right to criticise her conduct. Thus she reasoned, while listening to Eugene's impassioned entreaties that she would lay aside her sorrow for the dead, and become his wife.

Still she hesitated. She truly believed in her husband's death, for would he not have written had he been living ? Of the many letters she had written him, the many inquiries she had instituted, no answer could be obtained. No one knew anything of M. Valentin.

In an hour of more than usual loneliness and trouble, she whispered to herself, that should Eugene press his suit anew, she would consent to marry him. She liked him, she was weary of her own life, caged and cribbed as she was ; she longed for freedom from the restraint that poverty and widowhood were constantly imposing upon her, and all these combined, operated wonderfully in Eugene's favor. The marriage was strictly private ; and half Mr. Stanbury's friends had no suspicion that she had ever married at all until she became his wife.

He took her to a pleasant home, as comfortable, if not quite as luxurious as the one she had shared with M. Valentin ; and all that she could ask for was showered upon her with generous profusion. Their dwelling, two or three miles from the heart of Montreal, was surrounded with trees and flowering shrubs of every description. Inside, there was every comfort that a loving heart could suggest. The heart of Hortense awoke to life, to love, to happiness, and to see her thus rejoiced that of her husband.

Two years of almost unmingled bliss went by ; but the third year commenced with some alarm for the health of Eugene. Twice had Hortense seen him draw a handkerchief from his lips, which was steeped in blood ; and often his nights were passed in coughing, until nature was exhausted, and the morning sleep found him drenched in the terrible sweats which so surely portend consumption. Hortense struggled against this new and terrible sorrow. It was the first time that she had watched over one dear to her. It was the first time that she had seen the effects of this insidious disease ; and hope and fear alternated in her breast, until at length she hoped against all hope, and the blow came down upon her, all the harder that she had not schooled herself to feel its approach.

It was hard to see him parting with the mute evidences of his brief happiness. Every window where he had sat with her, every arbor where they had rested, every tree under whose shades they had walked, or whose trunk he had carved

with her name, all received a farewell look.

"How can I part with you, dearest?" he asked, after his painful journey round the rooms and the garden.

"Eugene! do not name it—you will break my heart."

"But you must hear it, Hortense. I cannot stay with you long. Thank Heaven that I leave you above want. Promise me, dear, that you will never leave this home. Trust me, I will be with you in spirit, when the form is laid in the earth; watching, guarding, if possible speaking to you."

It was his last night on earth. When the morning broke, his eyes were closed in slumber.

Hortense wandered for months about her beautiful home, like a perturbed spirit. There was nothing that had been touched by Eugene, that had not a solemn and sacred value in her eyes. The trees he had planted, the bowers he had formed, all had a meaning to her that no one else could understand; and yet upon each one of these, and upon her whole heart and life seemed written, "the glory has departed."

It is time to go back to the days of M. Valentin, and see what became of the fond husband, the courageous adventurer. At first he was almost distracted at the thought of parting with Hortense; but once the Rubicon passed, he became more calm. A few years he thought would find them together, never to part; and perhaps they would be all the happier for the separation.

Full of hope he went to the mines of Australia. Day by day he wrought there, enduring hardships unheard-of before, but bearing them with the courage and fortitude of a hero. Ever before him was the word Hortense. It nerved his arm in the rough mines, when he struck his iron into the gold-giving soil; it soothed him when he lay burning with fever, in a rude shanty in the mountains; his thought by day and his dream by night was still his own Hortense. Not a word, however, ever reached him from her; and often he shuddered at the fearful probabilities that arose to his mind. Hortense might be sick, suffering; might deem him dead or unfaithful; no, that could never be—she would have faith in him as in the sun. Come what would, she would not be shaken in her trust. But as he lay in the miserable shed which held his sick bed, he would have given worlds for one glance from her eye, one pressure of her hand to show that he was not forgotten, and as he watched the stars overhead, shining through the crevices of the low roof, he thought that if Hortense were dead, she would appear to him then in his need.

The rude miners were too intent on gain to watch beside his bed, and many were the long days and nights in which he lay untended. Aid came at last in the shape of a child—a young boy whose father was at work in the mines, and whose mother supported herself and child by washing. Hours did little Ben Cole sit beside him, watching every movement, and trying to give him ease; or bringing water from the spring, he would bathe his fevered forehead with his little hands. A tender nurse indeed was little Ben, and on his recovery, M. Valentin made the old washerwoman happy by providing for the boy.

M. Valentin had been richly rewarded for his enterprise. Gold had showered upon him in almost fabulous profusion; and now he seriously thought of returning home. Somewhat enfeebled by his late illness, he was struck with dismay at being again prostrated, and to find that his disorder was the dreaded small pox. That he lived through this, was only because his constitution was so excellent, that even this enemy could not vanquish it. He did live, but his own mother could not have known him, so deeply scarred and disfigured had he become. With his first returning strength, he set out for home. Hortense! Montreal! were now the beginning and end of his aspirations. One only thing marred his joy on the homeward route. Would Hortense love the scarred and disfigured face that looked at him from the little glass in his cabin? Would she endure the long, shaggy beard by which he was enabled to cover a part of the deep scar?

He had taken passage in an American vessel bound for New York. He arrived safely, and the next hour saw him on his way to Montreal. He found his course to the neighborhood where Hortense had proposed going after his departure. He inquired everywhere for Madame Valentin. No one knew her. His own person was not recognized, even when he haunted the old places of business. Another name, of course, was upon the familiar door; and hither he turned his steps, to see if haply some old friend of former days might have heard of her. Even the name was unremembered, or pretended to be; and yet the person he asked was one whom he remembered as plotting zealously to be invited to his dinner parties.

"They will remember me when they find I am rich again," said Valentin to himself, bitterly.

He turned into a by-street, and saw a beggar sitting in the sunshine. It was the most cordial and happy face that had met his gaze since he came back. The man did not ask for anything either, nor show him the withered arm that

hung loosely under his coat; and hopeless as the question seemed, he thought he would ask it.

As he dropped money into the ragged hat that lay on the ground beside the beggar, he said carelessly. "Can you tell me where Madame Valentin lives now, my man?"

"I used to know her when she lived in Queen Street. Was that the one?"

It was the street where M. Valentin's grand house stood.

"She has gone from that house, but she did not forget old Jack, and many's the penny she has given me since. Glad enough was I when I heard she was married again."

"Married!"

"Bless you, sir, yes; married to Mr. Stanbury, but poor man, he died a year ago."

"Do you know where she lives now?"

"Somewhere out of town. I don't go so far now I am so old. I think it is in Bloomsbury Place, West Terrace."

To paint M. Valentin's feelings would be a hopeless task. Hortense married, but still free! A painful revulsion took place in his mind, and he resolved, as all seemed to forget him, that he would not yet discover himself. That night he visited the neighborhood of Hortense, read "Stanbury" on the door, and managed to secure the next house, which happened to be quite empty, and having its garden adjoining hers. The next day he furnished it richly, brought a number of servants, bought a fine carriage and horses, and, under the name of Richie, he settled down to watch at his leisure the movements of his neighbor. He chose all his private rooms on that side of the house that overlooked hers.

The first time that he saw her, was in the garden. She looked still handsome, but very sad and pensive. He wondered if it was for his loss or her late husband's! He soon became satisfied that she lived a very retired and quiet life; that she had little company and kept early hours. It was early spring, but he had plenty of flowers and fruit in the green-house, and he sent some for her acceptance with Mr. Richie's compliment. Again and again he repeated the gifts, and each time with a selection that marked a delicate taste. Hortense was charmed with her new neighbor whom she had not seen.

The flowers had been sent several times, when he added to them a request that he might call on the lady. She returned a favorable answer, and under cover of the twilight hour, he found himself in the room with Hortense. The sound of his voice filled her with indescribable emotion, because it resembled that of her first husband;

but she persuaded herself that it must be fancy. She found her neighbor agreeable and attentive. He did not neglect any opportunity of being with her. They rode together, sung together, and often his voice would thrill through the soul of Hortense, like a remembered lay from some far-off land.

Insensibly she was becoming interested in him. He had told her much that was true of his past life, and openly mourned some being whom he said was lost to him—he did not say by death—but Hortense saw it in that light. More and more tender grew their intercourse, for the lady seemed utterly to disregard his scars, until she was scarcely surprised, and certainly not offended, at receiving an offer of his hand.

She was alone in the world; she had no one to consult, no one who had any right to blame her for trusting to one of whom she knew so little. It was her own risk, and she accepted him; frankly telling him how well she had loved him who had gone from her sight, and promising that she would *try* to love him as well.

M. Valentin exulted greatly in this answer, and came near discovering himself; but he had desired to delay it to a certain time, and he checked himself in time. The wedding day was appointed and everything was in readiness for the occasion. In exchanging rings, Hortense looked fixedly at the one which the bridegroom gave her. It was the very ring which M. Valentin had given her at their first wedding! She fainted on the spot, and he began to think that he had carried matters too far. He hung over her with an anxiety such as he never knew before. If she died now by his own folly, what would become of him? He execrated his scheme and repented even with tears that he had been led to pursue it.

But Hortense awoke to life, awoke to the new joy of his presence, to ask his forgiveness for the past, and inspire new hope for the future. There had ever been an inexplicable attraction towards him on her part, from their first interview; and as she confessed this, her husband was quite inclined to be satisfied, and to forgive the apparent disrespect which he fancied she had paid his memory.

As M. Valentin predicted, the inhabitants of Montreal, as soon as they found out his wealth, were happy to make his acquaintance, and remembered him as an old friend. With the true spirit of an *honest man*, he has liquidated his debts to the last farthing; and now, with his still beautiful wife, is travelling through Europe, happy as any couple can possibly be of their bridal tour.

THE MOON'S MISSION.

BY M. LOUGHTON.

The moon looked down on the quiet earth,
One beautiful starry night;
But a cloud passed over its silvery face,
As it gazed on scenes of blight.

Then a low sweet voice in reproach thus spoke:
"O shine on those scenes so dear,
And gladden the lonely hearts of men;
'Twas for that God placed you here."

Then it shed a beam on the wrinkled brow
Of a weary man of care,
And smoothing the lines of trouble away,
Placed a ray of gladness there.

It peeped in the room of the dreaming youth,
And gleamed like a taper dim,
And he blessed the rays of the quiet moon,
That gave angel forms to him.

It haloed the head of the dying one,
As he gasped his feeble breath,
And formed a beautiful golden path
Through the shadowy vale of death.

O'er many a scene of sorrow and woe
It shed a pitying beam,
And many a burdened heart grew light,
As it blessed the silvery gleam.

Then it flickered feebly, as it sank to rest,
On the top of the western hill,
And it seemed to say with its last faint light,
"I have done my Maker's will."

THE COUNTRY AUNT.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

"THERE, Arabella, you look superbly now; that rose-colored satin dress proves quite as becoming to your complexion as I fancied it would when I was examining it at Stewart's."

"Yes, ma, I am more than satisfied with it. But how provoking papa was not to bring me those diamonds. I had set my heart on wearing them on the evening of my *entree* into society. I wonder papa was so unwilling to get them."

"He has been talking a great deal of late about hard times, perhaps he will feel more liberal by-and-by. Your jewelry will do this evening, then on some great occasion you can appear in your diamonds; for I have no doubt we can coax your papa to buy them for you yet."

The above conversation was held between Mrs. Lester and her eldest daughter, Arabella, on the occasion of her making her *debut* in fashionable society. Mr. Lester had begun life as a common mason, and worked by the day for many years after his marriage. At length, accumulat-

ing sufficient funds, he commenced business for himself as a master-mason, and being very successful in two or three of his first contracts for building, he soon found himself at the head of his trade, and in a few years acquired a fortune. Retiring from business, he built a splendid mansion in one of the aristocratic streets of New York; furnished it in magnificent style; established a carriage; and began to be somebody.

His wife was a farmer's daughter, brought up in the good old-fashioned country style; was a perfectly thorough housekeeper, but knew very little about books; and nothing at all about the forms of genteel society. But when Miss Arabella, who had been indulged in every whim since her infancy, insisted on moving from their comfortable home into a more genteel neighborhood, the fond parents could not deny her; and so by degrees, they had arrived, by the potent power of money, to quite an exalted position in society. Mrs. Lester learned to talk pompously about her servants, and had actually forgotten that the hands she was so afraid of soiling now, had once done the household work for her family.

Arabella, fresh from boarding school, and highly accomplished in the fashionable acceptation of the term, was to come out on the evening our story opens; and no expense had been spared to have her make a sensation on the occasion.

"I wonder the company don't begin to arrive," said Mrs. Lester, consulting her mirror for the hundredth time.

"Why, ma, you know it isn't fashionable to come till quite late. But there's the bell, some one has arrived, I must go directly down to the drawing-room and be there to receive them. I hope papa won't keep telling everybody to-night what happened the season he was building such an one's house. I declare, his allusions to the time when he was a mason do mortify me terribly."

An hour elapsed, and Arabella Lester, in her rose-colored satin, and blazing with jewels, was the centre of a brilliant assembly of the *ton*.

"I think you must be mistaken, madam," said the servant, as he answered an unceremoniously loud ring at the door.

"Why, doesn't John Lester live here—he that married my sister, Polly Jenkins, and used to be a mason?"

"Mr. John Lester lives here, but I should hardly think he was a relative of yours."

"And why not, pray? At any rate I'll soon find out."

Suiting the action to the word, the strange visitor advanced to the open doors of the drawing-room, closely followed by the horror-stricken servant, who besought her to remain in the hall;

until he had called his master. But the resolute lady kept boldly on, and the fashionable guests in the drawing-room were startled by the sudden apparition of a closely muffled figure, with a long, capacious cloak, and old-fashioned bow, and a huge pumpkin head, carrying in one hand a bundle tied in a bandanna handkerchief; and in the other a venerable blue cotton umbrella.

"Well, I never—" she exclaimed, as her eye rested on Mrs. Lester, "if I didn't come near not knowing my own sister. Why, Polly, how do you do? You're fixed up so mighty fine it alters you amazingly. Ah, brother John, how do you do? You see I got awful lonesome on the old homestead this winter, and I thought I'd make you a little visit, and it seems I'm just in time, for you seem to be having a powerful sight of company here to-night. I should have got here three hours ago, but we come across a snowdrift and got stuck fast for an hour or two."

At the conclusion of this speech, Mrs. Lester, with crimson face, spoke a few words to her guest in a very low tone, and amid a suppressed titter of the young ladies, the two made their exit.

"You may depend upon it, these Lesters are a vulgar, low-born set, that have managed to get a little money together to make a show with," said Miss Angella Lofly to the friend at her side.

"Of course they are. I had some misgivings about accepting their invitation, but thought on the whole I would. But now I'm convinced they are nobody. This ridiculous woman is evidently Mrs. Lester's sister. Did you ever see such a fright? I declare, I thought I should burst with suppressed laughter."

"Why, Betsy, I wonder you didn't let me know when you were coming; I declare, I never was so surprised in my life."

"That's just what I wanted to give you, an agreeable surprise. But what sort of a party are you having down stairs? I must get out my best cap from my band-box, and go down and see the folks."

"Pray, don't think of doing so; you must be very tired, and as the company are to have supper by-and-by, I will have some of the same served for you immediately."

"I wouldn't give you so much trouble, Polly, for the world. I can just as well go down and eat with the rest of the folks. Besides, I heard you had got up in the world considerable, and I thought like enough I might see some of the quality, so I brought my brown satin gown. I don't believe I shall see more folks than you've got here to-night, so I mean to wear it. Just see, Polly, what a gloss it's got on it now. I declare, I never saw anything wear like it in my

life. Why I had it as long ago as when your Arabella was a baby."

While Aunt Betsy was talking, she had changed her dress, and adjusting her best cap, and taking her work bag upon her arm, announced that she was ready to descend to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Lester, with a countenance expressive of the greatest consternation, made an excuse into another room for a moment, where she encountered Arabella.

"It is of no use," said Mrs. Lester, in a despairing tone, "she will go down, and what will people say?"

"I declare, to think that fright of an Aunt Betsy should take it into her head to visit us now—I could cry with vexation. I mean to tell her flatly that she shall not go down."

"You mustn't do that, Arabella, for you know she's immensely rich, and has hinted about making you her heir. We must pass her off as well as we can for an eccentric old lady."

"Eccentric enough, I should think. I wish she were a thousand miles away from here. But dear me, I must hurry down, or I shall be missed from the company."

Not a word of the above conversation escaped the quick ear of Betsy.

"So they are going to do that, and wish me a thousand miles away; I suppose they are ashamed of such an old-fashioned body. Pretty treatment this from Polly Lester, who was glad enough once to take my cast-off gowns to make up for that piece of loftiness, Miss Arabella. Well, I'll stay and make my visit out."

Aunt Betsy had just finished these reflections, when Mrs. Lester appeared, to conduct her down stairs. Without waiting for a formal introduction, she said, while making one of her most approved courtesies:

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen; I declare this is an unexpected pleasure, seeing so many pleasant folks together. Now down in Hopville, where I come from, I don't see anybody once a month."

"I shouldn't think she ever saw anybody," said Mr. Augustine de Grunde, to a friend at his side, in a low tone, but sufficiently loud for Arabella to hear. To entrap this exquisite specimen of humanity had been a darling wish of the young lady in question, who now felt ready to die with mortification.

"Do see now, she has got out her knitting-work—as I live it is a horrid blue stocking. And then she has got out her snuff-box, and is passing it to Mrs. Finton. Dear me if I ever survive this wretched evening."

Mrs. Lester made her way to Aunt Betsy's side, in the hope of drawing her attention away from the fashionable Mrs. Fincton, who was simpering every now and then behind her fan.

"It's kind of funny, isn't it, that Polly should have had her party the very night I got here?"

"It is singular; but this is the evening that Mrs. Lester had appointed for Arabella to come out," replied the lady addressed.

"To come out of what?" said Aunt Betsy, dropping her knitting work.

"Out of her former seclusion into society."

"Bless my soul, has the girl growed up without seeing any company before? Seems to me she don't look nor act very shy."

The company soon adjourned to the supper-room, and Aunt Betsey, who had lingered to knit into the middle of the seam needle, with a smiling face brought up the rear. Making her way to the side of Mrs. Lester, she exclaimed, loud enough for all to hear:

"Polly, what in the name of wonder are them great tall white things standing like monuments in the middle of the table?"

"Hush, Betsy, don't talk so loud, they are ice creams."

"Ice creams! Well, if they're anything to eat I mean to have some. They are curious built things, anyway. That middle one there looks more like the steeple to our meeting-house, only it isn't quite so peaked."

"Where did that queer specimen of woman-kind come from?" said Mr. De Grunde, levelling his jewelled eye glass at Aunt Betsy, and addressing his conversation to Arabella.

"O, just step one side, Mr. De Grunde, and I'll tell you all about her. It is the funniest thing in the world. She's a wonderful rich aunt of mine, who means to make me her heiress; but she's the queerest, oddest mortal you ever saw. She always thought everything of me, and I suppose will tell of it with pleasure all her life, that she was present at my first party."

"She is quite distinguished looking, after all, Miss Lester; I admire that antique, superb satin dress of hers; there is an air of queenly dignity too, about her—I must make her acquaintance after supper."

But the owner of the eye glass was disappointed in making the acquaintance of Aunt Betsy that evening, for the venerable lady retired immediately after supper, persisting to all the company that she never sat up so late before in her life. The party at length had an end, like all other affairs of the kind, and Arabella Lester sought her pillow, with a lighter heart than she possessed in the first of the evening, and thought

that the advent of Aunt Betsy wasn't so terrible a thing after all, as long as Mr. De Grunde thought her so distinguished looking.

It was a matter of great perplexity to Mrs. Lester and her daughter, how to dispose of Aunt Betsy, without actually giving her offence. The twenty thousand dollars in perspective, entitled her to a certain amount of attention; but to keep her concealed from the gaze of their fashionable acquaintances required all their tact.

"Well, ma," said Arabella, two or three days after the party, "I suppose that odious Aunt Betsy will be coming down stairs to day, surely, for we cannot urge the plea any longer, that the parlors are being put in order after the party. Do, ma, invent some excuse for keeping her up there to-day, for I expect callers, and I can't bear the idea of having her here, with that everlasting stocking."

"I'll try what I can do, dear. What did possess the woman to visit New York this winter I cannot conceive. She never made a visit before in cold weather in her life."

"I remember, mother, one visit she made us in the winter, when I was a little boy, and all of us children had the measles. She nursed us night and day, and you seemed glad enough to see her then. She seems to me like the same Aunt Betsy she did then, only grown older."

"I declare, Edward, you are enough to provoke a saint. You are always talking about old times—how we lived when you were a little boy. Just like pa, for all the world, eternally telling about the houses he has built. You gave a fine description of our old house to Mr. De Grunde the other evening; I know my face must have been crimson."

"And what of it, wasn't it the truth? Besides, I question if Mr. De Grunde ever lived in a better house himself when he was a boy. Once more, Arabella, I feel it my duty to caution you against trusting too much to the professions of one whom I cannot but consider a brainless fop, or at best, an angler after a fortune."

"I think myself quite competent to judge of my own acquaintances, and if you are going to keep continually lecturing me, I'm sure I don't care how soon the time comes for you to enter college."

"No more of this Arabella," said Mrs. Lester, "I do not wish to hear you speak so to your brother. There, I hear Aunt Betsy coming, true enough."

"So you are all here, I've been hunting everywhere after you. I blundered into the kitchen in my travels, and I tell you what, if I had such

a good-for-nothing cross cook as you've got, Polly, I'd send her off mighty quick. I asked her about something she was stirring up in a pan, and la! she snapped me up enough to take my head off."

"O, that's her way; she don't like to be questioned about her cooking."

"Well, she might be civil, for that doesn't cost anything. Well, they were monstrous slow in getting cleaned up here, three whole days, but however it looks pretty fine here now. See here, Arabella, I want to buy me a new silk gown before I go home; now it's a pleasant day, suppose you go out with me and help me pick it out. And I want to see some of the sights here."

"O, dear, Aunt Betsy, I've got a terrible headache, I couldn't possibly go this morning. I should like very much to go, but really, you must excuse me now."

"Massy sake, you have the headache by spells every day. You are getting into a bad way, I'm afraid, and you must certainly take something for it. Now if I only had my box of pills here, they'd cure you right off. I'm sorry you can't go out, for I'd set my mind on going to-day."

"Wont I do instead?" said Edward. "I am called quite a judge of dress by the ladies, and as to showing you about the city, I think I could do quite as well, if not better, than Arabella."

"O, I should be pleased enough to have you go, Edward, but I didn't think you would want to be beau to such an old lady as I when there are plenty of young ones."

"Well, aunty, as you've accepted my company, I think we had better start right away. I shall be ready to do escort duty as soon as you are dressed."

"Who would have thought, ma, that Edward would have volunteered his services? There they go around the corner, and do see, she has actually taken his arm. What a figure they cut, and how ridiculous that old bonnet looks! Dear me, if he likes her so well, I hope he will keep her out all day."

"He is a strange fellow, Arabella. He hasn't a particle of pride. I declare, I'm tired to death with your pa and him. I do wish they would think more of appearances."

"Here's a note for you, Miss Arabella," said the servant, thrusting his ebony face into the door.

"O, ma, it's an invitation from Mr. De Grunde to go to the opera this evening. Isn't it fortunate that my new opera cloak was sent home this morning? I will go directly and write a note of acceptance."

"So I would, dear, and I will coax your pa

to take me too, I haven't been to the opera for a long time."

"Here's our house, Aunt Betsy," said Edward, as the two reached home about the middle of the afternoon.

"I declare, so it is; I was going on further. The houses folks live in here are all as near alike as the peas in a pod—I don't see how folks ever know when they get home."

"O, that's easy enough, aunty, you would soon get used to the monotony of so many blocks of houses."

"Well, Polly, I've got my gown, and seen all creation besides. It seems to me, we've walked and rode nigh fifty miles in all."

"Yes, mother, we've had a grand tramp about the city, and I guess Aunt Betsy will have enough to think about for months to come."

"That's a fact. And Edward was so kind to show me everything and tell me all about the things I saw. He'll make just the right sort of a husband for somebody one of these days. He's got a little sense, and don't go peeping round through a kind of one-eyed pair of spectacles, like that Grunde chap the other night. If he can't see like other folks, why don't he wear specs? I'm sure it would be enough sight handier."

"I do like your dress very much," said Mrs. Lester, examining the silk that Aunt Betsy held up for inspection. As for Arabella, she was so indignant at the old lady's last remark, that she hardly deigned a glance at it.

"I'm glad it suits you, Polly; there was such heaps and heaps on 'em, I never should have picked one out if it hadn't been for Edward. I declare, if there isn't the tea bell, where upon earth has this day gone to?"

"You have been so pleasantly employed that the time has passed swiftly," said Edward, handing his aunt to her seat.

"Yes, and that makes me think that I must be thinking about finding brother Simon's folks, for the time has most gone that I calculated to stay in the city. By the way, Polly, how do they all do? I haven't heard you say a word about 'em since I've been here."

"I really don't know, I haven't seen them for a great while," said Mrs. Lester, slightly coloring.

"How's that, you and Simon's wife used to be mighty thick together once?"

"Well, I don't know, we never had any difficulty; but we sort of left off visiting so often. Simon lives in altogether different style from what we do, you know."

"So that's it. Folks have strange ideas now-

days. For my part I can't see as the house, and style, as you call it, make folks any better or worse. I must find out where they live, and visit them by all means before I leave the city."

"I can find out their residence for you, Aunt Betsy," said Edward, "and when you get ready to visit them, I will accompany you; for I think the families have been estranged long enough."

"Well, I don't see but what I'm nicely off for company now, so I guess I'll start to-morrow."

"It is too bad, Aunt Betsy, that we are engaged to go to the opera this evening, as you say it is the last evening you will be here."

"O, never mind me. Doubtless the reflection that I am left at home wont spoil your pleasure entirely. 'That odious Aunt Betsy,' you know, is 'such a fright.'"

Arabella happened to think, just then, that she wanted an article in her chamber, and left the room with crimson face. The next day, a huge trunk, two hand-boxes, and a carpet-bag were deposited upon the outside of a carriage, and Aunt Betsy, with her bundle and umbrella, was assisted inside by Edward Lester, who had so generously offered to accompany her. They were left at a good substantial-looking brick house, and a rosy-cheeked matron answered their ring at the door.

"Why, Aunt Betsy Mason, how do you do? I was telling Simon yesterday that I wished you would make us a visit this winter. He's gone from home a great deal, and I am lonesome sometimes. And this is Edward Lester, I believe, I haven't seen you for a great while."

"Well, to tell the truth I was lonesome myself up in the country, so I thought I'd come where there were more folks. I've been staying with Polly a while, and Edward offered to come with me, and find where you lived."

Aunt Betsy was soon seated by a cheerful fire, and as she never allowed herself to be idle, the blue stocking was soon produced, and the needles flew fast while she chatted about old times with Simon's wife. There was another inmate of Mr. Jenkins's family, to whom our visitors were duly introduced. She was a young and beautiful girl, dressed in deep black for the loss of her only remaining parent; and in the capacity of dressmaker, she earned a comfortable living, and boarded in the family we have been speaking of. She was busily occupied upon a dress she was hurrying to get done, and scarcely raised her eyes from her work, but when she did lift them to answer some question, or make a remark, their dark, expressive beauty, and the sweet tones of her voice, made sad havoc with the heart of Edward Lester.

"Have you finished your work, Amelia?" said Mrs. Jenkins, as the former was rolling it up.

"Yes, I think I shall be just in time. I was ordered to have it done by seven, for it is to wear to a party this evening. I must go and carry it home immediately."

"I am sorry you have to go so far in the evening, I shall really be worried about you until I see you safe home again."

"If Miss Morton will accept of my company, I shall be most happy to serve her as an escort," said Edward, rising and taking his hat.

"I should like your company very much, but I feel unwilling to trouble you to go so far."

"No trouble I assure you, it will afford me great pleasure."

Soon the eldest son of the fashionable Mrs. John Lester was walking down Broadway with a poor sewing girl; poor in everything but radiant beauty and a glorious intellect.

"I hope, Miss Morton, you don't have to take so long a walk as this very often after dark, without some protector."

"I am obliged to quite often; but when my poor brother Henry was alive, he used to always accompany me."

"Was your brother a pale-looking young man, formerly a clerk at Simpson & Co.'s, on Broadway?"

"He was; were you acquainted with him?"

"Yes, he was my dearest playmate when a boy; can it be that the poor fellow is dead?"

"Yes, he left us, we trust, for a brighter world, more than a year ago; his intense study when out of the store injured his health, and he sunk into a decline. My mother soon followed him, so I am now left entirely alone. I said alone, but there is one above, 'the Father of the fatherless,' in whom I trust."

"I dearly loved your brother, Miss Morton, and called at the store one day to see him, as I was in the habit of doing; they told me he was sick, but could not tell me where he lived then, as they heard the family had moved since he left the store. You must allow me to visit you often, for your brother's sake. I would like to know all about his last hours."

"I should be most happy to receive you at any time, and give you any information that you may desire; you know it is pleasant to talk of those we love."

Having seen his charge safely home, Edward wended his way to the splendid mansion of his father.

"Where have you been all this while, Edward?" said Arabella, affecting great joy at his return.

"I have passed a very pleasant day at Aunt Mary's."

"Dear me, Edward, you don't say you have been scraping acquaintance with those vulgar, common people again?"

"I have, and find them very agreeable."

"There is no accounting for tastes. But I can forgive you, as long as you took Aunt Betsy out of the way. I can't conceive why I was not invited to Angelia Lofty's party this evening; I am half afraid she thought by the appearance of our eccentric relative, that we couldn't be very genteel people."

"If you have lost the acquaintance of Miss Lofty, your loss is not irreparable."

"So you think, but I am of a different opinion. I am so vexed, I expected to go, and wear my new brocade. I was in to Carrie Winter's this evening when her dressmaker, Miss Morton, brought her dress home. It looked superbly. But such a dignified piece as the dressmaker was I never saw in my life—she had the air of a duchess."

Edward started; but asked, quietly, "Did you ever see a duchess, Arabella?"

"No, but I've read about them, and that is quite as well as seeing them. You are such a provoking, matter-of-fact sort of person, one has to choose words when in conversation with you."

Aunt Betsy's visit of a few days at her brother Simon's was extended to weeks; for whenever she spoke of going home there was always some excuse urged by the family to detain her. And when at length she did go, she left behind her sorrowful faces. As for the Lesters, they neither knew nor cared when she took her departure.

Three years have now elapsed since Aunt Betsy's visit, and we will glance once more at our old friends. Mr. Lester, not content with living upon his honorably acquired wealth, embarked in speculation, and soon found himself some thousands worse off than when he commenced this ruinous experiment. Mrs. Lester, however, still continued in her extravagance, and strove hard to maintain her position in genteel society. Arabella had recently become Mrs. De Grunde, and was boarding at home with her husband, awaiting the arrival of a remittance from Europe, to enable him to build a house, which he boasted should rival all others. At this juncture of affairs there came one day a letter sealed in black, and directed to Mrs. John Lester.

"Your Aunt Betsy is dead," said Mrs. Lester, after perusing the missive, "and you must

put on your things immediately, and go and order our mourning, for we are invited to the funeral."

"O, dear, ma, the idea of hurrying to get off my bridal costume for mourning, and on her account too, is very provoking."

"But, child, you must, for you have expectations there, you know, and besides, you needn't wear it after the funeral."

Very different was the news received at the Jenkinsses; for Aunt Betsy, with all her oddities, was dearly loved there, and many tears of sincere sorrow were shed at their loss. Mrs. Lester and Arabella, in deep black, and Mr. Lester and his distinguished son-in-law, started the next morning for the secluded village of Hopville. The Jenkinsses also went decently attired for the occasion, but their outward show of mourning bore no comparison to that of their more wealthy relatives. After the funeral, the will was read, according to the directions of the deceased, and Arabella ceased to apply her mourning pocket-handkerchief long enough to hear its contents. To Mr. Simon Jenkins was left the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, to Mrs. Polly Lester, a ring that belonged to her mother, and to Mr. Edward Lester, in consideration of his kind attentions to the deceased on her last visit to the city, the sum of five thousand dollars, and the old homestead. Both families were astonished at this document, and the Lesters, with ill concealed anger, instantly took their departure.

"I thought you told me, Arabella this Aunt Betsy was going to make you her heir?" said De Grunde, in bitter tones.

"I thought she was—she told me so once—but you know, Augustine, you said you had wealth enough of your own, so we needn't mind it, although I think the old thing was awfully mean."

"Humph," growled the amiable Augustine; and this was all he deigned to utter the rest of the journey home.

It may be as well to state here that the remittance from Europe never came, and De Grunde, after living as long as he could upon his wife's family, very unceremoniously left her one day, and was never heard from after.

Mr. Jenkins, with his unexpected legacy, paid off the small mortgage upon the house he lived in, and by his prudent investment of the remainder, was placed for life above want. Edward Lester, having finished his studies at college, much to the dissatisfaction of his father's family, chose the profession of the ministry, and ere long received a call to settle over a flourishing society in the city of his residence, and soon after was married to Amelia Morton.

THE COQUETTE OF FORT HAMILTON.

A FRONTIER STORY OF VIRGINIA.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

IN 179—, there stood, in what is now the north-western part of Virginia, the post of Fort Hamilton. The position was one of great importance, and had already been of more than ten years' standing. Well garrisoned, and tolerably well appointed, it maintained something of the social advantages of an old garrisoned town; and it numbered among its tenants not a few of the brave and fair of the land. The presence of cool-headed and skilful men was particularly required; for, as one of the main frontier defences against the inroads of the wild and treacherous Indians, Fort Hamilton was exposed to daily danger of sudden assault.

Of such a staunch and wary character was Henry Westover, by descent Lord Rockingham. His experience and skill would have entitled him, above any other, to the office of commander of the fort; but a certain carelessness of social honors, a sort of cynical avoidance of those things which other men eagerly sought after, drew him aloof from the responsibility which would otherwise have been readily imposed upon him. Yet there was little real indolence and less selfishness, in this aristocratic Westover. He was beloved by the whole garrison. He had a good heart, a helping hand for every one that needed it, a spirit exalted above all semblance of meanness or dissimulation.

In the little scandals of the garrison he scorned to take a part—rarely even acknowledged their existence. Every care and every trouble of life was met by him with the same ever-present strain of easy, half-genial, half-stoic philosophy, which readily, almost cheerily, encountered the ills of this world without the least affectation of undervaluing their power. Such was Henry Westover, at this time a bachelor of nearly forty-five years. It was well understood that there was a history connected with his youth, of somewhat mournful interest, which might, if known, clearly account for his obduracy to the snares which so many of the fair sex would gladly have thrown around him. Nevertheless, Westover was ever attentive and gallant in his demeanor towards the ladies—more particularly so, it was commonly said, to the niece and ward of his friend Captain Barton. But Westover's well-known character was such, that no occasion was taken for the usual chit-chat with regard to special attentions and the et ceteras of garrison gossip. There was a grave and gentle tenderness in his demeanor towards

the beautiful Louisa, a fatherly indulgence for her childlike volatility, which served to form between him and the maiden a bond not exactly lover-like, but yet no less firm and scarcely less enduring.

Louisa Barton was, by general report, a coquette. I cannot say that she deserved the appellation, which in its received signification is understood to mean a heartless trifler. Such was not her character. But, at seventeen years of age, she was too full of the joys of youthful existence to think of aught else except the passing hour, how to live free and happy with the friends she esteemed, like the flower of the field, taking no thought of the morrow, or of the storms which lay hidden in the future. Her admirers she deemed as heart-whole as herself; and without an endeavor or a wish to inspire pain, she laid herself open to the accusations which were levelled at her more especially by less favored individuals of her own sex. But to George Wytherly's ears, all fault-finding criticisms came in vain. True, he could not but be hurt, at times, by the light-hearted aptness with which the belle of the garrison was wont to ward off his more serious approaches. Still he hoped on, and trusted to time, which should sober her native exuberance of spirits, and bring her to a truer appreciation of the realities of life.

"I know," he would say to himself, "that in spite of all her girlish gaiety, she is pure and innocent as the light which shines on all the world with the same impartial smile. Let me not then be censorious in my thoughts; rather let me patiently wait on my destiny."

This philosophic determination, however, was soon put to the proof—for one afternoon he hastened from the house of Captain Barton in no very enviable state of mind.

"What a fool am I," he ejaculated, "to pin my happiness on the caprices of a woman! Here is this girl, whom I had deemed the very personification of all that is pure and noble, throwing away my offering of an honest and manly devotion, and taking up with the frippery of this jingling Merrison! What under the sun could have so infatuated her, I know not—unless it be his trick of stringing together rhymes. If I had thought this the road to her heart, I might have bought me an old song-book and transmuted it into doggerels much worse than his own, which are bad enough to suit any crack-brain in Christendom. But there! I pity the poor girl, after all—and wish no more revenge for her treatment of me than the lot which she herself seems to have chosen."

On that very eve following close on the rejec-

tion of the ill-fated Wytherly, there took place a gathering of the beaux and belles of the garrison, whose number, however, was so limited, as to require the aid of a pretty tolerable sprinkling of the elders in order to make the company of sufficient dimensions. The assembly was held in the upper part of the block house which was to the inhabitants of Fort Hamilton the time-honored "Concert Hall" of their miniature city; and it may be said with truth, that few were the halls, however pretentious, which could surpass in attraction that rude frontier apartment—for are not beauty and bright eyes the chiefest ornaments the world over? and who does not know that nature's wild surroundings, and the spice of neighboring danger, lend a vividness to these attractions beyond the power of other circumstances to afford? Certainly, those present seemed to enjoy themselves fully—or, we might better say, all save one.

"My dear Em," said one laughing sylph to another, between the pauses of the dance, "prithce tell me what it is that makes our staid George so unusually gloomy to-night! I fancy, if there be any secret about the matter, that you stand a better chance for information than any other, save one."

"Ah, I can readily inform you! Know, then, that the admired Miss Barton, after having, as usual, kept the gentleman as long as possible on the hook of suspense, has at last given him his sentence and handed him over to never-ending despair."

"I had guessed as much. The heartless flirt! I wonder what it is that the men admire so much in Louisa Barton! There she goes with her new victim! I hope, I *do* hope, Anne, that he will have wit enough to return upon her the treatment which she has given others. Isn't he a love of a man, though? So slim and elegant, and writes such poetry, as I have heard! And then he talks so beautifully—you ought to hear him!—about the battles that he has been in, and the dangers that he has had to fight through, single-handed—it is positively terrifying! But any one can see that she is mightily taken up with him just now." And so these two dear friends of Louisa passed on.

"A good even to you, Master George!" said Westever, shortly after, accosting the young lieutenant; "I see you are looking pale, of late. This being penned up within four walls agrees not well with either you or myself. I challenge you to an excursion, to-morrow morn; I long to stretch my limbs once more outside the gate."

"I am off duty at ten," replied Wytherly. "I can be with you then, if in season for you."

"The thing is settled," rejoined Westever. "And now I must leave you; for yonder is a certain young damsel whose eyes remind me that I have not as yet paid to her the homage which is her rightful perquisite. Adieu, then, till to-morrow!"

On the next morning, at the appointed hour, the two friends, musket on shoulder, issued from the fort gate; and not a dozen minutes had passed, before Wytherly had acquainted his senior with the result of his unfortunate suit to the mistress of his affections.

"I should not feel the matter as I do," he said, "were it not for her preference of that empty jackanapes, Merritson."

"These women, my dear boy," replied Westover, pausing under the shade of a huge beech, and resting his broad shoulders against its trunk, "these women, I say, move in a sphere concerning which we must be very careful in making our calculations. The very best and truest of them have their little eccentricities, their vagaries, for which, poor souls, we ought not to be too ready to blame them, seeing that we ourselves are not altogether immaculate. But, as for this same Merritson, whom I fancy little better than you do, I am in hope that something will arise in due season which may serve to bring him out in his proper colors. When a young girl has dressed up a man in the garb of her own imagination, it needs something pretty palpable to dispel the enchantment. When, however, the disenchantment happens at the proper time, it gives her a most valuable lesson, often well worth the price paid. But, I am sorry to say it, this fortune does not always happen."

The speaker's cheek flushed, and he was silent. Wytherly knew that some painful chord had been struck, and waited patiently for the continuance which he expected. He was not so engaged, however, but that the senses were on the alert, ready (as usual with the trained frontier's-man) to be impressed with the slightest sound or appearance by which his attention ought to be attracted. Thus, at the sound of a slight rustle in the underbrush near, his eyes were instantly fixed on the spot from whence presently issued the tufted head of an Indian, his face tattooed and besmeared with grotesque painting. Raising his finger with a meaning air, he arrested the hostile attitude which they were about to assume. Then, pointing to the fort, he glanced behind and around him, and with one hand stirred lightly the heaps of leaves on the ground beneath. The manner, the look, and the action told at once the story which he wished to convey; and, perceiving this conviction in the coun-

tenances of the two whites, the savage disappeared as quickly as he came. The woods around were filled with ambushed enemies. Even now, before they could gain the fort, the two friends knew that they were in the utmost peril of their lives. Nevertheless they preserved the utmost equanimity, and moving slowly on, with a gradual approach towards the gate, chattered gayly concerning the hunting-party which they affected to undertake for the afternoon. In this way, they entered the fort. The gate was doubly barred, the alarm was cautiously given, and every necessary preparation commenced.

Merritson, who held a similar rank in the garrison with Wytherly, pretended to regard the affair very lightly. Although prudent enough to restrain his comments within due bounds when in the hearing of his brother soldiers, he professed, in the ears of his fair admirers, a sage contempt for such timid alarms, such unmeasured precautions.

"When I was in Germany," said he, "we waited till some one had seen the faces of our enemies, or at least till we had got some definite information concerning them, before we made such a stir about fighting them. For my part, I am no advocate for these skulking battles, where neither party can see his opponent."

His gentle hearers were awe-struck by his daring tone, and more than ever envied the capricious Louisa, who held by a silken chain this redoubted warrior. His braggadocio ways, however, did not escape the eyes of his fellows, some of whom inwardly resolved that he should be put to the test whenever the time of action should arrive. Their desires seemed to stand some chance of realization, as evening approached, when, after a careful inspection by glass of the neighboring forest, the commandant issued orders for a company of scouts to hold themselves in readiness for service. Under cover of the darkness, they were to effect a lodgment in the forest, and by early dawn to spread themselves out, as far as safety would allow, in order, if possible, to procure some reliable information with regard to the numbers and position of the enemy. It was a volunteer service, although none but men well tried in the warfare of the woods were allowed to attempt an undertaking where so much depended on each individual effort. However much or little Merritson might have been influenced by a knowledge of this last point, he hesitated not to offer his services, which were immediately declined. Merritson appeared to be much chagrined at the disappointment, and by some mysterious means the intelligence soon reached Louisa, who, despite her sympathy with

his feelings, could not resist a complacent glow at the spirit which her lover had manifested.

"These poets," she exclaimed to herself, "are always so ardent in their impulses!"

The night passed, the dawn came, the sun rose up above the tree-tops, and yet no sign of life appeared without the fort. At last a shot was heard; then a quick dropping fire, and the scouting-party, breaking from cover, made for the gates—followed close by a crowd of yelling and whooping savages. A timely volley from the walls arrested the pursuers, and the flying whites soon found themselves safe within the fort. But not all had escaped the perils adventured; Lieutenant Wytherly and a hunter named Dixon were missing. There were few of the subordinates whose loss would have been more felt than that of young Wytherly. A universal gloom fell upon all. Louisa, light-hearted as she naturally was, was by no means less feeling than the rest of her sex, and experienced a remorse in a great measure undeserved. "If I could but have treated him a little more kindly!" she was continually repeating to herself.

But she was in some measure re-assured by Merritson, who informed her that it was most probable that Wytherly and Dixon were merely hovering on the outskirts of the foe, endeavoring to make further espial before quitting the forest.

"In Germany," he said, "I have often been employed on similar service, and at one time lay three days among the rocks and woods watching the movements of the enemy—feeding only on some strips of dried beef and such few berries as I could find. You may depend upon it, they are quite safe."

The very next day gave the lie to his confident assertion; for, at early dawn, just within the boundaries of the forest, a space was seen to be cleared, a stake erected, and heaps of fagot brush piled around. A few Indians entered the area, and with them a prisoner, whom they bound securely to the stake. Richard Pearson, the oldest hunter and the most sullen-tempered man in the garrison, seized a glass and directed it towards the scene. After holding it for an instant with a steady, unwavering arm, he let it fall from his hand with a violence which came near destroying the instrument.

"It is Bob Dixon!" he said, the tears falling down his furrowed cheeks; "one of the best shots that ever lived. And to see him roasted before my eyes by these heathen devils!"

The flames had already begun to ascend, and the red men were already gambolling in frantic ecstacy around their victim, when it was made evident that another sacrifice was intended, for a

second upright was planted side by side with the first; and as its destined occupant was bound to the fatal post, the yells and exultations of the savages rent the very skies. A groan of horror burst from every heart within the fort. There could be no doubt now as to the fate of their favorite Wytherly; for, before the white smoke whirled upward, his face could be clearly seen, ghastly pale, but composed and calm as of old. The soldiers of the garrison were almost wild with excitement. Even the iron habits of discipline scarce controlled their fury.

"Let us go—let us go!" they cried, as with one voice. "We will teach these fiends to feel the torments that they inflict!"

"Hold, my lads!" said the commandant, with a moistened eye and a quivering lip. "Let us recollect the dictates of duty before all else. That duty bids you remain at your post."

"Comrades," said Westover, in a voice whose lowest intonation vibrated within each auditor's bosom, "had George Wytherly been my own son, I could not have loved him better, nor have been more anxious to save him. To save him is impossible; but we may live to revenge him."

"And Bob Dixon!" growled Pearson, glaring fiercely at the speaker.

"And Bob Dixon also," rejoined Westover, kindly, extending a hand to his rude companion.

The latter stepped hastily forward and grasped the white hand with a pressure like that of a vice, while every feature quivered with the earnestness of his emotion. While the attention of the soldiers was for a moment distracted from the scene without by their astonishment at the agitation of the hunter, who, from his usual impassibility, might have been deemed case-hardened against any outward sign of sympathy, Louisa Barton rushed into their midst and threw herself at the feet of Westover.

"Save him—save him!" she cried. "It is I who am his murderess—it was I who drove him to danger and death!"

Westover raised her gently, and with a few soothing words, bore her away in his arms as he would have done a frenzied child. It was but a few moments before he returned.

"Poor girl!" he said to one of his brother officers; "I am not sure that she is very much in error in what she says. George was strongly attached to her; and since she has become so much taken with that miserable fop Merritson, he has not seemed the same person. To deal with these red demons, one must have a cool head, as well as a ready wit; and I suspect that George was rather more reckless of his own safety than he would have been in common. But it's human

nature, Ritson. Woman has been at the bottom of almost every difficulty from the ruin of Troy down to the present time."

The inmates of the fort, burning as they were for opportunity of reprisal, were obliged to remain inactive; for the numbers of the enemy were, by sure signs, ascertained to be overwhelming. Nor was it long before the fact was shown that an unwonted persistence governed the savage besiegers. Day after day passed, and still no relaxation of vigilance was observed. It was certain that some superior mind directed their conduct. Starvation began to assail the garrison. The watchfulness of the Indians forbade all hope of getting intelligence to the nearest posts—an undertaking of doubtful use even if accomplished, since sufficient assistance could scarce be collected to prove available in season.

As their fate drew near, the characters of the besieged appeared to display themselves more clearly. Merritson forgot his vaporing, and grew pale and anxious—entreating every one whom he met to suggest some new plan of escape from the destiny which threatened himself and the rest of his companions.

"Why do you ask?" was the answer given. "You who have done such wonderful things in Germany, and who know so well how all these affairs should be managed—why do you ask of us who are so much your inferiors in experience?"

Westover treated him with contempt. The unlucky gallant sought to continue himself in the graces of Louisa; but, having once received him with cutting coldness, she afterwards would not so much as admit him to her presence. But to Merritson, this seemed a trifle in comparison. Haggard and famine-struck, other considerations absorbed his mind. His own safety, above all, concerned his thoughts. What, then, was his consternation when one afternoon, more than six weeks after the commencement of the siege, he received a note from the commandant couched in the following words?

"TO LIEUTENANT MERRITSON:

"Sir,—I have, on several occasions, been informed that you have expressed a strong desire to undertake the dangerous office of bearing intelligence of our situation to the nearest post. I understand, also, that you profess to be intimately acquainted with the strategy necessary to such an undertaking. In our now imminent peril, I am forced to say, that, if you desire it, permission will be given you to undertake the enterprise.

"Yours truly, HUGH VILLIERS."

"What have I done?" exclaimed Merritson, on reading this. "Would to Heaven that I had bitten off my tongue, sooner than I had uttered such balderdash! But it is all pure malice. No-

body could have supposed that I was really in earnest in what I said."

Pale with apprehension, he started for the quarters of Colonel Villiers. Meeting Westover on the way, he thrust the note into his hands.

"I entreat you, sir, to read it," he exclaimed. "Is it not atrocious to single me out for such a commission?"

"Why, sir," answered Westover, at the same time returning the note, "it would appear that you have virtually offered your services; so that, when thus taken at your word, there can no one be blamed but yourself."

"I protest against it," exclaimed Merritson. "It is rank murder!"

"Adieu!" replied Westover, with a mischievous glance as he turned away. "I am sure we shall all wish you success in your undertaking."

Merritson found the colonel surrounded by several officers, who were evidently anticipating amusement at the expense of the boaster. Merritson stammered out a disavowal of the declaration imputed to him.

"Sir," said the colonel, with an air of astonishment, "I am surprised! It is strange that I should have been so mistaken. Captain Hartley," he continued, turning to one of the by-standers, "did I understand you rightly as reporting the desire of Lieutenant Merritson to be employed on the service mentioned?"

Captain Hartley made a ceremonious bow.

"Certainly, colonel," he replied. "The lieutenant expressed himself to me and others as being particularly desirous of the honor."

Merritson's spirit was roused. After all, he scarce deserved to be thought a coward; and the scorn which he saw in the faces of those around him, stung him to the quick. Turning to Captain Hartley, he said:

"Sir, you deem yourself safe in making me the butt of your malice. I hope to show you that you are mistaken. Gentlemen," he added, in a louder tone, "I perceive that my presence is not particularly desirable just now. I beg leave to wish you good evening."

"Who would have thought it?" exclaimed Hartley, as soon as the lieutenant was gone. "I would not have believed that the fellow would have shown so much spirit."

"Will he fight?" asked the person whom he addressed.

"He fight! Pooh, pooh! His courage will be a mere flash of the pan—all extinguished by this time."

Hartley was in error; for he soon received a challenge from Merritson requiring an immediate meeting. About half an hour afterwards,

the latter was conveyed to his lodging with a sword-wound through his arm.

"Egad!" exclaimed Hartley, on being questioned about the affair. "He was really savage, and would not be satisfied! I was actually obliged to wing him in self-defence."

"They tell me that the thing has set him up again with Miss Barton. He is again in her favor. She cut him dead the other day, and now, in a fit of repentance, looks on him as a brave and injured man, and goes just as far the opposite way. You could not have done him a greater service."

"A plague on it! I wish that we had let the fellow alone in the first place. But hark there!"

A flash of joy overspread the countenances of the conversants, as a scattering report of musketry became a quick, continuous fire circling around the fort. Yells and whoops, intermingled with the steady cheer of English voices, proclaimed a most welcome change in the aspect of the siege. Every one hastened to quarters; and all the available force which could be spared from the garrison, sallied from the fort just as the front of the reinforcement hove in sight, driving before it a rout of hideously-painted savages. At once a shout broke forth from the garrison party.

"George Wytherly! Wytherly forever!"

The latter waved his hand in answer, and the inspiring recognition added more than their olden vigor to the just now enfeebled defenders of the fort. Hip and thigh they smote the red-skins; and such was the slaughter of that day, that the field was ever after known among the Indians by the name of the Bloody Ground. Wytherly entered the fort amid the congratulations of its inhabitants, who regarded him as their saviour. His story was soon told. He had been bound to the stake, and had nearly suffered the fate of Dixon, when, at the last moment, a warrior dashed through the flames, cut the thongs which bound him, and claimed him as his own property. Escaping from his captors the second night after, Wytherly made his way through the wilderness to the next post, more than three hundred miles distant from his starting-place. After much exertion, being compelled to visit several auxiliary stations, he succeeded in raising a reinforcement sufficient for the relief of Fort Hamilton.

"It was a gallant thing, my boy," said Westover; "enough to set you up for a hero during the rest of your days. But I won't shock your modesty too much; I dare say you have already had your fill of praise. The women, George—bless me, you should hear them run on! Well,

well, none but the brave deserve the fair; and, by the way, I hope that our friend Louisa will at last be able to yield her heart to its rightful owner. I must own that I have a strong desire to bring you two together. Go then, my boy! assault the defences. Nothing like a bold front, before man or woman!"

Wytherly seized the first opportunity to pay his respects to Louisa Barton. But, doomed to continued disappointment, he encountered Merritson plainly established on favorable terms with the mistress of his affections. Convinced that the latter was a successful suitor, Wytherly was scarce able to restrain himself within the bounds of decorum.

"Excuse me, madam," he exclaimed, with sparkling eyes; "and you also, sir! I had not thought you recovered from your honorable wounds. I will not intrude on your mutual endearments."

"Stay, sir!" said Merritson, hastily advancing and detaining Wytherly. "It is but just that I should undeceive you. Miss Barton deigns to honor me with her friendship; and I hope that my conduct hereafter will be such as to merit that regard, at least in some degree. But I know, only too well, the limits of that regard; and, if you desire to be more fully informed, I will give you opportunity to make inquiry of the lady herself." With these words, he retired.

Wytherly, as soon as he was gone, said to Louisa: "Can you desire to torture me with doubt? One word from your lips can decide the whole. And yet I scarcely dare to ask the question."

A glance from her eyes removed every doubt from the bosom of Wytherly. He clasped her to his breast, and heard her avow, with many tears, her former want of self-knowledge, her deep sorrow for his supposed death—in short, a complete confession of her heart.

"And now," she said, raising her head and looking him full in the face, "dare you join your fate with the Coquette of Fort Hamilton?"

Wytherly gazed into her eyes with a smile which betokened a full and hearty confidence.

"When the Coquette of Fort Hamilton," he said, "has said the word which makes her mine, I will trust her faithfulness against the world!"

EARLY MEMORIES.

Too oft the light that led our earlier hours
Fades with the perfume of our cradle flowers;
The clear, cold question chills to frozen doubt;
Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without;
O then, if Reason waver at thy side,
Let humbler Memory be thy gentle guide;
Go to thy birthplace, and, if faith was there,
Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer!

O. W. HOLMES.

NICELY DONE.

At a certain eating-house, a day or two since, a very lean, cadaverous-looking mortal was so allured by the inviting looks of a ten pound turkey, all done up in "fixings," that he unconsciously uttered the ejaculation that he could eat it up in ten minutes.

"What'll you bet you can?" asked a snob, standing at the door.

The "lean and hungry Cassius" immediately responded:

"Will you pay for it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I'll bet you a drink."

"It's a bet," said Snob.

The lean man immediately set to. The choicest parts of the fat and savory monster were consumed with a most enviable relish; but upon the expiration of ten minutes he found himself up to the brim, and the turkey not a third demolished. Rising very coolly, he acknowledged that he couldn't go it, and quite as coolly forked over twelve and a half cents for two whiskey toddies—lost wager. Snob looked blank upon being suddenly struck with the idea that he had been done up in a decidedly cheap package, paid down two and a half dollars for the turkey, and left his friend enjoying digestion and a prime smoke by the stove, considerably better for a first rate dinner for a shilling.—*Picayune.*

A QUEER WAY TO KILL A BEAR.

A thick and strong piece of whale bone, about four inches broad and two feet long, is rolled up into a small compass and carefully enveloped in blubber, forming a round ball. It is then placed in the open air at a low temperature, where it soon becomes hard and frozen. The natives, armed with their knives, bows and arrows, together with this frozen bait, proceed in quest of Bruin. As soon as the animal is seen, one of the hunters deliberately charges an arrow at it. The monster, smarting from the unprovoked assault, pursues the party, then in full retreat, until meeting with the frozen blubber, dropped in his path, he swallows it, and continues the pursuit, doubtless fancying that there must be more where it came from. The effects of the chase and the natural heat of the body cause the blubber to thaw, when the whalebone, thus freed, springs back, producing great mischief, and obliging the beast to discontinue the pursuit—he falls down, helpless, writhing in agony, and his existence is soon terminated.—*Lieutenant Armstrong's Expedition to the Arctic.*

ACTIVE PIETY.

The stoutest timber stands on Norwegian rocks, where tempests rage and long, hard winters reign. The muscles are seen most fully developed in the brawny arm that plies the blacksmith's hammer. Even so the most vigorous and healthy piety is that which is the busiest, which has difficulties to battle with, which has its hands full of good works, which has neither time nor room for evil, but, aiming at great things both for God and man, promptly and summarily dismisses temptations with Nehemiah's answer, "I have a great work to do, therefore I cannot come down."—*Guthrie.*

MYSELF.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

THERE it stands, a truly funny title to be sure. But then how could I help it, I should like to know? People, even the least selfish and the most enduring, must sometimes speak and write of themselves. And though I lay claim to neither of the above qualities in any great degree, yet must I also write of myself.

And what about myself? I possessed neither riches nor poverty; therefore, I had what Agur prayed for. I was not handsome, but on the contrary decidedly plain. At the time I write of I was quite young—a mere child, in fact—and lived with two maiden aunts in the country.

There is nothing wonderful in all that, neither is there anything wonderful in my history. I was not a prodigy, according to my aunts' ideas, for I could neither sew nor knit well. I hated both occupations, and I hate them now as cordially as I hated them then. But then I was not ruled with a rod of iron. It was lucky I was not, else I should have rebelled speedily. At stated times each day, I was at liberty to wander at my own "sweet will." And sweet indeed it was to race unseen down those long, green lanes, and to rest under the shadow of some tumble-down wall.

I was neither a quiet child nor a very active one. But I was wonderfully reserved and disliked companionship. The air castles that I built were sufficient companions for me. If there was a childish longing that possessed me more than any other, it was that of travelling. I constantly dreamed of and thirsted to see the lands that my aunts talked of. Therefore the greatest pleasure of my life was to examine and re-examine the curiosities in an old cabinet that stood in what I jestingly called the library. These curiosities came mostly from distant lands, and a great part of them had been collected and brought home by my father, who had been a sea captain.

There were some presented by other travellers to my aunts, which I prized very much. A portion of a cedar of Lebanon from the Mount of Olives, and a piece of the ruins of ancient Carthage interested me more than all the rest. Those had been presented by Captain Dana, a gentleman who was under everlasting obligations to my aunts, at least according to their statements, for some favor or favors received a long time ago. In my secret heart, I envied Captain Dana, for having stood in such sacred places. I would have given ten of the best years of my life

to have stood where he had stood, and seen what he had seen.

I had long ago drawn his portrait in my mind. I fancied him a tall, weather-beaten man, with slightly gray hair, and a frank, good-natured face. All sailors, I thought, are good-natured. And in general I had quite a reverence for those who "go down to the sea in ships," a reverence that had grown with my growth. And this is not strange, when it is remembered that my father was a sea captain.

I was racing down the long, secluded lane, that led to our house, one day, when suddenly, to my extreme dismay, I encountered in a turn of the road, a gentleman on horseback. I was entirely unprepared for any such apparition, and stood for a minute with my bonnet swinging in my hand, gazing earnestly at it. The next moment I had turned and was speeding swiftly down to my favorite hiding-place amongst the alder bushes.

Then I had a chance to wonder who the gentleman could be. It was no one that lived in our vicinity, or that I had ever seen before. It was not Captain Dana, I was very sure of that. So I finally concluded that it was some one come on business, who would go away very soon. But though I watched long from my hiding-place, I saw no one leave the house. What should I do? I was getting more and more hungry every minute, and it was most dinner time. Go in I must, and meet this man, and see him stare ludicrously at me. Well, no matter, I would make the best of it.

I crept up stairs to my own little room, smoothed my hair, and then crept softly down again, not into the parlor, but into the library as I called it, but which was in fact a mere lumber-room for all the old books and old things in the house. I softly opened the door and went in, and lo! there stood the stranger with his face turned from me, coolly overhauling the things in the little cabinet. The bit of cedar I had so much prized was carelessly handled as if it was a mere plaything. I could not bear to see something almost sacred treated so lightly. Still less to think that my father and Captain Dana had collected these things with so much toil and trouble, to be touched by strange hands.

I went softly up to the intruder, and still unnoticed watched him indignantly. I longed to push him away fiercely but did not dare to. He dropped something, stooped to pick it up, and observed me.

I never shall forget that look of confused wonder that rested on me for an instant, and the smile that immediately followed. I liked that

smile, and it was a young, handsome face that was turned towards me.

"Well, little girl, how do you like me?" asked the stranger, coolly.

I was amazed and indignant at this speech, and at the self-possession displayed. The smile and the face were quite forgotten, and I spoke quite the truth when I said, "I do not like you at all, and I wish—"

"Wish what, oddity?"

"That you wouldn't throw those things about so," said I, growing more fearless every minute. "They are curiosities that father and Captain Dana brought home."

"Captain Dana! is he a friend of yours?"

"No, I never saw him, but he knew my father, and he knows my aunts, and I can imagine just how he looks."

"How do you think he looks?" asked the stranger, with an expression that puzzled me.

Unconsciously I was drawn into quite a conversation, and enlarged with some warmth on the supposed cheerful appearance of Captain Dana. I had got so far, when the stranger burst into a loud laugh, but seeing that I was much annoyed, he stopped short.

"I beg your pardon, child, but your description of the old gentleman was so amusing."

Again was my childish heart almost won by that beautiful smile, and the fresh, handsome face. I was just a little sorry when the dinner was announced, even though I had been quite hungry before. I sat down in my usual seat at table, and watched the handsome stranger, as he took his place with the air of an old friend.

"Alice, dear," said Aunt Elizabeth, suddenly, "this is Captain Dana, the friend you have often heard us speak about; he sailed with your father when he was alive."

Was this indeed Captain Dana? What a mistake I had made! Visions of the ludicrous figure I must have cut in his eyes rose constantly in my mind. However, it could not be helped. I was about to escape from the room after dinner, but was recalled by my aunts. Captain Dana was obliged to go away immediately and I must stay to bid him good-by.

I stood looking gloomily from the window, hearing only a confused murmur of voices in the room.

"Good-by, Alice," said Captain Dana, suddenly, as he joined me at the window. "That was quite a bitter but wholesome pill of yours about not liking me. I am sorry you don't, for I like you. I shan't forget that old gentleman. By the way," said he, suddenly, as he reached the door, "do you like curiosities?"

"Yes, very much indeed," I answered.

The next moment I caught a glimpse of that handsome face, as Captain Dana rode slowly down the lane, and then he was out of sight. That face and the smile lived in my memory for years.

And the years went on, bearing my childhood with them. They had been tranquil, pleasant years, but not such as I should look back upon with any feeling of regret. 'Tis a mistaken idea with some, that childhood is the happiest period of one's life. True, pure happiness comes only in later life, when one comes into a knowledge of the realities of living.

Never once through all the years that had passed had I seen Captain Dana. Though often memories of him in the shape of curiosities from distant lands came to me, that showed I was not entirely forgotten.

Time had certainly not improved my beauty; but then that troubled me none, and I wasted no regrets over it. It was one of the subjects, like my lost childhood, that I never spoke about. I was now twenty-one years old, and I resolved to lead a more active life than I had been doing. My old desire for travelling had returned tenfold, but I could not gratify it as yet. It could be only after years of patient industry. And my profession was already chosen, a profession that fascinated me with its brilliancy and its power, and one in which I felt I should succeed.

A few approved and many discouraged. But I was independent of approvals or discouragements. My aunts, who were thoroughly proud of me, found no objections to my course. And so my destiny was fixed, I should become an actress.

Yes, an actress, not for the fame or wealth I should gain, but it was the profession itself that I loved; loved with all the fervor and the power with which I was capable of loving anything. I studied earnestly day and night. My art became a mighty, all-absorbing passion, that left room for nothing else. I must either succeed gloriously, or fail miserably; there could be no medium.

One memory, as I have said, I always bore in my heart. Captain Dana's face was one not easily forgotten, else I should have forgotten it long ago. But I was not romantic enough to suppose that the real, living face would ever come before me again; or if it did, it could be nothing to me.

The evening had come when I should make my entrance into public life. One of the principal characters in a lifelike tragedy was the

part assigned to me, a part which required a deep, calm, concentrated passion to give it its due effect. For the first time in all my life, I stood before an audience, assembled to judge me according to my merits. Calm and self-possessed, I glanced around at the sea of upturned faces. My eyes rested upon one that was not unknown to me, a frank, handsome face, that was for an instant lighted up by a smile apparently at some remark made by a friend. The smile made the picture complete; I should have known Captain Dana's face among thousands.

Now was the time to play my part. I threw a life and soul into my acting, that surprised even myself. It was like a scene in real life to me, and all the passion and the agony I displayed were real. As I ended, applause burst from every part of the house; applause that almost deafened me. Yet my eyes rested only upon one spot in that living mass where a face upreared itself, upon which an expression of unbounded wonder was apparent.

I had succeeded wonderfully, even where I had feared most to fail, and I was safe. A hundred solicitations for new engagements overwhelmed the new star, that had appeared so suddenly in the firmament. But my refusal of all offers only increased the wonder of the world. I would be free a few days longer before I made a second appearance. Like many another I had wakened in the morning and found myself famous, and like those others also, when the novelty of the thing wore off, I was satisfied with the fame I had so suddenly acquired.

I was making such reflections two days after my appearance, when a card was brought to me with the name "Captain Alfred Dana," inscribed upon it. If I had been romantic, I should have liked that name very much. As it was I went down gladly to meet my old friend. I found him standing at the window, gazing thoughtfully out, so thoughtfully that even my step failed to arouse him. He was older-looking, certainly—but then everybody grows old with time; but there was a care-worn expression upon his face, that was new to me. Still I liked the face full as well as I had ever done. He turned round and encountered me.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Earle," said he, holding out his hand, "I was not aware of your presence."

There certainly was no affectation in this; neither had he called with any selfish interest in view, as most of the people who had called to see me lately had done. Therefore I was sincere when I said I was glad to see him.

"I left you a child," observed Captain Dana,

"and I find you a woman, and a very wonderful woman, too. Did you know I had the pleasure of witnessing your triumph the other evening?"

I could not but be sincere. "Yes, I had seen him there."

"Indeed!" was the only reply.

We talked and laughed over his first visit so many years ago, and I seized the opportunity to thank him for the curiosities he had sent me at different times.

"You know I told you that I shouldn't forget you," said Captain Dana, laughing; "I suppose you forgot me long ago."

"No, I remembered you," answered I, quietly.

He looked up instantly and smiled; that same smile had won my childhood's heart. Was my woman's heart insensible to it?

That evening it rained violently. I stood at the window and looked out, but I could see nothing; all was darkness. I was thinking how a love that had lain smouldering in my heart for years, had suddenly burst forth, superseding even the love for my art, which I had considered an all-absorbing passion. People who said I had no feeling for anything but my art, wronged me. I was capable of feeling deeply, but I had self-control enough not to display what was unnecessary. Therefore, this love of mine, which I believed unreturned, my proud heart would thrust back, lest it should interfere with the life I had marked out for myself.

My old habit of building air castles had not quite deserted me. It was a good and glorious life that I had marked out for my feet to tread, and Heaven knows I meant to tread it firmly and unshrinkingly. I had carefully counted all the pain, and the bitterness, and the weary longings that would be likely to beset such a lonely life as I had chosen. Every life has an unwritten record of them. Mine, at least, the world would never know. I thought how often in coming years, I should long to lie down in that same little room, as I did that night, and hear the rain patter on the roof above me. It was such pleasant music to soothe one to sleep.

The days of another week came and went. Captain Dana called to see us often, and I began to esteem his friendship highly. I experienced a sort of painful happiness, if any happiness can be painful, at seeing constantly one whom I had loved, and who was soon to pass from my sight forever; for though not dead to the world, Captain Dana would at least be dead to me.

I had already accepted a brilliant offer, which would oblige me to make my appearance in a

distant city. And the very distance I was to go, was an inducement to me. I should be removed from the sight and sound of earthly things. My aunts were to accompany me to my new home, and our preparations were almost completed for leaving this old home forever.

The night before the time fixed for our departure, in the dim twilight, I ventured out to bid farewell to all the old places. The alder bushes were still there, and the berries hung black and ripe over the brook. At a little distance from them, on a rude seat under the apple tree, I paused to sit down. I caught a glimpse of Captain Dana coming towards me. Well, then and there would I bid him farewell forever. He was evidently troubled about something, and hardly spoke to me. I, too, was unusually silent.

"You are going away, then," said he, at length.

"Yes," I answered, quietly, "I have come to bid farewell to all these places which I shall leave forever."

"Forever is a rash word," said Captain Dana, "I, too, shall leave soon, but I dare not say forever."

"Do you sail soon?" I asked, with increasing interest.

"In a month's time. But I am weary of these voyages."

"Weary! Ah, I never should be weary of journeying."

"Alice!"

I looked up suddenly.

"Does not your chosen life strike you as utterly lonesome? Have you decided well?"

My answer came slowly, "Yes."

"Alice, bear with me one instant longer. Only one more question that I have hitherto delayed because of the agony that I felt sure your answer would bring me. But I must and will ask it now. Have I—can I ever hope to have any power to alter your decision?"

But I neither answered nor moved. Again that appeal.

"Alice!"

How was it, that I always was sincere in speaking to Captain Dana? From the depths of my heart came the word, "Yes."

And then and there, in utter forgetfulness of the glorious life I had chosen, I pledged myself forever, and forever was not a rash word.

I went away, but not to that distant city. I have stood, but not alone, upon glorious places in other lands. My feet have even trod holy ground, and I have seen the sun rise and set over the Mount of Olives. Now, in my quiet home, with all that is near and dear to me beside

me, and with an ever unflinching trust in the Providence that rules all things for the best, I write this record of MYSELF.

A BOY-PICTURE.

Here is a good boy-picture. We know the original—several of them. They love to get in the dirt—they don't mind about clothes, and can't tell their mothers how they tore them—they lose their books coming from school—the cold doesn't affect them—in the spring they play ball, and play at marbles in the gutter—in the summer they fly kites, and after every circus they try standing on their heads. Snow is a delight to them, and they pop snow-balls at clever people who don't look as if they would get cross:—

"There's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unheeded, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun;
And in his clear and ruddy smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepresed by sadness;
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness."

New York Independent.

RUSSIAN LEATHER.

None of the European or American artisans in leather have yet been able to produce an article equal in quality to that which is sent forth from the Russian workshops. Its power in resisting decay in damp situations and its freedom from the attacks of insects and fungi, are remarkable. It is prepared by tanning the skins of calves, sheep, and goats with a warm decoction of red sanders wood, and afterwards applying by a currying process an empyreumatic oil obtained by distillation from the bark of the birch tree, which gives it its agreeable odor. The hair is said to be loosened by a weak wood-ash lye, of which the active principle is carbonate of potash. The process of manipulation, as carried on in Russia, produces inferior quality when practised in other countries.—*Scientific American.*

GOOD ADVICE.

C. G. Leland, in a recent essay, after speaking of a poem in which a lady tells her poor lover, who proposes marriage, that "she will wait for the carriage," says, "But don't wait for the carriage, now don't! There's a story in Northcote's Fables of a crane that went fishing, and successively rejected roach, dace, pike and salmon, waiting all the time for something a little better, and had to dine on a spoil clam after all. And many a lady has waited for the carriage, and waited, and waited, and had to put up with a poor donkey in the end!"

Boston Courier.

WISDOM.

Love built a stately house; where fortune came,
And spinning fancies, she was heard to say
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame;
Whereas they were supported by the same,
But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.

Hazlitt.

SONNET.

BY JOHN H. BAXLEY.

The woodsman with his sharpened blade
 Hews down the *sad* tree,
 Which, like the Christian meek and staid,
 Forgives its enemy,
 And scatters fragrance on and round
 The axe that's raised to give the wound
 And it destroy.
 The sweetbrier wounds the hasty hand
 That's stretched to seize a rose,
 And then sends forth, by zephyr's fanned,
 Rich perfume on its foes;
 So human life has goods and ills,
 Bitter and sweet, and love which thrills
 Our souls with joy.

LUCY ATHERTON.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"Down! down! wild heart! cease thy throb-
 bings—let me have peace once more, or let
 me die!"

"Hush, hush, Edward," said a soft voice near
 him, "look for peace where only peace is to be
 found—in a good conscience."

"Do you, too, accuse me, Adeline?" asked
 the young man, fiercely. "Little did I think,
 when I came here to-night, that my only sister
 would throw reproach upon me."

"Nor do I, Edward," said the girl, tenderly.
 "I would not reproach you for the world, but
 think back a few weeks, and try to look upon
 your own conduct as if it were another's; and
 then imagine whether you would have consider-
 ed it right in another man, to leave an innocent
 girl to be censured by the world, because a vil-
 lain like John Manton reports evil things of her-
 self and her noble old father. Why, Edward,
 when I see Mr. Delano's white hairs, and think
 how nearly that wretch has brought them down
 with sorrow to the grave, I tell you I sometimes
 wish I was a man, that I might stand up and
 plead for them before the world."

As the speaker laid her delicate hand upon her
 brother's shoulder, she seemed to grow taller, and
 her whole figure to expand, with the emotions
 which filled her young heart. She was a fair,
 slight creature, and might be a little above sev-
 enteen. Her small head was perfect in its shape,
 and crowned with the most beautiful hair. Her
 fine eyes, of a soft, grayish hue, were lighted up
 with feeling, and her red lips quivered with
 excitement.

"You battle well, for your friends, Adeline,"
 said her brother. "I could almost think that
 Herman Delano had been telling you the story of

his sister's wrongs, attributing them all to me.
 By Heaven, if you dare to encourage that fellow,
 after what he has said of me, I will never speak
 to you again!"

Adeline burst into tears. "Edward, you are
 too unjust to me. When did I ever encourage
 Herman Delano? Was it not when you, your-
 self, had brought him to our house, told me he
 was the dearest friend you had in the wide world,
 and said again and again, that you would be
 happy and proud to call him your brother? And
 now because John Manton, a creature who is
 stained with vice and infamy, tries to blacken
 with shame a family whose members you have
 known and loved for years, you turn against
 them too. How can you bear to look upon Mary
 Delano's drooping figure, and pale, spiritless
 countenance, and feel that you have helped
 to quell the beautiful spirit that had so trusted
 you? And as I said before, no one could look
 for a moment on Mr. Delano's white hair and
 noble brow, without feeling that he was immeas-
 urably above the mean souls around him; and
 believe me, Edward, what he is, his children are
 too—good and noble. There is not a more in-
 nocent creature in the world than Mary; and I
 believe in Herman Delano's truth, as I believe
 in God, in Nature, in the Bible! Not more ear-
 nestly do I have faith in the eternal and im-
 mutable truth which comes to us from all these, than
 I believe in his virtue and his nobleness of soul."

"You are in earnest, Addie. Would that
 you could inspire me with my old faith in the
 family."

"And so you will be inspired, Edward, when
 this chain of miserable, wretched falsehoods is
 broken. Have I not seen Mr. Delano's eye flash
 with indignation, when John Manton has come
 into his presence, because he knew him for a
 walking, breathing, living falsehood? Have I
 not seen Mary go away, with a look of such
 scorn, as might almost have scorched him? And
 if you will force me to talk of Herman, have I
 not heard such biting sarcasms on his lip, when
 John Manton was present, as to make me know
 and feel, that had he not been a coward, he
 would have resented them?"

"Well, Addie, here comes Aunt Lucy, does
 she know of this matter?"

"Not by my telling, I assure you."

"Suppose then, that we lay the case before
 her, and get her opinion. She has had some ex-
 perience of those Mantons, and I should like to
 hear what she would say about them."

The lady who entered the room where the
 brother and sister were, was a majestic-looking
 being. Though somewhat advanced in life,

she had not yet lost that graceful ease which in her youth had characterized Lucy Atherton. A severe disappointment, at that sensitive age when "Time goes smiling by, with diamonds in his glass," had but kept her heart in its original purity and freshness. Robert Kingman lay asleep in his early found grave beneath the lime trees of Bermuda, but his image was in Lucy Atherton's heart, as fresh and beautiful as on the morning when she saw his white sail recede till it became a mere speck on the ocean wave; and henceforth that heart became the repository only of things good and pure. She lived only by doing good to all who came within her reach, and to none did she dispense her blest influence more freely, than to these two children of her love, Edward and Adeline Atherton. When the sorrow came that destroyed her young hopes, their father took her to his home; and her presence there had proved a blessing and a happiness to all within it.

Edward Atherton and Herman Delano had met each other abroad, and they came back together. Almost immediately after their return, the latter had introduced Edward to his sister, at a concert, and her gentle, innocent manners and sweet young face had filled his waking and sleeping thoughts. He had taken his only sister, Adeline, to visit her, and his attachment to her was well known in the circles where both families visited. Herman Delano liked his friend's sister, as one would like a playful and beautiful child. He did not comprehend the depths of her heart and understanding. She was a noble-hearted girl—passionate, when roused, but with all generous emotions springing up at the slightest sense of wrong to another.

John Manton was distantly related to the Athertons. He was an only child, wayward, and of a violent temper. His father, dying before he was quite of age, left him and his large property in charge of Mr. Atherton; a charge he unwillingly accepted. His own children were then very young, and he felt that young Manton's influence on his son might be very injurious. But it was his friend's dying request that he would save John from the consequences of a defective training, and, pitying his distress at leaving him, he promised.

As Edward grew up, he was within the sphere of John Manton a great deal more than Mr. Atherton liked. John was independent in a moneyed sense; and as Mr. Atherton, when his charge over him had ceased, could not well deny him his house, he soon tried to initiate Edward into ways which his father disapproved. It was therefore a great pleasure to Mr. Atherton, when

the business of the firm in which he had placed his son required some one to go to Europe for several months; and his only care now was to keep Manton, if possible, from accompanying him, which he half-resolved to do.

It was on Edward's return, that John Manton first saw Mary Delano; and he determined then, that he would win her in spite of Edward Atherton's evident attachment to her. He besieged her with presents which she refused, with letters that she returned; and the innocent girl, unable to disguise her feelings, showed him in every way how much she disliked and despised him, and his aimless, objectless life, devoted only to luxury and dissipation.

Stung to the quick, he took measures to be revenged; and, step by step, he accomplished his object. Mary's father had been very rich, but was now reduced in circumstances; so that he felt no compunction in ruining the character of a poor man. John Manton had a great regard for wealthy people; but here was a fair field, and even Herman Delano was not greatly feared by him, although he had cowered once or twice under the clear, honest gaze of Herman's eye.

So it was not long before reports were circulated, involving the father's honesty and the daughter's innocence; for Manton found willing tools to do his bidding, and the stories gained ground every day, until Mary began to notice that some of her acquaintances passed her by without recognizing her; and her father went to his daily toil in a bank, where he received a mere pittance, meeting people who turned coldly away without speaking.

Through one of her father's servants, whom John Manton had often tried to employ in his schemes against the Delanoes, Adeline Atherton learned enough to make her suspect that the reports that soon reached her ear, originated in Manton's revengeful temper; and she imparted her suspicions to Mary and her father.

Edward had been absent some weeks on business, and, on his return, was met by a friend who, not knowing how he stood with the family, related all he had heard.

Edward was like a madman when he returned to his father's house; and not all Adeline's representations could induce him to do justice in his heart to the injured family. He had such a nice sense of honor, that he could not bear to have even the name of the woman he loved spoken in public places. How was it then when that name was coupled with dishonor and John Manton in the same breath! How was it, when he saw her pass along the street, with her white-haired father by her side, and heard from vulgar

lips the scornful jest, and marked the cruel sneer that followed them!

Again he returned to Adeline for sympathy. Young as she was, she proved stronger and firmer than her brother; he was subdued to the weakness of a child, and could not even struggle against the new sorrow which had come upon him; or the rage which possessed him. Adeline had not breathed a word to her aunt; and when that lady entered she was amazed at her nephew's appearance. His face was worn and haggard, and his eyes swollen and blood-shot.

"Keep calm, children," were her first words, "I will ferret out this abominable falsehood. Let no one stir in the matter but myself."

Do not think, for a moment that Aunt Lucy was a bustling, fidgetty sort of person, concerning herself, as a matter of curiosity, in people's affairs of the heart. Far from it. She breathed serene airs into every household within her influence. She was calm and dignified, dispensing advice only where her gentle ways had induced men and women to ask it; and the rudest and roughest grew softer and more civilized in her presence.

Chance seemed to favor her present determination. She had dearly loved the gentle Mary Delano, for no one came nearer her idea of what a woman should be. Mary's father was her true friend also, and she would have sacrificed much to free from any suspicion the parent of one so dear to her as Mary.

No one, not even Mary, knew that Mr. Delano had offered himself and his fortune, in the days of his prosperity, to Aunt Lucy. It was in the first year of his bereavement, and Lucy Atherton was more shocked than flattered at the idea of so soon being asked to fill the place of her deceased friend; for, although the younger members of the family were unknown to each other until Edward's European tour, she, at least, was no stranger to the Delanoes. Still, the refusal with which she had pained and mortified the father, had caused a cessation of intercourse, which continued until the brother's intimacy commenced with Edward. She had looked on with pleasure, and watched the progress which Addie was making towards loving Herman Delano; for she felt that the son was following the footsteps of the father; and she knew that the motherless girl would need just such a protector as he would be to her.

The evening on which the conversation between Edward and his sister took place was pleasant and serene, and Aunt Lucy determined to enjoy it to the utmost. She was fond of lonely walks, and she bent her steps toward a green

lane skirted by magnificent oaks, which had been the scene, to her, of many rambles with him from whom she had been so early divided. She had gained the summit of a hill which overlooked a scene of surpassing beauty, and her thoughts had been turned away from the subject occupying them when she left the house, when, looking down into the little valley, she saw John Manton walking hastily over the path she had just passed. She watched him until he entered a small cottage which stood half-hid among the trees.

Presently he came out, accompanied by a young girl, whom Aunt Lucy knew to be Bessie Hartley, the daughter of the owner of the small house. David Hartley was a wood-cutter; had always lived at the entrance of this forest, and his daughter kept house for him. She was a plump, fresh, good-looking maiden, and had been engaged to half the young farmers round the village, but she would not hear of being married to any one of them. And she carried off the palm as village coquette.

Miss Atherton saw the pair stop, and supposed that John Manton had been employing her in her occupation of straw-braider, for she noticed that he wore a large straw hat; and she saw him give her money, as she thought, when he parted from her at the entrance of the wood.

Sauntering back, through the pathway that led from the woods, he passed behind the rock against which Miss Atherton had seated herself, reading a letter as he walked. Still concealed from his view, she heard him say, "Why, Herman Delano is a fool, to believe that he can touch any one that talks about his father." A few minutes after, she again heard him mutter something about Bess being a good girl, if she did not lie to him so confoundedly; and then he wound up with a half-expressed threat of revenge upon Mary. He started when he saw her, and for a moment seemed disconcerted; but recovering his usual assurance, he accosted her with a pleasant good evening, and passed on.

"Hope that old maid did not hear me," said he, almost before he got out of hearing.

Aunt Lucy felt that she had some clue to the stories that were circulated in the neighborhood, and she arose from her seat, intending to go round by Hartley's, and talk with Bessie, if possible. In doing this, she could pass by Mr. Delano's house, and in passing, she saw Mary at the window.

Mary flew to the door and called to her friend; and Lucy Atherton, blushing and excited, entered Mr. Delano's house for the first time. Mary, who did not know the cause of her friend's ex-

citement, could not account for the tremor she manifested. The room was shaded, and she did not see that another person sat in the dim twilight. It was Mr. Delano. He recognized her, and came forward to greet her. Spite of her habitual serenity, Miss Atherton trembled as Mr. Delano pressed her hand.

"This is kind in you, Miss Atherton," he said, but Lucy did not hear his words, for her eyes were fixed upon the white locks which were so black when he had asked her to be his wife.

She murmured some indistinct sentences, in which troubled tones might be distinguished, and seated herself in a dim corner; but Mary dragged her out, and would bring her into the light and show her their beautiful Provence roses, and the splendid carnations which Herman had brought her from English gardens; and this brought the afternoon to a close.

When Aunt Lucy rose to go, Mary playfully tossed her bonnet on her head, and prepared to accompany her. Mr. Delano rose also and took his hat. On the steps they met Herman, who turned back with them; and as he took Mary's hand under his arm, he whispered in her ear, "*Let father for once, wait on a lady home.*"

They walked on silently at first, but before they parted, Mr. Delano had said, "Miss Atherton, I once asked you to be my wife, and you refused. I thought you proud and haughty then, but God knows how thankful I am now, that a wife does not share my poverty, nor feel the dishonor that has fallen upon my name."

"You distress me, Mr. Delano, by referring to the past. If, by conquering the feeling that I was ~~taking the place of~~ my beloved friend too soon, I had become your wife, do you think so meanly of me, as that I would not have borne my part cheerfully in any burden you might have been called to bear? Believe me, it was not pride, but a tender feeling towards the dead, that influenced me—" She stopped short, for she felt that she was committing herself.

"Say that once more, my friend! It is long since I heard such words from mortal lips, of tenderness for me and mine. And yet," he added, mournfully, "they come too late, too late."

Suddenly Aunt Lucy dropped his arm, as a thought which seemed too great for utterance filled her mind, but she made an effort to repress it, and bidding him good night, she went in, and, in five minutes, was locked within her room. She opened her window and inhaled the smell of the roses, and looked up at the quiet stars. Her thoughts went back to the time when Mr. Delano had asked her to share his fortune; and her resolution was formed.

"I have wealth enough for both—for all," she said, "and I will share it with him. If he suffers in public opinion now, from falsehoods that others have disseminated, how better can they be refuted, than by my showing I disbelieve them? Surely, they will not think," she added, proudly, "that Lucy Atherton would marry a man whose name could truly be dishonored."

There was true heroism in Lucy Atherton's resolve, for not yet had her early love been forgotten. But she stood so much upon her own approbation, and so little upon that of the world, that she feared not to do what some women might not dare. She did not sleep much that night; and early next morning, Mr. Delano received a note from her, which ran thus:

"I know that what I am about to write, would be looked at with astonishment by some, and with contempt by many. Let that pass. I once received an offer of your hand, and, as I told you, I refused it because I thought it too soon after my friend's death. I looked back, too, to an early grave, where laid the beloved of my youthful days. But for other reasons, which I do not choose to speak of, I will say, that if your heart is unchanged, if you still believe that Lucy Atherton can be to you, in any degree, what Mary Trevor was, I will be to you all that I can."

After despatching this note, Lucy Atherton walked down to the edge of the woods to see Bessie Hartley. She saw the girl, watching apparently for some one, and entering into conversation with her, she soon gained her confidence. In half an hour, yielding to Lucy's gentle words and manner, Bessie had told her of John Manton's promise to herself and her father, that if they would report certain things respecting Mary Delano, he would marry Bessie in six months. Bessie wept bitterly when Lucy kindly told her how utterly unlikely such a marriage could be, and described to her what a character John Manton was. She told her how wicked she had been, to injure a family so good and kind as the Delanos, and begged her to expose the falsehood, assuring her that she should come to no harm. Her suggestions prevailed with the poor girl, as soon as she could be made to see John Manton in his true light, and she promised to repair the wrong, if possible. * * *

Lucy Atherton was married—married in church, openly, before the assembled Sabbath congregation. No one knew but herself and her husband, how it was brought about, but every one seemed pleased; and Mr. Delano, despite his whitened hair, looked more youthful than he had done for years. Two years afterwards, a double wedding was celebrated in the same place, and the happiness of each and all was gratefully attributed to Aunt Lucy.

THE VISION IN THE NIGHT.

BY WILLIS E. FAVOR.

My hand was on my forehead pressed;
 My mind, in thought's majestic car
 Was whirling to the realms afar,
 Through avenues of dire unrest.

My heart was throbbing quick and warm;
 Pulsating as if on my face
 The fever-demon held its place,
 And kept wild revel through my form.

Faded the pictures from the wall,
 And vanished from their dusty shelves
 The books whose writers traced themselves
 Therein. And though I did not call

There came in stately march to me
 The mighty of the elder world;
 On me their fiery glance they hurled,
 And asked me why I bent the knee.

I cowered as if in disgrace;
 I had no heart to ask "how long,"
 Or what the mission of the throng
 That filled the arches of the place.

In my dumb awe I did not see
 How on each forehead there did shine
 The words that were to be a sign
 To all the outer world through me.

The lessons that the past did teach,
 My stubborn heart refused to read,
 No single symbol did I heed
 By which the human heart to reach.

So all was lost, and when again
 I trod the outer world, no sign
 Showed I had learned a truth divine,
 My stubborn heart would not retain.

GRAY FLETCHER.

BY ZELLE C. WOODMAN.

"Alas for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun."

"WHAT a zealous champion you are, Gertrude," said her cousin, Grace Arlington. "See, Mr. Butterfly, her eyes dilate, her cheek is flushed, her lip trembles, and all because we choose to indulge in a bit of scandal at the expense of her protegee. Take care, young lady, one should not ruin one's self in endeavoring to reform unknown gentlemen. What do you say, Mr. Butterfly?"

The gentleman addressed, who sat twirling his watchchain around his fingers, replied, in a conceited manner:

"Ah, Miss Glenhem, bettah heed the advice of Miss Grace; a young lady's character is extremely delicate—'pon my honor 'tis."

Gertrude Glenhem turned toward Broomfield Butterfly with a face flashing scorn and contempt, which plainly said, who are you, thus to intrude your advice? Then as if repressing her indignation, she replied bitterly:

"Yes, a lady, be she ever so delicate, may associate with a young man if he has only a standing in society; that is to say, if all the respectable men and women in the community uphold him in his iniquity; but if a man chances to be unfortunate in life, and claims your sympathy and assistance, then, surely, virtue draws her immaculate garments closely around her for fear of contamination, upon the principle that when a man commences going down hill, it's always praiseworthy to render him a little assistance."

"You're a brave pleader for so fair a one," said Mr. Butterfly, in a tone of sarcastic raillery.

Gertrude rose to take her departure; she would deign no further reply, when a pleasant old gentleman, with a merry twinkle playing around his eyes, issued from an adjoining room where he had evidently overheard the conversation which was passing between his daughter Grace and her morning caller, Mr. Butterfly. Holding out his hands to prevent Gertrude's escape, he cried:

"There, my bird, I've caught you, now tell me, pretty one, what troubles you?"

Gertrude raised an imploring look to her uncle's face, from out her tearful eyes, but he obstinately would not allow her to pass.

"Dear Uncle Joshua," said she, at length, beseechingly, "do let this unpleasant subject drop. It was very foolish in me to notice it."

"Not so foolish perhaps, child," replied he, good humoredly; "but tell me who is the young man in question, you can at least reply to that?"

"Ah, papa, to relieve my cousin's embarrassment, I will answer for her," said Grace, with a sneer. "It's no less a personage than young Gray Fletcher, who has recently come to town, hung out a newly-painted sign as 'Attorney and Counsellor at Law'; but is unfortunately followed by reports which seem likely to ruin his success in business. How he can have awakened such an interest in Gertrude is beyond my comprehension. To be sure, he's a noble looking youth, but vice hides itself under the most pleasing forms," she added in a voice of virtuous warning.

"Perhaps," said Butterfly, in an undertone, "they may have met in their moonlight walks."

"Who knows but the old elm is their trysting place?" replied Grace, in the same tone.

"And has Gertrude not a right to defend the young man?" inquired Mr. Abington.

"An undoubted right, sir," replied Butterfly, smiling aside to Miss Grace.

"I think she uttered a very true remark just now, young man, that when a person commences going down hill, enough stand ready to give him a kick," replied Mr. Abington, with considerable severity. "Pray tell me," he continued, "has Gray Fletcher a fine personal appearance, moustaches, and the like, that interfere with any one's plans; or has he not lavished his attentions enough upon the feminine portion of community to ensure a good word from them?"

"I have never seen him, papa, neither do I wish to," said immaculate virtue, in the person of Miss Grace.

"And I regard him rather dubiously," said Mr. Butterfly, as if he were a die-away echo; his face, or so much of it as was visible, assuming a delicate roseate hue.

"Come here, Gertrude, my dear, and tell me why you've taken so great an interest in the person in question," said Mr. Abington, his countenance relaxing into a sunny smile.

"I'm not aware of being so very deeply interested, uncle, as I know nothing personally of him; I heard him quite generally discussed at the school of scandal, versus the sewing society."

"And did Miss Tittle say he was a very immoral youth?" said Mr. Abington, with a mock sanctimonious air.

"Worse than that," replied Gertrude, laughing, "she said she hardly dared think, much less say, the terrible things she had heard of him."

"And probably, Gertrude, within the next five minutes, she rehearsed the whole story, with embellishments to order, and her heart ached that it was no worse. These women are strange animals," concluded Uncle Joshua, with a sly wink, and shake of the head.

"Strange animals indeed," repeated Gertrude. "Do you know, uncle, I think there's hardly a worthy woman in the world?"

"Not quite so bad as that, I hope, child, though to confess the truth, women are strangely going out of fashion, and ladies of nondescript manufacture take their place. But you haven't yet told me why you take so great an interest in Gray Fletcher. Come, young lady, own up; don't think to cheat your old uncle, own up."

"Well, Father Confessor," replied Gertrude, laughing—but not however until she had assured herself that her Cousin Grace and the Butterfly had flown to more congenial quarters—"in the first place, he's a young man, and just commencing business, and should be encouraged; secondly, if he endeavors to do well here, why should past follies be raked up and hurled in his

face, leaving him no chance for that repentance he may be so ardently desiring? And thirdly, is it not better to believe good of a person until you are forced to do otherwise?"

"Where's the fourthly, Gertie?"

"Well, fourthly, uncle, every one seems against him, and it strikes me he should have at least one defender."

"Your heart's in the right place, are you sure of it?"

"Yes, Uncle Joshua, anatomically and affectionally," replied Gertrude, laughing.

"It doesn't go pitipat when you hear his name mentioned?"

"No, but beats as coolly as now, hear it—ono, two, three, isn't that slow and regular?"

"You're all right, never were in love, I suppose, never had any flirtations, you're above all this fol-de-rol. Yes, Gertrude, you're a right sensible woman, upon my soul; you're the first genuine article I've seen this many a day. A weak fellow always enlists the sympathy of a woman, and the deeper a youngster sinks in sin, the more anxious she is to draw him out. Don't I know, child; didn't I have a mother who clung to me, years and years ago, through scenes which would make your young cheek pale? I'm Judge Abington now, Gertie, people seem to have forgotten my early misdeeds. It's wonderful how money and influence help that thing along. But let me tell you, the remembrance of my youthful follies has left a tender spot in my old heart. I don't look at a chap now, and say, you've sinned, and you may go to tophet for all I care. If I can, I give him a cheery word or two, and a cordial slap on the back, and try to set him all right again."

"O, uncle, but you are so good and kind."

"Don't tell me that, you little minx," said Uncle Joshua, a tear-drop glistening in his eye. "I believe my soul you're going to kiss me, run away, you'll tread on my gouty toe."

Gertrude declared over and over she had not the slightest idea of committing such an attack; but her uncle, after ordering her to a distant part of the room, continued:

"Now, young lady, how are we going to help this persecuted youth? That's the practical part of it, for I assure you, if he's fallen into the hands of the tea-loving part of the community, they'll never rest till he's stripped of his virtues as dry as a picked chicken bone."

"O, uncle!"

"You may 'O, uncle,' as much as you please, it's just as I say, some people had by half rather believe evil of a person than good, that's the world's charity; you've heard of the weather's

being as cold as charity when it was right freezing times, haven't you? What do you think, child, couldn't I run in and see the young man, have a little business, so that he wouldn't mistrust me? I could tell what he was in a twinkling. I'm shrewd, you know; if I find he's got one good trait, I'll put him in the way to have more. Wont Judge Abington's name go a little way towards silencing the scandal of the town?"

Gertrude's expressive countenance indicated the pleasure she felt at this unlooked for assistance.

"Uncle Joshua," she said, "I know you'll be blessed for your kindness to others."

"My kindness, you young flatterer, shall I be doing more than my duty? Hang me, doesn't the Bible teach Christian forgiveness? Don't I sin semi-occasionally myself? We pray, forgive us our trespasses as we forgive others; bless you, child, if God took us at his word, and extended his charity and forgiveness no further than most of his creatures, where should we land at last? I tremble to think of it. There isn't much heart work now-a-days. I think anatomists must find that organ small, if indeed they find it at all."

"But, uncle, you're unusually severe to-day."

"I've seen enough of the world to make me severe; I'm behind the scenes. I notice all the wire-pullers by which worldly people are influenced, and made to turn this way and that, like jumping jacks. But good morning, my dear, you're so agreeable and sensible I should have spent the morning with you, had not the ticking of my watch at this moment reminded me that 'time and tide wait for no man.'" Here, with a comical bow he left the room; but not the hall, until he had popped in his head upon Gertrude, to inform her that he would see to her young man during the day.

The deepening twilight threw shadows over the lonely office tenanted by Gray Fletcher. It would have been dreary enough, had not the setting sun sent a warm, cheering glow through an opened blind. The golden beams momentarily flushed the young man's face, then fading away, left him pale and sad as before. He was seated before a low desk, upon which lay a weighty volume of the law. A dry pen by the side of an unopened inkstand, together with the general appearance of the room, indicated that business had not been very brisk for that day at least.

"O, dear," said he at length, to himself, pressing his hand upon his forehead, "four weeks, and I've not received a single call. There's my

sign, newly painted, no one seems to notice it. I can't live without work. Let me see, just two dollars in my pocket-book, all I own in the world, and no prospect of getting more. Not a very flattering state of things; and yet I've heard it said that God will help those who try to help themselves. I'm losing faith in that, for haven't I tried to help myself since—"

"Since what?" inquired a voice within him. Here the young man uttered a deep groan.

"Since I exiled myself from friends and home, and became to the world a vagabond and a wanderer. O, I see how it is, I'm branded, yes, with the seal of Cain. Can it be possible?" He uttered these words in a low, startled voice. "Is it possible that my past sins follow me to this quiet place? It seems to me I've noticed within a week or two, that some have leered curiously at me, young Dow in particular. I've fancied, too, they shrank from me as the virtuous shrink from the erring. If so, O, my God, whither shall I flee?"

At this moment his distress became insupportable, and seizing his hat he rushed into the open air. One by one, the gentle stars stole out, and twinkled lovingly above. Then the moon poured forth a flood of mellowed radiance, even upon him, poor and forsaken as he was by the world, yet not by God; not by the living, breathing, natural world. The flowers shrank not from his touch, but raised their fair and blushing faces to meet his gaze, and shed their perfume even upon his way. There seemed a soothing influence rising from the great heart of nature, which met and sympathized, and calmed his troubled soul. He turned to walk upon a rural bridge which led from the town. The moon threw her rays sparkling down upon the stream as though ten thousand spirits had cast the feathers from their silvery wings upon its surface. He gazed upon the lovely scene. There seemed a voice within him to say, "Gray Fletcher, you have sinned, but go—by a lifetime of virtue make atonement for that sin! Live a better man, and God will help you." He turned back to his office; a new spirit appeared to have taken possession of him. He was a calmer, better, more hopeful man.

"Ah," he said, "it's hard to suffer for the sins of a reckless youth, but I'll not be broken-hearted. I'll live it down, with God's help." And dashing a tear from his burning cheek, he seated himself before an open volume of Blackstone. A moment he pored over its pages, but was quickly aroused by the footsteps of some one approaching his room. "What," thought he, "is it possible I'm about to have a client." His

heart and hopes rose higher and higher within him, as the new-comer neared his office, and when, indeed a rap summoned him to the door, he was almost breathless with excitement.

"How do you do?" inquired a pleasant voice. "I suppose this must be Mr. Fletcher, whom I address."

"Yes, sir, take a seat, sir; you have the advantage of me. I could not call you by name, although I think I've seen you before"

"Abington, sir, a brother lawyer," replied Judge Abington, for he it was, who had thus suddenly made his appearance.

"Ah, sir," returned Gray Fletcher, with a flush of glad surprise, "Judge Abington, whose office is but a few steps from here."

"The same," replied the judge, "and I want to get you, if possible, that is if you've not already too much business on your hands, to accompany me to Ludlow. Court sets to-morrow, and being pretty full just now, I'd like an assistant for a few days."

Gray Fletcher could hardly articulate a reply for pleasure, but hastily checking himself, lest too great willingness would imply scarcity of work at home, replied slowly:

"Let me see, to-morrow, no, I'm not busy to-morrow, and shall be able to attend to your wishes, with many thanks for your kind preference."

"No matter about that, Mr. Fletcher, I know by my own experience that young lawyers are not usually very much hurried by business the first few months, therefore I ventured to call upon you."

"And for which I'm greatly obliged, Judge Abington, for to confess the truth, business has not yet been very brisk with me." A cloud of sadness gathered upon the forehead of Gray, but was quickly dispelled by the pleasant voice of Mr. Abington, who, rising to leave, cordially extended his hand to Mr. Fletcher, and fixing his gray eyes upon him, said cheerily:

"Don't be discouraged, young man, success doesn't come in an hour; keep up a stout heart, and if you need a good word spoken for you, just send over to me, perhaps I can lend a helping hand—like to give a young man a start. Have been through the mill; hang it, it's hard, but it grinds out good qualities, though. Good day, good day, my young friend." With these kind words Mr. Abington bustled out of the room, leaving Gray Fletcher in a maze of bewilderment.

What could all this mean, he thought, as soon as his scattered senses would allow him to think. Why it seemed like a dream: Judge Abington,

the leading man of the town, had paid him a visit, and actually engaged his services. Poor youth, he was overcome with mingled feelings of joy and gratitude, and leaning his head upon his hands, he wept. Yes, man that he was, he wept. So susceptible is the heart of man to kindness. After the first emotions of surprise and pleasure had fled, his mind passed into a state of sober reflection.

"Judge Abington's visit will give me a start directly," thought he. "There's young Dow, who has been trying to injure me for the last week, and who has treated me so contemptuously, will notice and wonder at my being at court with the judge; and if the judge can patronize me, others will."

Ah, how much tenderer, and more hopeful was his heart now than it had previously been. If he had done wrong, how deeply he repented of it, and promised to himself and his God, over and over, that he would never prove himself unworthy the confidence Mr. Abington had reposed in him. He was not a vagabond now, all the confidence of happier days revived, and Gray Fletcher stood erect in the nobility of manliness; a sinner, but repentant. Marvellous indeed, in their effect were the words of kindness which had been spoken. He moved briskly around his little room; took down a coat that had seen better days, brushed it, and hanging it upon the back of a chair, viewed it from every possible direction: after due deliberation he concluded it would pass muster, as indeed it must, for where would a new one come from? His hat, too, was burnished and reburnished, until the nap seemed in danger of suffering serious injury; for, seemingly unmindful of his work, he labored away vigorously for many minutes, as if at every stroke he were brushing a load of care away.

But while Gray Fletcher's soul was filled to the brim with joy and thankfulness, little Miss Tittle, a spinster, who occupied a dwelling opposite the office, was engaged in a strange wonderment as to the whys and wherefores of Judge Abington's visit.

"Who ever heard of such a thing?" said she, to her confidential friend, Hannah. "If the judge haint been in that office this long time, and he comes down all smiles. What on earth does it mean? He knows Gray Fletcher's a forger, doesn't he? If not, some one ought to tell him of it. Fletcher shouldn't be countenanced by virtuous people; he ought to be made to feel that the way of transgressors is hard. What, Hannah, do you suppose I'd be seen speaking to a forger?" And she raised her eyes to heaven, expressive of virtuous indignation.

"Well, Sarah," replied Hannah, "you know the judge never had much principle in such matters. Don't you remember that girl that was around town trying to get sewing, and that looked so pale and sad? No one helped her, you know; why should they, every one said she was a ruined girl? Well, what does the judge do but send her to his sister, and told her if she hadn't any one else to look to, she might depend upon him; and then the little hypocrite cried, and said she was so thankful, and she'd always been alone in the world, and never'd had a friend, and made such a fuss that the judge cried too, and pretty times they had. I guess Mrs. Abington and Grace wished the girl was in the bottom of the Red Sea. I heard all the news from Sarah Rankin, that done plain sewing at the house. It's my opinion the judge is an old fool, and I shall believe it, too, if he takes any notice of Gray Fletcher—the vagabond. If I was a man I'd ride him out of town."

What Gray Fletcher had done to provoke the ire of the spinsters in question, was unknown, unless, perhaps, he had neglected to return the oglings and smirks which they had lavished upon him from an opposite window. But certain it was, if Judge Abington was disposed to assist him, the maidens felt in duty bound to counteract his kindness, so far as lay in their power. And, gentle reader, no one can tell what may be accomplished, when a tongue is put in motion, to which in swiftness, a trip-hammer bears no comparison.

"What the deuce does it mean?" said young Dow, to a friend with whom he was walking. "Last week at court, who was there with the judge but that notorious Gray Fletcher? The judge knows him, for didn't I take special pains to inform his daughter, Grace, all I knew upon the subject? And I was pretty correctly informed."

Dow had forgotten at the time the five hundred dollars bail his own poor father had been obliged to give for him. But then that matter had been hushed up, as good luck would have it; and he felt only the more obliged to hold up as a warning, all sinning fellow-men. Passing strange that those who live in glass houses will throw stones. But in spite of Dow, and all other malicious scandalisms, Fletcher's star was evidently in the ascendant. The judge, to tell the truth, liked the young man, and was bent on doing him a good turn.

"Well, Gertie, I've seen your young man," said Mr. Abington, as he entered the room where she was sitting, after his interview with Gray Fletcher.

"And what do you think of him?" inquired she, anxiously.

"Think of him, chick! O, he's an old scapegrace."

Gertrude's countenance saddened. "Then he was really unworthy?" she replied.

"Come here, young lady," said her uncle, holding out both hands to her; "now tell me, is all your anxiety pure, sheer disinterestedness?"

"Pray, what else could it be, uncle? Can't a woman have sympathy and charity without being in love? Isn't there such a thing as mercy in the world? O, if I were an artist, I'd paint Mercy as an angel, pleading before Justice for a sinner, until the tear should glisten in the eye of Justice, and every sin be washed away and forgotten, and encircling the whole I'd have engraven in letters of burning gold, 'Forgive us our trespasses.'"

"Why, really," yawned out Grace.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Gertrude," said the sharp Mrs. Abington.

"Did any one ever know Gertrude Glenhem to make a fool of herself?" interrupted the judge. "No, I feel indebted to her for her good sense; she has put me in the way of doing a most charitable deed."

"Taking care of another crazy Jane, and making yourself the laughing stock of the town?" retorted his wife.

"Yes, papa," interposed Miss Grace, "Mr. Butterfly said you were a very kind gentleman, but unfortunately had some marvellous eccentricities, such as spending your breath upon that miserable girl who came here for sewing."

"Poor Mr. Butterfly," replied the judge, with a comic, tender air, "it wouldn't take much to rub the gay coloring from off his wings; perhaps he isn't aware that it's generally known he professed at one time a tender regard for the poor girl in question, and afterwards jilted her. I think likely he feels sensitive about it. Don't wonder—"

"O, papa, I'm ashamed of you."

"Ashamed of me! hang it, you'd better by half be ashamed of Mr. Butterfly. But come, Gertie, I've seen Gray Fletcher, and he's a fine young man. Didn't I notice a tear standing in his eye when I offered to take him to court? La, he couldn't but just thank me; and deuce take it, wasn't my own voice so husky I could hardly speak? So I bustled off in a hurry; but I knew I left a happier heart behind me, and to such an old cove as I am that was some consolation."

"And are you really going to take him to court?" inquired Grace, with horror.

"Really going to take him, and why not?"

"O, Mr. Abington, you'll be the ruin of our family yet," replied his wife.

"And who's been the building of the family, if I haven't?" said the judge, slyly winking.

"But, papa, dear papa, he's a forger; I had it from young Dow."

"So much the more reason why he should go to court to-morrow; in fact, that's the very reason why I'm going to take him. If he's been unfortunate, I'm going to help him."

"It is no more than right that he should suffer; his sins should be visited upon his own head," said Mrs. Abington.

"Lord bless you, wife, how many of us would have heads left if that was carried out?"

But Mrs. Abington, who knew no reason could convince her husband of his error, betook herself to turning over the leaves of the Bible, in search of the scriptural fate of sinners.

"Better turn to the Psalms, wife, and read the chapter on charity."

Mrs. Abington didn't hear her husband's remark, she was already absorbed in "the way of transgressors is hard."

In spite of the lamentations of Grace and Mrs. Abington, who reiterated the prophecy that papa would surely ruin the family, Mr. Abington continued to patronize the young man, who had by his frank, open manner commended himself to the old man's heart. The town wondered at it. Even the truly good, and virtuous, ventured the remark, "It was better to know a person before you trusted him too far." Young Dow bit his lips at the success of his rival, shook his head, and then swore a little. Miss Tittle was more than ever confirmed in her opinion that the judge was either a fool or insane.

But how did Gray Fletcher bear his good fortune? Ah, his drooping heart drank in this reviving patronage, as the dying plant absorbs the gentle vivifying showers from heaven, only to bloom afresh, and far more beautifully.

Gray Fletcher's office never looked more cosy and pleasant than upon the evening of which I am writing. A fire from a cheerful open stove sent little shadows playing hide and seek among the furniture of the room; for the sky was gray, and the hour twilight. Fletcher sat near a window, busily writing. A few flowers were placed on his desk, upon which ever and anon he gazed with peculiar affection. But how came flowers there, was the query? They looked wondrously like some that had been growing at Judge Abington's. But this was not strange, as Gray Fletcher had long ago been introduced to the family of the judge. Mr. Abington said in ex-

tenuation of what some people called his folly, "He's never known the comforts of a home; I like to see him enjoy himself." I need not tell you who else enjoyed his coming. There is, however, my kind reader, a tacit understanding between us: you know who watched for his coming with longing eyes, so do I; there let it rest for the present. As I was saying, Gray Fletcher sat writing, when the door opened, and in walked Judge Abington.

"How now, young man, working at this time of night? Look out, you'll injure your eyesight. I thought I'd drop in for a moment and consult you about a little plan I have, that is if you'll hear it."

"Hear it, my kind friend and benefactor!" said Fletcher, his whole face lighting up with a glow of pleasure, as he seized the old man's proffered hand, "I shall only be too glad to hear what you have to say."

"Well, then," commenced the judge; "hem, hem; hang me, I don't know where to begin. Well, then, to make a long story short, I'm growing old."

"Not yet," said Fletcher.

"Yes, yes, young man; I know my own age best—I'm sixty—statistics don't tell fibs if women do. I'm too old to carry on as much business as I have; don't want the burden of it; besides, I've got enough of the chink," he continued, slapping his pockets. "I want a younger partner."

"What in the world has that to do with me?" thought Fletcher, at the same time a slight flashing of the truth passed through his mind.

"Well, then, to come to the point, I want you to shut up this little office, take down your sign, come over to my office, and we'll have a new sign painted—'Abington & Fletcher, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.' How does that suit you, hey?"

Suit, indeed! Poor Fletcher had not a word to say; he could only shake hands with the judge, clear his throat, pass his hand nervously through his hair, and finally cry. The judge, too, seemed unusually fidgetty. He rose from his seat, walked to the window, knocked down the shovel and tongs, and at length said:

"Hang it, young man, this must be a smoky room, it brings tears to my eyes," though to be sure the chimney was as clear as a whistle.

Soon Fletcher found voice to say, "But, judge, you've not heard the stories afloat." For they had been kindly told to the young man. Some people, you know, think it kind to repeat all the scandal they may hear to the victim.

"What do I care for the stories?"

"But they are true, judge."

"So much the better, the sin of falsehood wont lay at the door of the reporters. There's just one thing, Fletcher, if you've done wrong you've showed you're sorry for it, and that's enough. I've confidence in you, and am pretty certain that we can make horses hitch."

"O, judge, you've saved me," gasped Gray Fletcher, whose emotion was beyond his control.

"Why, deuce take it, what have I done that makes you feel so?" replied the judge, a tear standing in his eye, which he brushed quickly away.

"Done! why, when the world was dark and cold, and I on the verge of ruin, yea, judge, ready to do anything desperate—for ill usage drives a man deeper into sin—you came to me, and encouraged me, and now if the heavens should open, I couldn't be more surprised or joyful. I'm overcome, judge, I say—" And he caught his hand wildly. "God bless you, God bless you."

"Poor fellow, poor fellow; I declare, I didn't think a few kind words were going to do this. I'd like to cry, fool that I am. 'Tisn't every day I have such pleasure. Come, young man, pack up; hang it, I can't but just speak; pack off down to my office, and leave all care behind you."

And so it came to pass, that in a few days Gray Fletcher was installed the junior partner in the firm of Abington & Fletcher. All the town, Miss Tittle and Dow included, stood on the very tip-toe of amazement when they heard the news. They were more surprised, evidently, than was the old judge, when Gray Fletcher, in a few months, came to him with great consternation depicted on his countenance, desiring a few moments' conversation with him, very privately. I know the subject of their conversation; can you imagine it, kind reader? I'll leave the door of the audience chamber open, and you may listen for yourself.

"You're in love, Fletcher; haven't I known it this long time? Can't cheat these old eyes. Come, I don't want to hear a word," cried he, before Fletcher could get in a word sideways.

"I know I'm presumptuous, judge, but—"

"Yes, I know it, hang you, take her, she's a noble girl; don't speak, you have my consent, and I guess you've gained hers."

It would be useless to spend time in telling you what followed; of the greater shock the town sustained when it was currently reported that Miss Gertrude Glenhem was likely to enter the firm of Fletcher; how Miss Tittle stood for the space of five minutes, with upraised eyes,

and mouth wide open; of the anathemas Grace and her mother hurled upon the kind judge and his grateful niece. But I will tell you that a white veil, and orange blossoms were soon brought into requisition; that under the orange-flower wreath rankled no thorns; that in the heart of the gentle bride, peace and meek-eyed charity reigned triumphant.

Mr. Butterfly, after having flitted through all girlhood, concluded to waste his sweetness upon Grace.

Upon Gertrude's wedding day, Mr. Abington sent the young bride a letter, containing a deed to the comfortable sum of ten thousand dollars.

Gray Fletcher long ago learned the story of Gertrude's interest, and charity; and in the days of his prosperity, caused to be painted, a picture representing Mercy pleading before Justice, for the forgiveness of a sinning youth. Underneath the picture are the words, "Forgive us our trespasses."

A GRATEFUL CLIENT.

When Judge Henderson, of Texas, was first a candidate for office, he visited a frontier county, in which he was, except by reputation, a stranger. Hearing that a trial for felony would take place in a few days, he determined to volunteer for the defence. The prisoner was charged with having stolen a pistol; the defence was "not guilty." The volunteer counsel conducted the case with great ability. He confused the witnesses, palavered the count, and made an able, eloquent and successful argument. The prisoner was acquitted—he had not stolen the pistol. The counsel received the enthusiastic applause of the audience. His innocent client availed himself of the earliest interval of the hurricane of congratulations to take the counsel aside. "My dear sir," said he, "you have saved me, and I am very grateful. I have no money, do not expect to have any, and do not expect ever to see you again; but to show that I appreciate your services you shall have the pistol!" So saying, he drew from his pocket, and presented to the astonished attorney, the very pistol the attorney had just shown he had never stolen or had in his possession.—*Washington Union*.

TAXABLE PROPERTY.

The following is a literal copy of the list handed in to the assessors under the laws of Connecticut, requiring a sworn list of all taxable property:

E— B— list for 1857—

To 35 akers of land worth \$400. House and barn nothin atal onley a place whare theafes and Robbers brakes into and steels all I put into them. My head which people ses I mass put in which is so weeke and feebeel is worth nothin atal.

My wife is no use to me atal, and she is gon all the time nothin at all.

16 Sheape	\$32 00
One old tom Cat	25
One Kitne half prise	12 1-2

—*Providence Journal*.

BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

BY RICHARD WRIGHT.

Columbia! while thy mountains stand,
And while thy rivers flow,
While beats one heart in freedom's land,
While man the truth shall know,
While recollections of the past
Blend with the future day,
Above all other days be classed
That one of glorious ray,
The birthday bright as sun ere shone upon—
The birthday of Virginia's WASHINGTON!

England, an Alfred may revere;
France, her Marengo's chief;
Russia, the Peter to her dear;
The Swiss, their proudest leaf
Of history, when with William Tell
Dawned Switzer's liberty;
And we our ardent bosoms swell,
In proudest, strong degree;
We hail a birthday, dear for service done—
The birthday of our high-souled WASHINGTON!

Our Washington, as bright and pure
As mortal may be found,
With every virtue to endure,
With patriotism crowned:
Our Washington, in peril's hour
When all seemed lost in gloom,
Himself an all-redeeming power—
A sunlight to illumine—
To cheer with hope! his country thought was gone,
To do! to win! transcendent WASHINGTON!

From his youth upward still the same,
Unchangeable and true,
Warm with the glow of freedom's flame,
Which with his own growth grew;
In every station which he filled,
In field or cabinet,
His honest bosom but distilled
The love and truth which met
With Heaven's approval, as heaven's splendor shone
Around the brow of peerless WASHINGTON!

General of armies in the cause
Of struggling liberty;
Chief magistrate, whose leading clause—
Impartiality;
Retiring, still he showed his love
In valedictory,
Urging us ever to approve
The Union's unity!
Each of the States an independent one—
The country all, so breathed a WASHINGTON.

Columbia! while thy mountains stand,
And while thy rivers flow,
Hail! hail his birthday through the land,
With deep affection's glow;
Ye "thirty-one," from shore to shore
Join the great Jubilee;
In union firm, for evermore,
Clasp hands with liberty;
And come what may, fear not to draw upon
Columbia's rock-built bank of WASHINGTON!

HOW PHILIP CLEVELAND WON HIS WIFE.

BY ARTHUR C. WAINWRIGHT.

THERE was a joyful gathering at one of the oldest and richest mansions in Leicester Square. The rooms were filled with the *elite* of New York society. The young and the gay, the maiden in the first bloom of loveliness, and the young man whose talents had procured him the invitation his poverty would have prevented, all met together in these splendid apartments, where pictures and statues, and beautiful flowers were mingled with rich furniture and costly ornaments. The brilliant chandeliers were reflected back from the long mirrors, which multiplied the other objects, until the eye ached with excess of light and glitter. A beautiful conservatory led from one of the spacious rooms, and was filled with the rarest and choicest plants. This room was partially darkened, there being no light except what came from a shaded crystal lamp, half-hidden by the redundant leaves, and filled with perfumed oil, which gave out an odor beyond even that of the flowers themselves. On a bracket, behind some tall, graceful plants, was the exquisite group of the Angel and the Child; and, just at the entrance, lay the sculptured image of a sleeping infant. Beyond this room was the library, opening by glass doors, into a large garden which extended into the next court, every foot of which was worth as many gold pieces as could be laid on its surface, but which could not be purchased for money; so much did the owner prize its refreshing shade, and the green coolness which thus sprung up in the very heart of the hot and dusty city.

These doors were open, and the refreshing air came wafting the perfume of the flowers, as it swept through the conservatory, and tempering the hot atmosphere of the reception room. And all this grandeur and show were to celebrate the birthday of Madeline Tracy, the only child of the rich owner of the mansion. For her was this crowd gathered to do homage to the manifold perfections which in the wealthy heiress are so readily seen and appreciated.

As may well be supposed, there were many aspirants to her favor, and of these, the acknowledged favorite of her father was young Walter Sunderland; and no one doubted the match would prove an agreeable one to all parties. The young man was such, in character and reputation, as to gain the universal approbation of the coterie assembled in upper tendom; and in person he was handsome enough to be the object of admiration to all the young ladies.

Among the visitors that evening, invited to the princely mansion, on account of his rising talent, was Philip Cleveland, a young poet of no ordinary genius. He had been gradually but surely growing into popular favor, and mingled with the highest society; but no one could have deemed him presuming enough to lift his eyes to the daughter of the rich Mr. Tracy.

In a secluded country home, with no one to listen to the promptings of his genius, except the partial ears of his mother and sister, Philip Cleveland had sometimes feared that he might overestimate his talents. But he was gratified to find, when he entered the upper circles of society, that his fame had preceded him, and he was most cordially received on account of that fame. Madeline Tracy was one of the first to welcome him, as she had been one of the first to recognize and herald his genius, before she knew him personally; and it was long before she knew that her disinterested praise had awakened for her a feeling in his heart, which could never be quenched except by her neglect or contempt.

This night, Madeline had gathered in groups those whom she thought most congenial to each other; and a little knot of literary people were hanging upon the words of Cleveland, as he poured out, in his high-toned eloquence, his opinions upon the art he loved. Madeline watched the effect of his words on the listeners, and her heart throbbed with emotion at her own thoughts.

"And this gifted being has laid his heart at my feet!" thought she. And as she looked round on the trappings of wealth with which she was surrounded, she thought how infinitely higher was that wealth of mind which distinguished Philip Cleveland. Yes, he had told her that the crowning reward of his aspiring genius was her love; but he knew, even if she bestowed it, he might vainly ask her father for a right to receive it. And for once, his heart had bitterly rebelled at the miserable and sordid restraints of society, which placed his happiness in the cold keeping of those restraints, and would in all human probability doom him to disappointment.

Still it was something to know that Madeline returned his love; that she had risen far above the heartless conventionalities which would have led her to despise an unknown and obscure man. It was worth something, too, to know that she had voluntarily wished herself less wealthy, so that no stain of a mercenary nature could be attributed to the man she loved. She told him so that very evening, in the few brief moments in which they stood together in the twilight darkness of the conservatory, and he believed her words.

The voice of Walter Sunderland, eagerly asking her father for her hand in the next dance, recalled her from her momentary oblivion of her guests; and she obeyed the impulse of her father's hand, as he motioned to her to join in the dance with Walter.

"I am absolutely given to this man," she said, as she gave him the hand she could not well refuse. "Yes, given to him," she continued, bitterly, as he led her to the set. "O, for power to free myself, and to give my heart openly to Philip."

Looking round, she saw Cleveland leaning against a pillar, and seeming sad and out of spirits. She cast a look of smiling faith upon him, which no one noticed but himself; and his eye lighted up instantly; there was magic in that fearless, trusting smile, which gave him new life. It told him that come what might, of cloud or sunshine, she would be true and faithful still—and he believed it.

That night Walter Sunderland asked Mr. Tracy's permission to address his daughter, and it was granted. Philip inadvertently heard it, and in ten minutes from that time, he had stolen out through the darkened conservatory, without taking leave of his host, and was soon pacing the floor of his temporary home at a hotel. All night he walked there, full of dark forebodings of evil. He knew Mr. Tracy would never consent to have Madeline give up Sunderland for him, and although scarcely thinking that Madeline would change, he yet feared what persuasion or threats might force her to do.

In the morning he went out, unable longer to endure the stifling, choking atmosphere of the house. He felt suffocated, and the outer air seemed to act on his heart as well as his senses, as an exhilarator. He strolled off into the vicinity of Mr. Tracy's house; but started away again at a wild pace, when he saw Sunderland's carriage standing at the gate. He crossed the square, and turned into a quiet, retired street, that seemed as if the inhabitants were all asleep, so full of stillness and repose was the place.

As he passed on, he heard the massive door just shutting, and a light footstep run down the steps. He did not look up, in his abstracted state, hardly conscious indeed, that he had heard anything. The footstep came on lightly behind him, and then a low voice said "Philip!" He turned and saw Madeline, with the flush of morning exercise upon her clear, healthful cheek. There was the same cordial greeting as ever, only she saw the touch of sadness on his brow, and unconsciously her own caught the same look.

"You out so early, Miss Tracy, and Mr. Sunderland's carriage at your gate!"

"Miss Tracy!" she repeated, laying her hand on his arm, almost caressingly.

His first impulse was actually to shake her off, but he caught the reflected expression of his own sadness radiating in her eyes, and he softened at once.

"Madeline! then, if I may still call you so. The knowledge that you have a visitor this morning, waiting your return, has almost maddened me; and the feeling that I cannot compete with Walter Sunderland for your hand, because I am poorer than he is, is too bitter a thought for me to bear calmly."

"Philip Cleveland, you do me wrong. I have owned to you, before this, that you were not indifferent to me. Will you force me now to do what I have always considered it unwomanly and unjust to do—to boast of a rejected offer? If I cannot justify myself otherwise in your eyes, know then, that last night, I positively rejected Mr. Sunderland; and if that is not enough, I will add further that it was because my affections were engaged."

"Madeline, you give me new life, new hope! May I dare to indulge it? And yet, the difference between us, how it preys upon me!"

"The difference of money, I know. In all else, I am immeasurably your inferior. O, that I could annihilate this foolish, witless distinction of wealth, parting as it does, the hearts which otherwise would be happy together."

"You feel this, Madeline?"

"I do, sincerely."

"God bless you!" burst from Philip's lips. "Then indeed I am happy," continued he, "even if no tie ever binds us together. If your father could be persuaded to give up his prejudices also. O, Madeline! would to Heaven you were as poor as I am!"

They had emerged now from the dull, quiet street, and had turned back into the square, when Sunderland's carriage passed them, and he was looking directly at the pair who were walking in close conversation. Madeline looked up first, blushed and bowed. Philip also bowed, but coldly, and they received an angry look in return.

That look brought Madeline to consciousness. She knew too well that her father made money his idol, and how hard it would be to convince him that she did not need to marry a wealthy husband. His ambition for her was not to be disappointed so. But knowing also his veneration for talent, she *hoped*. It would seem small grounds on which she hoped; but if she could

rouse Philip to some great effort, she felt that it might yet be realized.

They parted at the door of Mr. Tracy's house; Philip with a renewed hope in his heart, and Madeline with a faint dawning of the same blessed inspiration. Her father met her kindly, but with a sober look on his countenance, as if he were not quite pleased.

"Mr. Sunderland has been here, my daughter."

"I know it, father. I met him as he drove away."

"And your determination is unaltered?"

"Absolutely. I am willing to remain unmarried, dear father; willing to devote my life to you, and make no other ties—but I am not willing to bind myself to a man whom I cannot love just because he is rich enough to gild the cage in which he may imprison me."

"Is it not rather because you have formed another attachment, my child?"

"And what if it were, father?"

"What if it were? I could not bear to see you lowering yourself to the level of a poor man."

"Think a moment, dear father. Did my mother stoop, when she, in the full glow of generous, unselfish love, made you a sharer of her noble fortune? Did she not feel that your worth and nobleness of mind were equivalents to the gold which she inherited from her father? And did she ever repent that she so decided? Ah, why do you interpose an objection in my case, which was so nobly and successfully waived in your own? Did my mother, did any one respect you less, because your worldly prospects were not equal hers? O, father, remember your own youth, and then, if you have the heart, bind me to a man which I do not value."

Mr. Cleveland sighed heavily. He remembered the brief career of his youth, and the beloved wife, who disobeyed her father to share his lot. He did not dare to remember that her father's life had been shortened by that disobedience, and that ere they had known a year of the advantages which that immense wealth brought them, his wife had laid down her life when Madeline was born. How little of happiness had that wealth ever brought him, except that of ministering to his daughter's comforts! And now he was about to make her miserable for the sake of gain.

"And then again, dear father, how much you think of talent! You always respect it more than anything else. Would you value the statue of a Rothschild as highly as you do that of Shakspeare or Walter Scott? And as she spoke of these, she laid her hand tenderly on her

father's arm, and gently turned him towards his cherished marbles.

"I know what you would say, Madeline. You would bid me choose between Walter's wealth and Philip Cleveland's talents. But do you grant no excellence to Sunderland except his riches?"

"Many, dear father! but none that speak to my needs. I appeal to yourself, would you not have been as happy with my mother, was she not as happy with you, as if wealth had been showered on you both?"

"God knows she was, and that I would have been!"

"Now, father, let me make a compact with you. I will live with you, and for you alone, if you will promise to abandon all schemes for my marrying at all. I will give up Philip, who loves me, not for my wealth, but because he knows that I appreciate him. But allow me to remain single. Let me devote myself to you alone."

"You will think me a stern, selfish old fellow, if I accept this offer, my child."

"No, father. It will cost me regrets, but not reproaches."

"I accept it then, for a year. If in that time I see a man who loves you and is worthy to be your husband, I shall propose him to your acceptance."

One interview with Philip was allowed her, in which she bade him go and gather the laurels the world was ready to bestow on him who seeks worthily for fame. The promise that she would never marry another softened the pain of parting to him; and the engagement they made of corresponding, was another balm to both hearts.

A year sped on its course, and Madeline was the contented, loving, devoted child, ministering to her father's declining years, with a love and affection that merited a rich blessing in return. One year, and the world had already crowned with its highest honors, an unknown poet. Some said he was from one country, some of another, but all agreed that any might be proud to own him for her son.

Madeline read all that came from his pen. It accorded with the sentiments of her inmost soul, and although she knew not whence the inspirations of this genius emanated, she felt that they were such as Philip Cleveland might feel, had he been made happy. She did not reflect that the brightest efforts of genius spring from the crushed and wounded spirit.

Daily were these books her solace and delight. She read them to her father, who placed the stamp of his approbation on every page; and his

approbation, nice and discriminating as it had ever been, was no mean tribute to any author.

This year was not suffered to go by in vain regrets, by Madeline. From afar off, but without any clue to his residence, for his letters to her came addressed under cover to his mother, Philip wrote her such words as a tender brother might have written to an orphan sister. And she happy, or at least content with these, preserved her peace and serenity.

People said that Madeline Tracy was growing beautiful. She had ever been called plain before; but there was a sweet, spiritual look on her face now, suggestive of something better than beauty. It was the constant communion, hallowed and sanctified mysteriously by distance and absence, with a kindred soul.

Again came Madeline's birthday, and again her father insisted on its usual celebration. Madeline would gladly have refused, for the letter from Philip had been strangely delayed, and she was growing anxious and disturbed; but her father's will was law, and she consented. The rooms were again crowded; but she was delighted to find that fewer wealthy, and more intellectual people were invited by her father, than ever before. Madeline had never met at one time, so many people of talent and intellect; and never had she appeared so much at home, or so self-possessed as on this evening.

She was making a tour of the rooms, speaking cheerfully to each of the guests, when she was arrested by hearing from one of the little scattered groups, a few words respecting the authorship of the books which had created so much speculation on both sides of the Atlantic. One after another the guests joined in different tones of criticism; and Madeline was completely hemmed in by the crowd. She heard her father's voice, but could not catch his words, until in a brief interval of comparative silence, she heard him say to the company:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present to you the author of the charming works you have just been admiring."

Madeline's heart beat high. She knew instantly that her father had been planning some pleasant surprise for her; but how little did she anticipate what was to follow?

As Mr. Tracy's tall form leaned over the group, he beckoned her to come near him, and when she came through the parted crowd, and stood by her father's side, she felt her hand grasped, and heard her name spoken. Philip himself stood before her!

The company had dispersed, and the last good

night had been uttered, when Mr. Tracy led Madeline back to the room now vacant except for one motionless figure. Philip Cleveland stood there, scarcely conscious of the brilliant sensation which he had inspired that evening, or the adulation he had received. What was it to him, if his fame could not reflect upon the being for whom alone he valued it? Yet he lingered still, for Mr. Tracy's manner had been singularly kind and distinguishing; and it was a letter addressed to him from Mr. Tracy, and forwarded him by his mother, that had brought him from his seclusion, on the occasion of Madeline's birthday. And yet how vain for him to be here, and feel that she was lost to him! He had seen, as he passed the tables and reading-desks scattered profusely around, his own books, with innumerable passages marked as beautiful—and he felt how more than delightful it would be to have that appreciative second self always by his side strengthening and cheering him.

Can he believe the reality of his senses, when Mr. Tracy approached him with Madeline, saying, "Mr. Cleveland, one year ago I entered into a compact with this little girl, and the closing part was that, if by this time, I saw one who loved her, and that I thought worthy to be her husband, I should propose him to her acceptance. That time has come. You have proved yourself worthy; and she, too, by her beautiful devotion to me, notwithstanding that I thwarted her in her dearest hopes, deserves to be rewarded with all the happiness I can give her."

"Father!" was all that Madeline could utter, as Mr. Tracy joined their hands, and left them, with the tears streaming down his cheeks. And thus PHILIP CLEVELAND WON HIS WIFE.

THE KOSSUTH FAMILY.

The daughters of the admirable Madame Meslervi, the Nightingale of the Hungarian war hospitals, have been most generously cared for by Mrs. Cruger, of N. York, and, under superior teachers, have grown up to sensible and accomplished women, such as would have rejoiced the spirit of the departed mother, who exclaimed on her death-bed that she could now expire in peace. Her youngest daughter would be in a better condition than she has ever been. Friends of Madame Zakyaki have purchased for her a little farm in New Jersey, where she lives in comfort with her two youngest children. Her second son is quite distinguished as a civil engineer in the West. The gentle, discreet and accomplished Madame Ruttpay has established a boarding-school for young ladies at Cornwall, near Newburg, which promises to be highly successful. Her eldest son, a graduate of Union College, is in the engineer department of the navy yard at Brooklyn; the second is in the navy agency at New York. They are gentlemanly, unexceptionable young men.

THE RULE OF RIGHT INVIOABLE.

When Philip of Valois swore the officers of his mint to conceal the debasement of the coinage, and to endeavor to make the merchants believe that the gold and silver pieces were of full value, he thought that, although perhaps unprincipled, such a measure would be vastly profitable. And so no doubt believed the other kings, who, in the "good old times," almost universally did the like. They overreached themselves, however, as all such schemers do. It is true that their debts were diminished "in proportion to the reduction in the value of the currency; but their revenues were at the same time reduced in the like ratio. Moreover, the loss of their reputation for honesty made them afterwards unable to borrow money, except at proportionately high rates of interest, to cover the risk run by the lender." So that they not only lost on the creditor side of their accounts what they gained on the debtor side, but put themselves at a great disadvantage for the future. After centuries of, dearly-bought experience, the practice was reluctantly abandoned, and is now universally exploded as essentially suicidal—just as suicidal, in fact, as all other infringements of the rule of right.—*Social Statics*.

FIRST INVENTION OF GLASS.

According to Pliny, glass was invented by accident, in Syria, at the mouth of the river Belus. Some merchant adventurers, who were driven there by the fortune of the sea, were obliged to reside there for a time, and dress their victuals as they might. They made a fire on the ground, and some of the *kali*, which was found there, was burnt to ashes. The sand or stones accidentally mixed with it; and thus without any design a vitrification—or conversion into glass—took place; whence the first was taken and easily improved. The same writer says that the first manufacture of glass was in Sidon. A later period it was made at Rome; and afterwards at Venice, to a great extent and with great profits. England and France have had large establishments for the manufacture of this article nearly a hundred years past; and now it is made in the United States sufficient for the wants of the whole population.—*Tribune*.

SOOT.

In England, this is saved and applied to the wheat, and other crops, with great returns. In this country it is too often thrown into the street, and lost. About eighteen bushels are a good dressing for an acre. Several salts of ammonia, magnesia, and lime, render it too valuable to be wasted. As a liquid manure for the garden, nothing is better than three or four quarts of soot dissolved in a barrel of water, and applied with a watering-pot. Almost every family may, as well as not, preserve a few bushels of it. It is good for any kind of grain; also for roots, especially potatoes and carrots; and nothing except Peruvian guano—which it is silly to buy, and at the same time throw away about as good an article—is equal to it for giving a rich bloom to flowers. Save your soot, and you may have the richest vegetables and the brightest flowers.—*Plough, Loom and Anvil*.

PROGRESS.

BY GEORGE W. CROWELL.

The march of time has ever brought,
 Along its wide, extended reign,
 Conceptions grand, new fields of thought,
 Exalted truth, whilst error's slain.

Its course is o'er most ancient forms,
 When God and right have ceased to be;
 It rides triumphant with the storms
 Which sweep o'er mountain, vale and sea.

Those storms are of the kingdom mind,
 Which, slow uprising, strong and sure,
 Burst wild on realms of lust and crime,
 And build an empire there secure.

New theories into being spring,
 Illume but faint the mental sky;
 Though rich the fruits they onward bring,
 And stamped with beauty from on high.

Like morn's first rays they glimmer low,
 And struggle with a world of gloom,
 But still advancing brighter glow,
 To burst in full eternal bloom.

Thus ever since the race of man
 Has reared upon the plains of time,
 Creations from inventive plan,
 Or sought to mould the plastic mind.

Those fearless souls who led the way,
 Have struggled faithful, well and long,
 Before the bright, expectant day
 Has given new triumph to their song.

THE COUSINS:

—OR,—

MARRYING RICH AND MARRYING POOR.

BY MRS. MARY CRUIKSHANKS.

THEY were by far the handsomest girls in our school. It was impossible to say which had the most admirers among us—the queenly, dark-eyed Caroline, the languishing, graceful Emily, or sweet Mary, with her winning gentleness, her retiring beauty and her warm, friendly heart. Byron says:

"An eye's an eye, and whether black or blue
 Is no great matter, so 'tis in request."

And truly those lines were appropriate to Mary Aylett, for intimate as I have always been with her, to this day, I know not the color of her eyes. If "the kindest may be taken as a test," then was she, as I always thought her, by far the most beautiful one among us—for whoever sought sympathy from her in vain? whoever asked a favor and had it refused? Did one of the older scholars smuggle a novel under her pillow, and

when she ought to have been studying, spend the hours devouring its precious contents—who would assist her out of her difficulties so well as Mary Aylett? Did a little idle one neglect her exercises and run risk of disgrace—who so ready to explain, advise and help along, as Mary Aylett?

And yet she was not more popular than her cousins Caroline and Emily, possibly because her good deeds were done modestly, while theirs were blazoned abroad; or, it may be, that like all the world over, the wealth of the two latter had more weight than goodness, with the little world of our school.

When a poor widow's only son was killed by an explosion in a mill, not far from our school, and our principal gave us leave to assist her, the sisters bestowed clothes and money with ostentatious profusion, and called Mary "mean," because she refused to add to the donation; but when, a few days after, I accidentally found her in the humble cottage, giving words of comfort to the sorrow-stricken mother from the Holy Book, I was satisfied in my own mind where the true charity was.

I have said the Ayletts were all beautiful, and two of them were rich; but of Mary's parents very little was known. Her mother had died at Mary's birth, and her father had gone a voyage to India soon after, leaving his child to his brother's care, with a sufficient sum, well invested, to pay handsomely for her board, clothes and education. For sixteen years, all the tidings received from the absentee was an occasional letter, very short, very crabbed—Mr. Aylett said, "very characteristic." "Brother John always was odd; he was odd in his youth, very odd in his marriage, exceedingly odd in his grief when his wife died."

Now as some might like to know what such a character meant, it may be as well to inform them that it consisted, in his "youth," in supporting his father and mother when his elder brother grew ashamed of them; in his "marriage," in choosing an amiable poor girl, instead of an ill-tempered rich one; and at her death in leaving, as he then thought forever, the scenes of his happiness and misery.

Disappointment had soured his temper, and the letters he sent his brother were not particularly affectionate; and as his brother judged by the tone of said letters that his affairs had not prospered very well, he in turn did not think it worth while to waste much affection on one whom he shrewdly suspected would come home some day, poor and friendless, to be a burden on him for the remainder of his life. Mr. Philip

Aylett had a horror of poor people, especially poor relations.

To his daughter, John Aylett never wrote; he could not divest himself of the idea that the life of her in whom he had centered all his affections had been given for the little creature on whom he never looked but once, and that with the most painful feelings. He never tried to love her, even in imagination, and he never dreamed how much the poor child had suffered from his neglect.

As the sum settled on her paid her aunt and uncle handsomely for all the care they bestowed, Mary was looked on very agreeably by her relatives, who hoped that she would make a good match early in life and then be off their hands. "Nothing very extra, of course you know, as she has no fortune; but some one in respectable circumstances. My niece must marry respectably, of course."

What Mr. Aylett's ideas of "respectable" and "very extra" matches were, appeared very soon after his niece and daughters came home from school, when the beauty and reputed wealth of at least the two latter attracted hosts of aspirants for the fair hands of the youthful heiresses. The three girls all "came out" together, and in society, still more than in school days, Mary was thrown in the shade by her brilliant cousins.

Caroline, the elder, was extravagantly fond of dress and display; nothing afforded her so much gratification as the excitement of balls and places of amusement, where, in all the glory of her beauty and magnificent attire, she could surround herself with all the principal gentlemen of her set, and triumph over the forlorn state of less favored belles.

For Emily Aylett, such scenes had many charms; but her natural indolence made the necessity of constant attention to her toilet an irksome restraint, and she would often have preferred remaining at home to doze away an evening on her favorite lounge, to undergoing the fatigue of dressing for the most brilliant party of the season. Had she been born in humble circumstances, Emily would have been an untidy, ill-dressed sloven; but as it was, what with the watchful care of her mother, the diligence of her maid, and the never-failing kindness of Mary, she contrived to keep up an appearance of elegant negligence, well suiting her style of beauty, and extremely fascinating to some tastes.

To both sisters, Mary was an indispensable assistant—her tact and willingness being of the greatest service to people as dressy as the one and as indolent as the other. Of course all she did for them was asked as a favor, but these favors came to be of such constant demanding

that at times even her patience came near wearing out.

"Mary dear, wont you arrange the lace on my dress? You know you can do it so much better than Minnie can, and to-night I am anxious to look my best, you know." And the vain Caroline stood before her glass trying the effect of flowers or pearls in her dark hair, finally deciding on the pearls.

Before Mary could answer, Emily, from her luxuriously pillowed sofa, exclaimed:

"O Caroline! how can you be so selfish? you know Minnie can put your lace on just as well as Mary can, while nobody can do my hair half so well. Jane makes me so nervous, I can't get composed again all the rest of the evening."

Of course the end of such conversations was that "Cousin Mary" performed the offices of both the maids; and Caroline's velvet dress, and Emily's blonde curls, were both beautified by her skilful hands.

"How do you like Marcus Willington, Mary?" asked Caroline, as the last touches were being put to her costume ere going down to meet a select party assembling in the parlor.

"Who do you mean? that tall, dark gentleman I saw last evening?"

"No—O no!" answered Caroline, with a sly look at her sister, who was sitting in the large easy-chair in the room, recovering from the fatigue of dressing. "O, no! that's Emmy's conquest. I mean that one who talked so much to papa last evening, and wore such a beautiful ring. You must have noticed that ring! I don't think I ever saw such a magnificent diamond in my life!"

"I don't like him at all, Caroline," said Mary, with a look that showed she now knew who was meant.

"You don't? Why, Mary, he's the richest young man in New York to-day!"

"That makes no difference. If he was the son of the great Mogul himself, and owned all the diamonds in the Indies, I should like him no better."

"Why, what possible objection can you have to him?" Caroline asked, with a slight touch of ill-temper in her tone.

She thought a great deal of Mary's opinion, as in fact did all the family, and it was rather annoying to hear so decided an expression of disapprobation.

"Do you really wish me to tell you?" Mary asked, with some surprise at Caroline's evident interest in her new acquaintance.

"Certainly I want you to tell me, for I cannot imagine what you can find fault with. He is

splendidly handsome, he is talented and accomplished, and better than all, he is rich as the most extravagant person could desire. I can't think what fault you can find, particular as I know you are."

"He used language last night, which if not wicked, was decidedly improper."

"O, is that all! Everybody does that once in a while, especially when they have taken a little more wine than common—and you know papa's wine is enough to tempt any one to indulge a little beyond the rule, at least they all said so at the table yesterday. You ought to have been there—they all do seem to enjoy our dinner parties so!"

"I am not partial to parties of any kind—least of all dinner parties."

"O, Mary, you are such a dear little nobody! You don't like this and you don't like that! Do you like Emily's new beau, that magnificent Dubourdien?"

Mary laughed and colored a little, as she said:

"You know I was not introduced to any one, last evening. I did not come into the room until late, and I don't think half a dozen people saw me."

"But you saw all that were there, and I want to know what you thought of him—that tall, dark Southerner! Isn't he splendid? Isn't he charming? Wont Emmy be a lucky girl, if she only secures him? I can't tell you how many hundred slaves he has, and they say his plantation is worth more than any three in the State. I should have been almost tempted to try to win him myself; but then slaves are just the things for anybody as idle as Emmy is, and besides, when I marry, I want to stay here and eclipse those who have held their heads above me this season."

"Why, Caroline, what a disposition!"

"Well, I suppose it is not right; but you know I never pretend to be a Christian such as you are—so don't lecture, now, but tell me what you think of Arthur Dubourdien."

"I have not thought much about him."

"Well, what made you color so, just now?"

"How can you girls talk so much? You quite weary me listening to your nonsense," pleaded Emily, from the lounging-chair.

And Mary, having finished her offices for them, went to her own room to attire herself. "But then," as Caroline would have said, if any one had remonstrated about these impositions, "Mary was always prepared to dress in a hurry; she always knew just where to find everything, and her clothes were always ready—so it did not matter if she had not much time."

Mary did not tell them that the reason she would not speak of the Southerner was because she could not express a good opinion; and *would* not a bad one. But that she did not like him, was certain; and even yet her cheeks burned at the recollection of one or two looks he had bestowed on her during the previous evening.

Two hours after this conversation, Caroline came to where Mary was in an animated conversation with some of the elders of the party, and calling her aside, whispered:

"You must let me introduce you—Mr. Willington wishes it so much."

"But Caroline, I am a very insignificant person, and you know I told you I did not wish it; pray take and introduce the gentleman to some of the many lovely young ladies here to-night."

"O no, Mary! do be good for once. He is very earnest about it." And here Caroline lowered her voice. "You will have to know him some time, Mary, for we are all but engaged."

Mary's whole expression changed in an instant; even Caroline was awed at her look.

"When I told you that I would not know that man, I meant it. If you were my sister, and going to marry him, I should say the same."

Caroline went back to her beau, while Mary, disturbed and unhappy at the conversation, soon made her escape from the room. It was not many minutes before her aunt came to look for her.

"Why, Mary, what is this Caroline tells me? You should not act so, child! You make yourself look particular, and that is something every young lady ought to avoid. Mr. Willington feels seriously annoyed; and in the present position of Carry's affairs with him, it is very unwise to do anything to vex him."

"Why so, aunt? why be more anxious about him than any one else?"

"My dear, he is the best match in New York, possibly in all America!"

"O dear!" There was something very like impatience in the tone of this exclamation and the look which accompanied it. "Aunt, I want you to listen to me for a moment, and then we will end all these vexations. I refused to be introduced to Mr. Willington because I heard him make use of bad and profane language, unfit for any gentleman to use—certainly unfit for any friend of mine to use. It makes no difference to me if he is going to marry Caroline, although I shall be sorry for her sake. He may be rich, but he is not a man to make a wife happy. You know I only go down stairs to please you and the girls, and if I am obliged to become acquainted with persons unpleasant to me, I shall

have to remain in my own room when there is company here."

Mrs. Aylett was astonished at such a display of independence in the usually mild and yielding Mary. She did not attempt to argue any more with her, but when telling her husband of it, expressed her opinion that "a great change had come over her."

"Well, I always said it would do her harm to go to so many meetings and places with that Mrs. Sawyer."

"What could I do? You know Mrs. Sawyer is so wealthy and aristocratic, and Mary is so much her own mistress, that I could not prevent it. I am very sorry, now; for she has got her mind full of out-of-the-way ideas about religion and propriety, and many other things that young girls like her don't need to trouble themselves about, and I am afraid she will end by falling in love with some one as odd as she is herself."

"Well, her father was odd before her. I only hope she won't fall in love with anybody that's poor. I don't like poor people."

Orange wreaths and satin dresses; bride cake and kid gloves; cards, compliments and kisses; marriage settlements, and future residences—what a delightful confusion reigned in the mansion of the Ayletts on that auspicious morn when both the beautiful daughters were given from the care of their parents (those parents who ought to have been their guardians for at least five years longer), into the protection of two husbands, little more than strangers to all parties.

Mr. Aylett was perfectly satisfied with regard to money matters; on that point, nothing could be said. But what did he know about the dispositions or the morals of those into whose hands he committed the fates of those two beautiful, inexperienced girls? Nothing—simply nothing. They were rich—that was undeniable; and in his opinion, to be rich was to be everything. He owned there was something about young Dubourdien which made him appear distant; but then the Southerners were always a haughty set! And no one could say that Marcus Willington was not a "first-rate fellow—so merry and jovial! A capital fellow, too, to take a glass with; he knew how to appreciate good wine." Mr. Aylett would have thought so, if he could have seen some of his hopeful son-in-law's liquor bills.

Not even Caroline herself, with all her ambition to outshine her acquaintances, could find the least fault with her new home, so magnificent, so perfectly in accordance with her taste were all its arrangements. All that lavish expenditure could

do, had been done; and the young bride stepped on velvet carpets, and listened to the falling of tiny fountains, and looked on nothing but gold and silver, and costly pictures and dresses of rich material. And when she was weary of all this, she went out to ride in a satin-lined carriage, the envy and admiration of all beholders; and when her husband was weary of their insipid society, he withdrew himself to a secluded apartment, where, surrounded by the luxuries of an Eastern saloon, he could indulge undisturbed in his peculiar tastes. Happy Caroline!

And Emily, too, was happy; happy in her fond belief of her husband's devotion—happy in the knowledge that a dozen slaves awaited her slightest bidding—happy in the knowledge that she could for the future sleep and dream away her existence, undisturbed by demands on her time or patience!

What mattered it if the air of her new home was oppressive and debilitating, in its uncomfortable warmth? Did not her husband keep slaves to fan her when she slept—to shade her when she rode or walked—to sprinkle cool and fragrant essences around—to render life as desirable as possible? Happy Emily! Even dressing lost half its fatigue, where so many willing hands were stretched out to assist, and where garments were made more for ease and comfort, than show.

But how different would have been that young wife's feelings, had she witnessed a scene which took place on the plantation in less than twenty-four hours after their arrival. Her husband is in a little cabin; his companion is a beautiful girl of nineteen or twenty, without any disfiguring marks of colored descent save a pair of eyes wild in their brilliancy.

The girl was evidently in a high state of excitement, while he, with kind words, was trying to soothe her.

"You know, Mima, that we had decided, long ago, that it was best for me to marry. You must not be jealous and angry; you will always be first in my love."

The girl made no reply, but stood nervously rocking a little cradle which hung from the low roof; back and forth she moved it, not with the intent of hushing the little inmate, but to still the wild workings of a bursting heart.

Arthur Dubourdien went to the other side of the little cot and stooped down to look in.

"How is the boy, Mima? Let me take him up; I want to see him."

He made a movement as if to touch it, but quicker than lightning she snatched the child from its little bed, and pressed it to her breast.

"You shall not have him! You shall never have him again! O, my babe! my babe! we are forsaken and forgotten. There is no one to love us, no one to care for us now."

An agonizing look passed over Arthur Dubourdien's dark face, and he moved towards the girl, who stood swaying herself about as if unable to control her actions.

"Mima, listen to me—pray listen to me! You must not act so, Mima. You know that no wife, no one on earth will ever be as precious to me as you and the child are. Come! be like yourself once more, now, and listen to reason."

And so with gentle words he soothed her at last, and she even smiled when she saw him caress the beautiful boy; and he left her calm and gentle. But it was the calmness of the snow-covered volcano, liable to burst forth in wild rage at any moment; and Arthur Dubourdien knew it well.

Happy Emily! she little dreams that even while her husband sits at her side and smooths her fair sunny curls, and speaks the fond baby language she loves so well to listen to, his thoughts are in that little cabin and with that dark, splendid beauty, whose life and energy are so much in accordance with his own, whose high spirit it is so hard to subdue, whose deep love it is so gratifying to know.

But Emily knows nothing of all this, and there are none to tell her; and so her life is one summer-day of calm repose, and at home her mother hears of her happiness with feelings, which not even a life of such influences as she had been under, can quite subdue.

But in the little cabin there are horrible feelings cherished against that fair, pale young wife, and the dark eyes of the revengeful Mima flash, as the low carriage drives past, bearing its lovely occupant to the fresher breezes of an adjacent hill, or to the accustomed airing nearer the mansion.

"Henry, I would not sit up any longer, I think! Your face is flushed now, and you had better get some sleep and finish it in the morning."

The young man lifted his head from the writing, over which he was so earnestly bending, and with a fond look at the speaker, answered:

"I must not trust to the morning, mother; I cannot sleep until I have completed it. But you must not sit here any longer! I cannot say your face is flushed, for it is pale as death! Put your sewing away, dear mother, and go to your room at once. I didn't think it was so late."

"But is it so necessary that Mr. Sawyer should have that writing to-morrow, Henry?"

"It must be done, mother, and I must do it; for to none other would he trust it. I know he hardly thought it possible, but I will show him that if energy and fidelity are what he expects from me, he shall not be disappointed. He is a good friend to me, mother."

"He is a good friend, but I think he makes you work too hard, Henry; and his wife thinks so too."

"All the better for me by-and-by, I hope. Mr. Sawyer's own younger days were hard ones, and he believes such lessons are good. I know he gives me these hard tasks to try me, sometimes."

"But I am afraid of your health, Henry; I am afraid you will overtask your strength."

"Don't be afraid, mother; I will be very cautious. You don't know how much more precious life has been to me, lately."

"Perhaps I know more than you are aware of, Henry."

The young man changed color, and slightly started and smiled.

"I forgot Mrs. Sawyer," he said. "I see she has betrayed me. But you don't blame me?"

"No one could blame you, my son."

The mother left the room; but for a few moments the writing did not progress as well as it had done. Busy thoughts interrupted the rapid movement of the pen, and at last the young man rose and went to the window of the small and plain-looking room.

Outside all was dark and silent; the great city was sleeping, save where here and there a glimmering light told of the watcher at the sick bed, or some one who, like himself, labored for bread while others rested. There was no murmur in that young, hopeful heart at the recollection of how many around him were better off than himself—how many there were to whom labor was unknown, and whose luxuries had been purchased by the sufferings of their fellows. No such thoughts filled his brain; but he breathed a silent prayer for the still greater number of sick and suffering, the poor and the desolate, and then closing the window, went back to his task. He had marked out a course, and he was pursuing it with determined energy; he had striven for a prize, and he was winning it.

"I cannot permit any such thing, Mary; while you are under my care, you must do as I direct in all important matters. I don't wish to hear any more about it; the thing is settled now, and

so I told that very promising young man this morning."

Mary Aylett conquered her inclination to smile at the very summary manner in which her love affairs were to be disposed of, and gravely resumed the argument.

"My dear uncle, this is a case which so nearly concerns my happiness that I cannot possibly allow any one to interfere to such a degree. In anything of minor importance, you know, I have always shown you the obedience of a daughter; but about my marriage, no one but my father has a right to interfere, or forbid my doing as I like. If you have any serious objections to the person who came to see you this morning, I want you to tell them to me plainly, and I will profit by them if they are reasonable."

"Objections? Why, bless my soul, child, it is all objections! That young man is nothing but an objection. You can't possibly think of marrying him?"

"But why, uncle? What is the reason?"

"Why he is poor, child—a beggar—absolutely a pauper! You must be mad, Mary, to think of such a thing."

Mr. Aylett was growing very nervous as he found how firm and resolute that gentle girl could be, when sure that she was right.

"He has but a small salary, I know, uncle, but he is far from being a beggar. He has energy and industry enough to not only make a living, but to rise in the world, if health and strength are spared him."

"Pshaw! Energy and fiddlesticks! You shan't have him! so there's an end of it. A miserable lawyer's clerk, indeed! I guess you can do better than that—a pretty girl like you, Mary."

"I don't want to do any better, uncle; I am quite satisfied to share his poverty."

"Well, I aint satisfied that you shall. I hate poor relations too much to let you marry a beggar, and then come to me by-and-by with a whole troop of children and a poverty-stricken husband, to support. I can make a great deal better use of my money."

"Uncle!" Mary's feelings were almost too great for words. How different was this scene from what she had sometimes pictured—leaving home with a father's blessing. But her father had long since been supposed dead, and her only relative thus cruelly wounded her feelings.

Mrs. Aylett, who, since her children's marriage, had become much attached to Mary, secretly did much to comfort her for her uncle's anger; and Caroline—who, little time as she had been married, had learned the truth of some few

old proverbs—was very affectionate when they met, and Mary thought much changed, so little did she say against the poverty of him whom Mary had chosen.

"It is a pity he had not been better off; your father would not have said a word against it if he had been better off," said Mrs. Aylett.

"O, mother, don't say anything to hurt Mary's feelings; money is not everything." Happy Caroline!

"Now, Henry, I must not have you think any longer that I am going to be a burden on your hands."

They had been married almost a week, and he was preparing for his morning's walk to the office when she thus addressed him.

"A burden, Mary? I don't understand you."

"Well, I know you don't, dear, and that's what I want to explain."

"I think I can guess what you want to do; but I cannot allow it. You have never been used to do anything, Mary, and I do not intend you shall have to work for a living while you are my wife. Attend to your books, or your sewing, dear, and amuse yourself as well as you can while I am away. I have made every arrangement with mother, and she will see that the girl attends to her duties about the house. You have had no experience in such cares yet, and I do not wish you should."

"But it was not that I wanted to say, Henry. I wanted to tell you that I was richer than you thought, for the sum that my father settled on me is mine now, so you see that I am not quite a penniless bride."

"You are mistaken, love, about that. The morning I saw your uncle he told me the first thing, that on your marriage you would lose that, as it was only left to pay your board to him."

"Well, he did not tell you the truth, Henry, and I thought I would not say anything about it until we were married; but it is mine, and will be quite an addition to our income. Of course it did not seem a great deal to uncle, but it will be something to us, wont it?"

"It will, indeed, and I'm very glad it is so; even if you did not tell me before," he added, laughing.

"Well, now, since you have discovered that you are so much richer than you thought you was, wont you stay home a few days longer from the office? You can't think how I dread the thought of your being shut up there all the bright sun-shiny day."

"My dear Mary, if I consulted inclination, most certainly I would not leave you; but my word, dear, the promise I gave Mr. Sawyer, that cannot be broken on any consideration. I told him I would be there this morning, and of course he expects me, and of course I must go. You would not wish me to do otherwise?"

"No, no, Henry; it was very childish of me to say such a thing. I shall soon get used to being here without you, and it will be a pleasure to expect you home in the evening."

"Why did you not raise Henry Harding's salary a little higher when you were about it?" asked Mrs. Sawyer of her husband, as the two sat at breakfast that morning that Henry started for the office.

Mr. Sawyer put down his coffee cup and looked almost angrily at his wife, as he answered:

"Because I wish him to struggle a little, as I did when I was his age; because I want him to deny himself luxuries as I used to have to deny myself; because I don't want him to spoil that doll of a wife he has been taking; and because I want to see him become a greater man than ever I dared to hope to be."

Mrs. Sawyer smiled. "Will all this be accomplished, think you?"

"I trust so, for I love the boy as if he was my own."

No one would have thought under that rough, harsh-looking exterior, how much benevolence, generosity and love were hidden; but such was the fact, although he sometimes took strange ways to show it.

"I hope Mary won't be deprived of too many of the comforts she has been used to; it won't do to make her suffer for marrying the man of her choice, especially when we know it to be such a good choice."

"Don't be uneasy, Mrs. Sawyer, you know very little of that boy if you think he would let her want for anything. I tell you, you will see the day when she will be as far above you in point of wealth and position, as I am now above him."

Mrs. Sawyer smiled again. "You can't make me jealous if you try; I think my little favorite deserves all the good that can possibly befall her."

"I don't know about that," was the answer. "She must be something more than the common run of our fashionable girls if she deserves the husband she has got."

A year passed Emily Dubourdien's marriage with but little change; but ere a second elapsed

a beautiful babe was given to the mother's arms, and then for the first time she cast aside the idle habits she had indulged in from her childhood, and really began to take an interest in life and living.

On Arthur, the birth of his child had the effect of increasing his love for his beautiful young wife, and at the same time filling his mind with apprehensions of the worst kind.

Mima, with an evil eye, had noted the change in him she loved so well. She felt that the fair, innocent girl whose will so gently yielded to his, was gradually twining herself round a heart, not naturally evil, but spoiled from unrestrained liberty.

So potent was the spell of love which Emily had cast around her husband, that ere a year of their married life was at an end, he would have made any sacrifice to have got rid of the beautiful Mima from the plantation; would have done almost anything to prevent the possibility of his wife's ever knowing of her existence.

But no offers could induce the girl to leave, and Arthur could not find it in his heart now to forcibly send her away, or sell her as he would once have done, for Mima was his slave.

But he lived in constant dread of her, and possibly the watchful care he had of Emily was one of the strongest reasons of her attachment to him. Certain it was that they were very happy together, and the little delicate babe was almost worshipped by both.

No one ever saw Mima near the house, yet she came there often when they little dreamed there was a spy on their actions; when Arthur had no idea that those flashing black eyes were watching him caress his babe and its mother; or that ears of keenest sharpness were listening to his loving words.

Through the other slaves he learned how strangely Mima treated her boy from the time Emily's little girl was born: one hour bestowing the wildest caresses upon it, the next abusing the poor child with heartless cruelty. But the slaves all said Mima was mad, and Arthur himself almost thought so sometimes. One night there was a fearful storm, and while the thunder rolled overhead, and the lightnings flashed, and the rain came down in torrents, Arthur strove to quiet Emily's fears, and allay her apprehensions with that tenderness which had become part of his nature now.

The little child was with them, and while its nurse was busy about the apartment, Emily put on the little cambric nightdress, and tied the bands, and then arranged the delicate lace frills, and then held the little beauty up in her arms

for the father to admire. And as he lay carelessly on a sofa, Arthur Dubourdien thought never was sweeter picture seen than that fair, young, girlish mother and her lovely infant.

But other eyes than his were on them; and a tall, slender form stood outside in the darkness and the storm, and felt not wind nor rain, nor saw aught save that beautiful group, and the admiring glances he bestowed on them. Her child, which she held to her heart, at last began to cry with the cold rain falling on him, and she hastily turned away and went to her desolate cabin.

"She sits in her splendor and her state, and he loves her better than he ever loved me; while his boy and I may wander about in the dark and cold, and perish in the storm for aught he cares. O, shall I let her rob me of all my joy? Shall I let her have all the good, while I have none but the bad? No, never! She shall know what it is to mourn for a lost one, as I have."

The next night at that hour the scene without was calm and peaceful, scarce a trace remaining of the storm, while within the mansion all was terrified confusion, horror and dismay.

The beautiful babe, the precious babe, the cherished one, was dying, was dead; and Arthur Dubourdien turned from watching its last struggle to bear the almost lifeless form of his wife from the scene.

No more smiles and little winning arts; no more loving kisses and fond words; the baby was dead; cold and white, and not at all like the little warm, living creature they had all loved so well. And they buried it out of sight, and the mother, hopeless and helpless, with nothing to cheer her, sunk into worse habits of inactivity, and gradually pined and drooped away; and the father, uncertain of the cause of all their grief, and yet not daring to have his worst fears confirmed, grew moody and ill-tempered, and the once happy home was broken up; the slaves were sold and dispersed, and all that tells of the past are the two white marble monuments which mark the resting places of Emily Dubourdien and her babe.

Five years after their marriage, as might have well been foretold, Caroline Willington's husband was a confirmed drunkard. Disgrace and troubles of various descriptions had humbled the proud wife's heart, and it was almost her only comfort to go to Mary, and after recounting her trials, receive the warm sympathy which her cousin never denied.

Caroline, too, had lost a babe, an only babe, and it was pitiful to see with what emotions she

would caress Mary's pretty infants, sometimes lamenting that her own darling had been taken away, again rejoicing that it had been spared the disgrace of the wretched father. All her love of display was gone, her beauty was destroyed by grief and constant anxiety. Mary could scarce realize that the careworn, prematurely old-looking woman was the once beautiful, blooming Caroline Aylett.

A very large party was given one night by a lady with whom the Ayletts had long been intimate, and Mary and her husband, as well as Caroline and Marcus, received invitations. Henry would probably have gone, for the lady's husband was one whom he esteemed and respected; but in the evening, Mary perceived symptoms of illness in her youngest treasure, the "wee baby," and of course no party had any charms for the fond young mother after that.

She urged her husband to go, for Henry was now a rising man, and many sought his society, who at the time of his marriage would have disdained to speak with him. Of course Mary was proud of this, and it gave her every satisfaction to see him in the society he was so well fitted to adorn.

"You had certainly better go, Henry," she said, on this occasion. "You know how many pleasant people Mr. W—— always collects together, and you will enjoy yourself well."

"And leave you home here to walk about the room all night with the little one? No, I am afraid I should not enjoy myself much."

Mary said no more, for Henry always knew best, and to tell the truth, she was not sorry to be relieved in her care of the child, who, sick and fretful, refused to go to any one but its parents.

Late in the night, it grew so much worse that Henry went and brought their physician, who pronounced it a very sick child, and took the father back with him to get some more medicine.

"Have good courage, dear, I will be back in a few minutes; I don't believe it is going to be anything very serious," Henry whispered, as he saw how pale Mary's cheek grew at the doctor's words.

For half an hour she sat holding the little feverish babe in her arms, pressing the hot hands to her lips and brow, and using all those little soothing arts mothers so soon learn.

The child had just fallen into a troubled sleep, starting at every noise, and throwing its limbs restlessly about, when a loud ring came at the door, and Henry's mother came into the chamber in a few seconds with the bottle he had taken, and a scrap of paper. There were a few

pencilled words, and Mary's heart grew almost cold as she read them :

"Give the child his medicine, and leave it with mother, and come instantly to Caroline. Don't delay a second !
HENRY."

Many women would have stopped to still the pitiful cries of the little one, unwilling to leave the mother's arms ; but, though it cost her a deep pang, Mary obeyed the urgent command to the letter, and lost not a second. She felt that some fearful calamity alone could have caused her husband to pen such a note.

"Do you know where to go to ?" she asked of the man who stood holding a horse and sleigh at the door.

"Yes, ma'am. O, ma'am, aint this dreadful ?"

Mary made no answer ; the man was suffering from some dreadful agitation ; for her life she could not ask him what he meant by *this*, the word which he evidently fancied she understood.

But why prolong horrors ? Why try to depict the misery contained in that wretched mansion, where the master lay dead and disfigured, the victim of a drunken riot—the mistress a raving maniac—the servants terrified and bewildered, looking for some one to give reasonable orders ? Of course any one with Henry's calm decision was invaluable to such a time ; and while he assisted to hold the frantic wife, he directed the movements of those who could restore order to the fearfully disordered house.

The story was soon told. Marcus Willington had slipped away from his wife and the rest of the company at an early hour ; had gone among some of the vile companions he best loved to associate with ; had drank until intoxicated, quarrelled and fought with one, and just as his anxious wife came home to look for him, with fearful forebodings, he was carried into his house a bleeding, disfigured corpse.

Caroline never recovered from the shock to her already shattered mind and body ; a few weeks of raving delirium, a few more of quiet, sinking away, and then they laid her beside her husband in the churchyard.

Mary, too, suffered severely from the terrors of that night, but she soon recovered, and her convalescence was materially aided by the unexpected arrival of an old and careworn man, bent with years and sorrows, and faded with long residence beneath a tropical sun.

It was John Aylett, who came home to die among the scenes of his youth ; having grown almost fabulously rich, and found all too late that not even the excitement of money-getting could cure a broken heart. He lived but a short time to enjoy the comforts and happiness of his

daughter's home, and very soon after his death his brother and his wife also ended their worldly cares and troubles.

Mary and her husband are yet living, and if I have not given their true names on these pages, it is solely because he is so well and honorably known to the world.

Old Mr. Sawyer's prophecy has come true, and the lawyer's clerk has risen to be a greater man than ever he dared to be. His sons are ranked among our best and noblest men, doing highest credit to the professions they have chosen ; and the husbands of his daughters are truly among the lawgivers of the land.

AMERICAN GENERALS.

Washington was a surveyor, and in after life a farmer. "Expressive silence ! muse his praise."

Knox was a bookbinder and stationer.

Morgan (he of the Cowpens) was a drover. Tarleton got from him a sound lecture on that subject.

Greene was a blacksmith, and withal a Quaker, albeit through all his Southern campaigns, and particularly at the Eutaw Springs, he put off the outward man.

Arnold (I ask pardon for naming him in such company) was a grocer and provision storekeeper in New Haven, where his sign is still to be seen ; the same that decorated his shop before the Revolution.

Gates, who opened Burgoyne's eyes to the fact that he could not "march through the United States with five thousand men," was a "regular built soldier," but after the Revolution a farmer.

Warren, the martyr of Bunker Hill, was a physician, and hesitated not to exhibit to his countrymen a splendid example of the manner in which American physicians should practise when called upon by their country.

Marion, the "swamp-fox" of the South, was a cow-boy.

Sumpter, the "fighting-cock" of South Carolina, was a shepherd's boy.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

THE PERSIAN WHEEL.

This is a contrivance for raising water to some height above the level of a stream. In the rim of a wheel turned by the stream a number of strong pins are fixed, to which buckets are suspended. As the wheel turns, the buckets on one side go down into the stream, where they are filled, and return full up the other until they reach the top. Here an obstacle is placed in such a position that it overturns the bucket, and the water is poured into a spout or convenient receptacle. It is evident that with this form of wheel the water can only be raised to the height of the diameter of the wheel, and there is no doubt that it is a very rude contrivance. It is much used in Persia for the irrigation of the land, and very many of them may be seen on the banks of the river Nile.—*Scientific American.*

Love is like honesty—all the world are talking about it and yet it is but little understood.

LOOK UP.

BY LENA LYLE.

Look up! look up, thou troubled one,
Thy Father is above;
His heart is filled with kindness,
For the children of his love.
Come to him when in sorrow,
And he a balm will find,
To set the aching heart at rest,
To calm the troubled mind.

Look up! look up, poor orphan child,
The whole earth is before thee,
Heed not the storms of angry Fate,
That now are brooding o'er thee.
But place thy hand upon the plough,
And press it firmly on;
Look not behind, but on ahead,
At what is to be done.

Look up! look up, lone widowed heart,
Raft of each glad some ray;
O, place thy trust in Him who dwells
In realms of cloudless day.
Look up, and ask of him the peace
Which nowhere else thou'lt find;
Call him, and he will quickly come,
Thy wounded heart to bind.

Look up! look up, forsaken one!
Let faith dispel the gloom
That hovers round thy spirit now,
O, bid religion bloom.
Look up to Him who dwells above,
The King of heaven and earth;
He made the meanest thing that creeps,
He gave this world its birth.

Look up! look up, I say, to all,
Ne'er yield ye to despair!
Fling far away upon the winds
The sickening thoughts of care;
Let not a doubt of what's to come
Assail thy trusting heart,
But let thy faith in God and man
Be of thyself a part.

TRUE LOVE'S GIFT.

BY MARY W. JANVRAIN.

"No! never will I wed an unbeliever! Never peril my soul's happiness by linking myself with one who doubts the existence of a God! And yet, why should it cost me a pang to reject Bayard Hartley? Ah, is it not that I fear for his future; that I fear for the genius that undirected and unhallowed, may lead his splendidly gifted mind into thick shades of mental night? O, if by this marriage, I could be instrumental in winning him to a better life—if I could save him—then, indeed, O how joyfully would I put my hand in his—for, ah me! I fear my heart is

his already—then, indeed, would it be my highest happiness to marry him! But alas! I cannot, I dare not; it would only be a double wrong, for what says my Bible? 'Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers.'" And a fair girl swept back the folds of dark hair from a pale, high forehead, and leaned her face against the cool, moist window-pane.

The little wicket gate swung to in the yard below, and outlined in the bright moonlight, she saw a well-known, manly form approaching the house, and in another moment a familiar bell-pull broke the silence of the calm, summer's evening. Why did Ellen Haven start nervously, and the red blood flush her cheek, then rush back upon her heart again leaving her marble pale? Why did her limbs almost refuse support, as, obeying the servant's summons, she went down to the parlor?

Ah, her heart had been right in its premonitions! Bayard Hartley had sought her that night to ask her to become his wife; Bayard, whose genius she so admired, whose dreamy, artist eyes had first sounded the well of love in her young heart, whose voice had been the sweetest dream of music she ever expected to listen to this side of heaven! And she, alone and untrammelled in the world, the heiress of an ample fortune, free to do her own heart's bidding, with none to urge or hinder; why did she not place her white hand in his that night, and whisper, "Yours, Bayard, forever more?"

Because, amid all the fascinations of his passionate love, amid the thrall which this travelled, eloquent, and caressed son of fortune knew so well how to weave around the woman he loved; because, amid all, one memory had kept her pure and true, the memory of her gentle mother, whose death-bed rose terribly distinct to the child who knelt beside her and listened to that mother's dying words. "My daughter, I look back upon the wreck of my life! Young, trusting, and a Christian, I went out from my father's home to become the bride of your father—an infidel! Much as I loved him, I could not respect. Our life was outwardly calm, but ah, what an inward warfare! He died suddenly; in his death-hour wicked women heard his latest breath. I do not know that he carried with him into eternity another faith than the dreadful skepticisms of his life. O, my daughter, let your Bible be a precious boon; let gold never come between you and it; and never, never let an unworthy love turn you aside from the path of duty!"

Such, a dying mother's advice to her only child; and now the hour had come when the test should be applied. "Strange fatality," thought Ellen,

as her hand trembled on the door leading to the room where Bayard awaited her, "strange fatality that bequeathed my mother's love-experience to her child!"

But not, like her mother, did Ellen Haven yield. There, in that quiet summer's evening, were spoken words that proud, self-confident man of the world had not thought to hear, and by one whom he had deemed a weak, confiding girl, whose only earthly happiness centered in his love.

And she had rejected him! For a mere whim, an idle prating about duty, she had cast aside his love! Had the artist been heart-free, he could have smiled and gone on his way, so lightly did her eloquent pleadings that he would abjure his skepticism affect him; but he did love her, strongly as a gifted, passionate man could love, and thus in warmer words he besought a return of his affection.

But though his entreaties moved her much (and when did lover-tones fail to weaken woman?) they could not turn her aside from the path conscience had marked out.

"It is impossible," she said, firmly, but with pale cheek. "Bayard, much as I love you—and I deny nothing—dear as you are to me, I dare not wed you. Do not urge me more. We part as friends; and may God guide you to the true fount of love and light, shall be my daily prayer. Good-by, Bayard!"

But the discomfited and suffering man, comprehending not, in the whirl of his own selfish passions, the stronger bonds that held her from his arms as his wife, haughtily refused the white hand she held appealingly towards him, turned upon his heel, and then, overcome by anger, paused a moment on the threshold to utter a few keen invectives; reproaches that paled her cheek, and brought a quiver to her lips.

"It is well! You talk of duty, Miss Haven. Duty and conscience, forsooth! I hope the latter will never bring you any stings, if, in the future you hear of me as an aimless, reckless man; a waif in the most dissolute cities of the Old World, whom you drove thither, an unbeliever not only in God, but in virtue and true womanhood! Ellen Haven, you never loved me! but you have coquetted with me, played with my hopes, feelings, and my love, till you led me on to this rejection. Talk of your duty! 'fore heaven, I would not wonder, if I stayed here five minutes more, to hear you say that your Bible commanded you to wed that young fop, Islington, with more guineas than brains, whom all the world has pronounced a fitting match for the rich heiress, Miss Haven!"

Pale as death Ellen Haven sank down on a couch, when, with imperious, angry step, Bayard Hartley passed out. With hands pressed convulsively over a wrung heart, tears falling rapidly down her cheeks, and his taunts still sounding loudly in her ears, she lay long, till the white summer moon rode high, and silvered all the landscape without.

It was a hard struggle between wounded love and duty; but a high, moral nature, though it suffer ever so keenly, will not weakly yield, nor did Ellen Haven.

Bayard Hartley stood in his room with preparations complete for his departure. Pictures were removed from the wall; articles of *vertu*, with his costly furniture, had been hustled into an auction-room; the rich Persian carpet was soiled and trampled by tread of porters' feet, and now he stood looking moodily from the window down the crowded city street, awaiting the arrival of the hack which was to take him to the steamer.

A wild, haggard look was about his dark eyes, but a bitter, cynical smile wreathed his lips, a smile that betrayed, more than it concealed, a heart ill at ease within. The door opened, and a handsome, jaunty-looking, fashionably-attired young man sauntered in.

"What the d—ickens means this, Bayard?" was his salutation, starting back and glancing round with an air of surprise. "Rooms torn to pieces, trunks packed—why, my boy, this looks like a start! What does it mean, dear fellow?"

"It means that three hours hence I shall be borne out of Boston Harbor on my way to Europe. The *Canada* sails to-day, and I go in her," answered Hartley, shortly.

"The deuce you do!" And a low, prolonged whistle betrayed the elegant Fred Pomeroy's astonishment; if anything could be said to astonish that calm, self-complacent, aristocratic, and immaculately-gloved young gentleman, who especially prided himself upon never being betrayed either into vulgar haste or surprise, "why, my dear boy, when did this plan get into your head? Thought you'd sown your wild oats—eh? and intended to settle down, become 'a respectable citizen,' 'useful member of society,' in this dem'd old Puritan city, paint pictures, and all that sort of thing. And now you're off to Europe! Besides, what will the fair Haven do for an escort, when her most devoted and most favored is upon the other side of the big mill-pond? for, you know, rumor voted one Bayard Hartley as the prospective lucky fellow who should come in for a share of the heiress's thousands!"

"Unfortunately, Miss Haven's arrangements for the future and mine conflict. At least, I am not supposed to be the participant of those plans, since, for aught I know to the contrary, she may have turned nun and vowed to build a foundling hospital or convent with her surplus funds," replied Hartley, with asperity.

"More likely that she builds a five story stone front in the region of Mount Vernon Street, and sets up that golden calf, Reginald Islington, as the idol of her worship. Ha, ha! that is not bad, is it, Bayard? That *isn't* bad—capital hit—think I must report it—'Fred Pomero's last joke.' Good-by, my fine fellow—give us your hand—write a fellow once an age when you get over with the old dons there, the other side of the water. *O, river!* as we say in Paris, I'm off." And the elegant perfumed and becurled Frederick Pomero departed, to retail what his shallow brain conceived to be a capital joke.

"Please, Mr. Bayard, a man left this package at the street door for you!" And a female domestic appeared in the doorway.

Hartley took the small paper package and opened it. A richly gilt and velvet bound volume met his eye. Mechanically he turned to the fly leaf, whereon were delicately pencilled a few words, "Will Bayard Hartley keep, and read this true love's gift?" The chirography was only too familiar—light and graceful—it was Ellen Haven's. The volume was a book of which he had spoken lightly, sneeringly—a Bible!

Now a red flush sprang to his cheek; for a moment he wavered between love and anger; then tossed the volume contemptuously into a partly-filled trunk which stood open.

"Cant, bigotry!" he exclaimed, scornfully. "She thinks to win me back at this late hour. No, Ellen Haven, if you *have* loved me, you shall suffer! If duty and conscience bade you to reject me, pride and firmness send me to the shores of the Old World. It shall place the ocean between us! 'True love,' indeed, which sent me from you coldly as the veriest ascetic in existence. By heaven! if you knelt to me now for a smile, I would chill you with my scorn!" And the excited Hartley walked the floor madly. "Ho there, waiter, strap up those trunks and take them down to the door. The hackman has come!" And three hours later Bayard Hartley was on his way to Europe.

That night, while the summer moon rose high over the city, and silvered the quiet suburbs, again Ellen Haven received tribute of the "heart, hand and fortune" of the elegant fop, Reginald Islington; the latter item (fortune), classing

within its limits the comfortable sum of fifty thousand, inherited from a poor, dead-and-gone, money-making, labor-loving father, a fast nag on the Cambridge race course, a box at "the Boston," gold-bowed eye-glass, primrose kids, and sundry bottles of Macassar, all of which, strange to relate, Ellen Haven very quietly refused; so quietly, indeed, that the young exquisite doubted his rejection until the closing of the parlor-door and the total silence that followed announced the fact of his being left alone, when with extraordinary celerity he retraced his steps to the city, mentally resolving never to venture within range of Miss Haven's quiet words and scornful eyes again.

But to the poor, suffering girl who gained her chamber, and, from her mood of mortification that she should thus have been the recipient of an empty-headed fop's "adoration," fell into a long, painful reverie, what sad thoughts did the silver, early summer moon bring, shining as it did on her beloved hastening over the ocean?

Reader, picture if you can with your mind's eye, a gallant ship tossed on the wide seas in all the fury of a raging tempest. A fearful sight, this noble vessel, that of erst "walked the waters like a thing of life," now rolling hither and thither, an inert, heavy mass, whose next plunge might be into deepest whirlpools—abysses whose seething foam should strangle utterly the breath from hundreds of white lips, and send hundreds of souls into the presence of their God!

Reader, to you who are familiar with that late terrible calamity which yet fills our land with sorrow, to you who read how the fated Central America went down in mid ocean, carrying with her a more precious argosy than the golden dust with which she sanded the floors of coral caves—a precious freight of human hearts, loves, hopes and joys—to you the picture will loom up fearfully distinct; a wild, startling reality, and not a phantom picture of the brain; and now, behold on the deck of this fated steamer, amid the thronging mass of human life, pale, trembling and unnerved at the prospect of a terrible death, one whose footsteps four years before had trodden the deck of a foreign-bound steamer, Bayard Hartley.

Far and wide had the wanderer roved; the Old World was familiar to his vision. His footsteps had roved throughout Europe; he had penetrated into the heart of gay, metropolitan Paris, had drunk deeply of the cup of dissipation, had bivouacked with the German students, quaffed their sparkling Moselle and the vintage of the Rhine, had paused to dream months away

in classic Italy, where Madonna and child, and the rare creations of a Titian and Corregio, looked down from gallery walls, and then had strayed beyond where the thousand minarets of Turkish mosques pierced the blue, southern sky, gathered the roses of Cashmere, and, treading the sacred turf of Palestine, looked upon the altar-stone where the chivalrous crusader knight had knelt to breathe forth his pious vows.

He had witnessed the performance of the rites attendant upon the different religions of the earth. The Hindoos had worshipped Brahma, Boodh and Vishnu, and performed their senseless rituals before him; he had noted the Mahomedan worship, and heard at twilight on Byzantine walls from Byzantine towers the muezzin's cry, "*Allah ilallah!*" "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" he had stood in the Vatican and Saint Peter's, heard the pomp and ceremonial of high mass, the curling incense-wreaths, heard the "*Grand Te Deum*" and wondrous legend of virgin and martyr-red saint; and been an observer of the forms and ritual of the established Church of England; and in humbler houses, heard the man of God discourse of the Christian's faith; and yet Bayard Hartley was still an unbeliever! When the Old World paled on his vitiated taste, then this man of cosmopolitan life sought a new excitement in the new state that sits enthroned on her golden hills of our far western shores. To the El-Dorado of the nineteenth century he bent his way; and California never held, amid all her heart-sick, unnerved, gold-wearied sons, one who carried a heavier heart or dragged away a more aimless life, than Bayard Hartley. At length, more from love of change, than any other motive, he turned his thoughts to the Puritan city of his birth in distant New-England; and, gathering up the golden ounces which a few rapidly-executed but splendid pictures had gained him, he enrolled his name among the passengers shipping on board the Central America, and again turned homeward.

"Ellen, child, you surely are not going on to New York by the night boat, and alone, too! I cannot consent to it! What sudden whim is this? If you insist upon this visit, your cousin Ralph shall bear you company next Wednesday. Surely a week cannot make much difference; besides you will then have time to write to your aunt Lester announcing your visit. Come, Ellen, put away this sudden whim!" and Mrs. Haven paused from the pleading speech she had addressed to her niece.

"No, Aunt Emeline, please don't oppose it!

I must go to New York this very night! It is but a short journey, and Captain West is the most gentlemanly of captains. Uncle James has secured me a state-room; and as for travelling alone, you need have no alarm on that account. Please don't say any more, aunt! It is no idle whim that prompts this visit." And thus decided, Ellen Haven set about hasty preparations for her departure.

"Dear me, James, you can't think how I hate to have Ellen go on the Sound to-night! I am afraid of the steamboats. O, that dreadful Central America calamity! Wasn't it dreadful?" And Mrs. Haven looked sad and sighed heavily, as she left her husband at the dinner-table preparatory to offers of assistance to her niece.

"La, wife, you're nervous, that's all! The visit'll do Ellen good; now I think of it, she looked pale as a ghost this morning when she came into the store for me to go down to the office and speak for her state-room. I think the change will benefit her—am glad she thinks of it—always did wonder that a handsome, wealthy girl like her should be content to live a quiet, hum-drum life with us old folks. She'll see gayety enough at her aunt Lester's. Don't you think that our Ralph is getting to like Ellen wonderfully, wife? She'd make him a good little helpmeet, if she could learn to like him well enough; but, by the way, I wonder where that painter, Hartley, vanished four years ago? I thought Ellen and he were going to make a match of it. Never did like him any too well. Ah yes, wife," the merchant added, with a sigh. "Sad affair about the Central America! Terrible, terrible! Gloomy faces on State Street to-day. In fact, it cast a gloom over the whole city. Dreadful, wife, dreadful! Haven't had time to read the list of the saved, yet, but will bring home the evening papers."

"Wife, wife!" and James Haven looked up from his paper that evening, as he sat in his cheery parlor, "hear! 'Bayard Hartley,' among the saved from the foundered steamer. 'Bayard Hartley;' why, we were talking of him this very noon! And he was coming home from California with a fortune! Wife, do you suppose that Ellen saw his name in the list and hurried on to New York to meet him? I always thought the girl liked him. Poor thing, I pity her."

"Perhaps they were engaged, James. You know he came out here often before he left," suggested Mrs. Haven. "And yet I think she would have told me."

"Maybe not; Ellen's a quiet girl, but deep. Maybe not, wife. But Nelly's a hundred times too good for him, to my mind! But, poor fel-

low, he had a narrow escape of it!" And the old merchant removed his glasses, and sat for a long time in a deep reverie.

"And so my gift was not slighted; but, in that terrible hour of darkness and doom, revealed to you the one source of light and life? O, Bayard, what an escape, not only from the fearful waters, but from the death of a shipwrecked soul!" and the speaker shuddered.

It was a dimly-lighted apartment where, tenderly bathing the temples of a pale, emaciated man, sat Ellen Haven. In that moment when she had read his name among the "saved" from a dreadful ocean grave, all the conventional forms of society were set at naught; she but obeyed the promptings of her noble womanly heart and hastened to his side. All of the past was forgotten; she but saw the man she loved lying exhausted, faint and ill, and hastened to his side, where she heard a revelation it thrilled her heart with deepest gratitude to learn.

Now let us hear it repeated by Bayard Hartley's own lips, as, transferring the hand that lingered caressingly on his forehead to his own clasp, he told briefly the story of that terrible night.

"Ah, my best-beloved Ellen, when we parted—I in pride and anger—how little I foresaw this meeting! I went forth, a haughty man, arraigned against my Maker; I return a humble and abashed penitent. And, Ellen, you through Him have been the instrument of this! You, whom I vowed to forget, and blot out from my heart in a wild career of dissipation, but whose pale, sweet face came before me day and night, turning me aside from maddest revels and saving me from my worst enemy—myself! Ellen, you have been my guardian angel; and this," laying his hand upon a Bible, "this has proved to me the day-star of life. In the darkness of that terrible night on the waters, while men, women and children were scattering their golden treasures about the cabin, wildly calling for the aid no human arm might bring; in that hour, alone in my cabin, and prostrate before the sense of a mighty power I knew not how to name, like a lightning-flash came the memory of this book. Drawing it eagerly from the trunk where I had idly thrown it, and where it had lain untouched during my four years' wanderings, I opened it to read these words, 'The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters!' Ellen, that saved me! not only, as you have said, from the engulfing waves, but from that more terrible death of the soul. It saved me; it upbore me in the desperate battle with the chill waters that

terrible night and that gray, drear day; it was with me when the rescue came. Ellen, the faith born there, midst the darkness and the waves, can never dim till merged in the stronger, clearer revelations of eternity. That Bible was indeed 'true love's gift.' And now, Ellen, dear Ellen, what wonder that I ask the heart that prompted it, and the hand that sent it? My only beloved, will you stay with me to be henceforth the angel of my life?"

There is small need to recall Ellen Haven's answer. It may be inferred from an exclamation her aunt made that day week, when she read a letter handed to her as she sat at work in her parlor:

"There! it is just as James thought; Ellen went to New York purposely to meet this Bayard Hartley! Poor child, how she must have suffered! and not to tell me she was engaged to him. And I suppose she was expecting him home in the steamer! What if he'd been lost? Poor Ellen!" And certainly, to have caught a glimpse of good Mrs. Haven's sad countenance at that moment, one would have been inclined to pity, rather than rejoice at the happiness of Ellen Hartley. But, reader, you and I know better.

DESTITUTION IN NEW YORK.

The Christian Intelligencer gives the following instance of the distress that prevailed in that city during hard times:—"We heard of an instance where a clerk, who had lost his situation by the failure of his employers, and who could get nothing to do, having been reduced to great want, went to the market-place and watching an opportunity, as he thought unobserved, put a piece of meat under his cloak. He was seen, and an officer was directed to follow him to his home, and be cautious and make inquiry and report before he took any steps. Waiting a few moments after the man had entered his house, he knocked. The clerk opened the door, and, on seeing the officer's dress, he said:

"So I am found out, am I? Before you take me away come inside a minute."

The officer went into the room, and found the wife and four children each with a piece of the meat in their hands, eating ravenously. He burst into tears, and the clerk said:

"My wife and children have had nothing to eat for four days. Everything is pawned or sold, except what you see; I will go with you, if you say so." The officer went back to the market and reported what he had seen, when the butchers filled up a basket with provisions, sent it to his house, and supplied him until he found work.

Wisdom and virtue are by no means sufficient, without the supplement laws of good breeding, to secure freedom from degenerating into rudeness, or self-esteem from swelling into insolence. A thousand incivilities may be committed, and a thousand offices neglected, without any remorse of conscience, or reproach from reason.

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

I was a little girl of ten summers, when I heard the following story. It struck me then as something quite out of the usual routine of things, and I have treasured it in my memory for many years.

I was my brother's pet, and one evening, after his return from Europe, when he was about to welcome to his own home a number of friends whom he had not met for years, I begged him to let me remain in the parlor, close beside him. He did not refuse me, and so I listened to, and enjoyed the conversation with him, with real childish gusto.

"How was it, Charlie?" asked my brother, turning to a fine-looking gentleman, with large blue eyes, and a pleasing face, who sat at his right, stroking his beard leisurely with his fingers. "How did you win that most inexorable of all ladies, your guardian's daughter?"

The gentleman smiled one of the most bewitching smiles I ever beheld, and said, with some little hesitancy in his voice and manner:

"O, that was a singular affair, which, though it may be very amusing to listen to, was, nevertheless, hard to endure. I am not sure that it will benefit you to hear it."

"How was it?" asked my brother, and "How was it, Mr. Davies?" chorussed in some half-dozen voices.

"Since you are all my friends, and having seen my Mabel, cannot blame me that my love for her bordered on frenzy, I will tell you, how at last, everything was brought about to my mind. Well, as stories have it, I was poor, and Mabel was an heiress. I was in love with her; but if she was with me, she kept that love secret. She never told me so. Consequently, my life grew to be one prolonged misery, though, all the while, I hoped against hope.

"Ah, but the day of all days, when affairs came to a crisis; when the darkest hour of night gave way, making room for the bright morning of my love. Telling Mabel that I loved her had grown to be one of my daily customs, as much as that of attending, regularly, family prayers, every morning, and, if I remember rightly, usually followed the morning's worship, while we were left alone together in the sitting-room. So, upon that memorable day of which I speak, I said, 'Mabel, if you will only love me I will do anything in the world for you; make any sacrifice that you may name; endanger my life; jeopardize my health and strength; anything.'

"Mabel looked seriously at me for a moment, and then added:

"Charles, do you realize what you have been saying?"

"O, yes! most certainly I do. Name the way in which you wish to test my love, and you shall find that I am true—as—as—the eternal heavens!"

"Well, well, that will do. We are to have a party to-morrow night," she commenced, seriously, "will you promise me to attend it?"

"I bowed an assent.

"To-morrow forenoon," she continued, resting her white hand upon my arm, and coming up closely to my side, "I want you to make several calls for me. One at the R. House, one at N. Hotel, and one upon Miss Reeves at her father's house on B. Street; and more, I wish you to promenade for a considerable length of time up and down Broadway."

"With all my heart, dear Mabel," I responded, "I see nothing disagreeable in that."

"But you have not heard me through yet; when you have, you may protest at once against my test as you are pleased to term it."

"Never, never, Mabel!"

"Well, I wish you to make this answer to every person who addresses you upon the street, at the hotel, or in any place you chance to be."

"What," I asked, breathlessly.

"These words—None of your business!"

"I could not speak for several moments, I was so astounded.

"Will you do it?" asked Mabel.

"Y-e-s, y-e-s," I stammered, my face flushing crimson.

"Very well. And now, but one thing more; you must report upon your word and honor to me the whole of your adventures. Will you?"

"Yes, Mabel," I answered, feebly.

"Well, then, here is my hand on the bargain. After you have performed faithfully your mission, perhaps—" she blushed, held down her head, and didn't finish the sentence. I bent my lips down to hers, kissed her passionately, and left her to ponder alone upon her strange request.

"I must say, 'None of your business,' to every person that speaks to me, I mused aloud when in my chamber. 'Why, people will think me insane! Miss Reeves, delightful Miss Reeves, beautiful Miss Reeves, will order her father's servants to turn me out of doors. She'll think I go there on purpose to insult her. By Jove, it is too bad! If any woman but Mabel had proposed such a method of procedure to me, I would have annihilated her by a single look. But Mabel, dear Mabel—I'll do it!'

"The following morning at ten o'clock, I started for N. Hotel. My guardian's house was a long distance from it, and during my walk I met many of my acquaintances. As good luck would have it they were all too hurried to greet me with anything beyond a bow and a good morning, until I met good parson W—. In vain I tried to dodge him; looked in every direction but the one from which he was coming, but to no account. He put his hand on my arm and sounded a round good morning in my ears.

"I bowed and moved a step forward, but he held me fast.

"Do not hurry, young man. I wish to speak with you upon a subject which should put every other out of sight—of your immortal soul!"

"I bowed again.

"How have you felt in your mind since I last conversed with you?"

"O, that odious sentence with which I had vowed to answer every one who spoke to me, how could I utter it!"

"How have you felt?" he repeated, looking anxiously in my face.

"None of your business!" I answered, plump and fair.

"The gentleman looked as though he expected the earth to open under my feet, so he stepped back from me. 'Young man,' he said, solemnly, 'beware how you treat lightly affairs pertaining to your immortal interests. I forgive your insult to me—'

"I broke away from him before he had completed the sentence. I was half crazed.

"A few moments' brisk walk brought me to N. Hotel, which I entered with the air of a martyr. I had but just stepped inside the hall, when a loud, brisk voice began:

"Good morning, Mr. Davies; you are just the person I have been wishing to see. Step into the parlor, if you please, while I whisper in your ear a bit of good news."

"I thought for a certainty, that I should sink through the floor as I reluctantly followed my worthy friend, Mr. Allen, through the hall. For many months he had been striving to make room for me in his extensive wholesale warehouse; because he had taken an interest in me, and knew that my yearly allowances ceased when my education was finished.

"Davies, I have it all arranged now as I have so long wished. You can have the head clerkship in our establishment, and receive a good round substantial salary. If you are faithful, in a few years you shall come in with us as a partner. We old men need a capable young man like you, to look after us. What do you say?"

"My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I thought I should fall from the chair in which I was sitting.

"Say, Davies, my good fellow, what do you think of it?"

"None—none of your business!" I gasped.

"Mr. Allen looked me in the face a moment, and then arose, proudly with a 'Very well, sir!'

"I buried my face in my hands, I had insulted the warmest friend I had in the whole city.

"Nothing can be worse than this, I thought. I will walk through the remaining scenes of this farce, like an undaunted actor.

"Hullo, Charlie," was the next exclamation that startled me, as I was walking up the steps of the R— House, and at the same moment a hand was laid familiarly on my shoulder. 'I haven't seen you for a number of weeks—not since I was married. By the way, you haven't seen my little wife yet; come up now and be introduced,' continued my friend, too busy with his own thoughts to notice that I did not reply to him. "I believe truly, Davies, that I am the happiest man in existence. I wish you were half as happy. This way," and he led me up a broad flight of stairs and paused before a door upon the first landing.

"We have a suite of room, here."

"A moment more and I was in the presence of Mrs. Thomas Langley—a pretty, sweet-looking little brunette.

"My friend, Mr. Davies, Mrs. Langley" commenced Tom, with a sort of pride visible in her tone. "One of my boon companions," he continued, as I bent low over the white hand of the lady.

"What would I have given to have been myself for the next half hour. I cursed myself for the foolish promise I had made; in my heart I called Mabel everything but a true woman. Why shouldn't I? I was making a fool of myself a laughing-stock among my friends. At last a bright thought struck me. Mabel had said that every reply of mine must be—'None of your business!' Surely I was not precluded from asking questions myself. So I commenced a lively conversation with the lady, which I should have enjoyed heartily, had I not been trembling all the while with fear lest she should ask me a question. One came at last, which I answered in French. I saw at once that she did not understand the language, but was too proud to admit the fact. I looked at Tom. His eyes blazed like fire. He was as familiar with the language as his own mother tongue. A moment more and I bowed myself out of the room. Tom's fiery glance followed me. He was pos-

sessed of a high temper, and I felt anything but sure as to the way the affair would terminate.

"Decidedly uncomfortable in my feelings, I made my way towards the home of Miss Reeves. You may judge of my joy, my happiness, on being told that the lady was away! With one bound I cleared the steps and landed on the sidewalk. I have always felt thankful to her for her timely absence.

"I walked briskly up Broadway congratulating myself that my trials were nearly ended, but vowing in my inmost heart that I would never bestow another tender thought upon Mabel Annis.

"A little beggar-girl crossed my way and asked me if I would give her a penny, and I thundered out my answer to her, at the same moment I dropped a silver coin in her thin hand. I could say 'None of your business,' to the king! I exclaimed, looking resolutely about me.

"How are you getting along?" sounded a pleasant voice at my elbow. I looked around to see the roguish, laughing face of Mabel Annis.

"None of your business!" I answered with marked emphasis.

"At two o'clock, P. M., I reached home sick and disheartened. I had lost a lucrative situation, as well as the confidence of a tried and esteemed friend. I had insulted a woman; and treated with levity and disrespect the teachings of a minister of the gospel, beside making myself ridiculous in numerous other instances. There was nothing left for me to do now, but leave the city. If I remained in it, I should always be notorious.

"With an air of sullenness and pride, I sought Mabel in the parlor, and told her of my exploits as well as I could, amid peals of ringing, musical laughter.

"After you have called upon Miss Reeves, we'll talk about—" commenced Mabel.

"Then you will never have that privilege!" I said, sternly, interrupting her.

"Just as you please," returned Mabel, with a pretty toss of her head.

"That I have acted the part of a foolish, inexperienced boy, I'll admit, Mabel," I said. "That you have made my love for you a weapon against myself, you are well aware. But I am stronger now, than I was this morning. I do not think if you had cared for me, even as a brother, you would have aided in making me appear ridiculous."

"But indeed, Charlie! I didn't mean any harm; it was so funny that I couldn't help telling you to do it. You were always begging me to test your love, you know?"

"Test my love, Mabel! Why did you not tell me something to do that would have been an honor to you in the suggestion, and to me, in the performance of it? Why didn't you tell me to be a brave, true man, true to myself and true to you, instead of sending me out on a mean mission to disgrace myself, and make my best friends my enemies."

"Is it too late for you to be a true man now, Charlie? Wont you try to be one if I ask you?"

"I looked into Mabel's face. Great tears were running down her cheeks, and her red lips were quivering with emotion. My heart smote me for what I had been saying. After all, I loved Mabel better than any one in the world. I began to feel a strange, choking sensation in my throat, and a rising of tears in my eyes, which in my new strength of manhood I would not have had Mabel seen for the world, so I turned slowly away from her and left the room. I thought it was unmanly to weep.

"Until six o'clock in the evening I busied myself in my room packing my trunk. When my task was nearly completed, I was interrupted by a low rap at the door, and on opening it Mabel stood before me her eyes red and swollen with weeping.

"I am going away," I said, as she glanced inquiringly about the room.

"I have done all that I can, to repair the wrong I did you," she said; "I have called on Mr. Allen, and he said that the situation was still yours, and that you were perfectly excusable. Mr. Langley laughed uproariously, at my explanation, and said that he did not blame you. And parson W—, though harder to convince than the other gentlemen, said that when he had an opportunity of conversing with you, he didn't doubt he should fully exculpate you from all blame. That is all," and she turned to go.

"No, no, Mabel, you shall not go from me in this way, after you have proved yourself so noble a woman. Only consent to be my wife, and I will be everything you wish me to be," I said, passionately, drawing her to my side.

"Will you be my wife?"

"Again Mabel's rosy lips quivered, and her delicate eyelids drooped over her eyes, as she placed both her hand in mine. And I don't believe there was ever a happier person in existence than I, when I pressed a betrothal kiss upon her lips.

"It is needless to say that parson W— was wholly reconciled, when three weeks after, he was the recipient of a round, handsome bridal fee at Mabel's and my wedding."

Curious Matters.

An Execution two Centuries ago.

From the Diary of John Hull, Treasurer and Mint-Master of Massachusetts, recently published by the American Antiquarian Society, we take the following item:—"1657, 23d of 2d (i. e. April 23d). We received letters from Hartford, and understand that the work of reconciliation (in the Church) went very slowly forward. We also heard that at a town called Farmington, near Hartford, an Indian was so bold as to kill an English-woman and likewise her maid, and also sorely wounded a little child—all within their house—and then fired the house, which also fired some other houses or barns. The Indians being apprehended, delivered up the murderer, who was brought to Hartford, and (after he had his right hand cut off) was, with an axe, knocked on the head by the executioner."

Patchouli.

Of all the Eastern odors, patchouli is that most employed in Europe, not as a scent for the handkerchief, but as a preservative for it against the destruction of insects. It is said to have been introduced into Europe in the following manner: It was observed by the purchasers and sellers in Paris of Indian shawls, that they possessed a peculiar fragrance. It was useless to attempt to pass off homespun goods for the genuine article; however admirable was the imitation, the fraud was immediately detected by the absence of the true scent. At last the haberdashers discovered the secret; the scent was owing to patchouli, and the plant, which was then first imported to aid the deceptions of trade, soon became a fashionable perfume.

Physiological Fact.

Little or no water is found in the stomach of a drowned person; and when it is present, it can in no way have contributed to death. The experiments of Oriffa and Marc have proved that water is never found in bodies submerged after death; and that it cannot be made to enter the stomach without the assistance of a tube passed into the gullet. This fact, and that of little or no water entering the lungs, cannot be too widely propagated, as the popular prejudice is in favor of the opposite opinion; and bodies taken out of the water are still rolled on barrels, and held up by the heels, in order to dislodge it—a practice fraught with the greatest danger, if the smallest chance of resuscitation exists.

Singular Death from Hydrophobia.

Mrs. Ann Randall, of Norwich, Conn., was induced by curiosity to offer water to a cow that a few days previously had been bitten by a mad dog, and exhibited all the symptoms of hydrophobia. The froth and saliva from the cow's mouth got into the water, and afterwards Mrs. Randall thoughtlessly put her hand into the water to rinse out the pail. On one of the fingers of the hand, thus introduced into the water, was a slight abrasion of the skin. In a few days after this, Mrs. Randall was attacked with hydrophobia, and after three days of horrible agony, died.

Extraordinary Longevity.

An aged couple, Charles and Betty Morris, are now living at Howell Croft, Belton, England, and it is a curious coincidence that each has just seen 102 summers. The old man is a handloom weaver, and was following his occupation last December. His son, who lives with him, is 54 years of age.

A skilful piece of Ingenuity.

An ingenious design, the result of much patience and perseverance, was recently shown a contemporary, who thus describes it: It consisted of a glass bottle, the height of which was only one foot, and in which were constructed several reels of wood, having on them 3487 heads, 120 yards of silk, and eight china images; altogether, this curious bottle contained 8038 pieces, so jointed and framed that they filled the bottle, and had all been put together through the neck. But the crowning work was the stopper, from which four pieces projected in the form of a cross, so that it could not be withdrawn, and the question with us was, how was it got in? This ingenious piece of work is a singular curiosity in art.

A French Foundling Hospital.

A touching custom has prevailed at Lyons for many years. The first child that is abandoned to the care of the foundling hospital on the eve of Christmas day, is received with peculiar honor and attended to with every care. A very handsome cradle, prepared beforehand, receives its little body, the softest coverings give it warmth, the kindest solicitude watches over its slumbers. The whole is designed to present the strongest contrast to the scene in the stable in which the Saviour was received, on entering on his earthly existence, and that the being seemingly condemned to perish, the victim of vice or misery, is saved by the birth of Him who was sent on earth to inculcate charity and good will.

Curious Mode of Capturing Whales.

At Quailboe, one of the Faro Islands, a peculiar species of whale, called the beaked or long-nosed variety, is caught by very singular means. When a stray fish of this tribe, individuals of which frequently measure about thirty feet long, is seen on the surface of the water, some boatmen gently approaches it, tickles the huge creatures back with one of his oars, and so pleases the unconscious prey, that it suffers another to stop up its blowing-holes with woollen gloves or stockings, a process which prevents it from sinking. The blubber being then perforated, and fishing-lines fastened through it, the prize is pulled softly on shore and despatched with spears that are usually kept at hand for the occasion.

An Australian Marvel.

The Melbourne Argus gives a summary of the discoveries in natural history by Mr. Blandowski, during his recent expedition on the Lower Murray, in the waters of which he found fifteen varieties of fish, in addition to the five already known, and amongst them three species of viviparous shell fish, and also some fresh-water sponges. But the greatest curiosity in his collection, was a variety of the boa constrictor with two small legs, slightly developed indeed, but sufficiently so as to enable the reptile to ascend the smoothest tree by inserting them in the crevices and excrescences of the bark.

Natural Compass.

It is a well-known fact that, in the vast prairies of Texas, a little plant is always to be found, which, under all circumstances of climate, change of weather, rain, frost or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers to the north. If a solitary traveller were making his way across these trackless wilds without a star to guide, or compass to direct him, he finds an unerring monitor in a humble plant, and he follows its guidance, certain that it will not mislead him.

A New and Amusing Cure for Love.

The son of a wealthy nobleman in a fashionable Parisian faubourg, became enamored of the pretty daughter of his father's concierge (door-porter), and determined to marry her. The aristocratic papa, of course, opposed; but moved at last by the despair of his son, gave his consent, with the proviso that the smitten youth should go to sea for twelve months before his marriage. Shortly after his departure, the father, who had previously observed a tendency to *embonpoint* in the young intended, took her under his special charge, gave her every kind of the most nourishing and succulent food and good wines, forbade her to take exercise, as unbecoming in his future daughter; and, in fact, staid-fed her to such an extent that when the enamored swain returned from his year's voyage he was horrified to find, instead of the slender, elegant girl he had left, an immense fat woman, as big as two Alibonis rolled into one! Of course the ruse was successful, and the unfortunate victim of good cheer has been pensioned off.

Curious Bank Transaction.

The editor of the Belfast (Ireland) Journal has availed himself of the columns of the London Times to expose an extraordinary transaction in which one of the Glasgow banks was concerned. "Not many years ago," says the writer, "a certain gentleman became indebted to one of these banks to the extent of several thousand pounds; when he was hauled up, it was found that he had no assets, and the bank, therefore, insured his life to the extent of their debt, upon which they of course pay a heavy annual tax. This gentleman called on the bank some time after, and told one of the managers, 'I am offered a lucrative situation in Sierra Leone, but you know if I go out there the policy will be vitiated; however, I must go, as I cannot starve.' What, then, was to be done? The same man is now comfortably living on the continent, on an annuity granted by this bank, which annuity, added to the premium of insurance, forms a nice little item in the expenses of the establishment."

The Effects of Moonlight.

Professor Plaza Smyth, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, in his interesting account of a recent scientific expedition made by him to the Peak of Teneriffe, has set at rest the *quæstio vexata* of the heat of the moonlight. He says that his thermometrical instruments were sensibly affected by the moon's rays, even at the lowest of two stations occupied by him at different elevations. In tropical climates, meat which is exposed to the moonlight rapidly becomes putrid; and in the West Indies, the negroes, who will lie sweltering and uncovered beneath the full glare of a tropical sun, carefully muffle their heads and faces when exposed to the moonbeams, which they believe will cause swelling and distortion of the features, and sometimes even blindness.

Electrotype Pearls.

The Japanese are famous for their electrotype pearls, which are made in the following way: A quantity of oysters and muscles are collected, when their mouths are forced open, and a copper plate, from one-fourth to three-fourths of an inch in diameter, bearing a stamped impression of the image desired, is placed within. The oysters are then replaced in the water, where they are allowed to remain from twelve to fifteen months, during which time the oyster, irritated by the copper plate, forms a coating of pearl over the surface of it.

The Paper Plant.

The Mineral Point Tribune has a description of a plant with the above name, discovered in Wisconsin by Miss A. L. Beaumont. The lady describes it as follows: "I discovered, two years ago, a plant which yields both cotton and flax from the same root, and I believe I am the first person who ever cultivated, spun and knit from it. I am persuaded that any article that will make as good cloth as can be made from this plant, will make good paper; hence I call it the paper plant. It can be planted in the spring, and cut in the fall or winter. It bleaches itself white as it stands, and will yield at least three or four tons to the acre. From a single root that I transplanted last spring, there grew twenty large stocks, with three hundred and five pods containing the cotton, with at least sixty seeds in each. From this root I obtained seven ounces of pure cotton, and over half a pound of flax. It is a very heavy plant, and grows from six to seven feet high."

Weathercocks.

The vane, or weathercock, must have been of very early origin. Vitruvius calls it *triton*, probably from its having the form of a triton. The usual form on towers, castles and secular buildings was that of a banner; but on ecclesiastical edifices, it generally was a *weathercock*. There was a symbolical reason for the adoption of a figure of a cock. The cross surmounted a ball, to symbolize the redemption of the world by the cross of Christ; and the cock was placed upon the cross in allusion to the repentance of St. Peter, and to remind us of the important duties of repentance and Christian vigilance. Apart from symbolism, the large tail of the cock was well adapted to turn with the wind, and for a similar reason the arrow and the fox might be chosen; though the hare and grayhound are less favorable. On the church of St. Laurence, in Norwich, the vane is formed like a gridiron, with the holy martyr extended upon the bars.

Curious Fact.

It is generally thought that when a vessel is full of water any solid substance immersed in it will cause it to overflow, and such will be the case if the substance is not soluble in the water; but the philosophic truth, that in dissolving a body, you do not increase the volume of the solvent, may be proved by a simple and interesting experiment. Saturate a certain quantity of water, at a moderate heat with three ounces of sugar; and when it will no longer receive that, there is room in it for two ounces of salt of tartar, and after that for an ounce and a dram of green vitriol, nearly six drams of nitre, the same quantity of sal ammoniac or smelling salts, two drams and a scruple of alum and a dram and a half of borax—when all these are dissolved in it, it will not have increased in volume.

Reason for Italic Words in the Bible.

These words generally consist of auxiliaries, as *on*, *are*, *was*, etc., which in the original are not written, but understood. It is the genius of the ancient Hebrew, Greek and Latin languages to omit the minor words of a sentence; but as the omission sometimes gave rise to obscurity, the translators supplied them, and for distinction, printed them in italics. Thus in the Gospel of St. John, "There was a man sent from God, whose name *was* John." In the original Greek the italicised word is omitted.

The Florist.

Flowers, that bloom to wither fast;
Light, whose beams, are soon o'ercast;
Friendship warm, but not to last;
Such by earth are given.—H. F. GOULD.

Wasturidium and Mignonette.

Both these plants, generally regarded as rather tender annuals, may become, by attention and care, hardy, woody shrubs. The first winter of their growth, pot them and keep in the house; in the spring transplant them to the borders, where the growth of another summer will by fall render them hardy enough to be left in the ground in future, requiring only a little protection. Thus the care during one winter changes these pretty annuals into hardy shrubs.

Hibiscus.

The rose-colored, pale rose, and white with crimson centre, are beautiful flowers. The *Hibiscus Grandiflorus* is very large flowered. They are tall and robust plants, worthy of a place among the shrubs, and their blossoms, which strikingly resemble those of the hollyhock, make a fine display in August and September. Do not neglect to make an early provision of them.

Fertilizers for Flower Plants.

It has been proved that, for the generality of flowers, and more especially geraniums and the more delicate lilies, common glue, diluted with a sufficient portion of water, forms a richer manure than any other yet discovered. Plants placed in sand on the worst soils, display beauty and vigor when watered with this composition.

Meadow Sweet—Spiraea.

The *Spiraea* are very desirable border plants. There are the white and the double. The *Spiraea Japonica* is a distinct and beautiful species, a foot high, with spikes of white flowers. The *Spiraea Cobata* is a robust species with long spikes of red flowers. They bloom in June and July.

Stocks and Asters.

A shallow box, four or six inches deep, the size of a kitchen window, may be made to produce quite a quantity of choice asters and stocks with very little attention. As the days become warm, the box should be placed in the open air to harden off the young plants, or else the window opened quite wide.

Nipheas.

A very beautiful little plant, a native of Guatemala, and has a dwarf stem, with hairy, fleshy leaves, something like a *Gloxinia*; the flowers are of a snowy whiteness. The plants look best planted in clusters, and only require green-house heat.

Monks-hood—Aconitum.

The aconitums or monks-hoods are low plants with finely cut leaves, and flower-stalks from two to three feet in height, bearing clusters of blue, white, yellow or variegated flowers, and blooming from July to October.

Heaths.

A mixture of charcoal and sandy peat, and a great number of pebbles, mixed with the soil in each pot, is very beneficial to almost all species of heaths.

A splendid Greenhouse.

In the royal botanical gardens at Kew, England, there is one green-house, 382 feet long, the centre 100 feet wide, and 68 feet high, and the wings 50 feet wide and 30 feet high. It is built entirely of iron, stone, brick and sheet glass. It is heated by twelve furnaces, and by hot water pipes and tanks, carried beneath the floor. The aggregate length of these pipes is about five miles. From the lofty gallery in the interior you look down on magnificent palms, sugar canes, cocoa-nut trees, the great *Strelitzia Augusta*, and many rare and beautiful tropical trees, in the most healthy and luxuriant condition. The building containing the palm trees cost \$200,000.

Phloxes.

The phloxes stand at the head of all hardy herbaceous perennials. The increase of new varieties has added largely to their value by great improvements in habits of growth, size and form of flowers and brilliancy and variety of colors. They fill up a great blank during the latter part of July, August and September. They are perfectly hardy, and flourish in any soil.

Milliflower—Achillea.

The *Achilleas* are handsome plants, from one to two feet in height, with large heads of flowers, blooming from July to October. The *Parmica Plena* (sneezewort) is a spreading plant, with a profusion of small double daisy-like flowers.

Bellflower—Campanula.

The bell-flowers are pretty, and varying in color from white through various shades of lilac and tender purple to deep blue; some are dwarf in habit, and others tall, covered, during a great portion of the summer, from July to October, with handsome bell-shaped flowers.

Tea Roses.

The perfume of these roses is most delicate and agreeable; indeed they may be called the sweetest of all roses. The flowers are also large and very delicate in their colors, such as white, straw and flesh color, and various tints of rose combined with them.

Carnation and Picotees.

The *Carnation* is universally admired for its brilliancy and beauty of color and delicate fragrance. It stands deservedly next in popularity to the rose. It flourishes in good garden soil. The *Picotees* are usually hardiest.

Snapdragon—Antirrhinum.

There are many beautiful varieties of this flower of all colors, from white to dark crimson, variegated, etc., in bloom nearly all the summer. They are great ornaments for the parterre.

Sphenogyne.

Beautiful annual plants, which only require sowing in April or May in any common garden soil.

Quassia.

This is found to injure tender shoots, if not washed off in the same manner as tobacco water.

Oriental Poppy.

This plant has magnificent flowers, six to eight inches in diameter, and of a bright orange yellow.

The Garden.

A garden creates a taste for simple pleasures. Those flowers and trees that may or may not interest the passing stranger, will always be looked upon with interest and affection by the eye of him who planted them with his own hand. This love of natural beauties is the best antagonist to the love of artificial, stimulating, and expensive excitements. "Consider the lilies how they grow," said the wisest and the holiest, while aiming to produce simplicity of faith and of taste; "they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." One great source of pleasure in a garden is, that it subsidizes the forces of all nature. These work for the man who works for them, and that, too, while he sleeps and eats and is otherwise engaged. All the increase is clear gain to human happiness.

Duvaua.

Chilian shrubs, which prove nearly hardy in this climate. The *Duvaua dependens* require very little protection during the winter. The leaves of plants of this genus, if thrown into water, will start and jump about in a very extraordinary manner, almost as if possessed of life; and they smell strongly of turpentine. The plants should be grown in a light dry soil, and trained against a south wall, where they can be protected by a thatched coping during the winter. The flowers, which are white, are produced in small spikes, and they are succeeded by dark purple berries.

Planting Fruit Trees.

McIntosh says: "In planting fruit trees where the subsoil is of indifferent quality, it is advisable to place under each a piece of pavement three feet square and about twelve or fifteen inches under the surface, that the roots, when they come in contact with it, may be made to take a horizontal direction. This is one great means of keeping them near the surface, and has been found of much advantage."

Alsine—Caryophyllaceæ.

This genus was founded on the Chickweed, and it contains several, four or five weedy-looking species. There is one variety which is pretty, for it bears a great profusion of tiny white blossoms, slightly fragrant. The species which composed the genus *Alsine* appear to have been nearly all distributed among other genera, and even Chickweed is now called *Stellaria media*.

Nitraria.

Low shrubs with white flowers, which are very hardy, and will grow well in situations exposed to the sea. In gardens, the ground in which they grow should be occasionally watered with water in which saltpetre has been dissolved.

Primula Cortusoides.

This is a very ornamental species of Cowslip, and produces its brilliant red flowers from May to July; requires a loamy soil, kept moist, and a shady situation; and therefore cannot be treated like a common border flower.

Torenia.

Australian plants with pretty flowers, which require to be kept in a green-house, and grown in sandy loam. One species is a half-hardy annual, which may be raised on a hot-bed and planted out in May.

Compost for Flower Culture.

The most important requisite for the successful cultivation of plants is to have a stock of suitable compost adapted to the several varieties. A plant in unsuitable mould cannot be healthy. The following materials are necessary: good garden mould, mould from decayed turf from a pasture or field, mould from decayed leaves, decomposed stable or cow-yard manure, sea or river sand, peat from the meadows that have been exposed to frost, coarse sand or gravel, broken flower-pots, charcoal or oyster-shells, and old mortar or plaster. Garden mould will not be needed if there is a supply of fine decayed turf mould, and will be wanted only in case of necessity. Turf mould, for a basis, is probably the best ingredient for a compost for plants. The broken pots, charcoal, etc., are used for drainage, to be placed in the bottom of the pot at the time of potting, about one-fifth of the pot being filled with it when broken up. Leaf mould is not always to be obtained; but it is a precious ingredient in a compost, and many plants thrive much better in it than in anything else. It takes a long time to decompose leaves so as to be suitable for compost. To have compost in perfection, the different ingredients should be mixed in advance of the time wanted.

The Violet.

This sweet little flower is a universal favorite. The odorata and its varieties are most valued, but they cannot be had in perfection unless a good deal of genius is bestowed on them. Slugs are very destructive to the violet, devouring the flower as much before as after they are in bloom. Where the flowers are much in request—when grown near cities—beds are made on purpose for them, composed of a layer of coal-ashes on the bottom, covered with a compost of peat-earth, loam, decayed dressing from the stable, and sand, ten inches thick. On this, young runners are to be planted, six inches apart, and carefully attended to. The sweet-scented violet should not be wanting in any collection of plants, on account of its fragrance and early appearance. A single flower will perfume a large room. The flowers appear in April, and continue for a considerable period of time. There are the single white and single blue, and the double blue and white varieties. The double sorts are the most desirable, and may be rapidly multiplied by divisions of the plants.

Adenophora.

Perennial plants with blue bell-shaped flowers, resembling the Campanulas. They require to be planted in rich but light soil, and are easily killed by much moisture. They are natives of Siberia, and easily propagated by division of the roots, and are quite hardy.

Malachodendron.

A handsome bushy shrub, which may be trained as a low tree, with large white flowers. It should be sown in sandy peat, and it is propagated by layers or cuttings, the latter of which, however, require sand, a bell-glass, and bottle heat, to make them strike out.

Prinos.

Hardy North American shrubs, that will grow in any light soil, though they prefer peat, and in any situation. They are generally propagated by layers.

Tormentilla.

British plants, with yellow flowers, which, though weeds, look very well on rock-work. The double-flowered variety is very ornamental.

The Housewife.

Wine Jelly.

After soaking one ounce and a half of gelatine for ten minutes in a pint of cold water, add a pint of boiling water, and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Beat well the whites of two eggs, and put them into a mixture composed of one pint of wine, half a pound of sugar, the juice and gratings of one lemon, and a little nutmeg, ground cloves, and cinnamon. Then put the whole into the gelatine water; place it over a slow fire, stir it gently until it boils, take it off, and let it stand a moment, and then strain it until it becomes clear. In warm weather, use a larger quantity of gelatine.

To destroy Cockroaches.

Add about a teaspoonful of powdered arsenic to about a teaspoonful of finely mashed potato, rub and mix them well together, and then crumble about a third of it every night at bed-time about the kitchen hearth. It will be eaten up, or nearly so, by the following morning. The creature is very fond of potatoes, and devouring them greedily, crawls again into his hole and dies. No smell attends their disappearance. In putting this method into practice, care should be taken to sweep up any remaining crumbs next morning.

Soap.

Fourteen pounds of bar soap in half a boiler of hot water; cut up fine; add three pounds of sal-soda made fine, one ounce of pulverized rosin; stir it often till all is dissolved; just as you take it off the fire, put in two table-spoonfuls of spirits of turpentine and one of ammonia; pour it in a barrel, and fill up with cold soft water; let it stand three or four days before using. It is an excellent soap for washing clothes, extracting the dirt readily, and not fading colored articles.

For Chapped Hands.

Take five drachms of camphor gum, three do. white beeswax, two do. spermaceti, two ounces olive oil—put them together in a cup upon the stove where they will melt slowly, and form a white ointment in a few minutes. If the hands be affected, anoint them on going to bed, and put on a pair of gloves. A day or two will suffice to heal them.

Brown Bread.

Take three quarts of corn meal and wet it up with boiling water, letting it stand twenty minutes to swell, then add one quart of rye meal, or if that is not convenient, add one pint of wheat flour, and one teacup of molasses, and wet the whole up with milk or cold water; then bake two hours or until it is done.

Brighton Biscuit.

(Said to keep a year if you wish.) Four pounds of flour, two pounds of white sugar, one pound of butter, ten eggs, the juice and pulp of one orange, half a teaspoonful of soda; roll out quite thin, and cut in rings or any other shape you please.

Keeping Beef fresh.

In preserving beef, the ribs will keep longest, for five or six days in summer; the middle of the loin next; the rump next; the round next; the shortest of all, the brisket, which will not keep longer than three days in hot weather.

Beans.

For laboring men at this season of the year, there is nothing more nutritious and wholesome; besides, there is no other food of which a little will go so far, and do so much good. Boil them three hours in plenty of water, with a piece of pork to flavor them just right. Put in pepper as soon as they come to boil; when cooked, add a lump of butter and some cream or good milk. The meat and butter generally makes them salt enough. If there is plenty of soup about them, take them to the table in a deep dish lined with bread crumbs.

Rancid Butter.

To a pint of water add about thirty drops, that is, about half a teaspoonful of liquor of chloride of lime; wash in this two and a half pounds of insupportably rancid butter; when every particle of the butter has come in contact with the water, let it stand an hour or two, then wash the butter well again in pure water; the butter is then left with the odor, taste, and sweetness of fresh butter.

Sand Tarts.

(An exceedingly delightful German cake.) Rub one and a quarter pounds of butter into two pounds of flour, and then add two pounds of sugar; wet the ingredients with four eggs, leaving out a sufficient quantity of the whites to paint the cakes, with a feather. Roll out and cut the dough into thin squares, strew them over with pounded almonds (previously blanched), and cinnamon, and then bake them.

Remedy for Chilblains.

Boil some turnips, and mash them until reduced to a pulp; put them in a tub or large basin, and put the feet in them, almost as hot as can be borne, for a short time, before going to bed. Persevere in doing this for a few nights, and the itching and irritation of the chilblains will be cured. Of course this must be before the chilblains are broken.

Racco Hoo.

A beverage, to be used in the same way as tea, or coffee. Mix together, one pound of grated chocolate, one pound of pulverized sugar, one pound of rice flour, and four table-spoonfuls of arrowroot. When used, boil one pint of milk, and then add three table-spoonfuls of the above, with a little water.

Dropped Sugar Cakes.

Dissolve two table-spoonfuls of saleratus in a teacupful of sour cream; add it to one teacupful of sugar, five eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, and enough flour to make a batter thick enough to drop on a buttered tin; flavor to your taste.

Soda Pudding.

Mix together four eggs, four teacupfuls of flour, two of brown sugar, the same quantity of butter, and a table-spoonful of soda. Bake the pudding in a mould, and serve it with wine sauce, which may be made with milk, instead of water.

Cream Doughnuts.

To one quart of cream, sweet or sour, add five eggs, and enough flour to form a soft dough; also put in a little salt. If the cream be sour, mix with it one teaspoonful of soda. Roll the dough thin, and fry the cakes in lard.

Lark Pie.

Cover the bottom of a pie-dish with thin slices of beef and fat bacon, over which lay ten or twelve larks previously rolled in flour, stuffed as above, season with a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter ditto of pepper, one of chopped parsley, and one of chopped eschalots, lay a bay-leaf over, add a gill of broth, and cover with three-quarters of a pound of half puff paste, bake one hour in a moderate oven, shake well to make the gravy in the pie form a kind of sauce, and serve quite hot.

Rice Bread.

Take one pound and a half of rice, and boil it gently over a slow fire in three quarts of water about five hours, stirring it, and afterwards beating it up into a smooth paste. Mix this while warm into two gallons, or four pounds of flour, adding at the same time the usual quantity of yeast. Allow the dough to work a certain time near the fire, after which divide it into loaves, and it will be found, when baked, to produce twenty-eight or thirty pounds of excellent white bread.

To clean Books or Prints.

Ink spots may be removed by oxalic acid dissolved in water, and carefully applied with a hair pencil. To remove oil or grease, warm the spot, lay over it blotting paper, and upon it the heated blade of a knife, when the blotting-paper will absorb the grease; then apply spirits of turpentine, with a hair pencil, and restore the whiteness of the paper with spirits of wine.

To make Ink.

To four ounces of bruised galls, allow two of copperas and two of gum-arabic; put the galls into a large bottle, with three pints of rain water; and, in three or four days, dissolve the gum in hot water, and add it with the copperas. Shake the bottle frequently for some days. A few cloves may be put into the bottle, to prevent the ink from moulding.

For a Sprain.

Mix equal parts of spirit of camphor, distilled vinegar, and turpentine, and rub the part affected.—Cold water applications are excellent for sprains; as, to bathe the part in cold water, to pour cold water upon it, or to put bandages wet in cold water around it.—Extract of arnica, applied to a sprain, will remove the pain in a short time.

To make Apple Molasses.

Take new sweet cider just from the press, made from sweet apples, and boil it down as thick as West India molasses. It should be boiled in brass, and not burned, as that would injure the flavor. It will keep in the cellar, and is said to be as good, and for many purposes better than West India molasses.

For blistered and tender Feet.

Boil any quantity of bran in water for twenty minutes, strain, and add it to the water of the usual foot-bath. To be used tepid or cold.

Potatoes for Breakfast or Tea.

Take mashed potatoes, with milk, salt, butter, and flour till you can roll out; cut in squares, and fry brown on both sides. An egg will be an addition.

Rice.

Boil a pound or more until every grain is soaked through and swelled to its biggest; salt to the taste, and put it away in the coldest corner of the cellar. For supper, I pour cold thin cream, well sweetened, over it, and season with nutmeg or lemon. It is cheap and healthy food, and very good for children.

To cement broken China.

Beat lime into most impalpable powder, sift it through fine muslin; then tie some in a thin muslin: put on the edges of the broken china some white of egg, then dust some lime quickly on the same, and unite them exactly.

Bread Omelet.

Put into a large teacup of bread crumbs a teacup of cream, a spoonful of butter, with salt, pepper and nutmeg: when the bread has absorbed the cream, break in the eggs, beat them a little with the mixture, and fry like omelet.

Fried Parsnips.

Boil them until they are about half done, lift them out, and let them cool; slice them rather thickly, sprinkle them with fine salt and white pepper, and fry them a pale brown in good butter. Serve them with roast meat, or dish them under it.

Wash for the Skin.

Four ounces of potash, four ounces of rose-water, two ounces of pure brandy, and two ounces of lemon-juice; put all these into two quarts of water, and when you wash, put a table-spoonful or two of the mixture into the basin of water you intend washing in.

Water Proof.

To make boots water-proof, melt three ounces each of resin and beeswax, and stir in one pint of boiled oil and heat all well together; when partly cool add three ounces of turpentine. Apply hot with a brush.

Washing Dishes.

Much time is wasted by housekeepers in wiping their dishes. If properly washed and drained in a dry sink, with a cloth spread on the bottom, they look better than when wiped, besides economy in saving time and labor.

Syrup of Tea.

One pint of water, two pounds of sugar, an ounce of black tea; boil together for five minutes, or rather less, and then strain. A wineglassful to half a pint of cold water makes very good cold tea.

Boston Brown Bread.

Mix three parts Indian and two parts rye meal. Sift and wet down with sweetened water, hot, a little saleratus, and yeast, into a stiff pudding. Bake with a steady, strong heat until well done.

To clean Bottles.

Cut some raw potatoes in pieces, put them in a bottle with a little cold water, rinse them, and they will be well cleaned.

To wash Glass.

Glass should be washed in cold water, which gives it a brighter and clearer look, than when washed in warm water.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE GREED OF GOLD.

In one of his vigorous essays, Mr. A. B. Meek, one of the most promising of our Southern writers, speaks forcibly of the sacrifice of the higher intellectual powers to the prevalent passion for wealth in this country. "This inordinate passion," says Mr. Meek, "is like the lean kine of the dreaming monarch, swallowing up every better purpose. It gives its hue and impress to every phase and feature of life. The parent, in the education of his child, must have him taught only those things which will be of *practical* value! Education itself is curbed, and fashioned by their influence. After delving in a miserable way, for a few years, over the primary branches of instruction, the hopeful youth, now that he is bearded and built up like his father, assumes the full stature of an educated man, with just knowledge enough to addle his brain, and engender a spirit of ignorant vanity—self-chuckling and deaf—which besets and debases his whole moral nature." * * * "He at once launches out into all the petty plans and speculations of the 'good old way in which his fathers went.' He loses all remembrance of the Pierian fountain, if ever he had knelt at its moss-covered curb-stone, and remembers the beautiful days of his youth, only as so much time squandered in idle pursuits, and under tyrannical task-masters. This is the character of the greater portion of our youth; and verily it may be said few of them are likely to die of that disease which Festus thought had affected Paul. The nobler race of the olden scholars has never existed in our land. We know nothing of that generous order of intellectual Palestræ, who from youth to manhood, from manhood to age, with an enthusiasm as deep as woman's love, drank of the golden waters of philosophy in the groves of Academe, or, in a later age, bent with a fever at the heart, and a flush upon the pallid cheek over dingy scrolls in the midnight quiet of some German university!"

CEREMONY.—Ceremony was always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.

ARITHMETICAL.—A mathematician has discovered that an infallible method for producing *division* in families is to *multiply* jealousies.

INCREDIBLE FEAT ON THE TIGHT ROPE.

On St. Mark's day in Venice, in February, 1680, Malcolm tells us, in his "Manners of Europe," that a person adorned in a tinsel riding-habit, having a gilt helmet upon his head, and holding in his right hand a lance, in his left a helmet made of a thin piece of plate gilded, and sitting upon a white horse, with a swift pace ambled up a rope six hundred feet long, fastened from the quay to the top of St. Mark's tower. When he had arrived half way, his tinsel coat fell off, and he made a stand; and stooping his lance submissively, saluted the doge sitting in the palace, and flourished the banner three times over his head. Then, resuming his former speed, he went on, and, with his horse, entered the tower where the bell hangs; and presently returning on foot, he climbed up to the highest pinnacle of the tower, where, sitting on the golden angel, he flourished his banner again several times. This performed, he descended to the bell-tower, and there, taking horse, rode down again to the bottom in the same manner as he had ascended.

JUVENILE SIMPLICITY.—"There, now!" cried a little girl, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau; "there, now! gran'pa has gone to heaven without his spectacles. What *will* he do?" And, shortly afterwards, when another aged relative was supposed to be sick unto death, in the house, she came running to his bedside, with the glasses in her hand and an errand on her lips. "You goin' to die?" "They tell me so." "Goin' to heaven?" "I hope so." "Well, here are gran'pa's spectacles; wont you take them to him?"

THE REASON WHY.—"Please, sir, I don't think Mr. Dosim takes his physic reg'lar," said a doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?" "'Cause vy, he's getting vell so precious fast!"

CHAP.—This word is stated to be derived from the gipsy word *chabo* or *chavo*, a boy, or a young lad; the feminine form, *chabi*, is used for a girl.

ITALIAN PROVERB.—At an open house, or chest, a righteous man may sin; avoid temptation.

BAGGING A RIVAL.

Two gentlemen, one a Spaniard, and the other a German, who were recommended, by their birth and services, to the emperor Maximilian II., both courted his daughter, the fair Helene Scharfequinn, in marriage. 'This prince, after a long delay, one day informed them that, esteeming them equally, and not being able to bestow a preference, he should leave it to the force and address of the claimants to decide the question. He did not mean, however, to risk the loss of one or the other, or perhaps of both. He could not, therefore, permit them to encounter, with offensive weapons, but had ordered a large bag to be produced. It was his decree, that whichever succeeded in putting his rival into the bag, should obtain the hand of his daughter. This singular contest between the two gentlemen took place in the face of the whole court. The contest lasted for more than an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded, and the German, Ehberhard, Baron de Talbert, having planted his rival in the bag, took it upon his back, and very gallantly laid it at the feet of his mistress, whom he espoused the next day.

Such is the story, as gravely told by M. de St. Foix. It is impossible to say what the feelings of a successful combatant in a duel may be, on his having passed a small sword through the body, or a "bullet through the thorax" of his antagonist; but might he not feel quite as elated, and more consoled, on having put his adversary "into a bag?"

MEN AND WOMEN.—The terms, man and woman, in their proper and full import, convey far more than those of gentleman and lady. A true man and a true woman will be gentlemanly and ladylike, and a great deal more. There are men, and there are so-styled gentlemen, who have little or nothing manly about them.

A HUMAN BEER-BUTT.—A witness in a New York court lately testified that he had drunk forty-two gallons of lager beer in less than twenty minutes, without being intoxicated. We should think such habits would bring a man to his *bier* at last.

A FUNNY BOY.—"Dick, how is it you are always possessed of such a store of fun? Where do you get it?" "I manufacture it. I can make it out of nothing. For instance, I could make fun of you, but for friendship's sake."

A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.—The London Times says: "Let us see how the truth *lies*, in regard to facts."

WITCHCRAFT IN NEW ENGLAND.

There is one case in the New Haven records which is very curious: The body of a poor woman, accused of witchcraft, tried and executed, was ordered to be examined by a jury of women to find the "witch-mark," the seal of the "devil's own." One of the female jurors, a woman of sense, was an unbeliever in the whole matter. On examining the body, this lady declared that "the poor woman was no more of a witch than she was." Fatal declaration! Her associate jurors discovered the deadly sign, and their unbelieving associate was forthwith arrested as a witch herself, and was condemned on what was held to be her own confession—her guilt being reasoned out by the following process of logic:

1. She had declared that the woman whose body she had examined, was no more of a witch than she was herself.

2. The other women jurors discovered the witch-mark.

3. The woman, upon whose body the mark was found, was a witch, of course.

4. So also was their fellow-juror, who had virtually confessed as much by the exclamation already cited.

What an affecting proof of the imbecility of the human mind, after all its boastings, is supplied by facts like these!

A CRUEL COOK.—Louis XVI. had a cook famous for his dish of eels. He cooked them thus: "Take one or two *live* eels; throw them into the fire. As they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is decidedly the best, as it is the means of drawing out all the oil which is unpalatable."

CURIOSITIES.—Dr. Dryasdust has donated the following curiosities to Mr. Kimball's museum: 'The key to the pantry of the "castle in the air;" a piece of embroidery executed by the "Sphinx of Egypt" with "Cleopatra's needle," and a knob from a "consular bureau."

PUNNING IN LATIN.—The *ridiculous muss* that is made, as to who was *Lola Montez's pa*, is a curious verification of her genealogy, as written in prophetic Latin: "*Parturiunt Montez, nascitur ridiculus mus.*"

A GOOD MOTTO.—Shelley was very fond of quoting the passage from Godwin's *St. Leon*; "There is nothing which the human mind can conceive, which it may not execute."

THE CHARACTER OF FRANKLIN.

The example of Franklin, more than that of any other American, is held up for the imitation of our young men; and our readers cannot have failed to observe that youth become more early and deeply interested in the inner life of Franklin, than in that of any other public character. We use the term inner life, in contradistinction to the outer or public career by which and for which great men are usually known, and mean by it the way and manner in which one does great things as well as small, rather than the great things which he does. In contemplating the career of a great man, youth usually look upon his public acts as they would upon great monuments—not as things for daily and familiar use, but rather as objects for reverence and admiration upon stated occasions. Hence the force of example is, in these cases, lost; for one cannot emulate that in another which he does not thoroughly feel and understand in himself. There must be a sympathy, as well as admiration, to ensure emulation. Now with Franklin, the case is different. There was that in his character and qualities which makes the young feel a deep interest in what he said and did, and enter into the spirit of his actions, whether public or private. This peculiarity in Franklin which makes him so deep an object of interest to the young, was his *naturalness*. He was natural in all that he said or did, whether in his every-day life and business, or in the public capacities which he filled. Now most sensible men are natural enough in their private, common walk—but how few, how very few are there, who appear before the public, who put not on a stilted, artificial manner, deportment, thought, expression and action! Not one in a hundred of public characters are free from it. But youth see, or rather *feel* the unreality, and therefore only wonder and admire—never sympathize and emulate.

This *naturalness* of Franklin resulted from the peculiar traits which adorned his character, and the absence of others which too often mar the symmetry and deface the beauty of great men. He was not ambitious, he was not avaricious, he was not sensual; on the other hand, he was industrious, economical, persevering, independent and honest. These good qualities, acting upon a well-organized and bright mind, and a feeling heart, made him the great public benefactor of his country, as a political economist, a moralist, a philosopher and a statesman. His honesty taught him the rule of truth and sincerity, as his guide in public or in private life. His independence led him to act right in all cases, regardless

of appearances, or the opposition of those who upheld wrong, however powerful they were in strength or numbers. His perseverance won for him success against the fitful storms of opposition, ever followed by the calm and prostration of exhaustion. His economy nicely adapted means to ends, and actions to circumstances, thus enabling him to come out of the contest not only victorious, but possessed of that for which he fought, and the means and capacity for its enjoyment. His industry made his means of tenfold power by their constant employment; secured and improved the advantages of success; diminished the waste of disaster; and constituted him the master, instead of the slave of circumstances. In short, we behold in the character of Franklin, whether in public or private life, that rare combination of qualities, endowments and motives, which may be called the *perfection of common sense*.

As a pleasing commentary upon the success of Franklin's career, and a confirmation of the correctness of the estimate which mankind have placed upon it, it may be remarked that he himself was not dissatisfied therewith, but was on the whole content. In remarking upon his life, during the progress of the important events in which it was involved, as well as in the evening of his days, when prejudice and passion grow dim and fade in the opening vista of another world, he frequently declared "that he would willingly live over again the same course of life, even though not allowed the privilege of an author to correct, in a second edition, the faults of the first."

How few, among the great men of the world who are held up as the sons of glory, could say this at the close of their lives! It is well that the young are warmed towards a character of such conscious rectitude, the records of whose outer life bear such faithful testimony to the correctness of the inner estimate! Happy for our country was it, that Franklin lived to bless her with his valuable wisdom and his honest counsels, when most her youthful steps needed wise and true guides! Happy is it for our country that his great example is left as a familiar, household guide, to interest and instruct the youth of our land!

LIGHTS FROM THE DUNGEON.—Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World" was written during eleven years' imprisonment, and left unfinished; Voltaire's "Henriade," while he was a prisoner in the Bastille; and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," while he, also, was suffering imprisonment.

THE GIPSIES.

This careless, free-and-easy race of people, who are the wonders of the earth, without home or resting place, and no certain knowledge whence they come, or whither they go—the scorn and contempt of all Europe—are about to have a history given to the world from the pen of the late Walter Simson, a Scotch gentleman. The work will be edited by his son, James Simson, now in New York, and will be published simultaneously in this country and in Europe. Bohemia is the centre from which this race has diffused itself throughout Europe, though their origin is often assigned by historians to Spain. The name of gipsy is supposed to come from the word Egyptian; and this has led to conjectures that this singular people originated in that country, and are a branch of the Coptic type of the ancient Egyptians. Certainly any history which will present a connected account of the language and customs of this remarkable people, and trace them ethnologically to their starting point in their wild and varied career, will be sought for with avidity, upon its publication. The work will contain proof of the gipsy lineage of the celebrated John Bunyan, author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, who was born in Elstow, near Bedford, England, in the year 1628.

SELF-ESTEEM.—Some Frenchmen who had landed on the coast of Guinea, found a negro prince seated under a tree, a block of wood for his throne, with three or four negroes around with wooden pikes, for his guard. His sable majesty anxiously inquired, "Do they talk much of me in France?"

NOVEL IDEA OF HEAVEN.—An Indian was lately hung in Texas for the murder of a child. When on the scaffold, he said he was going to Arkansas, and wished the other Indians to send his gun to him after he should get there.

INCONSISTENT.—We wonder the members of our Legislature are trying to put down organ-grinders as nuisances, when they are constantly calling on their friends to *organize*!

ICES.—The quantity of ices consumed annually at the restaurants, coffee-houses and confectioners of Paris, is calculated at 16,000,000 pounds, English weight.

SMALL MEN.—A Cincinnati paper says there are some men in that city so small, that the tax-collector is unable to find them, when he goes round with his bills.

ADVICE.

Would a man wish to offend his friends? Let him give them advice. Would a lover know the surest method by which to lose his mistress? Let him give her advice. In short, if we are desirous of being universally hated, avoided and despised, the means are always in our power—we have but to advise, and the consequences are infallible. The friendship of two young ladies, though apparently founded on the rock of eternal attachment, terminated in the following manner: one of them said to her friend, "My dearest girl, I do not think your figure well suited for dancing; and as a sincere friend of yours, I would advise you to refrain from it in future." The other, naturally affected by such a mark of sincerity, replied, "I feel very much obliged to you, my dear, for your advice; this proof of your friendship demands some return: I would sincerely recommend you to relinquish your singing, as some of your upper notes resemble the melodious squeaking of the feline race." The advice of neither was followed—one continued to sing, and the other to dance, and they never met but as enemies.

A HUNDRED TO ONE.—"There were a hundred justices," says one, at the monthly meeting. "A hundred!" says another. "Yes," says he, "do you count, and I will name them. There was Justice Balance, put down one; Justice Hall, put down a cipher, he's nobody; Justice House, you may put down another cipher for him—one and two ciphers are a hundred."

HEARING BY MACHINERY.—Artificial ear-drums are now made of fine silver wire, with a disk of India rubber or gutta percha between. They are placed in the ear and worn without inconvenience, and it is said the effect is magical.

CAMBRIDGE WIT.—A gentleman of St. John's College, Cambridge, England, having a clubbed foot, which occasioned him to wear a very high-heeled shoe upon it, one of the college wags called him "*Bildad the Shuhite*."

THE HUTCHINSONS CORNED.—When the Hutchinsons give a concert out west, their rustic admirers pay their admission fees in corn, which, by the way, is much better than wildcat money.

EDWIN BOOTH.—At the termination of a successful engagement in New Orleans lately, this distinguished young actor was presented with a splendid service of plate.

THE FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR.

The opposite heights upon the Straits of Gibraltar, one in Europe and the other in Africa, at the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea, the ancient Calpe and Abyla, were known to the ancients as the Pillars of Hercules. There seems to have been a fortress upon the European side from time immemorial. In the year A. D. 712, this position was captured from the Visigoths, who then ruled in Spain, by a body of Saracens, from Arabia, followers of Mahomet, which sect overrun a large part of Europe about that time with fire and sword. The leader of the captors of the promontory of Calpe was named Farik, and hence the present name, Gibet-Farik (Mountain of Farik), or Gibraltar. The African promontory, Abyla, was named Gibel-Maba. The Saracens in Spain, being hard pressed by the Christians, in the year 1091, called in their brethren of the same faith, the Moors from Africa, to their assistance. The Moors seized the dominions they came to protect, and subdued the Saracens. Gibraltar was held by the Moors until the year 1462, when it was captured by Henry IV., King of Castile. It remained a Spanish possession until the breaking out of that great European struggle, known in history as "The War of the Succession," which lasted eleven years. In the third year of this war—in 1704—the English, under Sir George Rooke, captured the fortress after a fierce cannonade by land and sea for three days.

Gibraltar has since continued an appendage to the British crown, and having been greatly strengthened and improved by the English, it is now considered as impregnable. It was attacked by the Spanish and French in the fall of 1704, but they were repulsed with immense loss. Subsequent efforts were made by Spain to recover this stronghold of her empire, in the years 1720 and 1727; but in both cases her troops were repulsed with very severe loss. In July, 1779, the French and Spanish commenced that memorable siege of Gibraltar, which lasted upwards of three years, and which was carried on by the most prodigious armaments ever brought to bear against a fortress. The besieging army amounted to 40,000 men, and one thousand pieces of artillery were brought to bear upon the fortress from the land. In addition to this, there was a naval force of forty-seven sail of the line, all three deckers, ten immense floating batteries, mounting two hundred and twelve guns, innumerable frigates, and smaller craft, gun and mortar boats, launches for landing the troops, etc., to so great an extent as literally to cover the bay. For weeks together, six hundred shells

were daily thrown into the town; and upon one occasion eight hundred barrels of gunpowder expended by the besiegers. In a single night their floating batteries were destroyed by the English, with red-hot balls, and their whole line of works broken up by a sortie from the garrison, under Gen. Elliot. The loss of the besiegers in munitions of war alone, upon this night, was estimated at over two million pounds sterling, or about ten millions of dollars. The final defeat of the allies occurred however on the 13th of September, 1782, when the British garrison numbered only 7000 troops.

The great importance of Gibraltar to England, is as a naval and military station at the entrance of the Mediterranean, for the protection of her commerce, and as a security for the good conduct of Spain in the intrigues of European politics. This fastness is literally the key-stone of Spain, and of course while in the possession of England, that kingdom is at the mercy of Great Britain. The whole career of Spain towards Great Britain has been changed from what it was during the haughty dictatorial domination of that power, when it controlled the destinies of Europe. The position of Great Britain, as an independent equal among the nations was for a long time a mooted point with the continental powers of Europe, the whole course of their policy being adverse to the British power. In all their combinations against the English the agency of Spain was conspicuous and powerful. The capture of Gibraltar, by giving to Great Britain a fatal hold upon Spain, established a new order in continental combinations, exceedingly favorable to the position of England. This advantage was too great to permit either of its surrender by Great Britain, or of its peaceful enjoyment by her on the part of the continental powers. Hence the immense efforts which France and Spain have made to recapture Gibraltar, and the pertinacity with which England has resisted all the wiles of diplomacy, and all the warlike demonstrations which have been brought to bear upon her. So far as the question of the balance of power in Europe is concerned, it is well for our country that England should hold this important check upon her European rivals. In no hands could it probably prove less injurious to us as a nation, while at the same time it is pretty evident that our interest is to have that nation fully sustained in its European influence.

The position of Gibraltar does not control the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea, for the straits are so wide that a fleet may easily pass through without coming within reach of the guns of the fortress; and therefore there is no ground for

jealousy on the score of commercial restraint on the part of our great maritime rival. The ceremony of saluting the English flag upon passing the fortress, was exacted of foreign vessels in former days; but that absurd pretension has long since been given up, and whatever respect is now paid by passing vessels is conceded as matter of courtesy, and not of right. With the above view of the policy of nations, we see not why it is not best that Great Britain should retain Gibraltar. May not a similar view applied to Cuba, the Gibraltar of America, demonstrate the sound policy and propriety of our possessing that key-stone of the United States of America? A large portion of the enormous national debt of England was incurred in the war which won for her the promontory of Gibraltar. One half the sum expended by her in that war, would probably be sufficient to purchase from Spain her rights in Cuba, and thus give us by peaceful negotiation, a most valuable addition to our national strength, prosperity and power, and one that would soon repay its cost to the country.

MIND YOUR P's AND Q's.—The most probable derivation of this phrase is, that it comes from the printing-office, and rose from the fact that the *p's* and *q's* in Roman type vary but slightly in form, and that when reversed, as they necessarily are in type, they are easily confounded by young compositors. Another derivation refers it to the "scot" written up in the ale-house, where P and Q were used to designate pints and quarts. Still another derivation refers it to the *toupees* and *queues* of olden times.

AN ANCIENT RELIC.—In the burying ground of the ancient town of Windsor, Ct., there is a monument more than two hundred years old, which still stands firm, with this inscription legible upon it: "Here lyeth Ephraim Hvt, sometimes Teacher to ye Chvrch of Windsor, who dyed Sep. 14, 1644.

Who when Hee lived we drew our vital breath,
Who when he dyed, his dying was our death,
Who was the stay of State, Of Church the staff,
Alas! the times forbid an Epitaph."

SUICIDE.—Perhaps the coolest attempt at self-destruction on record is that of an Englishman, cited by Foudere, who advertised that he would, on a certain day, put himself to death in Covent Garden, for the benefit of his wife and family. Tickets of admission, one guinea each.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.—Dr. Dewees says that he has often seen infants when seeming to suffer exquisite agony, rendered perfectly quiet and easy by a draught of cold water.

THE DOUAY BIBLE.

The Catholic edition of the Bible in general use among that communion, is called the Douay Bible. It is copiously explained by the notes of Catholic divines, and is the only authorized version of the sacred volume sanctioned by the head of the church. It takes its name from Douay, a city in the northeast of France, the site of a celebrated Roman Catholic College, founded by Philip II., of Spain, A. D. 1569. Douay was captured by Louis XIV., of France, in person, in 1697, and taken from the French by the English, under the celebrated Duke of Marlborough, in the year 1710, during the war of the succession. But it was retaken by the French the year following. It is a city of some importance, containing two other colleges, a foundry of cannon, a fine arsenal, and a military school, and is therefore well provided with weapons, carnal and spiritual, for the twofold warfare of the civilized world.

THOUGHT.—The mind of a thinking man resembles the soils beneath whose surface lie many precious seeds. Every rain calls forth buds, and every beam of the sun produces flowers. Fruits fail not in their due time. The flower-garden of a mind merely learned, endures but during the night. The flowers wither away under the rays of the sun, and are followed by no fruit.

ARISTOCRATIC SHREWDSNESS.—When the Siamese twins were exhibited in England, a certain noble duke paid a visit to the boys. His grace's first question, after examining their peculiar formation, was, "Pray, are they brothers?" On being informed by a wag that they were only "second cousins," he went away satisfied.

PHILANTHROPIC.—The editor of one of our exchanges says he is always ready and willing to lend a helping hand, and even an arm to squeeze the ladies, if that will keep them from squeezing themselves to death.

A HINT FOR THE YOUNG.—If a man begins to save ten cents a day when he is twenty-one years old, and continues to do so till he is seventy, he will then be worth \$10,956 37.

A WELLERISM.—"Sir, I'm directed to make application to you," as the plaster remarked to the patient.

A GOOD SIGN.—An editor not a thousand miles from Boston, advertises for a seat in a church.

Foreign Miscellany.

Since the postal reform in France, the number of letters written and sent has nearly doubled.

The city of Jeddo, Japan, has some streets 32 miles long, and contains 5,000,000 inhabitants.

At Birmingham, England, eight tons of wire per week are made into hooks and eyes.

Signor Lablache, say his friends in Naples, left behind him 600,000 ducats, and in his house in Paris he had presents worth 60,000 ducats.

Paris spends a million dollars a year in strawberries, and another million in flowers. The culture of flowers for the Paris market occupies thirteen hundred acres.

The Episcopal diocese of Calcutta is of enormous dimensions, its length being nearly 3000 miles, its area 510,000 square miles, and its population 91,500,000, or, including protected States, 136,000,000.

Feruk Khan, before his departure for Italy, managed to sell his villa in the Champs Elysees to the son of the late Queen of Oude, who intends to disport himself in Paris for the rest of his days.

The dignity of a baronet has been conferred upon the son of General Havelock, and his (the general's) widow has been officially declared entitled to all the honor she would have enjoyed had her husband survived.

It is said that some difficulty has arisen between the French government and the Swiss confederation on the subject of refugees. The Swiss are said not to be disposed to confine refugees in the interior.

It is said that religious animosity rages in some parts of Ireland with the most unparalleled intensity. At Castlebar, both Catholic and Protestant soldiers go armed to their respective places of worship.

At a recent sale of books at Paris, a copy of the Psalms, printed by Gutenberg, at Mayence, in 1461, was purchased for 14,500 francs, after Baron Rothschild had been a bidder up to 14,000 francs. There are only four copies of Gutenberg's Psalms extant.

In Prussia, if a parent is imprisoned for crime, and on that account his children are left destitute of the means of education, and are liable to grow up in ignorance and vice, the government maintains and educates them for useful employments.

Queen Victoria has commissioned Mr. J. Phillips to paint a grand historical picture of the marriage of England and Prussia. The scene will be laid, at the queen's own suggestion, in the chapel—a scene of unequalled brilliance, color and animation, and the picture will contain a series of illustrious portraits.

By the muster-roll of the "Lords spiritual and temporal" of the present British Parliament, it appears that the whole number who compose the upper house, or House of Lords, is four hundred and fifty-one. Of the entire catalogue, exclusive of princes of royal blood, there are only one hundred and eighteen peers, whose titles are older than the reign of George III.

The Kurds in Asia are killing the Christians. Is that the *why* to behave?

Spiritualism is having a great run in Paris, and has infected several of the most brilliant writers of the day.

There are farmers in Devonshire, England, paying \$2000 a year rent, who cannot read or write their own names.

Three steamers are being built in Dutch dock-yards for the Emperor of Japan. One, called the Jeddo, is about to paddle away from Rotterdam; it has a scientific library on board.

A new law on the press has come into force in Denmark, prohibiting newspapers from copying the articles of other journals without quoting them.

The consumption of snails in Paris has increased to such an extent as to seriously injure the oyster trade. A whole side of the new fish market is devoted to these delicacies.

According to the *Siecle*, France has now got a golden colony in the Ile Bourbon, the sand and pebbles washed down from its mountains yielding a larger average return than California.

The newspapers of St. Petersburg mention a project for effecting a telegraphic communication with America, through Siberia, with a short submarine cable across Behring's Straits.

The *Moniteur* publishes a circular by the new Minister of the Interior, stating that the emperor had called him to office, to execute attentive surveillance over revolutionists who plan against the life of the emperor.

With a view not to encourage the very prevalent practice of duelling in France by giving publicity to "affairs of honor," the press has been "invited" to refrain from publishing the particulars of these combats.

M. Emile de Girardin, the great French editor, is revising the various leaders written by him for the Paris journals, from 1836 to 1856. They will be published in ten volumes, under the title of "*Les Questions de mon Temps*."

The Russian government has issued an order permitting the importation, free of duty, of metal work intended to be used in the construction of ships by Russian subjects on their own account, in Russian dock yards.

The Paris courts value a young lady's teeth at 8000 francs. An English governess was recently knocked down by a carriage, and lost by the accident all her teeth. She brought an action of damages, and the tribunal awarded the above amount.

Dr. Thomas, one of the librarians at the Royal Court Library at Munich, has discovered in the manuscript department of that rich collection a written copy of hitherto unknown sonnets, by Petrarch, partly amatory and partly political.

The foreign journals report the names of many persons who died in 1857, upwards of a hundred years old. The oldest of the number was Michael Kilawelkin, who died in Russia at the age of 127 years. Seventy per cent. of the number reported were females. The eldest was Elizabeth Goldizen, who had reached to 118 years.

Record of the Times.

The oysters annually exported from Virginia, make up an aggregate of 23,000,000 bushels.

The bridge across the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, will be two miles long, and cost \$5,000,000.

Mr. Geo. Merrifield, of Clifton, England, has a live double sheep more than six feet in length.

Fifteen millions of dollars are supposed to be spent by the people of the Union for newspapers.

The Winnebago Indians settled in Minnesota, raised over 5000 bushels of wheat last year.

If a man's brains lie in his head, he studies; if in his heels he dances—that's philosophy.

It was testified at Brooklyn, N. Y., that a pailful of lager beer would not produce intoxication.

A druggist in New York has been fined \$250 for selling a man stramonium for hoarhound.

The capital embarked in the tobacco manufacture at Richmond, Va., is about five millions.

A market gardener and nurseryman at Sacramento, California, sold produce last year to the amount of \$60,000.

The soil and climate of New England are well adapted to the cultivation of poppy, the oil of which is highly valuable.

A late German writer, in speaking of the United States, says it is a country where starvation is purely a matter of choice.

Fears are entertained that McDonough's legacy to New Orleans, Baltimore, etc., will be consumed by law expenses.

Prince Jerome Napoleon has been invested with the right of a seat at all the councils of the French emperor.

The Washington Republic says, since Jan. 1, 1826, three thousand school houses have been built in the State of Illinois.

It is said that more money is paid for cigars in the United States than for bread. It is not to be inferred, however, that we are a low-bred people.

A mass of copper was lately sent away from the Cliff mine (Superior) weighing 10,400 lbs. The Miner says this is much the largest piece of native metal ever sent away from any mine.

Percival, the poet and geologist, left a valuable library, which Dr. J. L. Jenckes, his administrator, proposes to put in possession of Wisconsin, if the legislature adopt the necessary steps.

Men in the olden time won glory by the steel that flashed in their hands, amid the smoke and din of battle. Men in the present day control nations, and win battles, by the steel they handle in the quiet of their libraries. The former was the sword of steel—the latter, the steel pen.

According to the fullest report we have ever seen, there are 122 colleges in the United States, of which 113 are Protestant, and 9 are Roman Catholic. Of the Protestant colleges, 16 are controlled by the Baptists, 13 by Methodists, 8 by the Episcopalians, some 11 by the Congregationalists, 2 by the Unitarians, 1 by the Universalists, and the remainder by the various branches of the Presbyterians.

The fire-alarm telegraph system has been established at St. Louis.

Power is apt to intoxicate even mighty hearts, and is the touchstone of true greatness.

Punch speaks of an old lady who persists in calling the Mormon leader Mr. Bigamy Young.

Most men, if not all men, know what they hate; but few men know what they love.

Cousins, arrested for murdering his nephew, hung himself in Canada while in custody.

A wise man knows his own ignorance, but a fool fancies he has nothing to learn.

Mrs. Catharine Sinclair Forrest has purchased an estate in Scotland, for \$50,000, the savings of her short theatrical career.

The play of Jack Sheppard, translated into the French, has been performed at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris for the 200th time.

Boston issues 113 papers, with an annual circulation of 54,000,000; New York 104 papers, circulation 78,000,000; Philadelphia 54 papers, circulation 40,000,000.

The citizens of Milford have appropriated \$5600 for the erection of two new schoolhouses. They are to be built in good style with modern improvements.

The Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention has decided to establish in Yoruba a school for the training of colored preachers and teachers, both American and native, to labor in Central Africa.

In the United States Circuit Court at Cincinnati, recently, a judgment was rendered against the Life and Trust Company for \$459,293 50, in favor of Bell & Grant, bankers, of London.

A pamphlet is about to be published in Paris, in which it will be proved that the Emperor Napoleon is descended from the royal line of France. The idea was first encouraged by Napoleon I., and now, it is said, the pedigree has been very completely made out.

A venerable Irish lady, sixty years old, on her way to market, at Bangor, Me., had her arm broken by a boy's sled throwing her down; she walked to a doctor's office, had her arm properly set and splinted, took her basket on the sound arm, went to market, made her purchases, and then went home as if nothing special had occurred.

Among the rare and curious books and manuscripts recently sold by auction in London, was a copy of Cicero de Senectute et Amicitia, printed by William Caxton, in 1481, which produced the enormous price of \$1325. It was formerly the Merly copy, purchased at that sale for \$1000, by the Marquis of Blandford, resold at White Knights for \$435, and afterwards in Trotter Brockett's for \$2400.

How small is the diameter of the human throat, and how short its measure! Yet it will give the same note with the pipe of an organ *eight feet in length!* And the valve which covers it, and plays with electric swiftness (imitated by the reed of the organ), is, as all know, a very little thing; yet with the contractions and expansions of the throat, it will utter a scale of seventeen degrees!

Merry-Making.

It is the last air on the hardy gurdy that gets the player's head broken.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Because it is farthest from the bark.

It is said that necessity knows no law. This accounts for people making such a virtue of necessity.

How fleeting in the holidays is a leg of mutton! Still, a prelude of hard dumping is an antidote to appetite.

The lady who put her floor-cloth in the cradle and scrubbed the floor with her baby, has since joined the Mormons.

A hunting Misery.—Doubting as to whether the hat upon which your horse lighted in his last jump had a head in it or not.

"Pooh! pooh!" said a wife to her expiring husband, as he strove to utter a few parting words, "don't stop to talk."

Some landlords are in the habit of laying an extra fork across the plates of their delinquent boarders, as much as to say, "Fork over."

There is not the slightest impropriety in saying that a bachelor of music is "wedded to his art."

A country editor thinks that Columbus is not entitled to much credit for discovering America, as the country is so large he could not well have missed it.

A Mr. Pea has been indicted in Ohio for whipping his wife and children. No doubt he thinks it a hard case that a man can't be allowed to thrash his own Peas.

John's wife and John were tete-a-tete; she witty was, industrious he; says John, "I've earned the bread we've ate;" "and I," says she, "have *wined* the tea."

A wag was driving in his phaeton, when some one who thought he knew him, accosted him with "I believe your name is Smith?" "Then you'd believe anything," was the reply.

Some one anxious to ascertain whether Kean was or was not a classical scholar, wrote to him for benefit tickets in Latin. "And how did he construe it?" asked R., who heard the story. "Into an insult," was the reply.

An old lady in Concord lighted her candle, and went out to a neighbor's house, where she ~~staid~~ several hours, and on returning found her room was dark. She immediately raised a report that her house had been broken into, for her candle was gone.

A lad having got into the parlor, with some of the neighbor's children, and kicked up a dust among the rich furniture, his father gave him a whipping, and then asked him how he relished his playing. "I like the play very well," said he, "but the *afterpiece* is intolerable."

One of Bishop Bloomfield's latest bon mots was uttered during his last illness. He inquired what had been the subject of his two archdeacon's charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons, and the other on churchyards. "O, I see," said the bishop, "composition and decomposition!"

When is a hen most likely to hatch? When she is in earnest (her nest).

You cannot do two things well at once; you can't carry two melons under one arm.

To make an excellent jam—squeeze six or eight women, now-a-days, into a common stage-coach.

A coquette may be compared to tinder, which lays out to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting a match.

It is unhealthy to fall in love with another man's wife. In Arkansas, this kind of thing usually terminates in "death" the first year.

Some one asks—"Is it lawful to hang clothes on Mason's and Dixon's line?" Just as lawful as planting beans around the North Pole.

In a state of mental absence, a young man demanded the hand of a young lady, and only perceived his error when he got her father's foot instead.

Nothing sets up a woman's spunk like calling her ugly. She gets her back right up like a rat when a strange dog comes near her—she is all eyes, claws and bristles.

A certain person asked a merry Andrew why he played the fool. "For the same reason," said he, "that you do—out of want; you do it for want of wit, and I do it for want of money."

Mr. Greeley, of the New York Tribune, having said he would spit upon one of the planks of the Whig platform, the Rochester American replies "that he cannot *expect-to-rate* as a Whig."

On hearing Ike read that eighteen rams were to be used in launching the Leviathan, Mrs. Partington remarked that she believed a few yolks of oxen would do a great deal better than rams.

While an officer was bowing, a cannon ball passed over his head and decapitated a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said the officer to those near him, "that a man never loses anything by politeness."

Bad luck is a man with his hands in his breeches pockets, and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, and working to make it come out right.

Lord Chancellor Northington suffered much from the gout; and once, after some painful waddling between the woolsock and the bar in the House of Lords, he was heard to mutter: "If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad."

The celebrated Dr. Hunter, whom Abernethy, in one of his arid veins, termed "the English Blood Hunter," when starting in life, gave lectures. His first lecture was attended only by the porter. "John," said the great man, unmoved by the circumstance, "take that skeleton down, that I may say with propriety—Gentlemen."

BE GIVEN AWAY.

Any person desiring to see a copy of *BALLOU'S PROVERBIAL*, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

PICTURES FROM OUR MUSEUM.



"Now, my dear, do oblige me by running home and putting your goloshes on. I don't want to have you laid up by catching cold in your feet."



"Horace, you must ask máma."



"It's never too late to mend."



"I've eaten the canary."



"One of my cows took sick and died yesterday."



Portrait of the young man who, when a child, won the prize at the baby-show.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



"Have you heard Grial this season, sir?"

You know a ship sometimes misses stays, and perhaps she is one of the misses?



"Nonsense, Mary! I tell you it is my firm opinion there's a man in the house."



"Will you have a bite?"



Light-fingered.



A foreigner with a turn for music.



A boy of very loose habits.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.—No. 6.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1858.

WHOLE No. 42.

PICTURES OF BRAZIL.



JARA ASSU (LEOPOLDINA MAJOR).

IN the present number we propose to glance at some of the most striking features in the empire of Brazil, South America, a country about which very little is generally known, and which is nevertheless one of the most interesting countries on the globe. Our illustrative sketches, together with the text, will be taken from an admirable work on the subject, recently published in Philadelphia, by Messrs. Childs & Peterson, and entitled "Brazil and the Brazilians, portrayed in Historical and Descriptive Sketches. By Rev. D. P. Kidder and Rev. J. C. Fletcher." The work is an octavo volume of six hundred and thirty pages, illustrated by one hundred and fifty elegant engravings, wood and steel, some of the natural history drawings being elaborately colored. It also contains the best map of Brazil extant. The experience of the writers in the Brazilian empire embraces a period of twenty years, and they are thoroughly acquainted with the topography, resources, religions, laws, statistics and customs of the country, and the people. In addition to their own observations, they have studied every authentic work on the subject, French, German, English and Portuguese, and have consulted the imperial and provincial archives for statistics. Their book is written in a vigorous and lively style, and henceforward must be the standard authority on Brazil.

The empire of Brazil occupies an area of about 3,956,800 square miles, and is bounded north by Venezuela and the colonies of Guayana; north-east, east and south-east by the Argentine Confederation, Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador. It has no mountains of very great extent. Its river system is unequalled. The climate is good and much of the soil is productive. It is rich in minerals, and its diamond and topaz mines are very productive. The empire is a constitutional monarchy, hereditary in the male line of the reigning family. The Roman Catholic is the established religion, but all others are permitted. Don Pedro II., the reigning emperor, is a very liberal and highly educated man.

Brazil was discovered May 3, 1500, by Pinçon, but was subsequently taken possession of by De Cabral. Various towns were planted by the Portuguese, but not without being troubled by the English, Dutch and Spaniards. In 1800, when Portugal was invaded by the French, the king fled to Brazil, and on the fall of Napoleon, raised it to a kingdom, assuming himself the title of King of Portugal, Algarve and Brazil. The revolution which took place in Portugal in 1820, compelling the king to return to that country, he next year sailed for Lisbon, leaving Don Pedro, his eldest son, as regent. In 1822, Don Pedro, in accordance with the wish of the people, declared Brazil to be a free and independent State, and himself assumed the title of emperor, and in 1825 Portugal acquiesced in the change. Don Pedro abdicated, April 7, 1831, in favor of his son, the



THE BAHIANA.

present emperor; but the country was ruled by a regency until 1840.

Among the first features that impress the traveller in Brazil, is the luxuriant growth of its vegetation. Our initial engraving represents the Jara-Assu palm, (*Leopoldina major*).

The most generous gift that bountiful Providence gave Brazil is the palm-tree. The traveller in the interior provinces and upon the seacoast away from the cities is struck by the very application of this "prince of the vegetable kingdom" to the wants of man. And if the palm plays so important a part in the domestic economy of Europeans and their descendants, his highness was, and is, servant for general house and field work among the aborigines of Brazil. To this day it furnishes the Amazonian Indians house, raiment, food, drink, salt, fishing-tackle, hunting implements and musical instruments, and almost every necessary of life except flesh. Take the hut of an Uaupé Indian on one of the affluents of the Rio Negro. The rafters are formed by the straight and uniform palm called *Leopoldina pulchra*; the roof is composed of the leaves of the Carana palm; the doors and framework of the split stems of the *Iriartea exhoriza*. The wide bark which grows beneath the fruit of another species is sometimes used as an apron. The Indian's hammock, his bow-strings, and his fishing-lines, are woven and twisted from the fibrous portions of different palms. The comb with which the males of some of the tribes adorn their heads is made from the hard wood of a palm, and the fish-hooks are made from the spines of the same tree. The Indian makes, from the fibrous spathes of the *Manicaria sacci-*

fera, caps for his head, or cloth in which he wraps his most treasured feather ornaments. From eight species he can obtain intoxicating liquor; from many more—not including the cocoanut-palm, found on the seacoast—he receives oil and a harvest of fruit; and from one (the *Jara assu*) he procures, by burning the large clusters of small nuts, a substitute for salt. From another he forms a cylinder for squeezing the mandioca-pulp, because it resists for a long time the action of the poisonous juice. The great woody spathes of the *Maximiliana regia* are "used by hunters to cook meat in, as, with water in them, they stand the fire well." These spathes are also employed for carrying earth, and sometimes for cradles. Arrows are made from the spinous processes of the *Pataua*, and lances and heavy harpoons are made from the *Iriartea ventricosa*; the long blowpipe through which the Indian sends the poisoned arrow that brings down the bright birds, the fearless peccari, and even the thick-skinned tapir, is furnished by the *Setigera* palm; the great, bassoon-like musical instruments used in the "devil-worship" of the Uaupés are also made from the stems of palm-trees.

The highly-dressed belle in the next engraving is a creole Mina negress of Bahia, who rejoices in the name *par excellence*, of the "Bahiana." Bahia de Todos os Santos, the Bay of All-Saints, as our readers are aware, was formerly the capital of Brazil, and was discovered in 1503, by Americus Vespucius, then sailing in the employ of Dom Manoel, king of Portugal. It is a place of great bustle and business.

Around the landing-places cluster hundreds of



WATER CARRIERS.



POLICEMAN AND VENDA.

canoes, launches, and various other small craft, discharging their loads of fruit and produce. On one part of the praya is a wide opening, which is used as a market-place. Near this a beautiful spacious modern building has been constructed for an exchange. It is well supplied with newspapers from all parts of the world, and is in a cool and airy situation. The principal commercial houses are situated on the Rua Nova do Commercio, and these compose the finest blocks of buildings in Brazil,—perhaps in all South America. These edifices would adorn the business portions of London, Paris, or New York.

The lower town is not calculated to make a

favorable impression upon the stranger. The lofty buildings are nearly all old, although generally of a cheerful exterior. The streets in this vicinity are very narrow, uneven, and wretchedly paved, and at times as filthy as those of New York. At the same time it is crowded with pedlars and carriers of every description. You here become acquainted with one peculiarity of Bahia. Owing to the irregularities of its surface and the steepness of the ascent which separates the upper town from the lower, it does not admit the use of wheel-carriages. Not even a cart or truck is to be seen for the purpose of removing burdens from one place to another. Whatever requires change of place in all the commerce and ordinary business of this seaport—and it is second in size and importance to but one other in South America—must pass on the heads and shoulders of men. Burdens are here more frequently carried upon the shoulders, since the principal exports of the city being sugar in cases and cotton in bales, it is impossible that they should be borne on the head like bags of coffee.

Immense numbers of tall, athletic negroes are seen moving in pairs or gangs of four, six, or eight, as shown in one of our engravings, with their loads suspended between them on heavy poles. Numbers more of their fellows are seen sitting upon their poles, braiding straw or lying about the alleys and corners of the streets asleep, reminding one of black snakes coiled up in the sunshine. The sleepers generally have some sentinel ready to call them when they are wanted for business, and at the given signal they rouse up, like the elephant to his burden. Like the coffee carriers of Rio, they often sing and shout as they go; but their gait is necessarily slow and measured, resembling a dead march rather than the double-quick step of their Fluminensean colleagues. Another class of negroes are devoted to carrying passengers in a species of sedan-chair called cadeiras.

It is indeed a toilsome and often a dangerous task for a white person to ascend on feet the bluffs on which stands the *cidade alta*, particularly when the powerful rays of the sun are pouring, without mitigation, upon the head. No omnibus or cab can be found to do him service.



COFFEE CARRIERS.



THROWING THE LASSO.

In accordance with this state of things, he finds near every corner or place of public resort, a long row of curtained cadeiras, the bearers of which, hat in hand, crowd around him with all the eagerness, though not with the impudence, of carriage-drivers in North America, saying, "*Quer cadeira, senhor?*" ("Will you have a chair, sir?") When he has made his selection, and seated himself to his liking, the bearers elevate their load and march along, apparently as much pleased with the opportunity of carrying a passenger as he is with the chance of being carried. To keep a cadeira or two, and negroes to bear them, is as necessary for a family in Bahia as the keeping of carriages and horses is elsewhere. The livery of the carriers, and the expensiveness of the curtaining and ornaments of the cadeira, indicate the rank and style which the family maintains.

Some of the streets between the upper and lower towns wind by a zigzag course along ravines; others slant across an almost perpendicular bluff, to avoid as much as possible its steepness. Nor is the surface level when you have ascended to the summit. Not even Rome can boast of so many hills as are here clustered to-

gether, forming the site of Bahia. Its extent between its extreme limits—Rio Vermelho and Montserrat—is about six miles. The city is nowhere wide, and for the most part is composed of only two or three principal streets. The direction of these changes with the various curves and angles necessary to preserve the summit of the promontory. Frequent openings between the houses built along the summit exhibit the most picturesque views of the bay on the one hand and of the country on the other. The aspect of the city is antique. Great sums have been expended in the construction of its pavements—more, however, with a view to preserve the streets from injury by rain than to furnish roads for any kind of carriages. Here and there may be seen an ancient fountain of stonework, placed in a valley of greater or less depth, to serve as a rendezvous for some stream that trickles down the hill above; but nowhere is there any important aqueduct, though recent waterworks, with steam-engines manufactured in France, have been lately erected east of the Novicindo, which will furnish a bountiful supply of the potable element to the city.



KILLING JUDAS.

In 1510, a vessel under the command of Diogo Alvares Correa was wrecked near the entrance of this bay. The Tupinambas, inhabiting the coast, fell upon and destroyed all who survived this shipwreck, except the captain of the vessel. The Indians spared Diogo,—probably, as some supposed, on account of his activity in assisting them to save articles from the wreck. He had the good fortune to obtain a musket and some barrels of powder and ball. He early took occasion to shoot a bird, and the Indians, terrified by the explosion no less than by its effects, called him from that moment *Caramuru*, “the man of fire.” He then conciliated their favor by assuring them that, although he was a terror to his enemies, he could be a valuable auxiliary to his friends. He accordingly accompanied the Tupinambas on an expedition against a neighboring tribe with whom they were at war. The first discharge of *Caramuru*’s musket gained him possession of the field, his frightened adversaries scampering for their lives.

Little more was necessary to secure him a perfect supremacy among the aboriginals. As a proof of this, he was soon complimented with proposals from various chiefs, who offered him their daughters in marriage. Diogo made choice of Paraguassu, daughter of the head chief Itaparica, whose name is perpetuated as the designation of the large island in front of the city, while that of Paraguassu, the bride, is applied to one of the rivers emptying into the bay. He built a hamlet which he denominated S. Salvador, in gratitude for his escape from the shipwreck. This settlement was located in a place denominated Graca, on the Victoria Hill, a suburb of the city, still occasionally called *Vilha Velha* (old town.)

After the lapse of some years, a ship from Normandy anchored in front of *Caramuru*’s town and opened communications with the shore. Diogo now determined to return to Europe; and, having supplied the vessel with a cargo, he embarked for Dieppe, accompanied by Paraguassu. He intended, if he arrived safely, to go from Dieppe to Lisbon. The French, however, would not permit this, but preferred to make him a lion in their own capital. Paraguassu was the first Indian female who had ever appeared in Paris. A splendid fete was given at her baptism, when she was christened Catherine Alvares, after the Queen Catharine de Medicis. King Henry II., accompanying his royal spouse, officiated on the occasion as godfather and sponsor.

The French government contracted with *Caramuru* to send out vessels which should carry him to his adopted country, and return with brazilwood and other articles, which should be given in exchange for goods and trinkets. In the meantime, true to his original intent, he contrived to inform Dom John III., of Portugal, of the importance of colonizing Bahia. A young Portuguese, who had just finished his studies in Paris and was returning to Portugal, was the bearer of this message. This young man (Pedro Fernandez Sardinha) afterward became bishop of Bahia. The natives rejoiced at *Caramuru*’s return, and his colony now increased rapidly and extended its influence in every direction.

At this period the King of Portugal, in order

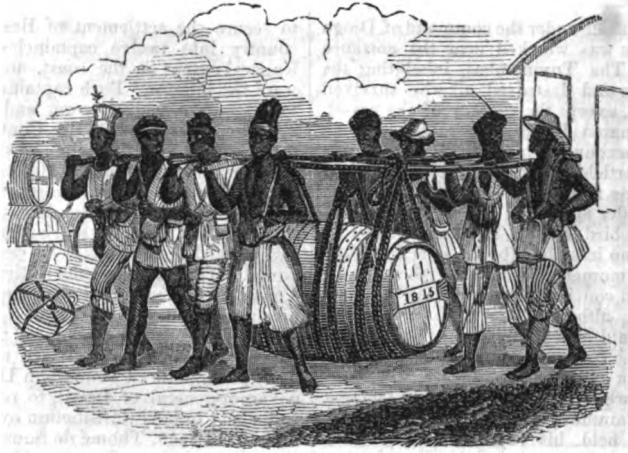
to secure the settlement of Brazil, divided the country into twelve captaincies, each of fifty leagues’ extent on the coast, and boundless toward the interior. Each captaincy was conceded to a donatary, whose power and authority were absolute. Francisco Pereira Coutinho, who came to take possession of Bahia, was a man rash and arbitrary in the extreme. He became jealous of the influence of Diogo Alvares, and commenced to persecute and oppress him, and finally sent him on board a ship as a prisoner. This course exasperated the Indians, who determined on revenge. They attacked the settlement and killed Coutinho. Diogo Alvares was again restored to his original supremacy.

The growing importance of the country, together with rumors of violence practised by the donataries, induced Dom John III. to appoint a governor-general of Brazil, to reside at S. Salvador and to have jurisdiction over all the donataries. In 1549, Thomé de Souza, the first governor-general, landed with military ceremonies at Vilha Velha, but in the course of a month proceeded to choose another location for the commencement of his operations. It was that of the present cathedral, government palace, and other public buildings. *Caramuru* was now an old man, but was of great service to the governor-general in consummating with the natives a treaty of peace. In four months a hundred houses were built, and various sugar plantations were laid out in the vicinity. From this period the city of S. Salvador, having been constituted the capital of Portuguese America, and remaining under the direct patronage of the mother-country, rapidly increased in size and importance.

The year 1624 witnessed the first depredations of the Dutch upon the then quiet and prosperous city of Bahia. Without the least notice or provocation, a fleet from Holland entered the harbor, attacked the city, burned the shipping, and debarked men to seize the fortress of S. Antonio, and, after some fighting, gained possession of the town. This they sacked, not even sparing the churches. The captors immediately erected additional fortifications and built many new houses. They made prizes of all the Portuguese and Spanish ships that came into the harbor not knowing that the town had changed masters.

Portugal was at this time tributary to Spain. The news of the loss of Bahia caused great consternation at Madrid, and the more since it had been rumored that the English were to unite their forces with the Dutch and establish the Elector-Palatine King of Brazil. The Spanish court adopted measures worthy of its superstition and its power. Instructions were despatched to the governors of Portugal, requiring them to examine into the crimes which had provoked this visitation of the divine vengeance, and to punish them forthwith. Novenas were appointed throughout the whole kingdom; and a litany and prayers, framed for the occasion, were to be said after the mass. On one of the nine days there was to be a solemn procession of the people in every town and village, and of the monks in every cloister. The sacrament was exposed in all the churches of Lisbon, and a hundred thousand crowns were contributed in that city to aid the government in recovering S. Salvador.

A great ocean-fleet of forty sail, carrying eight



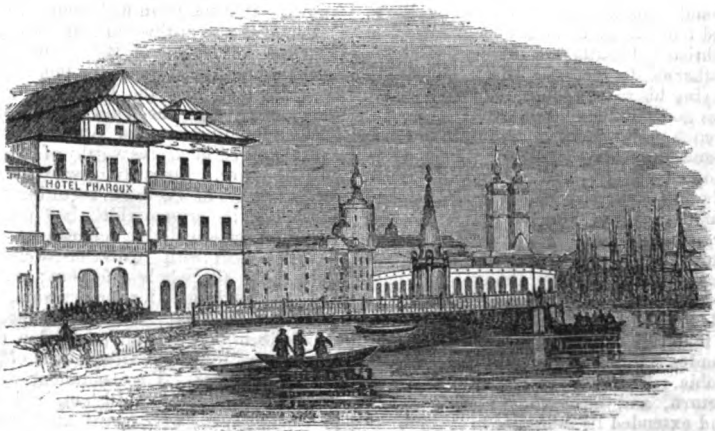
PORTERS OF BAHIA.

thousand soldiers, sailed under D. Fadrique de Toledo and D. Manoel de Menezes, which in March, 1625, appeared off the bay; and after some delay, the object of which was to learn if the Hollanders had received reinforcements, D. Fadrique, satisfied that they had not, entered the harbor with trumpets sounding, colors flying, and the ships ready for action. The Dutch vessels also, and the walls and forts, were dressed out, with their banners and streamers hoisted, either to welcome friends or defy enemies, whichever these new-comers might prove to be. The city had been fortified with great care, according to the best principles of engineering,—a science in which no people had at that time such experience as the Dutch. It was defended by ninety-two pieces of artillery, and from the new fort upon the beach they fired red-hot shot. After some severe skirmishing, the Dutch, having waited in vain for the fleet from Holland, proposed a capitulation, which was acceded to.

The Hollanders attempted to retake the city in 1638, under Mauritz, Count of Nassau, who was then in possession of Pernambuco and a

large portion of the adjoining coast. They were repeatedly defeated at Bahia, but succeeded for a time at other points. The original attack, on the part of the Dutch, grew out of purely mercenary motives. It was planned and executed under the auspices of the celebrated West India Company. Proving successful at first, the Hollanders did not content themselves with plundering the inhabitants, but determined to make the very soil their own. Their inroads were manfully resisted by the Portuguese, and the war, at different times, extended along the whole coast from Bahia to Maranhão.

In 1636, Mauritz, Count of Nassau, was sent out to take command of the troops and to govern the new empire. Under his direction, active measures were set on foot; forts, cities, and palaces were built, and the country was explored in search of mines. Agriculture was undertaken with a strong hand, and it is easy to imagine what changes would have been introduced into those fertile regions by the industrious Hollanders, had not the fate of war decided against them. In the low ground, the marshes and the



HOTEL PHAROUX.

streams that surround the city of Pernambuco, they would have especially gloried. But the Brazilians, under their vigilant leaders, Camarao, Henrique Diaz (the former an Indian, the latter a negro), Souto and Vieyra, kept up such incessant attacks upon the Hollanders, that at last, in 1654, they were expelled from Pernambuco, and in 1661 they abandoned, by negotiation, all claim to Brazil. It is interesting to think that, whatever motives may have urged the commercial Hollanders to attack Brazil, the Christians of that brave little Protestant country were not slow to follow up the settlements; and hence, in Pernambuco and vicinity, faithful missionary stations were established, and, when the Dutch were finally driven from the country, some of the clergymen came to New Amsterdam, and one of them was the first pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church founded at Flatbush, Long Island. From this time the Hollanders ceased their attacks on Bahia; that city advanced in wealth and prosperity, and was the seat of the viceroyalty until 1763, when it was transferred to Rio de Janeiro.

The position of Bahia, opposite the coast of Africa, caused it to be, from early times, an important rendezvous for those engaged in the African slave-trade. Bahia increased in population and wealth, and in 1808 its prosperity was still more augmented by the Carta Regia which opened the ports of Brazil to the world. This city was the last that remained faithful to Portugal; for, though the independence of the empire was declared in September, 1822, it was not until July, 1823, and after severe suffering, that the Portuguese army evacuated Bahia San Salvador. The rebellion of 1837 was frightful in the extreme; but the imperial government finally obtained the mastery, and from that day to this Bahia has continued quiet, and has made rapid strides of improvement.

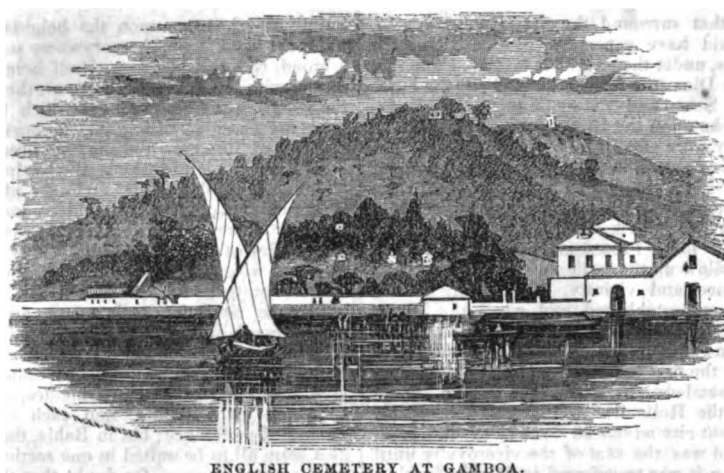
There is no city in Brazil that so interests the foreigner as Bahia. It is the spiritual capital of the country, being the residence of the archbishop. The churches, the convents, and other public buildings, are upon a large scale, and have no provincialism in their appearance. The people are gay and social. To "fish for whales" is a regular business at Bahia, and nearly every week, from the numerous terraces, admiring thousands can gaze upon the stirring excitement of capturing these monsters of the deep. If we descend through lime-tree hedges to the Rio Vermelho, we may have an opportunity (besides seeing the fixtures for extracting of oil) of witnessing the triumphant arrival of the dead leviathan. Hundreds of people—the colored especially—throng around to witness the monster's dying struggles, and to procure portions of his flesh, which they cook and eat. Vast quantities of this flesh are cooked in the streets, and sold by quitandeiras. Numbers of swine also feast upon the carcass of the whale; and all who are not specially discriminating in their selection of pork in the market, during the season of these fisheries, are liable (*volens volens*) to get a taste of something "very like a whale." This whale-fishery was once the greatest in the world. At the close of the seventeenth century, it was rented by the crown for thirty thousand dollars annually.

The view of Bahia from Montserrat is truly magnificent. The curving lines of whitened

buildings—the one upon the heights, the other upon the water's edge—everywhere separated by a broad, rich belt of green, itself here and there dotted with houses,—the fortress, the shipping, the white-capped waves, over which the whale-boats are pursuing their gigantic sport,—the distant isle of Itaparica and the blue ocean beyond,—all form a picture which at the time fills one with exhilarating delight, and ever after dwells in the cabinet of memory a choice and beautiful picture. There are few cities that can present a single view of more imposing beauty than does Bahia to a person beholding it from a suitable distance on the water. Even Rio de Janeiro can hardly be cited for such a comparison. The capital excels in the endless variety of its beautiful suburbs; but in the Archiepiscopal City beauty is concentrated and presented at one view. In Rio, for pleasant abodes, one section competes with another, and each offers some ground of preference; but in Bahia, the superiorities seem all to be united in one section, leaving the foreigner no room for doubt that the focus is the Victoria Hill.

The water-carriers of Rio, next represented, are a decided feature of the place. One of the greatest delights for the black population of Rio is the necessity of carrying water from the *chafariz*, or public fountain, or from the water-pipe, which is at the corner of almost every street. Blackey lazily lounges out with his *barril* under his arm, and happy is Congo if he espies a long queue of his compatriots awaiting their turn at the stopcock. Here the news of their little world is told amid bursts of Ethiopian laughter; or a small flirtation is carried on with Rosa, or Joaquina, from the next street; or perhaps there is an upbraiding lecture administered by some jetty damsel from Angola, whose voice, to his consternation, is by no means *pianissimo*. There is another out-door affair much more congenial, *i. e.*, many a sly attempt to kill the bixo is made at the adjoining venda while the water pours into the *barris* of the earlier comers. Some mistresses, however, who find that their cooks have *always* to wait for the water, make arrangements with the water-carriers, who perambulate the streets with an immense hoghead mounted on wheels and drawn by a mule. This vehicle during a fire (not a frequent occurrence) is required to supply the fire-engines. These men are generally natives of Portugal or the Azores, and seem eminently qualified by nature to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. They carry the water up-stairs and pour it into large earthen jars, which bring to mind the water-pots at the marriage of *Cana*, in Galilee. The huge earthen vases are arranged on stands, in places where there is a current of air; and the liquid element in them thus acquires a coolness which, though not equal to the iced water of the United States, possesses a delightful frigidity. Ice is in Brazil an expensive luxury, brought solely from North America, and not in general use, even in Rio, and, of course, unknown in the country. Boston apples and ice are both in the highest esteem; but the latter was rejected as altogether unwholesome upon its introduction, in 1833, and the first cargo was a total loss to the adventurers.

Another of our pictures shows the costume of the police of Rio de Janeiro. It is military, and

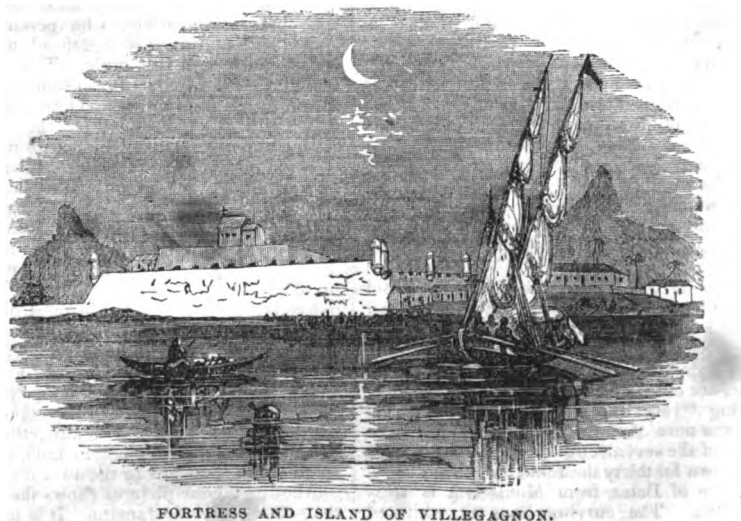


ENGLISH CEMETERY AT GAMBOA.

is well disciplined by officers of the regular army. They are fortified with plenty of authority, and take care to use it. Great difficulties have sometimes occurred between the constabulary and foreigners, where, on some occasions, the former have been to blame; but it was good for "Young America," when going "round the Horn," on his way to California, to be held in wholesome restraint by these "yellow Brazilians," whom he affected to despise. The police is armed. During the day you may see them singly or in pairs, having their positions in convenient localities for watching the slaves and all others suspected of liability to disorder. Now the policeman, with three or four of his companions, strolls along by Hotel Pharoux, to have an eye upon the foreign sailors; or again, with a single *confrere*, he takes his stand by the Carioca fountain; or again, his undress-cap, his blue uniform, his sword, and his brace of pistols, are wholesomely displayed at a corner *venda*, where Sr. Antonio from Fayal

sells *cachaca* (rum), pigtail tobacco, *carne secca*, mandioc-flour, red Lisbon wine, and black beans. The above mentioned staples are the articles of stock and consumption for the low grocer and the low class that patronize him. Sometimes he will get a little higher in the provision line, and add butter brought from Ireland, lard from the United States, onions from Portugal, sardines, a few hams, and sausages. Then, too, he is somewhat of a lumber merchant; for he purchases a few bundles of finely-split wood, which, together with charcoal, is the small accompaniment of the kitchen-battery in Brazil. At these *vendas* is the only hard drinking—except that done by English and Americans—in Rio, and that imbibing is by the slaves. Often Congo or Mozambique becomes eloquent under the effects of *cachaca*, and then the policeman is an effectual arbiter.

Another of our illustrations represents a group of the famous coffee carriers of Rio. These men



FORTRESS AND ISLAND OF VILLEGAGNON.

go in troops, numbering from ten to twenty individuals, of whom one takes the lead, and is called the captain. These are generally the largest and strongest men that can be found. While at work they seldom wear any other garment than a pair of short pantaloons; their shirt is thrown aside for the time as an incumbrance. Each one takes a bag of coffee upon his head, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, and, when all are ready, they start off at a measured trot, which soon increases to a rapid run. As one hand is sufficient to steady the load, several of them frequently carry musical instruments in the other, resembling children's rattle-boxes; these they shake to the double-quick time of some wild Ethiopian ditty, which they all join in singing as they run. Music has a powerful effect in exhilarating the spirits of the negro; and certainly no one should deny him the privilege of softening his hard lot by producing the harmony of sounds, which are sweet to him, though uncouth to other ears. It is said, however, that an attempt was at one time made to secure greater quietness in the streets by forbidding them to sing. As a consequence, they performed little or no work: so the restriction was in a short time taken off. Certain it is that they now avail themselves of their vocal privileges at pleasure, whether in singing and shouting to each other as they run, or in proclaiming to the people the various articles they carry about for sale. The impression made upon the stranger by the mingled sound of their hundred voices falling upon his ear at once is not soon forgotten.

Another spirited engraving of this series represents a huntsman about throwing the lasso round the horns of a wild bull on the plains. The great wealth of Rio Grande do Sul consists of that which constituted the riches of the patriarchs—flocks and herds. The *Guachos* of Buenos Ayres are not more expert on horseback, or more skilful in the use of the lasso than are the Rio Grandenses, whose occupation from childhood is the care and culture of the herds of cattle which roam the vast campinas or prairies. It has been estimated that in the province of Rio Grande do Sul—not mentioning parts of Santa Catharina and S. Paulo, which are devoted to the same purposes—five hundred thousand cattle are slaughtered annually for the sake of preserving their hides and flesh, while as many more are driven northward for ordinary consumption. Most of the *carne secca*, or jerked beef, in common use throughout Brazil, is prepared here. After the hide is taken from the ox, the flesh is skinned off in a similar manner from the whole side, in strips about half an inch in thickness. The meat, in this form, is stretched in the sun to dry. But very little salt is used in its preservation, and, when sufficiently cured, it is shipped to all the maritime provinces, and is the only kind of preserved beef used in the country. ~~Stacks of this meat~~ (emitting no very agreeable odor) are piled up, like cords of wood, in the ~~provinces~~ houses of Rio de Janeiro. In the financial year 1853-54, Rio Grande do Sul exported the value of near \$3,000,000 in hides, horns, hair and wool, \$1,000,000 of which were imported into the United States.

The character of the people is somewhat peculiar, owing to their circumstances and mode of

life. They are generally tall, of an active and energetic appearance, with handsome features, and of a lighter skin than prevails among the inhabitants of the northern portions of the empire. Both sexes are accustomed, from childhood, to ride on horseback, and consequently acquire great skill in the management of those noble animals, upon which they take their amusements as well as perform their journeys and pursue the wild cattle of their plains.

The use of the lasso is learned among the earliest sports of boyhood, and is continued until an almost inconceivable dexterity is acquired. Little children, armed with their *lasso* or *bolas*, make war upon the chickens, ducks and geese of the farmyard, until their ambition and strength lead them into a wider field. For the pursuit of wild cattle, the horses are admirably trained, so that, when the lasso is thrown, they know precisely what to do. Sometimes, in the case of a furious animal, the rider checks the horse and dismounts, while the bull is running out the length of his raw-hide rope. The horse wheels round and braces himself to sustain the shock which the momentum of the captured animal must inevitably give. The bull, not expecting to be brought up so suddenly, is thrown sprawling to the ground. Rising to his feet, he rushes upon the horse to gore him; but the latter keeps at a distance, until the bull, finding that nothing is to be accomplished in this way, again attempts to flee, when the rope a second time brings him to the ground. Thus the poor animal is worried, until he is wholly within the power of his captors.

Nor is it only in Rio Grande do Sul or San Paulo that scenes of this kind may be observed. They were formerly witnessed in Rio de Janeiro itself. At the *Motadoura publico*, situated on the Praya d'Ajuda, before the municipal butcheries were removed to the spacious *abattoirs* at San Christova, vast numbers of cattle were daily slaughtered. Among the droves that reached the capital from the distant sertoes, was occasionally an ox so wild and powerful that he was not disposed to surrender life without a desperate struggle. He would break from his enclosure and dash into the streets of the city, threatening destruction to whoever opposed his course. A horse, accoutred with saddle and bridle, and with a lasso fastened to him by a strong girth, stood ready for the emergency, and was mounted in an instant to give pursuit. The chase was widely different in its circumstances from that which occurs in the open *campos*; but perhaps no interest was lost in the rapid turning of the corners of streets, the heavy clatter of hoofs upon the pavement, and the hasty accumulation of spectators. In a short time, usually, the noose of the lasso whirled around the horns of the fugitive, an area was cleared, and the scene already described was enacted, until the runaway ox was killed on the spot or led away in triumph to the slaughter. The lasso is, moreover, in frequent use in the Campo de Santa Anna, in the same city, where vast herds of mules are frequently congregated for sale. The purchaser has only to indicate which animal out of the untamed multitude he would like to examine, and the *tropeiro* soon has him "slippernoosed" at the end of his long rope, by which he holds or leads him at will.

A curious ceremony is observed by the lower orders, of which we present an illustration. Hallelujah Saturday is better known as "Judas's day," on account of the numerous forms in which that "inglorious patriarch" is made to suffer the vengeance of the people. Preparations having been made beforehand, rockets are fired in front of the churches at a particular stage of the morning service. This explosion indicates that the hallelujah is being chanted. The sport now begins forthwith in every part of the town. The effigies of poor Judas become the objects of all species of torment. They are hung, strangled, and drowned. In short, the traitor is shown up in fireworks and fantastic figures of every description, in company with dragons, serpents, and the devil and his imps, which pounce upon him.

sure of a treble price from the newly-arrived. Who that has visited Rio de Janeiro will not at a glance recognize the landing-place depicted in the engraving? Hotel Pharoux, the Palace Stairs, and the Largo do Paço (Palace Square), are associated with Rio de Janeiro in the mind of every foreign naval officer who has been on the Brazil station. But changes have taken place, and greater are in contemplation, among this slow-moving people. Hotel Pharoux still lifts its white walls; but it is modernized, and the old restaurant and stable in the basement have given way to shell-merchants and feather-flower dealers, and the dining-room is upon the second floor. We no longer land at the palace stairs, where formerly at flood-tide the waters of the bay dashed and foamed against the stone



A BRAZILIAN MOUNTAIN-ROAD.

Besides the more formal and expensive preparations that are made for this celebration by public subscription, the boys and the negroes have their Judases, whom they do feloniously and maliciously drag about with ropes, hang, beat, punch, stone, burn, and drown, to their hearts' content.

Among our engravings will be found representations of the Hotel Pharoux, and the Palace Square and Rua Direita at Rio. Our authors thus speak of these localities:—"The stranger who, with anxious expectation, has paced the deck of his vessel as it lies at anchor under Villegagnon, knows no more welcome sound than the permission from the custom-house and health officers to land and roam through the city which for hours before his eyes have visited. The blacks who have come from the shore now return, pulling their heavy boat lustily along, for they are

parapet which at this point marked their limit. The square has been extended into the waves, and soon the government will have fine quays along the whole water-edge in this part of the city.

"Instead of the old granite steps, we ascend the wooden stairs at the end of a long jetty. Here our boat has arrived, amid odors that certainly have not been wafted from "Araby the blest," and we learn that the sewerage of Rio is a portable instead of an underground affair. The sense of hearing, too, is wounded by the confused jabbering of blacks in the language of Congo, the shouts of Portuguese boat-owners, and by the oaths of American and English sailors. Once clear of this throng, what novel sights and sounds astonish us! A hackney-coachman, in glazed hat and red vest, invites us to a ride to

the botanical gardens; a smart-looking mulatto points to his 'Hansom' hard by the Hotel de France. Before their words are ended, the roll of drums and the blast of bugles attract our attention in another direction. There, in front of the old palace, is drawn up a handful of the National Guard, composed of every imaginable complexion, from white to African; and now, as every day at noon, they remove their helmets, listen for a moment with religious veneration to the strain of music which the black trumpeters puff out from swelling cheeks, and then resume, with the exception of the sentinels, their difficult task of loitering in the corridors of the huge building, or basking in the sunshine, until another sound of the bugle shall call them to change guard or fall into ranks at vespers.

"We are not yet ready to try the vehicles of Rio de Janeiro; so we dismiss our would-be coachmen, and look around us in the Largo do Paço. At the Palace Square the stranger finds himself surrounded by a throng as diverse in habits and appearance, and as variegated in complexion and costume, as his fancy ever pictured. The majority of the crowd are Africans, who collect around the fountain to obtain water, which flows from a score of pipes, and, when caught in tubs or barrels, is borne off upon the heads of both males and females. The slaves go barefooted, but some of them are gayly dressed. Their sociability when congregated in these resorts is usually extreme, but sometimes it ends in differences and blows. To prevent disorders of this kind, soldiers are generally stationed near the fountains, who are pretty sure to maintain their authority over the unresisting blacks. Formerly there were only a few principal fountains; now there are large *chafariz* in all the squares, and at the corners of every third or fourth street are smaller streams of the pure element, which flow at the turning of a stop-cock.

"The palace is a large stone building, exhibiting the old Portuguese style of architecture. It was long used as a residence by the viceroys, and for a time by Dom John VI., but is now appropriated to various public offices, and contains a suite of rooms in which court is held on gala-days. The buildings at the rear of the Palace Square (represented on the left of the engraving) were all erected for ecclesiastical purposes. The oldest was a Franciscan convent, but has long since been connected with the palace, and used for secular purposes. The old chapel, with its short, thick tower, remains, but has been superseded, in popularity as well as in splendor, by the more recently-erected imperial chapel, which, without belfry, stands at its right. Adjoining the imperial chapel is that of the third order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which is daily open, and is used as a cathedral. The steeples of this church during certain festivals are illuminated to the very crosses, and present a splendid appearance from the shipping.

"The streets of the city are generally quite narrow; but the Rua Direita, which is seen in the engraving, beyond the Largo do Paço, is wide, and well paved with small square blocks of stone which are brought from the Isle of Wight. The Rua Direita and many of the principal streets of Rio de Janeiro are now as well paved as the finest thoroughfares of London or

Vienna, presenting a great contrast to the former irregular and miserable pavement, which was in use up to 1854. The Rua Direita and the Largo do Rocio are the points whence omnibuses start for every portion of the vast city and its suburbs.

"The houses seldom exceed three or four stories; but a four-story house at Rio is equal in height to one of five in New York. Formerly nearly all were occupied as dwellings, and even in the streets devoted to business the first floors only were appropriated to the storage and display of goods, while families resided above. But since 1850, this has greatly changed in the quarter where the wholesale houses are found; proprietors and clerks now reside in the picturesque suburbs of Botafogo, Engenho Velho, and across the bay at Praia Grande or San Domingo. Every evening presents an animated spectacle of crowded steamers, full omnibuses, and galloping horses and mules, all conveying the *negociantes* and *careiros* (bookkeepers) to their respective residences.

"The distant steeples on our left are those of the Church of Candelaria, which is situated on a narrow street back from the Rua Direita. It is the largest church in the city, and presents taller spires and a handsomer front than any other. The Praca do Commercio, or Exchange, occupies a prominent position in the Rua Direita. This building, formerly a part of the custom-house, was ceded by government for its present purposes in 1834. It contains a reading-room, supplied with Brazilian and foreign newspapers, and is subject to the usual regulations of such an establishment in other cities. Beneath its spacious portico, the merchants of eight or nine different nations meet each other in the morning to interchange salutations and to negotiate their general business. The Exchange is not far from the Custom-House, which formerly had its main entrance adjoining the Praca.

"Nothing can be more animated and peculiar than the scenes which are witnessed in this part of the Rua Direita during the business hours of the day,—viz., from nine A. M. to three P. M. It is in these hours only that vessels are permitted to discharge and receive their cargoes, and at the same time all goods and baggage must be despatched at the custom-house and removed therefrom. Consequent upon such arrangements, the utmost activity is required to remove the goods despatched, and to embark those productions of the country that are daily required in the transactions of a vast commercial emporium, and we are almost stunned by the sounds of the multitude."

The British cemetery at Gamboa, depicted in one of our engravings, is a beautiful and secluded spot. Men of eminent station, as well as the unknown English and American citizen, the Frenchman, the Swede, and the representatives of the commercial marine of almost every nation, here repose in death.

The fort of Villegagnon, and the island, derive their name from a Frenchman, patronized by Admiral de Coligny, who rendered himself infamous by defeating the projects of the French Huguenots to establish a Protestant colony in Portugal, after having received their fullest confidence.

The picture of a Brazilian mountain road gives the reader a good idea of the wild and romantic aspect of many portions of the empire. But the most curious spectacle is that presented by the profile of the Organ Mountains, as shown in another engraving.

The range from which they are detached is still more lofty, and is most massive in its character. Few persons have ascended these mountains, and those have either been naturalists, or daring hunters. Dr. Gardner made probably the most thorough scientific exploration, and up these heights Heath has often pursued the clumsy tapir or the lithe jaguar. The sloth, howling monkeys, the Brazilian otter, a little deer (*Cervus nemorivagus*), and two kinds of peccari, may still prove attractions to the naturalist and the sportsman; but every year they are becoming more rare. Of

Another of our engravings represents a "Fabrica," or cotton factory, erected by an American, in the lovely valley of St. Alexio. Mr. M., the proprietor, lives in a beautiful house hard by. The spot was chosen for the water-power, but it is described as being one of the loveliest in Brazil. The hills rise around, and, mixed with stately palms, sensitive plants, with us the most delicate of exotics, here grow to an enormous size.

The engraving of the "Misericordia" is from a daguerreotype. It is the most extensive hospital in Rio, and is called the Santa Casa de Misericordia, or the Holy House of Mercy. It is located on the seashore, under the brow of the Castello Hill, and is open day and night for the reception of the sick and distressed of all nations and religions, none of whom require pass or recommendation to be received.



THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS.

birds there are many varieties, remarkable for their brilliant plumage, and a few are much sought after for their delicacy, the *jacu* and *jacutinga* being the most esteemed.

The difficulties of the ascension of these mountains consist of the thickets of underwood, the serried ranks of great ferns and trailing bamboos, in addition to the steepness of the Serra. The paths of the tapir, however, render the undertaking much more feasible than it otherwise would be. Dr. Gardner, after two attempts—the latter made several years after the first—attained the highest summit of the range. These mountains—known in geographies as a portion of the Brazilian Andes, the Serra do Mar and the Organ Mountains—have been variously estimated to possess an altitude ranging from five thousand seven hundred feet up to eight thousand feet.

The new buildings of the Misericordia are upon a grand scale, and the view of it to those entering the harbor is, architecturally considered, truly magnificent. It is constructed of stone, and is six hundred feet in length. There is only the half of the immense structure presented to the eye as we look at the sketch; and the reader will be astonished at the size of this noble beneficiary edifice when he is informed that it is a double building, and that its twin brother is in the rear of it; but it is so connected as to form several airy quadrangular courts. With its modern improvements, insuring superior ventilation, light and cleanliness—with its flower-gardens and shrubberies for the recreation and exercise of the convalescent—with its cool fountains, its spacious apartments, kind attendants, and beautiful situation—this hospital is, as has been well said, "a

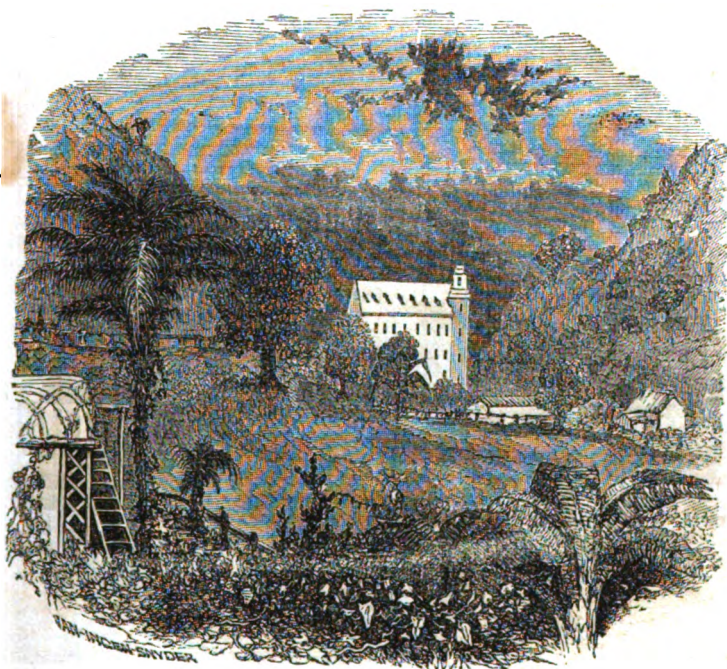
credit to the civilization of the age, and a splendid monument of the munificence and benevolence of the Brotherhood of Mercy."

The annual expenses of the Misericórdia are about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A small portion of its receipts are provided for by certain tributes at the custom-house, another portion by lotteries, and the balance by donations and the rent of properties which belong to the institution through purchase and legacies. The Foundling-Hospital and Recolhimento have been in existence about a hundred years. The original establishment of the Misericórdia dates back as far as 1582, and took place under the auspices of that distinguished Jesuit, José de Anchieta. About that time there arrived in the port a Spanish armada, consisting of sixteen vessels-of-war,

and fifty years, have found an asylum within the walls of the Misericórdia of Rio de Janeiro—how many thousands a grave! Anchieta was among the first Jesuits sent out to the New World, and his name fills a large space in the history of that order. His earlier labors were devoted to the Indians of S. Paulo, and along that coast, where he endured great privations and exerted a powerful influence; but he finally returned to Rio de Janeiro, where he ended his days.

In our engraving of the Misericórdia, the hospital extends along the water; on the extreme left is St. Luzia's Chapel; about the centre, on the height, is the Jesuits' College, and away to the right the Morro do Castello and the arsenal.

Our last engraving but one represents the exterior of the National Museum at Rio.



THE FABRICA AT ST ALEXIO.

and having on board three thousand Spaniards, bound to the Straits of Magellan. During the voyage very severe storms had been experienced, in which the vessels had suffered greatly, and sickness had extensively broken out on board. Anchieta was at the time on a visit to the college of his order, which had been founded some years previously, and whose towers still surmount the Castello Hill. Moved by compassion for the suffering Spaniards, he made arrangements for their succor, and in so doing laid the foundation of an institution which has continued to the present day enlarging its charities and increasing its means of alleviating human suffering.

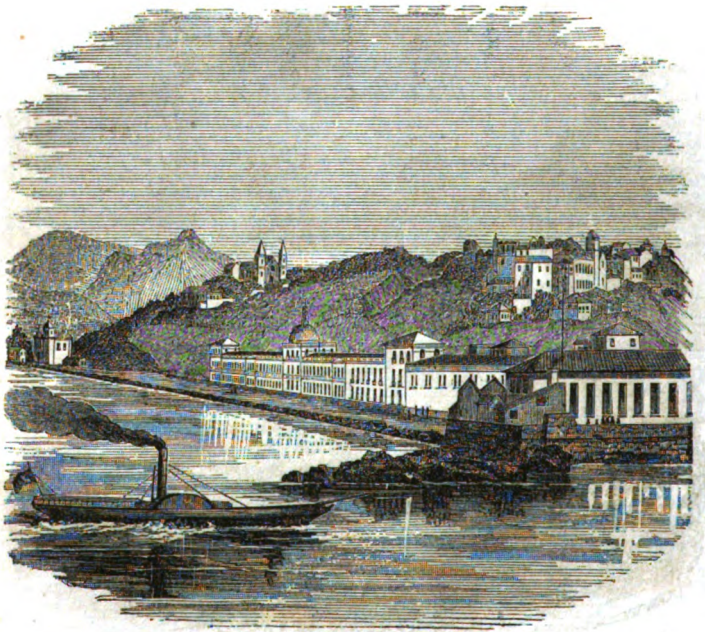
It is impossible to contemplate the results of such an act of philanthropy without a feeling of respect towards its author. How many tens of thousands, during the lapse of more two hundred

Among the government institutions must be classed the National Museum, on the Campo de Santa Anna, which is gratuitously thrown open to visitors; and great numbers avail themselves of this pleasant and instructive resort. The collection of minerals has been much augmented in value by a donation from the heirs of José Bonifácio de Andrada. They presented to the Museum the entire cabinet of their father, who in his long public career had rare opportunities for making a most valuable collection. At an early period of his life he was professor of mineralogy in the University of Coimbra, Portugal, where he published several works that gained him a reputation among the scientific men of Europe. Through his whole life he had been industrious in gathering together models of machines and mechanical improvements, together with choice

engravings and coins; and his heirs certainly could not have made a more magnanimous disposal of the whole than to confer them upon the nation. The department of mineralogy is well arranged, but contains many more foreign than native specimens. The same lack of Brazilian curiosities formerly prevailed in other departments, although in that of aboriginal relics there has been from the establishment of the Museum a rich collection of ornaments and feather-dresses from Para and Matto Grosso. There is a constant enlargement and improvement in every respect. Still, it may be said that while the cabinets of Munich and Vienna, Paris, St. Petersburg, London and Edinburgh have been enriched by splendid collections from Brazil, in various departments of natural history, yet in the Imperial Museum of Rio de Janeiro but a meagre idea

my where instruction in instrumental and vocal music is given to both sexes by competent professors. There is also a Conservatorio Dramatico, to whose censorship were submitted, in 1854, two hundred and fifty plays, of which one hundred and seventy were approved, fifty-four were amended or suppressed, and thirty-three were of such a character as not only to be suppressed but to merit unqualified rebuke.

The Sociedade Statistica and Sociedade Auxiliadora da Industria both enroll many public-spirited men and good writers. But the association which in its character, dignity and numbers is the first in all South America, is the Brazilian Historical and Geographical Institute, organized at Rio de Janeiro in 1838, which has done more than any other society to awaken the spirit of Brazilian literary enterprise. This as-



MISERICORDIA.

can be formed of the interesting productions—mineral, vegetable and animal—in which the empire abounds.

There is an Imperial Academy of the Fine Arts, which was founded in 1824, by a decree of the National Assembly. It is at present organized with a director and four professors—viz., of painting and landscape, of architecture, of sculpture and of design, and a corresponding number of substitutes. This institution is open to all who wish to be instructed in either department, and about seventy students are annually matriculated—the greater proportion in the department of design. This academy also provides funds for the support of a certain number of its most meritorious alumni at Rome, where they have ample opportunity for studying the choice productions of ancient and modern art.

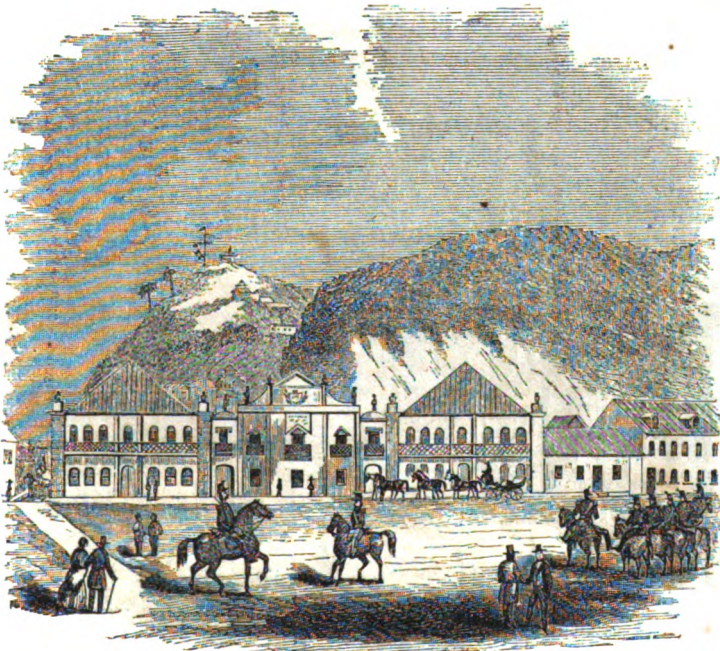
The Conservatorio de Musica is a State acade-

sociation adopted as its fundamental plan the design of collecting, arranging and publishing or preserving documents illustrative of the history and geography of Brazil. Several distinguished persons took a deep interest in it from the first. The government also lent a fostering hand. The General Assembly voted an annual subsidy in aid of its objects, and the department of foreign affairs instructed the attachés of the Brazilian embassies in Europe to procure and to copy papers of interest that exist in the archives of the different courts, relative to the early history of Brazil. By this movement individual exertions were aroused, and the spirit of inquiry was excited in different parts of the empire as well as abroad, and interesting results have already been accomplished.

During the first year of its existence, this Institute numbered near four hundred members

and correspondents, and had collected over three hundred manuscripts, of various length and value. The most important of these it has already given to the world, together with some valuable discourses and essays furnished by its members. The first Friday of each month is devoted to the sittings of this association; and none of its members and patrons are so punctual or take so deep an interest in all its proceedings as Dom Pedro II. Its organ is a *Quarterly Review and Journal*, which publishes the proceedings of the society at length, together with all the more important documents read before it. We have been particularly interested in the articles it has contained upon the aboriginal tribes of South America, and also its biographical sketches of distinguished Brazilians. On the whole, it may be questioned whether the Portu-

that her language is the Portuguese. A prejudice against that language prevails extensively among foreign nations; and although that prejudice is in a great degree unjust, it will not soon be overcome. The learned have seldom been induced to acquire that knowledge of the language which is essential to an appreciation of its real merits. Those who have formed its acquaintance accord to it high praises. Mr. Southey, for example, has declared it to be 'inferior to no modern speech,' and to contain 'some of the most original and admirable works that he had ever perused.' Schlegel, in his '*History of Literature*,' bears the very highest testimony to the beauty and copiousness of the Portuguese language, and cannot restrain his admiration for De Camoes. Of the *Lusiad*, a distinguished French writer has said, 'It is the first epic of modern times.' M.



NATIONAL MUSEUM.

gueuse language contains a more valuable collection of miscellany than is thrown together in the pages of the *Revista Trimensal* on *Jornal do Instituto Historico Brasileiro*.

The closing thoughts of our authors respecting the literature of the Brazilian empire are interesting; they say:—"The history of Brazilian literature is brief; yet, under the circumstances in which it has sprung up, that literature must be considered creditable. Of all that has been written in the Portuguese language within the last hundred years, Brazil has produced her full proportion of what is meritorious. Within the last few years there has been a decided and promising movement at the capital in behalf of literature and the diffusion of useful knowledge.

"It may perhaps be considered by some as a misfortune, in a literary point of view, to Brazil,

de Sismondi says, 'The distinguished men whom Portugal has produced have given to their country every branch of literature. 'The Portuguese language,' says M. Sané, 'is beautiful, sonorous, and copious; it is free from that gutturalness with which we reproach the Spanish; it has the sweetness of the Italian and the gravity of the Latin.' In fine, it may be remarked that no living language, not excepting the Spanish and Italian, is so near in every respect the tongue of old imperial Rome as that of Lusitania. If the Brazilians, possessing such a language, shall develop the genius and the application necessary to such a result, they may yet, by creating a literature worthy of themselves, secure the respect and admiration of the world.

"Notwithstanding so little is known of the Portuguese language to certain classes of the

literati, it prevails wherever there are or have been settlements of that nation, not only in Brazil and the Portuguese Islands, but along the coasts of Africa and India, from Guinea to the Cape of Good Hope and from the Cape of Good Hope to the Sea of China, extending over almost all the islands of the Malayan Archipelago.

"How interesting it would be to witness light and truth radiating from Brazil and spreading their influences to each of those distant climes! Before such an event can be reasonably anticipated, how great must be the changes in the moral and religious condition of the empire!"

In the February number of the North British Review, and also in the London Eclectic Review we find long and highly appreciative articles on Messrs. Fletcher and Kidder's "Brazil and the

formation on all these topics, and on many others, we refer to the admirable book now noticed. A book, notwithstanding its occasional idolatry of Brother Jonathan, we may heartily commend to our readers."

The London Eclectic is, if anything, still more eulogistic of "Brazil and the Brazilians." It says that "a perusal of the present volume will do away with many erroneous impressions in regard to Brazil, and will give a new and more interesting aspect to the whole country. Its people, their institutions, their laws and constitutions, their manners and habits, state of religion, education and the fine arts, agriculture, manufactures, trade, commerce—all find a place in Mr. Fletcher's book, and are handled in an intelligent and lucid manner." In closing its ar-



THE LARGO DO PAÇO AND RUA DIREITA.

Brazilians." The North British speaks of it in terms which must be greatly flattering to the authors when it characterizes the book as a peculiarly interesting volume; and again, "This faithful portraiture of Brazil and the Brazilians will not fail to be influential. New channels will be opened up for the streams of British and North American enterprise; and the sympathies of the Anglo-Saxon race will cluster around this people and their justly esteemed great prince." The same Review says, "To as many of our readers as have a taste for description of forest scenery, we can promise gratification in abundance, if they will follow, in the volume, Mr. Fletcher into the blooming woods of the Organ Mountains." Its closing remark is certainly a commendation of high order towards an American book. "But the half is not told. Those who wish more in-

formation on all these topics, and on many others, we refer to the admirable book now noticed. A book, notwithstanding its occasional idolatry of Brother Jonathan, we may heartily commend to our readers."

ticle, this Review says, "We must here take our leave of this interesting volume of Messrs. Kidder and Fletcher. Interesting is not the only word we should use; the large insight it gives us into Brazilian life, in all its branches, deserves a more emphatic word; it is highly instructing and fascinating. We have been obliged to pause for want of space; but could we have spared a few more pages, nothing would have afforded us greater satisfaction than to have accompanied Mr. Fletcher in his journey, south and north, and into the interior, and to have culled some of his pleasant—*Dulce est olim acti meminisse laboris*—adventures and experiences, as well as his studies in natural history, for the benefit of our readers." The day has gone by, when it was said in a leading English Quarterly, "Who reads an American book?"

A BEAUTIFUL SONNET.

BY JOHN M. BAXLEY.

Here's a beautiful world and a beautiful sky;
 There's a beautiful house, but rather too high,
 And a beautiful lady, with Grecian nose,
 Going into the house with beautiful clothes;
 She has beautiful eyes, and Chinese model feet,
 And beautiful lips which look temptingly sweet,
 And a love of a bonnet:
 There! she's gone in—what a beautiful hall!
 And a beautiful parlor—she's making a call;
 There! she sits at the window in stately repose;
 What beautiful hands! her gloves "couleur de rose,"
 O she's beautiful now, but more so when feeding;
 Hush up now! be still! don't you see she is reading
 This beautiful sonnet.

DR. PETTINGILL'S TREASURE.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

ONE thousand eight hundred and ever so much, and New Year's morning at that! The bells are ringing, and the sleighs are flying, and glad, gay voices fill the air; while over all, the golden sunshine streams an uninterrupted brightness, as if old Sol was determined to celebrate a "happy New Year" on his own account.

In an office not more than a thousand miles from Tremont Street, over a glowing fire of Cannel coal, sits our good Dr. Pettingill, the noble philanthropist, whose good deeds have long ago been registered as "home words" in the hearts of all who respect nobility of soul and generosity of spirit. You can see that his heart rejoices in the merriment so prominent about him, although he is no active participant of the festivity.

He is a bachelor—is our good Dr. Pettingill—a bachelor of forty and odd years. You wouldn't believe it, though, to see him—such a hale, hearty, noble-looking fellow as he is, and such a favorite with the ladies! His head is whitening, to be sure, but his heart is as warm and true as if those ominous words, "*it might have been*," had never been engraved there. Heaven respect his secret, if secret there is!

He is one of those genial, social, hearty kind of men that we invariably think are, or ought to be, married. He would have made a home so happy, a wife so comfortable, little children so lovable, in his great love! Fortune makes some grand mistakes in matching and mismatching the human race, but never made she a greater one than when Dr. Pettingill was left beyond the pale of matrimony. He might have been thinking of this—possibly he was—sitting there alone,

over his comfortable fire, while everybody else were whirling away out of town, or off to some dearly loved home, in cosy couples.

A little tap, scarcely louder than the whizzing of a fly, sounded upon his door, and a little form, meanly and scantily clad, responded to his hearty "come in." Such a thin, wistful, little old face—such a picture of squalid wretchedness and want—such a compassion-moving, compassion-compelling object of abject misery as it was, that looked up into the doctor's face, as he sat there, over the radiant blaze of his Cannel coal fire! There was hunger in the great blue eyes, there was the pitiful wailing of poverty in the thin, cracked voice, there was patient endurance and hopeless, helpless misery in every lineament of that wo-worn, cadaverous face—and yet its possessor was a little child scarcely big enough to be entrusted alone upon the street, much less to be out upon such an errand of poverty and destitution.

"A penny—only a penny!" pleaded the piping little voice, while its owner stood shivering at the door.

Only a penny! The good doctor was beginning to wonder how everybody that needed assistance should know enough to run at once with their cares to him. Already he had received ten or twelve such visitors that morning, and he was beginning to think it about time that some one else took a hand at the game. He knew how many there were to suffer, how few to relieve, still it was a wonder to him how all the poor people in Boston found him out. Good Dr. Pettingill! He had forgotten that his own kindly deeds had made his name a household word among those wretched beings whose wants he had so often supplied; he had forgotten that no suppliant for his bounty had ever been turned empty-handed away; he had forgotten that the poor and the helpless were the only family who had demands upon his generous spirit; he had forgotten himself, almost, when the wailing, woful plaint again shattered the bright fabric of his dreams with "only a penny—just one, for the love of heaven!"

"Only a penny!" replied the good doctor; "only a penny! Why, do you think I am made of pennies, child? How many pennies do you suppose I have been asked for, this morning, already? You want a New Year's gift, I suppose; a stick of candy, or something of that sort. A penny wouldn't go far for anything else."

The doctor spoke and meant pleasantly; if there was a dash of fun about him, it was his way, and not intended by any means to wound

the most sensitive temperament. Judge of his astonishment, then, when seeing his little visitor wiping tears—real tears—from her eyes, with the bottom of her dress, as she turned to depart! She was out of the door, and going down the steps, before he could sufficiently command himself to check her.

"Here—hold on! Where are you going? Who told you to go? Here you—you—girl!" he vociferated, at the top of his voice.

But the girl did not pause. She walked quietly down the steps, and up the street, neither looking to the right or the left.

"Hold on, I say!" shouted the doctor, seizing his overcoat and hat, and slipping hastily into them. "What the old boy—I didn't say anything, I'm sure; and if I did, I didn't mean anything. Confound—" And the doctor hurried after his little visitor as fast as his rather stout legs could carry him.

He walked fast, but she walked faster; and while she was leading him this chase, he had time to observe the stately step, the regal turn of the head, and the evident gracefulness of manner indulged in by the little beggar girl. Her dress, though poor and thin, was scrupulously neat; her hair, which fell down below her hood, hung in smooth, glossy curls; and her whole appearance indicated pride in the midst of poverty.

On and on she went, and on and on went the doctor, following her, sometimes reflecting sorrowfully upon the unthinking words which had fallen carelessly from his lips, sometimes laughing to himself at the odd figure he must cut, in full chase after a beggar girl!

On and on they went, through streets which it was worth as much as a man's life to cross. She could duck under the trucks and drays, while he was obliged to watch his time to cross the thronged thoroughfare. Once or twice he lost her, but soon discovered her again, when coming upon another street.

On and on they went, through dark lanes and filthy alleys out into sunlit streets, and again into alleys which seemed the more dismal for the contrast. In one of those dark alleys, he missed her. In vain he walked backward and forward, scrutinizing old tumble-down door-ways and peeping into dilapidated entries filled with that peculiar blessing of an Irishman's home—children and pigs. She was not to be found. She must have darted into some one of those miserable domicils, but which, he was at a loss to conjecture.

There was no clew by which to find her; he could remember her dress, only that it was very neat; and as to the sleek

golden curls, why any child might have boasted that adornment. With as much vexation in his heart as it was possible for Dr. Pettingill to feel, he at length gave it up for a bad job—not, however, with the best of humors towards himself. To add to his grievances, when he emerged from the dark lane, he found the sky had clouded up, and that already the little fluffs of snow, premonitory symptoms of a storm, were filling the atmosphere with moisture.

"Like my fate!" he murmured. "One moment so bright, the next so dark."

The thought had hardly escaped his lips when for a brief, bright moment the sun parted the clouds and lay goldenly in his pathway.

"A good omen!" he murmured; and folding his cloak more closely around him, he hurried back to his office.

It was past three o'clock, and his dinner hour was at two.

"Patience will scold, any how," he thought; "and it is hardly worth while to go home now. I'll feel a keener appetite for my supper." And divesting himself of his traps, he sat down at his desk and commenced writing.

The soft, sifting snow had given place to a real blustering storm. The sky was full of tempest, and the air of sleet. It was getting quite dusk when Dr. Pettingill rose from his desk and looked out upon the world of storm. The snow had been falling steadily all the afternoon, and now lay piled up in great heaps under the doors and windows, sifting in through all the crevices, and occasionally coming down in a soft, misty shower upon the head of the doctor, as he leaned it listlessly against the window-pane.

He knew there was a nice, warm fire awaiting him, a few squares away, a cosy arm-chair, and a good, substantial supper. *But*—there was no loving wife there to meet him with words of welcome, after the long, lone day; no little children to climb upon his knee and tangle their chubby fingers in his curling gray hair; no home loves, or home endearments, to tempt him out upon the drifted streets. He was thinking of these things, of the home, and of the storm and the tempest laying between him and it; and thinking, too, of the inducement that *might have been*, before which the most blustering storm that ever was recorded would have paled in significance. Why, amid the comforts of his own home, did the wan, worn face and the bright, glittering curls of his morning visitor gleam up so palpably? Did his conscience accuse him? Did he feel that he might have treated the little girl more delicately than he had done? Heaving a deep sigh, he turned away for his overcoat.

"I may as well make a beginning," he muttered, as he folded it around him.

He looked out upon the streets. Yet early as it was, they were nearly deserted. Here and there a houseless wanderer picked his slow steps along, or a fast young man bound to have his "time" out, bravely breasted both wind and storm. The doctor barred his office-window and was beginning to secure the door, when his keen eye detected the figure of a little girl toiling on slowly and painfully, as if every step would be her last. The wind whirling against her, blew her feeble steps backward, and the snow piled up higher and higher about her feet; yet she tottered on.

"If it should be!" exclaimed Dr. Pettingill, whose heart was touched by the sight. "O, if it should be! A delicate child, like her, out in this pitiless storm!"

Suddenly a cry was borne along the breeze—a wild, wailing, human cry, rising high above the storm—and the little wanderer fell senseless to the pavement. The doctor sprang forward, lifting in his arms the light weight, and looking in the face white as the snow which was falling upon it. Yes, it was his morning visitor! it was the girl with the golden curls!

Hurriedly he carried her to the warmth—the snow tumbling in at the door after him—and making a bed by his fire, commenced chafing the little hands and frozen feet. His efforts were successful in so far that the girl opened her eyes and looked about her with a frightened stare.

"I thought I was home," she said, in a faint whisper. "Where did you find me?"

And the little lip began to quiver, as she saw the face she thought so heartless in the morning.

"O, take me home—do take me home! What will papa think? What will he do without me? Poor, poor papa!"

A great gush of tears relieved her, and rising, more like a little woman than the girl she was, she proceeded once more to arrange her worn and faded cloak.

"And who is your papa, little dear?" inquired the kind doctor, now really anxious to make amends for the thoughtlessness of the morning. "Why did you leave me so suddenly, this morning? What made you run away from me? Did I say anything to annoy you?"

"O, no—O, no! only I thought—I thought—"

Again the quivering lip denied her the power of speech.

"Papa sent me," she said at last, mastering her tears. "We all know you; that was why I came. Be sure it was our last chance, or papa—"

Again the quivering lip denied her utterance.

"And who is your papa, dear?" asked the doctor, pressing her tiny hand in his. "And why does he allow you to be out in the street on a night like this?"

"O, don't blame him! Poor papa! you don't know him. I crept out by myself, when he was asleep; I do it often. He would die, else, and I should be left an orphan. It is a very dreadful thing to be an orphan, with nobody to love you, or care for you, or—"

The brave little girl swallowed the great sob which was swelling up from her heart, and catching his hand, he allowed her to lead him out into the storm and night.

"You will go home with me! Perhaps you can do something to help papa, you are so clever!"

The doctor smiled at the innocence of the compliment, and drawing her within the shelter of his cloak, trotted silently along until they arrived at a long, dark lane, leading from one of the principal thoroughfares.

The street was lonely, the lane was lonely, and the dilapidated house looked more lonely than all, in its snowy covering. The doctor could not help observing the scrupulous neatness of the room into which he was led, on their entrance. An old Irish woman was waiting anxiously at the door, when the party arrived.

"He's after wakin' and worryin' this half hour for you, darlint," she whispered, as they passed her in the passage.

The little girl only waited long enough to give the doctor a seat before hurrying to the curtained bed just visible in another room. After a few moments' conversation, she beckoned the doctor to approach, and whispering in his ear "papa wants to see you," ran hastily out of the room.

There was a start, a sudden flushing of the sick man's face, and hands were clasped which had been clasped before under happier auspices.

"You here? You? And in this destitution? Why have you not sent for me?" asked Dr. Pettingill, in utter astonishment. "And that sweet child! such a place for her to be in! Great Heaven! what changes there are in this world."

Richard Hollis's thin hand still lay in the warm clasp of the kind-hearted physician, and his sunken eyes rested sorrowfully upon his face.

"We parted in anger you know, James; we parted in anger. You gave me good counsel, and I gave you hard words. If I had taken your advice, I should not have been here. Everything seems to have gone wrong with me."

I started in business without any capital. Of course I failed ! Then my poor Mary died, and then I—I—took to drink, James. I neglected my business, neglected my child, neglected all I should have attended to, and then, perhaps fortunately, I was taken ill."

"O, Richard ! But why didn't you get employment with some kindly disposed person ? Surely you had friends !"

"Friends !"

O, the world of bitterness in that one brief word—"friends."

"Who would take me ? Who would dare trust the dissipated merchant, broken by his own criminal folly ? I might, perhaps, have got something to do, at first, but I was too proud ; then, when I would, O, so willingly, have accepted the poorest situation which would have kept the wolf from my fold, I could get nothing—not even sympathy."

"But surely your wife's relatives might—"

"Not if I was starving !" exclaimed the sick man, starting up in the bed ; "not if every hair on my head could be coined into so many lives, each one a misery, which a word from them could avert ! not if Lula, my poor motherless girl, was dying, and a look from them would save her life !"

Dr. Pettingill drew back, startled and astonished at such a picture of insane rage ; and well he might, for the lurid eyes and the distorted face might have terrified a more determined man than himself.

It was the last fit of frenzy ever allowed the sick man in this world. Exhausted with its force, he fell over on to the bed and lay speechless and motionless for more than half an hour. And now the strong points of Lula's character were brought out in a most forcible way. Her father was dying ; it was impossible to hide from her the truth. There was no loud and vehement crying, as might have been expected from a child like her. For a few moments she indulged in a quiet, heart-broken weeping, pitiful to see ; then, wiping away the tears, she called in the old Irish woman before alluded to, and climbing upon the bed, sat tearless and silent by the side of her father.

I will not describe the long, long watch of that hapless night ; suffice it that Dr. Pettingill sat by his old friend till his earth-sealed eyes were opened upon that "*to-morrow*" which, sooner or later, must come to us all, and that when he next sought his own domicile, he led by the hand the little waif which the strong wind of adversity had flung across his path.

A very queer household was that of Dr. Pet-

tingill ; not very elegant, nor very showy, nor very anything, but substantial and homelike. His house was superintended by the widow of his only brother, who, together with a nephew of some fifteen years of age, were all the members of his family. A very hard, exacting woman, was Mrs. Pettingill, who, although only a sister-in-law, ruled the doctor with a rod of iron. Her will was the law of the household, against which there was no appeal ; and although occasionally the doctor had endeavored to take the reins into his own hands, she was sure to re-possess them again.

Her thin face grew darker and more portentous than ever, when the doctor entered her presence with his new charge. He explained the circumstances as well as he could, under the fire of her piercing eye—she never attempting to interrupt him. Back and forth, back and forth went the rockers of her chair, sending out a malicious creak with each turn, as an accompaniment to the clouded brow and the compressed lip of its occupant.

"Have you done ?" she condescended to ask, as the silence began to be oppressive.

"Yes ; I have no more to add than that I expect she will be well dressed, well treated, and most especially cared for, till the novelty of her situation is past ! Now I've done ; what have you to say ?"

"This, Dr. Pettingill : That if you expect me to interest myself in your charge, as you call her, you are mistaken. You needn't expect, because I have been a martyr to your caprices, cared for your interests, and wasted the Best years of my life in your service, that I am to be imposed upon now." And faster went the rockers, and deeper grew the ominous frown. "If she comes, I shall go ; that's positive ! I'll have no beggar's brats growing up over my head, I can tell you—"

"Now, Prudence Pettingill, bite your words short off, where they are ! Let me hear no more of this. You have ruled me and my house for the last ten years, because it did not interfere in my pleasures, and because it seemed to do you good. There is no occasion for argument. The house is mine, the property is mine, and I have a right to use it just as suits my purposes. It does suit my purpose to adopt this little girl, Lula Hollis. The house is large and convenient ; but whenever it becomes too small to suit your convenience, you are at perfect liberty to seek some more expansive quarters. I am sorry you compel me to speak so plainly ; but as I do not wish ever again to have occasion to refer to the circumstance, my own security forces me to

it. Come, Lula! I will show you your chamber, and send the servant to assist you. Don't look so terrified! You are among friends; and Mrs. Pettingill was only joking. See! she can hardly keep from laughing now (wicked Dr. Pettingill!), she is so tickled."

Taking Lula by the hand, and casting a roguish glance over his shoulder to his astonished sister-in-law, he left the room.

Tickled! Yes, you could see it in the wonder-stricken face, in the paralyzed form sitting bolt upright where the shock of consternation had struck her. Could it be possible? Could that firm, determined man be the easy, pliable and most yielding Dr. Pettingill? She had lost the whip-hand, that was sure! Struggle as she would, the reins were gone, to a dead certainty! She might storm and rave and make everybody uncomfortable, herself included; but she would be none the less defeated. After the first paroxysm of anger and dismay had passed, like a sensible woman as she afterwards proved herself, she decided to give in with a good grace, believing that to be half the battle.

"I surrender!" she said, with a merry smile, as the doctor peeped in, on his way down town.

"That's right; I shall feel twice as comfortable now about it. She'll be a perfect little blessing to us, see if she don't! And such a change from the dull, characterless life we have led for the past few years! O, I am very thankful she was sent to me for protection! O, you'll see—you'll see. I wouldn't take a gold mine for her."

And that was the way in which Dr. Pettingill first found his treasure.

Such a chattering, and packing of trunks, and confusion of leave-takings, and rattling of carriages, and kissing "good-bys," mingled with occasional tears—April showers, to dissolve in the first sun-burst—as characterized the "breaking up" day of the Mystic Seminary, could be met with nowhere outside of the charmed circle of a young ladies' academy. Pretty arms, wreathing together with willowy grace; bright lips lingering upon bright lips with most tantalizing fondness; promises of eternal fidelity (the school-girl's eternity) given and extorted with as much earnestness as if they were not doomed to be forgotten in the next novelty! O, a rare day of excitement and anticipation is the "breaking up" day of a young ladies' academy!

"Be sure to write every week!" "Don't fail to come and see me!" "Be sure and come back!" "Remember your promise!" and hundreds of like exclamations, blended together in a confusion of sounds.

Apart from the gay throng, two very beautiful girls stood in earnest, excited conversation; the one, tall, grave and stately, with a certain hauteur of manner not calculated to enlist the sympathy of her companions—the other, lithe, willowy, graceful as a fawn, and quite as beautiful to look at. The latter seemed to be in the midst of some earnest argument, to which her companion listened with grave attention.

"You are too proud, Agnes," she whispered, in a low tone. "I can't understand it at all. If our situations were reversed, if it was I that was poor and you rich, I shouldn't hesitate for a moment. And after all, come to the truth of the business, I am no better off than you are. I have nothing of my own. I have only a rich uncle, who loves me dearly, and has no one else to spend his money on. I couldn't make him happier than by taking you home with me to spend the vacation, because it would make me happy. Don't you see?"

"Generous man!"

"Generous? O, yes! and good, good as he is generous! I couldn't begin to tell you how good, and how noble, and how grand he is!"

"And who keeps his house while you are away?"

"O, he has a sister-in-law—Aunt Patience! Pipkin, I call her for a nickname. You'll like her!"

"Of course. I suppose when your uncle dies, you will come in to his fortune?"

"Don't! O, Agnes, how could you say that? You are not yourself, to-day. You are hard and sarcastic and unkind, even to me. There, now! there's uncle's carriage driving into the avenue, and you wont promise me. How do you do, Johnny?" calling out of the window. "Now why wont you go?"

"My mother expects me."

"We'll send for her."

"I'll try and make you a visit during the summer. You know I must work hard with mind and brain. I haven't your privileges."

"Poor Agnes! So lovely as you are, too!"

"Poor Agnes" curled her scornful lip, as if the compliment had been some intended insult. Her companion did not see it, however. The merry group had gathered around her, like so many honey-bees around a rose-bush; while kisses and good-bys followed her, till, jumping into the carriage and framing her glad, fresh, sunny face in the window, she drove out of the avenue and was soon lost to sight.

One of the stateliest mansions in Beacon Street was blazing with light and welcome, when the carriage steps let out into the arms of Dr.

Pettingill the lost lamb of his flock whose absence had taken the sunshine from his heart and his home. There was quite a struggle between the good doctor and his now amiable sister-in-law as to which should shower her with the most kisses.

And could this be Lula Hollis?—this gay, bright, bewitching creature the once sad, pale, miserable child, wandering alone on the snow-covered streets? Could this be the desolate little orphan girl that Dr. Pettingill's charity adopted from the death-bed of her father?—this beautiful creature, in the first blush of maidenhood?—this gay, glad butterfly, basking in the sunshine of such love as few persons know how to bestow? Fortune has strange freaks, but few so wild as this!

Six years had passed over the heads of Dr. Pettingill and his beautiful charge since they were first introduced to the reader—years of pure, genuine happiness to Lula, of prosperity and contentment to Dr. Pettingill. Indeed, the kind doctor seemed to have taken a new lease of the years which had passed over his blameless life. Not a single wrinkle more had been added to his noble face—not a gray hair to his honored head. He was a man for all time, preserving into more than middle age the singleness of heart, the nobleness of nature, and the guileless purity of character which more properly belonged to the softer sex. He might have been a fresh-hearted boy, just beginning the alphabet of human nature, instead of the mature man, with the weight of fifty years upon his head.

His association with his protegee had been of the most pleasing nature. He had brought her up to reverence him, without fearing; to feel for him the love of a dear friend and companion, instead of the dependence or reserve of a protector or guardian.

Aunt Prudence would sometimes reason with her brother upon the lack of rule and discipline over the bright, gay girl; to which he would listen one moment, and the next open his arms to take in his pet, while she related some mischievous prank she had been playing, or tell of some escapade at school which it would not have been quite safe to trust to the ears of a less severe guardian.

But there was a time coming when Lula's step would grow stately, and her face grave, in the presence of her beloved friend. Before the violets had drooped in the summer sunshine, the doctor's private carriage had whirled them all off to the sea-side. Be sure the pride of Lula was not allowed to suffer by comparison with any of the gay outfittings of the display-loving pleasure-

seekers which crowded the breezy thoroughfare. Much was the curiosity, and many the surmises among the visitors, when this bright little lady dropped in among them like a fairy, as she was. In vain she was voted plebeian; in vain pronounced vulgar; in vain accused of want of style. There was more attraction to the male portion of the population in that round, rosy face, with its setting of soft moist curls, than in the whole circle of faded, listless, elegant belles who congregated at the sea-shore.

Lula Hollis read all the jealousy and discontent upon the faces of the fair aristocrats, but minded nothing. The more they tried to put her down, the more determined was she to shine. Her society was courted, and even a nod was worth scrambling for among the hungry fortune-hunters—to say nothing of the evident admiration of grave senators and elegant millionaires. Bouquets, bright as her own sweet eyes, and arranged after the most approved rules of poetic inspiration, found most mysterious entrance to her cosy dressing-room. Little notes, redolent with perfume and poetry, were continually pouring in upon the wings of love's messenger, the penny-post. Ardent attachments were swallowed with her tea, and frantic declarations taken in with her buttered toast.

All this was very new and very pleasant to the just emancipated school-girl, and gave to life a rosier tint even than it had previously worn. It was amusement to her to watch the current of artificial life as it floated on at the crowded hotel where she made it her home. The handsomely dressed men and women pleased her, but even her love for excitement and admiration couldn't win one thought away from the homage due to her dear Dr. Pettingill. At length a new meteor arose on the horizon of the fashionable world; a young girl, stately and beautiful as marble, and as purely cold. There was that about her so original, so proudly distant and reserved, as to challenge curiosity to its widest extent. She was tall and superbly formed. Her hair and eyes of the intensest black, her skin white and pure as a lily, save where a faint tint of rose color broke up through the cheeks and left its trace upon the regnant little lip. Various were the comments made upon the dress and bearing of the magnificent stranger. She held herself aloof from all society, took no part in the festivities of the season, and by her very look and attitude seemed to say, "I have nothing in common with you, go your way and leave me to my solitude."

I need not tell you who know the world, that in no way else could she so soon have won over

the thoughtless crowd to pity, sympathy and concern for her loneliness. Imagine the surprise of the exclusives who had themselves been repulsed by the haughty stranger, to see the meeting between herself and Lula Hollis; sweet Lula Hollis, her face flushed with exercise, her hair blown into little round rings all over her roguish head, and her cheeks dimpling with excitement and surprise.

"Why, Agnes! how superbly you have grown, I should hardly have known you! And so you are the proud, handsome stranger that has bewitched all my old beaux. But come with me. Uncle is out on the balcony, you must know him."

Lula wreathed the slender waist in her simple girlish fashion, and led her from the room. A strange gleam shot from the stranger's eyes, a singular expression crossed her face—an expression boding no good thought for the little lady by her side, no angelic feeling for the meeting which was to ensue. Before they reached the balcony it was gone, and she stood before Dr. Pettingill and received his congratulations, the same grave, proud, regal woman that had bewildered the crowd by her singularity.

It would take columns to describe the incidents, the manœuvres, the specious plotting and counter-plotting of the next four weeks. The intense pride, the disdainful hauteur, the contemptuous scorn of society depicted in the daily life of Agnes La Rue, was but a mask to cover duplicity and wickedness. She was the only child of a decayed French nobleman, born after her father, poor and proud, came to live in this country. Position, independence, influence, these had been the watchwords of his life. His daughter, schooled to this one purpose, shared to the extreme in this ignoble strife. She was envious of the distinction which accident had bestowed upon her companion, jealous of the position in which she was placed, yet artful and designing enough to keep the purposes of her life hidden in the recesses of her own heart. It was easy to dupe the affectionate girl who, sinless herself, dreamed of no sin in others; easy to impress upon her mind that some secret sorrow was brooding and darkening over her young life; easy to enlist her warm sympathy, her generous, confiding love, and her simple, guileless heart in the misfortunes and woes of her friend; and easy through her, to win over the generous-spirited man, in whom she had so sterling a protector. By degrees the influence acquired over Lula began to extend to Dr. Pettingill. He pitied the strong, proud spirit beating its wings perpetually against the bars of poverty. He rather liked the dignity of character which so kept aloof from common association.

Under these circumstances it was not hard for Agnes to wind her poisoned coils one by one around the unsuspecting man.

She knew her cards and played them carefully. She adapted herself to his moods and peculiarities, deferred to his tastes and opinions, and showed her seeming gratitude for his kind consideration in a deferent, appealing way, singularly pleasing to a man of his years and small experiences.

And Lula? The bloom was sitting from her cheek, and the shadows were coming back again to the soft blue eyes. Her voice was heard no more in merry laughter and gleeful singing, and even the step of Agnes herself could not have fallen graver upon the floor, than did that of poor Lula.

Aunt Prudence looked grave and severe, but made no comment on the progress of affairs. By the aid of half-suppressed sighs, sentences begun and never ended, and the art and tact known only to such wicked, scheming women, Agnes contrived to impress Dr. Pettingill with the idea that Lula was treating her rudely. That was the climax of her perfidies. Poor Lula could not understand the nature of his half-veiled remonstrances; his coldness shocked her in the extreme; attentions which she had been accustomed to receive were withdrawn, or bestowed sparingly; the sweet intimacy which had existed for so many years was broken; the little confidences were repelled; the pleasant, chatty hours she used to spend by his side refused to her; she was, in heart at least, once more the helpless, hopeless, orphan outcast, with no friend on earth but her God! There was Aunt Patience! but what could her influence avail over that of the power now in possession?

And was Dr. Pettingill happy in this singular change? No, there were hours when this dark girl was by his side, weaving her Circe-like spells around his heart, filling his brain with her slumbrous music; hours in which he believed himself thoroughly happy. How could he help believing in her sincerity? Had she not passed through the world careless and cold to other men?" Was she not even now, in the very vortex of life and excitement, shutting herself away from the crowd of men who must have fallen victims to her charms, merely for the pleasure of his society? Dr. Pettingill had his weak point, and this homage was just the thing to feed it; but in spite of his infatuation, he was wary of its indulgence. No word had yet escaped his lips in favor of marriage, yet it was planned that Agnes should accompany him home and remain with his sister for a few months.

The season at Newport had come to a close, the last day had arrived, carriages had been departing from morning till night, each loaded down with the jaded pleasure-seekers, and yet Dr. Pettingill had not ordered his.

The night had closed in dark and dreary, and a thin mist drove inward from the ocean. All the balconies except one were deserted. On that sat Lula Hollis, lonely and silent. It had been a favorite retreat of both hers and the doctor's, and some of the happiest moments of her life had been passed there. O, the change that had darkened her young life since she first sat beneath its vine-covered shade. Lula had made a discovery, that filled her with shame and despair. She loved the dear, old friend of her youth, not with the love of a child, or a sister, but with a love that could have borne to live with him year after year, tending to his comforts, making him happier for her existence, without the wish or thought of any other bond than that of involuntary affection; but a love that would wither her life away if its object took to his bosom any other wife. She was thinking of all these things, when a step which made her heart beat quickly, was heard approaching. What could have sent Dr. Pettingill out there on the balcony sacred to her memory? Perhaps he too did not feel quite so comfortable, or so satisfied with himself, as he might have done. Lula would have avoided him, but that was impossible. Her only way to escape was either past him, or in through a parlor, whose brilliant light was sure to betray the annoying fact that both eyes and nose were redder than such well conducted members of society should be. The doctor saw her at once, and seated himself beside her. Truly the old time had come over him. The grandly beautiful woman who swayed him like a reed, was not by his side with her soft coolings; and now that she was away, he could remember nothing but the loving, lovable little girl who had made so many years of his life a blessing, and who now was pining away in loneliness. He had scarcely taken her hand and seated himself beside her, when the parlor door opened, and from the window near which they sat, a gentleman and lady in earnest conversation was observed to enter.

Lula started, and would have left the balcony, but her companion held her firmly by the arm. Could that woman be Agnes La Rue? That face so full of anguish and determination, of conviction and despair? Yes, Agnes La Rue with her mask off! She might have been dead for the trace of color there was in face or lip. No marble statue was ever whiter. The deadly eyes were distended and glistening, the forehead

veined with swollen chords, yet with it all, no tremor was palpable on lip or form. She was speaking earnestly when they entered, and still continued the conversation.

"It cannot be, George," she was saying, "it cannot be! This must be our last meeting. You know I have lived for this. I must have position, station, riches. I was born for it; I have struggled, waited, schemed for it, and now it is in my grasp. I shall triumph at last! I shall look down upon those poor, imbecile wretches, with none of my beauty, and not half of my intellect, who have disdained me in my poverty! I shall ride rough-shod over their heads. I shall reign a queen, where they have shared divided homage! They shall feel my power; the poor, clinging, contemptible crowd! feel what it is to outrage the noble blood of a daughter of France! What is love to the deep triumph of my great revenge?"

"Agnes!"

The voice which spoke the name was full of sorrow and reproach.

"You bewilder me, Agnes. I never thought to discover such reprehensible feelings in your heart. I shall despise you if you forget yourself in this way."

"Not that—not *that*, George. You are all that I have ever loved; all that kept one green spot in my dry and burning heart. I love you, but—I shall sell myself dearly. I shall go to the altar with a frozen heart, and that dotard, that old man who thinks he possesses the love of a young girl like me will gloat over his bargain. Let him. The day of reckoning will come—"

"It *has* come!" broke in Dr. Pettingill, in a voice of thunder, as he entered the parlor, almost dragging Lula after him. Had a cannon-ball fallen at the feet of Agnes, she could not have been more astonished. "It *has* come! You played your cards well—pity you did not keep the run of the game to the end. You thought me a poor, blind, vain, ridiculous old fool, and you were not far out of your reckoning. You entranced me with your arts, blinded me by your devilish machinations, and but for this happy accident would have led me like a lamb to the slaughter."

"Better say like an old goat," broke in Agnes, contemptuously, who now that she knew there was no retracing the lost step, determined to vent the full measure of her spleen on him.

"Yes, old goat, or anything contemptible that you like. You can't think more meanly of me than I do of myself. You can't upbraid me any more than I do myself. You can't feel any more disgusted with me than I do with myself.

You would oblige me if you would heap the bitterest, the most contemptuous of epithets upon me. Call me fool, dotard, old fogey, numskull, anything ridiculous and disgusting."

"You are not worth it."

"O, uncle! O, Agnes! This is worse than all. O, how could you when I believed you loved me so dearly! O, where can I look for truth, if you are false! And to think that it never has been, never, *never, never*, when I thought you so true. O, Agnes, O, uncle, do, *do* make it up! You didn't mean it, Agnes, I know you didn't, only you are so proud. Only say you didn't; only say you are sorry. Only say you will never do so again—"

"Go down on my knees to that superannuated old calf, and be a good girl forever after. No I thank you, Lula. You are a very good child, and a very loving child, and I could almost be sorry for your sake, that I am not of the same pattern; but you know it takes all sorts of people to make up a world. I am one of the odd ones."

The pallor upon her face, and the deadly fire in her eye, belied the heartless levity on her lip. Lula looked from one to the other for a moment, in stunned and helpless bewilderment, and then with a short cry, threw herself into her uncle's arms. He drew her to his great heart, great for all his silly folly, and soothed her as he would have done a grieved child.

"Never mind, my pet, it is all for the best. You won't despise your old uncle because a wicked woman turned his brain for a few days. We will go home, my treasure, home; you, and I, and Aunt Patience; we will be happy again, happy as the day is long. We will have the roses back again in no time, and the laughter, and the dimples, and the springing step. O, we will be rarely happy yet, my treasure!"

"Sweet simplicity!" sneered Agnes, still with the deathly pallor on her lip and brow.

"We neither ask nor desire your sympathy. We know you incapable of any such godlike virtue. There is an apple growing in the Indies, fair, beautiful, and gorgeous to the sight; one touch of the hand and it is ashes! You understand the application. Come, Lula."

Lula would have lingered and sought once more to conciliate her old associate, but the frowning brow repelled her. It was long, however, before she forgot that flaming glance, that curling lip, and that expression of ineffable scorn which was on the proud face turned towards her when she left the room. A vision of almost unearthly beauty, voluptuous, exquisite in every outline, but overshadowed by a spirit of wrath and mor-

tification, revenge and madness, which it was terrible to see.

They never met again, and I venture to say no three happier persons ever lived than those occupying the carriage of Dr. Pettingill on the morning following the scene just recorded. Dr. Pettingill, heart whole and rejoicing in his escape, Aunt Prudence thanking Providence that the escapade came before it was too late, and Lula cherishing her own deathless secret, and made happy by her old friends' happiness.

Three years have passed since then, three happy, golden years, and Lula is a wife and a mother. I am not going to inflict you with her courtship, or tell you who is the husband and father. I was in Washington a few weeks ago, and at one of the most brilliant festivals of the season; an elderly man, very stately and elegant in his appearance, escorting a most beautiful woman, was the theme of general conversation. She seemed not like one whose heart was very deeply in the brilliancy of the scene. Intellectual, high-born men paused before her, honored if but to catch a passing word from those bright lips; noble dames brilliant with jewels sought her society and paid her due homage. She received the compliment gracefully and well, but there was a tiny crib covered with lace and bloom, within the sound of that evening's revelry, and the mother's heart yearned to be beside it. At an early hour she bade adieu to her hostess, and with her noble-looking, but rather old husband, sought her own apartments. A rosy, chubby babe, with her curly hair moist from slumber, lay quietly in its elegant crib. One little hand kept fast hold of a doll, its freshest plaything, the other was flung out upon the side of the crib in dimpled carelessness. A shower of soft kisses, a fervent, holy, mother's prayer rose on the wings of faith to heaven, and the graceful woman turned to depart. A pair of strong arms were about her, a great, honest heart beat against her own, and a warm kiss was pressed upon her brow.

"My treasure! my beautiful Lula." It was Dr. Pettingill who spoke. "How can I be thankful enough, grateful enough to God that I escaped that fiend of a woman and married you? It seems like a dream."

Lula placed her hand over his mouth.

"Let us forgive our enemies, and thank a kind Providence that it is no worse. If we had never suffered, we should never so fully have appreciated our present happiness; so you see 'whatever is is right.'"

"Come, come, come," broke in a familiar and agreeable voice, "you'll wake that young one up,

sure as fun. If there is anything I do dislike it is to see married people courting all the time."

It was Aunt Patience, a very little older, a vast deal more important (she was head nurse), and to use her own words, "just as happy as the day is long."

Agnes La Rue never reached the goal of her ambition. She lives alone on the little annuity left by her father's relatives, a discontented, querulous, miserable old maid. The young lover, disgusted with her reckless heartlessness, left her, and years after, married a pure and lovely woman, with whom he is said to live as nearly happy as it is possible for human beings to be in this world.

The moral, reader? I have not thought of that myself. Perhaps this, that we cannot sin with impunity, that crime brings its punishment, that virtue, and goodness, and truth, though sometimes overclouded by adversity, come out bright in the end; and so terminates the story of Dr. PETTINGILL'S TREASURE.

THE LATEST MUMMIES.

One circumstance connected with the history of mummies has much puzzled the learned, viz., the latest period at which mummies were prepared in Egypt. Count Caylus thought no mummies were made after the conquest of Egypt by the Romans, which was about the time of Diodorus; but in this he was quite mistaken, for Blumenbach has shown, and St. Augustine informs us, that so low down as his own times, in the early part of the fifth century, mummies were certainly made in Egypt. This being the case, there is no reason why these more recent ones may not have reached us, and the difference in their composition seems thus reasonably accounted for by the great discrepancy in the ages in which they were prepared. Thus some mummies have been found with long beards and hair reaching down below their knees; some have very long nails; some have tutelary idols and figures of jasper put in their bodies; some have a piece of gold placed under the tongue. Wilkinson says he found the mummies of the poorer classes wrapped round with a number of palm sticks and fastened together with string, like a mat.—*Topography of Egypt*.

TO EXTINGUISH FIRES.

As soon as the fire-engine is ready to work, stir into the water eight pounds of pearlsh, and add the same quantity as often as occasion requires, directing it against the timber, and not against the brickwork. Where time will admit, dissolve any quantity of pearlsh in a vessel of water, and as it dissolves, mix a pailful in the water in the engine pretty often. Wood, steeped in a strong solution of "phosphate of ammonia and borate of soda," becomes incombustible. If trees when cut down, the sap being exhausted, are thus treated, fires will be hardly possible.

NIGHT.

BY W. JOHNSON.

The Night has drawn her curtain round,
The busy world lies hushed in sleep,
The moon, the cold, pale moon hath crowned
The arch of yonder azure deep;
Her pale light shines as bright as when
Youth through each throbbing pulse did flow;
But Time hath chilled the heart since then,
And left his footprints on my brow.

To-night I think—ah, why should thought
Thus tarry in this weary brain?
Why is the past by Memory brought,
And all her scenes revived again?
The scented flowers, the singing brook,
The rose-wreathed cottage standing near;
A mother's smile, a mother's look,
Called by her magic wand, appear.

I live my childhood o'er again,
I roam beneath its cloudless sky,
I join the little household train,
Who now beneath the tomb flowers lie;
A sister's dark eyes thrill my soul,
A brother's laugh rings in my ears:
These feelings fain I would control;
I would, but may not check these tears.

I leave my childhood, and my youth
Rises before my saddened view,
When all of earth, even love, and truth,
And thou, false one, seemed faithful too;
Upbraid thee, no, I chide thee not,
No word of murmuring falls from me,
And yet, this is the darkest spot—
The brightest once on memory.

Night, how I love thy holy calm,
For through thy hours my soul can fly
To those who've won the "blessed palm,"
And dwell beyond the star-lit sky.
I love to think the stars that burn
Upon the dark, clear brow of night,
Are worlds to which our souls return—
Worlds of eternal, endless light.

Night, in thy mercy send me sleep,
Send all thy soothing powers to me;
I would not think, I would not weep—
Away, thou phantom, Memory!
The future, it is left me still;
May its untasted moments be
Less dimmed by grief, less seared by ill,
Than is this weary memory.

MY INVALID SISTER.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

My sister Margaret had been a sad sufferer for many years. All that brotherly affection could do to restore her shattered health and spirits, was faithfully and cheerfully done. For the last eighteen months, Margaret had been my only care, for my wife and child had died in one week,

leaving me dependent on this truly Christian sister for the sympathy and consolation which her own sorrows taught her so well how to bestow.

We both longed for quiet and repose, for neither could mingle with the gaieties of the city; and Margaret's health imperatively pointed to the country. To the country, therefore, we went; and trusting to a friend for selecting our retirement, we had the good fortune to get settled in a pretty and well-furnished cottage; very small indeed, but abundantly large for the two quiet souls that were trying to find rest. We thought ourselves fortunate, for ours was one of only three in that neighborhood that were well built and habitable. The rest were slightly put together, shabby and ill conditioned, and although wearing a smart look from their glaring white paint, were evidently built "to let."

We liked the sober, brown cottage; and as it had been newly furnished the year before, we had nothing to do but literally to walk in and take possession; and soon felt as much at home as they who had "lost the poetry of life" could be expected to feel. To Margaret, it was my duty, as well as my privilege, to supply the place of all other relatives; and from her I received all the kind offices which the enfeebled state of her health permitted her to bestow upon me.

We did not think of anything in our removal to this place, beyond the change of air to the invalid, and the repose it ensured. We did not intend to make acquaintance with any one. To enable Margaret to drive out securely in her own pony carriage, to obtain for her the fresh, pure milk from her own cow, and the fine freshly-gathered vegetables from her own little garden, were great objects; and these she enjoyed fully.

It was delightful to watch her improvement. She did not regain her youthful appearance, for the roses were gone forever; but she grew stronger and better, from the sense of the delightful freedom which neither of us ever knew before. We had been pent up from childhood within the city, and it had been part of our creed that nothing could be enjoyed elsewhere. How pleasantly we were undeceived! We began to pity people who could not, or did not, seize upon the superior advantages of the country.

It was delightful to me, who had betaken myself to it as a last resort, when the gradual wasting of my beloved sister had made me feel that this last tie at least must be spared to me—**Margaret must not die!** I was fully repaid, when I went home about sunset, every evening, to find my invalid up, and busying herself about

her little household preparations. With our faithful Hannah's help, she had made our little parlor—scarce large enough for a closet—into a perfect bower of roses, as long as they lasted. The yard in front had been freshly turfed, and she had ordered a profusion of rare plants from a greenhouse, and arranged them on the piazza, which, with the clematis and woodbine running thickly over the trellises and pillars, made our place a little paradise of sweets.

Another treasure we had, in the shape of a magnificent chestnut, overshadowing the whole front of the house. The spirit of utilitarianism, when it laid every other tree low, in order to cut up the estate into building lots, had spared this tree. Such a shade—so wonderfully it protected us from the gaze of prying neighbors, or inquisitive passers-by! Margaret was never tired of admiring her tree. It had just begun to show its beautiful clusters of tassel-like blossoms, when we took the house; and this alone would have influenced our own choice, as it did our friend's who selected our abode. Round this tree I had ordered a semi-circular platform to be built, bringing it up to the level of the piazza, and this sheltered her feet from the damp earth at its roots. Here she would have her chair and work basket, or book, through the long summer day, until the time in which she expected me home. Then her delight was to assist Hannah in preparing the delicate supper, which I found always ready for me, and which we frequently took under the branching shadow of the chestnut.

We were very peaceful. Happiness was out of the question—at least, happiness in the most comprehensive meaning of the word. The mourning for the departed had not yet gone from our hearts, although time had softened and mellowed it down to pensive melancholy, as sweet as it was sad.

I returned one evening earlier than was my wont, and found all things awaiting my comfort as usual; but Margaret was weeping over a newspaper in the parlor, away from her accustomed seat. I knew of no intelligence that could affect her in that way. Our relations with the outer world were very limited, and they who claimed relationship with us were already removed by death, or by almost immeasurable distance; and of these last we had lost nearly all traces.

"Margaret," I said, "what is it? What can affect you thus?"

She pointed to a paragraph in the newspaper, and covered her pale face with her hand. I followed the direction of her finger, and read, with

an emotion of pain, the death of Albert Thornton, a dearly beloved classmate of my own, and who had once touched and interested the sensitive heart of Margaret. But that was long, long ago; and after many struggles with her affection, Margaret had given him up, from the conviction that her life was so precarious, that she had no right to throw its frail burden on one who was just starting in the battle with the world.

"Greater love can no one have than to die for his friend." I now learned that this feeble child had done a greater deed—she had *lived*; but what a life! It was like shutting out every ray of sunlight from her heart, when she gave him up. And Albert, with his bright, glad face, beaming all over with health and animation, and giving promise of a long life, had gone down to the grave, and this poor girl, struggling with weakness and pain, was left.

I was frightened, that night, at the intensity of her grief. She was so weak, that I feared that any additional trouble would soon deprive her of reason. Gradually I soothed her, by talking of him, and leading her to relate her renewed connection with him. She told me, that although she had refused to marry him, she had yielded to his earnest wish of corresponding with him, and that she had thus kept up that correspondence through the many years that had separated them. There was lingering hope in his heart that they would yet see brighter days; but in hers, never, until this summer at Compton had so invigorated her in health and spirits. Albert had eagerly noticed this, and in the letter which she had last received, had declared his intention of coming.

"Why did you not tell me?" I asked, almost reproachfully.

"Because I knew that, although you would have disguised your feelings for my sake, you would have dreaded the separation; and besides, I could not have the heart to anticipate any happiness for myself when you were so desolate."

"Dear sister," I exclaimed, struck at her self-sacrificing spirit, "it would have been my highest joy to have seen you Albert Thornton's wife; and as to the separation, I am not so wedded to New England that I could not have followed you elsewhere."

I knew that Margaret often had received letters from New Orleans; but supposed them to be from a lady, whose marriage had compelled her residence there, and who, I supposed, still kept up her correspondence. Once I had even said, when handing her a letter, "How much Mary Raymond's husband writes like Albert Thornton!" It was a passing remark, and she

went out of the room to read her letter, and I never thought of it again. In our young days, Margaret had wanted me to love Mary Raymond; and now we rarely spoke of her, because I felt that I had disappointed my sister, in not fancying her favorite.

I did not attempt to console Margaret. I knew too well, from my own experience, how little even the dearest friends can do, except to utter the common-place and stereotyped words of consolation, and how little those words avail to reach the mourner's heart; how coldly come the voices of sympathy while that heart is bleeding inwardly, and how we turn away from all, with the feeling that it "knoweth its own bitterness," and must not be intermeddled with, by even a brother or a sister.

That sorrow has pressed heavily upon other hearts before, does not lighten our own; we do not suffer less because another has also suffered; and, feeling this, I would not bring up to my sister's mind the remembrance of my own desolation.

In a few days, the violence of Margaret's grief subsided; but her former languor had returned. I expected to see her droop and fade away daily before my eyes, and almost dreaded to return home at night, lest I should find her lying upon the bed from which she might never arise. It was altogether a sad episode in our peaceful summer at Compton.

There was one thing which unconsciously cheered me in this hour of trial. Our next door neighbors, the Leightons, contrary to our intention of making acquaintances, had forced themselves upon us, although in a perfectly delicate way. They had noticed my sister's feebleness when we first came, and had watched her through the slight opening in the trees, as she passed from the door to her favorite seat; and they had begun the acquaintance by sending her baskets of delicious foreign fruit, the first of their splendid flowers, and jellies and preserves of every kind.

Margaret could only accept and acknowledge, and the result was an intimacy with Flora Leighton, the only daughter of the family, whose manners completed the attraction which her beauty began; so, at least, thought Margaret. I heard much of Flora Leighton, and had some curiosity to see the being who had so won upon Margaret; but she was always out of sight before I came home, and I never, by any chance, had seen the bright eyes and pleasant smile which my sister had described to me. I called her the invisible; but I saw all her fairy gifts, which Margaret would always leave untouched until I

came home, that I might see the perfect elegance of her friend's taste. It was quite a study, the artistic arrangement of those floral offerings; and the fruit which she brought Margaret was always shaded by its appropriate leaf. Our table was always supplied with something from her hand, but the hand itself remained, to me, invisible.

Margaret rose up from that great suffering, sooner than I had hoped or imagined. If she still mourned for Albert, it was in silence; and on her cheek there was no trace of tears when I came home. I was engrossed with the cares of business, through the day; but still found time to think of her, and to rejoice that she had a companion, such as she described Flora Leighton. She had told Flora all, and was startled, and perhaps gladdened by finding that she was the daughter of Mrs. Thornton's sister. Albert Thornton was therefore the playmate of Flora's childhood, and the friend of her older days. She too mourned his death, with the sorrow of a tender heart, that remembers those dear ones with an added love, "when love is joined to death."

It was near the close of summer. People were flocking home to the city in swarms, frightened at the first cool morning breeze; but Margaret begged for a longer stay, and I gladly consented. I wanted to pass the autumn in the country, to watch the golden grain of the harvest, and to feel the inspiration of those days which, despite the melancholy song of our own poet, Bryant, are not "the saddest of the year."

We had learned to love this quiet retreat, and any change struck us unpleasantly. The whole neighborhood around us, too, had assumed a less staring and comfortless appearance. It had mellowed into an older and more subdued look; and others had followed our example, in beautifying and adorning their homes. The house occupied by Mr. Leighton was precisely like our own, and separated only by a slender fence, which the two girls had not long suffered to remain. At least, Margaret told me that it was Flora Leighton's superior strength which had taken down the barrier; but remember, Flora Leighton was still a mere fabulous person to me. I did not believe in her, and tried hard to make Margaret own that she, whose praises had been so long sounding in my ears, had really no existence at all, except in her own brain. Something like a presence, a spirit in human form had appeared to Margaret's vision, and she called it Flora Leighton. I bantered her so much, that she declared that I should not see her.

"I wonder that you cannot make allowances for her sensitiveness, William," she would say.

"Already she has had her feelings wounded by the whispered remarks of others, in regard to her friendship for me; and her delicacy is such, that she would not give any color to such remarks by coming here when you are present."

I did not care to see her. If Margaret was soothed or comforted, or her time lightened by anything like a comforter, I cared not who the comforter was. My sister was my only object of solicitude; and to save her an hour's loneliness or grief, I would sacrifice anything on earth. They only, whose affections are narrowed down to a single object, can appreciate my devotion to my sister. The mother who bore her, could not have been more tenderly careful of her than I was, subduing my stern man's nature to feminine watchfulness, averting from her every shadow of evil, or even of annoyance. And not less deep and strong was her affection for me. "We were but two!" One of our little home band had found a grave beneath the waters; another, a bright, rosy, laughing girl, radiant with life and health, had sunk suddenly beneath acute and sudden fever, and then our father and mother departed to the land of shadows. What wonder if we clung to each other? O, surely, in that land, when love makes up its jewels, brother and sister will not forget their own.

That year, October was brighter than even that bright month usually seems. I used generally to get home sometime during the shortened twilight, and perhaps once or twice a week, I would be able to reach it time enough to enjoy the sight of the gorgeous autumn sunset. One afternoon I came quite early, intending to take Margaret out in the chaise, to witness the glory of the brightening woods.

I came softly into the room, and with Margaret a lady was sitting by the window, reading aloud. Her voice was clear and musical; her intonation perfect. I stepped forward, after listening to the silvery chime for a while, and Margaret introduced me to Miss Leighton.

Very reluctantly she seemed to look up in my face; but she had scarcely acknowledged my awkward bow, before she was gone. I did not see how, nor when she went, but I know that, in the brief glimpse I took of her, I thought her the ugliest woman I ever saw. As I turned round from depositing my hat and coat, there was no one there but Margaret.

"I told you so," I said, gravely.

"Told me what?"

"That your friend was only a creature of your imagination—a shadow, an *ignis fatuus*—and could never be identified. How otherwise could she have disappeared?"

"Naturally enough, out of the window."

"And this is the woman you have been calling handsome all summer?"

Margaret fairly cried at my badinage, and my contempt for the beauty she had been praising. I could not tell her what particular features I thought ugly, in the brief glimpse I had taken. It was the general impression of the whole face.

"Why, she looks beside you, Margaret, like—like—forgive me—like a tiger lily by the beautiful pale thing which we drag, with its long, slender stem, from the deep ponds where it hides."

"She was Albert Thornton's friend," said Margaret, very softly.

"So she was, and I will never tease you again about her. She shall, henceforth, be as beautiful as you choose to think her. Can I say anything more?"

That night Margaret and I sat up long, watching the lovely October moon—the glorious harvest moon—as she sailed through the magnificent blue arch over head. We talked long of the living and the dead; of those whom distance had separated from us, and of those whose memory was still more sacred, because death had set its seal there.

We talked of Albert Thornton; and then Margaret told me, for the first time, what peace and resignation had come into her heart; how patiently she waited for the hour which should unite them again; and that death had become beautiful instead of terrible to her, because he had passed through its portals.

Then she talked of Albert's cousin, Flora, and told me how earnestly she had hoped, all through the summer, that I should see and become interested in her; that it would have been so pleasant to her to feel that, should she leave me, as she sometimes thought she would be called to do, she should not leave me comfortless. I was touched by her tender care of me, which thus pointed to my welfare, even when she should be beyond the skies.

It might have been ten o'clock, when some one rang at the front door, and asked if that was Mrs. Leighton's house. Hannah directed them, and we heard footsteps on Mrs. Leighton's piazza, then a joyful cry of recognition, and a low hum of conversation succeeding.

We were both silent. I, from a strange curiosity to know who was this stranger; Margaret, because something, as she afterwards told me, struck her as strangely familiar, in the voice that called for Mrs. Leighton. Then came a step to the door of our house, and Flora's voice called us, quickly and impatiently.

"Come in, come in, Miss Leighton," I said, "Margaret must not go to the door in this night air."

She came in, and seemed to hesitate as to what she should say or do. Womanlike, she only burst into tears and sobbing.

Margaret was trembling on my arm, but she did not weep. A voice said:

"Have you told her, Flora? May I come now?"

"It is Albert!" said my sister, in a whisper.

"Hush, Margaret," I answered, "what folly is this? You are mad to think of such a thing."

"It is Albert!" she said, calmly, and very slowly.

He heard the words, and the imprudent fellow, imagining all was explained, rushed forward, and clasped Margaret in his arms. The surprise had well-nigh killed my poor sister; and Flora repented, too late, her indiscretion in not preparing her better. Her sorrow was so real and genuine, that I undertook to console her, much as I disliked her way of communicating the surprise to Margaret.

We were all happier, an hour afterwards, when Margaret was recovered from her temporary fainting, and was sitting with her hand clasped in Albert's, while he recounted the circumstances leading to the mistake that had been made. He had been very ill for many days—apparently dying—and while in the stupor which often precedes death, the report was carried to the newspapers that he was dead. The next day, it was contradicted, but we did not see the contradiction, for our hearts were too heavy for consulting the newspaper.

Margaret's life received a new growth from the happiness that had come to her. She would not renew her objections to marry Albert, because now she felt that it was better to make the most of life while it lasts. She might, perhaps, outlive him, even with her feeble health; and, at any rate, his constancy deserved this reward. The wedding was performed in that little cottage, for so Margaret willed it, and Flora Leighton was her only attendant.

We went back to the city in November, and Flora went with us. Albert had consented to stay in New England, and we made one family. Margaret, still pale, but beautiful from the soft light of happiness that beamed in her countenance, was our stay and dependence in house-keeping; and Flora and myself had leisure to become acquainted. I saw her as she was—noble, affectionate and true. I believed that, while she was unconscious of her own feelings, she really liked me, whom she had so avoided

through the summer. I had looked at her on the night of Albert's return, by the softening light of the harvest moon, and thought she was not so ugly after all! And every day afterwards I made some progress in the belief that she was growing pretty. To-night, as she sits here, under the gaslight, I think her the handsomest woman that I ever saw, as I know her to be the best. We are very happy now—I and my wife—for yonder is a cradle which Flora will not have carried out of the drawing-room, although people tell her it is an old-fashioned ornament, and should be banished to a nursery. And in the next room is Margaret's pretty, delicate girl, in a cloud of long, white drapery, sinking to her evening slumbers.

In the spring, we shall take them both to the beloved brown cottage, where our happiness commenced, and where the dead seemed to be restored to life; and under the shadow of the broad chestnut tree, our little Berta and Blanche shall drink in health and beauty, with every breeze that plays with their brown hair; while Margaret and Flora will recall the pensive hours of two years ago, and compare them with the happy ones that are bearing us on to the future.

FAIRY TALES.

If we were required to choose a course of reading for a child, we would develop his imagination through fairy tales, as we would discipline his intellect through logic and mathematics, and his perceptive powers through the natural science. We would stock his library with the magic romances of the Wizard of the North, with Homer, Virgil and Xenophon, with Shakspeare, Irving and Hawthorne, and with fairy tales *ad infinitum*. It is a hopeful sign of the progress of the times that Hans Christian Andersen and others of that ilk have turned their attention to this kind of writing. The children will appreciate it in youth, by their keen enjoyment, and will repay it in after life by a refined taste and a cultivated imagination. Let no one then, despise the Pixies' ring or the elves' dance on the green sward, or the strange, wild demons of the Hartz mountains, or the enchanted genii that people the luxurious eastern palaces. Let us beware how we anger these good folk, else like Bottom the weaver, we may be furnished with fair, large ears, and a sleek, smooth head, and be left to munch our oats and dried peas, regardless of the honeybags and nuts which Titania proffers us. A word to the wise is sufficient.—*Educational Herald*.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead 'twill be the same,
Though all unloved my earthly name;
The shadows will as darkly creep,
And dreams as fearful haunt my sleep,
Let mortals praise or blame;
And winter winds their revels keep,
And summer skies as sadly weep
Above my grave, if lone I came,
Or laid me down the helr of fame.

N. Y. Independent.

BARON HUMBOLDT.

The most remarkable devotee of science now living, and in some respects the most remarkable man of the age, is the illustrious Humboldt. He is now nearly eighty-nine years of age, having been born at Berlin, the capital of Prussia, September 14, 1769. Recent English papers inform us that he is bright and active even at this advanced age, and fully alive to the pleasures of society as well as the interests of science. At a recent ball given by Lord Bloomfield, at Berlin, Humboldt was one of the most distinguished guests, appearing in his court costume as chamberlain to the king, decorated with the numerous orders that have been conferred upon him, and enjoying the life and interest of the occasion, with a zest truly remarkable in one of his great age. Considering the vast amount of travel in unsettled and forbidding regions, which Humboldt has performed, his constant devotion to experimental science, and his immense literary labors, continued with but slight intermission even to the present day, his great mental and bodily vigor at such an advanced age, is a most remarkable phenomenon. It indicates a good constitution, well cared for.

The early education of Humboldt was of that thorough and practical description which the schools of Prussia furnish, and had especial reference to his future employment in the mining bureau of the kingdom. At the age of twenty-three he was appointed assessor of the Board of Mines, and subsequently, director. After three years' devotion to these duties, his active and inquiring mind, well stored with the natural sciences, prompted him to abandon them for a life of more active and congenial pursuits, and incidentally launched him upon that broad field of scientific discovery upon which he gathered such vast stores of intellectual wealth.

After essaying various other projects of foreign travel, he finally entered into the service of the Spanish government, for the scientific exploration of Spanish America, and sailed from Corunna with Bonpland, the French botanist, upon this expedition in June, 1799. On the voyage to South America, he stopped at the Canary Islands, and ascended the Peak of Teneriffe, a height of nearly twelve thousand feet. In the course of a few days' stay at these islands, he thoroughly explored them, and made a number of new and valuable observations upon their natural history.

The voyage across the Atlantic was prosperous, and in July of the same year he landed at Cumana in the Spanish province of Venezuela, on the northern shore of South America. After

a thorough exploration of that province he started from Porto Cabello to penetrate the interior of the land, made his way to the Orinoco River, ascended that vast stream by means of canoes, and reached Fort San Carlos on the Negro River, a branch of the great Amazon, and within two degrees of the equator. Having thus penetrated the vast wilderness thousands of miles, he returned again to the northern coast, and sailed from Cumana to the island of Cuba. He spent some months in this valuable Spanish possession, gathering much important information in reference to the history, capacities, and natural phenomena of the island. From Cuba he sailed for Carthagena in New Grenada, on the Caribbean Sea, traversing the country to the city of Bogota, in the centre of New Grenada, thence across the lofty Cordilleras, and up the valley of the Cauca River, into Equador, reaching the city of Quito after almost insurmountable difficulties, in January, 1802. Much time was usefully employed at various places on this route, and at Quito he spent eight months in exploring the lofty mountains which environ that city, ascending several of the highest peaks. On the 23d of June, of this year, he made his famous ascent of Chimborazo, attaining an elevation of 19,300 feet above the sea. He next traversed the high chain of the Andes, and reached the shore of the Pacific at Truxillo, in Peru. Thence he crossed the desert waste of western Peru to the city of Lima. In January, 1803, he sailed from this country to the western coast of Mexico, explored its chief cities, visited the modern volcano of Jorullo, which arose from the plain in 1759; and after a year devoted to Mexico, sailed from Vera Cruz to Havana in January, 1804, thence to Philadelphia, spending two months there, and arriving at Havre in France in August of that year, after an absence from Europe of more than five years.

The results of this gigantic voyage and prolonged residence in Spanish America, were exhibited in a richer collection of objects and important facts in botany, geology, meteorology, zoology, geography and ethnology, than the world had ever before seen. Twelve years of increased labor were devoted by him at Paris to the publication of the most important of these scientific discoveries and observations, constituting a series of voluminous publications, which appeared in parts, costing in the market more than five hundred dollars each. Since 1817, the publication has gone on more slowly, and is not yet complete. Humboldt visited Italy in 1818, with the celebrated Gay-Lussac, subsequently travelled in England in 1826, and in 1829, at

the particular request of the Czar of Russia, he visited Siberia and the Caspian Sea with Rose and Ehrenburg. Starting from St. Petersburg, they penetrated through central Asia to the frontier of the Chinese empire, a distance of 3000 miles, returning to that capital by a more southern route. After this Siberian expedition he settled down at Berlin, and has ever since occupied a distinguished position at that court, enjoying the favor and confidence of his sovereign, and honored by the whole civilized world.

To Humboldt is due the merit of founding a new school of scientific inquiry, based upon the relations subsisting between the different portions of the organic kingdom and man. This practical aspect given to the natural sciences has increased their interest an hundred fold, and enlisted thousands as students and observers, who never embark upon any mental speculation unless the why and the wherefore is brought home to their immediate appreciation. Humboldt had the extraordinary combination of faculties which made him at the same time a good observer and a good generalizer, and thus he was enabled to lead the way in the new system as well as point it out. He has a glorious band of followers in Europe and our own land, whose rising fame does as much honor to him as to them; but his own lamp is still the brightest of all, as witness his last comprehensive work, the "Cosmos." The noble compliment recently bestowed by him upon Lieutenant Maury, of our navy, for his valuable work upon the winds and currents of the sea, shows that the venerable philosopher is as prompt to recognize scientific merit, as he is eager to commend it.

LITERARY MEN AND THEIR WIVES.

I do maintain that a wife, says Sara Coleridge, whether young or old, may pass her evenings most happily in the presence of her husband, occupied herself, and conscious that he is still better occupied, though he may but speak with her and cast his eyes upon her from time to time; that such evenings may be looked forward to with great desire, and deeply regretted when they are passed away forever. Wieland, whose conjugal felicity has been almost as celebrated as himself, says in a letter written after his wife's death, that if he but knew she was in the room, or if at times she but stepped in and said a word or two, that was enough to gladden him. Some of the happiest and most loving couples are those who like Wieland and his wife, are both too fully employed to spend the whole of every evening in conversation.—*Home Journal*.

In reference to the loss of children, God's design in lopping off the under branches is, that the parent stem may shoot higher in the direction of heaven.

I WAIT FOR THEE.

BY M. REBECCA OSBORN.

Thy memory comes o'er me
In the lonely midnight hours,
When the soft winds waft round me
The sweet odors of the flowers,
And the leaves are all a-glowing
With tiny drops of dew,
Which glitter among the willows,
Where I used to wait for you.

The murmur, soft and silvery,
Comes floating on my ear,
Of the stream, a-down the meadow,
Where we used to wander, dear.
Here, just beside the pathway,
Where the clump of willows grew,
And the stars looked down so loving,
I used to wait for you.

The hand that gave me welcome,
And the lips that pressed my own,
Are folded in earth's bosom,
And I wander now alone.
But my heart holds in its keeping
The tender words and true,
Thou gavest me at parting—
"In heaven I wait for you."

CHARLIE HOWARD'S CHOICE.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"GEORGIA or Julia—which shall it be?"

Charlie Howard tossed back the thick, black curls that clustered around his forehead, stroked abstractedly the silky moustache that adorned his upper lip, run his fingers caressingly through his glossy beard, and then as if these actions afforded him but a trifling relief, sprang up from his chair and paced his room impatiently. There was a faint smile parting his finely-curved lips, but the perplexed look that knit his brows and swept like a shadow across his handsome face; the rapid strides that annihilated the distance between the two ends of his apartment, and the nervous folding and unfolding of his arms upon his muscular chest, indicated that a struggle of more than ordinary power was going on in his breast.

The sunshine came through the partially closed blinds, and lay in slender golden stripes upon the carpet; the perfumed breath of a luxurious summer afternoon stole in at the open window, rippling the folds of the soft curtains, and now and then lifting with its invisible fingers the clustering curls that drooped over the white forehead of Charlie Howard. But as if indifferent both to the beauty of the sunlight, and the wooing caresses of the June breeze, he paced steadily

back and forth, with that perplexed look deepening and darkening almost into a frown, the smile fading from his features, and his proud lips compressed, as if to keep his emotions in check.

Not until the long, sunny afternoon had waned away, and the yellow stripes of sunlight dissolved into the gathering purple of twilight, did he cease his restless, monotonous walk; and then only to fling himself down wearily by the window, and drop his head upon his hands with a sigh which told the weary battle was yet going on within his soul. Ah, it was a weary battle indeed! A battle such as human hearts have fought for years, and will fight to the end of time.

Two faces haunted his disturbed thoughts; one with more of womanly sweetness and serene dignity than of beauty, pervading its quiet outlines; the other queenly with the heritage of a wondrous loveliness; the one had eyes like fringed violets, a mouth that seemed ripened into redness by the kisses of angels, a forehead like the rounded petal of a lily, and set in its surroundings of nut-brown curls as in a halo; the other with eyes bewildering in their sloe-like blackness, lips crimson as the deepest hearts of tropical roses, and heavy braids of midnight hair wound, like a coronet of jet, about a head haughty enough for an empress.

There could scarcely have been a greater difference between the two, and yet the young man's heart was sorely troubled to choose between them. Not that he could not tell which was dearest, for in the violet eyes of Georgia Ellwood seemed concentrated all the light his existence had ever known. But Julia Morton would bring him lands and gold, while Georgia, alas! was portionless. One could bind up her raven hair and wreath her snowy arms with jewels; the other wore only the adornings of gentleness and purity. One had a proud old father, rich and influential, whose name would be a golden password into the mystical regions of fame and power his ambitious soul longed to enter; the other was an orphan girl, who would bring him no other dowry than the rich affections of her maiden heart.

That they both loved him he was sure, for Georgia had told him so with her young head lying on his heart, and the lids of her soft eyes drooping slyly beneath the passionate glances of his; and Julia's love had dawned upon him through all those delicately-given signs by which a proud woman signifies her preferences. The haughty face lighted up at his coming, the musical voice softened for his ear, the jewelled fingers trembling in his clasp, these had been the treacherous signals which had betrayed the sweet secret of her heart to him, its conqueror.

He was young, poor, talented and proud, and O, what a world of ambition ungratified slumbered in his heart! How thirstily he panted to drink from the fountain that sparkled and leaped beyond his reach, on the charmed heights of fame! To be known and admired, to tread the summits which only great men had trodden before him, to have the world, the cruel world, that had always flung its rebuffs and defiance in his face, bend in reverence at the mention of his name. O, that was a triumph worth achieving! a triumph for the attainment of which the labors of a lifetime seemed as nothing—for which he would be willing to sacrifice anything but one holy dream of his young manhood. And could he sacrifice that?

As the husband of Georgia Ellwood, he would have only the sweet encouragement and tender sympathy of her woman's heart. Life, though her smile might soften its ruggedness, would lie before him just as toilsome as ever. Step by step he would be obliged to win his way; one by one he must wrest his coveted victories from the grudging hand of fortune. Julia Morton's gold would be a magical key to open for him the barred gate of worldly success, and place his feet steadily on the threshold of all he most coveted. With one leap he could stand where years of patient toil might fail to carry him; the goal would be half won at the commencement, the victory half gained. Which should he choose?

And this was why the shadows grew deeper on his face, and his head drooped lower on his folded hands, as he sat in his room with the twilight purpling around him, and the first pale star of the evening glittering and winking at him through the open window, as if mocking at him for his unmanly hesitation.

"Georgia, dear Georgia, may God forgive me if I break your heart, for my resolution is taken."

He rose up as he spoke. His purpose was fixed and immovable; you would have read it in the rigid look his face put on, and the cold expression of his dark eyes, as the hollow air gave back the echo of his words. He was twenty years older for that afternoon's struggle and determination!

His step was firm as he went out from the dim room into the starlit street. The last amber of sunset had died away from the hills, and in the east the round white moon was sailing steadily up through the blue heavens. But his eye took no note of Nature's loveliness. Swiftly as if fearing his resolution might fail him, he walked along. Only once he paused. It was at the corner of the street where Georgia lived. In the distance he could see the white walls of her cot-

tage-home, with rose-vines climbing up by the low door, breaking out in clusters of crimson bloom, and rambling with their rubies and emeralds half-way over the brown roof.

And while he lingered, Georgia herself came and stood in the doorway looking long and eagerly up the street. She was watching for him, he knew, and he thought as she stood there in her white robes, framed in the emerald glory of the climbing roses, with the sheen of the falling moonlight on her head, that she had never before been half so lovely or half so dear.

There was a moment's wavering, a moment's hesitant pause, as the angel Love troubled the waters of his soul to their depths; a moment in which all worldly successes seemed as dross in comparison with the true heart he had flung away forever. And then he turned. Close beside him the mansion of the Nortons lifted its walls haughtily. Brilliant lights flashed from the windows and strains of festal music rushed out upon the air. The strife that had re-commenced in his heart was put down by a mighty effort. Again the sweet face of Georgia was drowned in the surging waves of an unholy ambition. He had chosen.

That night on one of Julia Norton's white fingers sparkled a betrothal ring, and Georgia Ellwood went to sleep with tears glittering on her brown lashes, and sleeping dreamed of her faithless lover.

A few months after there was a brilliant wedding in church. The white brocade robe of the bride looked like stiff folds of frost-work, and the veil that floated downward from her queenly head was like a mist of snow. People said that Charlie Howard's fortune was made, and those who had hardly recognized his existence before, clasped his hand and offered their congratulations to the son-in-law of rich Mr. Norton. But they knew not his heart was freezing to ice within his breast, or how bitterly he turned from their hollow professions of friendship and kindness, to dwell remorsefully on the haunting memory of a life whose happiness he had wrecked forever.

Years went by. The name of Charles Howard was known and honored throughout the length and breadth of his native land. Wealth and honor flowed almost without seeking into his hands. And yet he was not happy. His youthful dream was realized, but it did not warm back into life the sweet hope he had crushed for its attainment. He had plucked the ripe fruits of a gratified ambition only to have them turn to ashes on his lips. He had bound his brows with laurels, but to feel the thorns budding upon his temples. His wife, learning too late that her

gold and not her love had won him, hardened gradually into an icy, brilliant, heartless woman of the world. Children had been given him, but death had claimed them all in infancy, and in the prime of his manhood, he stood desolate-hearted and alone, yearning to put by all the achievements of a successful life in exchange for the peace he had bartered so wantonly. There were no gentle home-attractions for him—no tender, wifely sympathies—no loving, true-hearted woman at whose feet he could lay down his trophies, and feel that her smile more than recompensed him for all.

Georgia Elwood lived still in the little white, rose-covered cottage. She had never married, and yet he almost blamed her at times because she seemed to have suffered so little from his desertion. When they met, which was but seldom since their spheres were so widely separated, the glance of her untroubled blue eyes sought his as unconsciously as though they had never been other than strangers to each other; her cheek never flushed or paled suddenly in his presence, and he came at last to think his love had been greater than hers—by such superficial standards do men sometimes measure the hearts they have betrayed!

One night he was sitting alone in his library. His thoughts had been busy with the past all day, the past that was irrecoverably lost to him, and unwittingly they turned again into the same familiar channel. Suddenly the startling cry of "Fire!" smote upon his ears, and urged by an instinctive feeling which he did not comprehend or stop to question, he rushed out, mixed himself up with the crowd that was pouring past, and was borne along with it to the scene of the conflagration. Huge billows of purple smoke rolling up against the starry sky, the lurid glare of flames, and the shouts of excited firemen, showed him the exact location of the catastrophe. O moment of horror and unutterable anguish! His heart leaped to his throat, and his pulses quickened under the spell of a terrible fear. It was the cottage home of Georgia that was wrapped in flames.

"Are they all safe?" he heard a clear voice shout from among the crowd.

"All but one."

"And that one?"

The answer was a name that, proud man though he was, thrilled through every nerve of his being like an electric current.

"Where is she? I will save her!" And breaking through the crowd, he dashed into the burning building, leaving many behind him to wonder why the rich and aristocratic Mr. How-

ard should be so strangely excited as to peril his life to save that of a poor old maid whom probably he had never seen or scarcely heard of.

In vain they called to him to come back—to leave the doomed girl to her fate and save himself. With swift feet he hurried through the hall, and bounded up the uncarpeted stairway. He heard the faint, despairing moan of a voice that had once been to him the dearest music under heaven, and springing forward through the blinding gusts of smoke, stood face to face with Georgia.

Her unbound hair floated wildly backward from her shoulders, her blue eyes were dilated with terror, and her slender hands crossed tightly on her bosom in the frenzied convulsion of an unspeakable despair.

He opened his arms to her, and with a cry of joy she bounded toward him. But as a dazzling sheet of flame swept past and showed her who it was that stretched out his arms to make her a refuge, she checked herself, stepped firmly back into her place, and with a proud wave of her hand, motioned him away.

"Surely, this is no time to remember old wrongs, Georgia," he cried, impatiently. "Every moment of hesitation carries you into deeper peril. Come!" Again he opened his arms to her.

"No—not you—not you!" she answered, hoarsely. "It were better to scorch to ashes in these greedy flames, than to feel the touch of your arms about me. Years ago you trampled pitilessly my heart under your feet; I will not owe even my life to you now. It is useless to wait—go, while you can save yourself."

How like a calm, immovable statue she stood there, with her mighty woman's pride conquering even the terrible fear of death; her swan-white neck arched haughtily, her queenly head erect, her clear eyes flashing with the light of a superb disdain; while over her round arms, crossed like slender shafts of ivory upon her bosom—over her pale, proud face and graceful figure, drifted, like a baptism of crimson mist, the glow of the panting flames.

"Hear me, hear me, Georgia," faltered the proud man, pleadingly, as he shrank before the unquailing firmness of her radiant eyes. "For my own safety I care not. If you will not let me save you, at least give me the sweet privilege of dying by your side. Here, with this certain death about us both, let me tell you how bitterly I have repeated the wrong I did you. If my sufferings are any atonement, then have you been most gloriously avenged. My life, which the world has called a brilliant one, has been

but a worthless mockery of success, because I had not your love to gladden it. I loved you, Georgia, with all the passionate strength of my young manhood, and here, with my premature old age upon me, in defiance of the false vows that have perjured my soul, and made my whole existence a lie, I tell you my heart worships your goodness and purity still; I love you a thousand times more intensely than ever before. See, Georgia, I kneel here before you, pleading for your forgiveness as I never plead before, even to my God. For the sake of my suffering and yours, Georgia—in the face of the awful death that awaits us, tell me that you do not utterly hate and despise me!"

His passionate, imploring words were caught up fiercely in the hissing roar of the on-sweeping conflagration. The haughty look on Georgia's face softened into an expression of unutterable tenderness, and after a moment's doubtful pause, she sprang dizzily forward and knelt beside him. He felt the clinging of her soft, warm arms about his neck, her tears upon his cheek, the cool rippling of her curls against his scorched forehead.

"I forgive you, Charlie, as I hope myself to be forgiven! And surely it can be no harm to die here, where I should have lived—in your arms!" he heard her murmur, in a voice broken into gasps by the choking billows of fire and smoke.

The blistering flames circled nearer and nearer around them. There was no hope of escape then, even if they had desired it. There was a loud crash as of falling timber—a momentary lull, and then a mighty rush and roar as the fiery tempest broke out with renewed force, a horrified shout from the crowd below—they felt themselves falling scorching, dying, in that close embrace, and then there was—chaos!

"How?—what?—where? What does this mean? Hair wet with dew—neck stiff—eyes full of tears—am I alive or dead?" And Charlie Howard rose up from his seat, by the open window, and looked about him with an air of bewilderment.

Could it be that he had been dreaming? Surely. No lurid blaze hissed and crackled around him; only the purple wings of the June twilight brooded over his silent little room. No glare of blood-red flames dazzled his eyes; only the quiet, holy stars and the peaceful face of the serene moon looked in upon him. He was not old, or famous, or wretched; he had not taken an unloved wife to his bosom. He was still young, and hopeful, and, better than all—free! He felt

the bounding pulses of youth and hope in his veins, their buoyancy in his heart, their flush upon his cheek. What to him had been the dark phases of an embittered life, was but the *fleeting panorama of a troubled dream!* What to him had seemed years of remorse and torture, had scarcely been as many moments! His life was yet before him to choose for good or for evil, but the battle between love and pride was ended. Infinitely less than nothing, in that moment of awakening, seemed the riches and honor which might not be shared with her whose love could alone make them worth the winning. He shuddered as he thought of the precipice to which his selfish ambition had well-nigh lured him, and thanked God, with a thrill of gratitude penetrating his inmost heart, for the hour of unrefreshing sleep that had shown him, even through the tangled prophecy of a dream, the true happiness from the false.

A few weeks later, there was a quiet wedding at the village church; but instead of sweeping folds of stiff brocade, the bride's dress was of fleecy muslin, and through the froth-like whiteness of the wedding-veil glistened, not Julia Norton's raven braids, but the nut-brown curls of Georgia Ellwood.

A PHYSICIAN'S IMPULSE.

Kingsley's "Two Years Ago," like all his other works, is full of gems, of which the following is a specimen: "You are a great puzzle to me, Thurnall," said Frank; "you are always pretending to care for nothing but your own interest, and yet here you have gone out of your way to incur odium, knowing, you say, that your cause is all but hopeless." "Well, I do it because I like it. It's a sort of sporting with your true doctor. He blazes away at a disease, when he sees one, as he would at a bear or a lion—the very sight of it excites his organ of destructiveness. Don't you understand me? You hate sin, you know. Well, I hate disease. Moral evil is your devil, and physical evil is mine. I hate it, little or big; I hate to see a fellow sick, I hate to see a child rickety and pale, I hate to see a speck of dirt in the street. I hate to see a woman's gown torn, I hate to see her stockings down at the heel, I hate to see anything wasted, manure wasted, land wasted, muscle wasted, pluck wasted, brains; I hate neglect, incapacity, idleness, ignorance, and all the disease and misery that spring out of them. There's my devil, and I can't help, for the life of me, going at his throat whenever I meet him."

PHILANTHROPY.

And now philanthropy! thy rays divine
Dart round the globe, from Zembla to the line;
From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crowned,
Where'er mankind and misery are found.
O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,
Thy Howard journeying seeks the house of woe.

DR. DARWIN.

LINES TO ———.

BY W. JOHNSON.

Lady, I'm gazing on that star,
That star that shone so brightly o'er us;
Upon the past so dim and far,
When bright the future lay before us.
That star, it bound my soul to thee;
Nay, more, it bound our souls together;
'Twas like thy dark eyes' witchery,
Those eyes that haunt my gaze forever.

Forgotten are my glorious dreams
Of joy, and hope, and fair renown;
Dark the untrodden future seems,
But darker yet the past that's flown.
Yet mild the black clouds that surround
My life, so scarred with guilt and ill,
There is a spot with brightness crowned,
Where thy fair image lingers still.

'Tis sad to be forgotten, yet
I bid thee think no more of me,
Sweet one; I bid thee to forget,
For I must yield to destiny.
Far, far beneath another sky
My lot is cast, yet none can tell
The anguish of the bursting sigh,
That rises with the word farewell.

MY OWN STORY.

BY AN ELDERLY LADY.

It is my fiftieth birthday, and the existence which I once thought would be so dark, so dreary, so desolate, has garnered within its half century of years much of joy, and peace, and sunshine. Fifty years ago this day, the lids which veiled two dark, strange-looking eyes were first upraised to meet my mother's smile over her first-born. She was young and fair, my mother, scarcely two years a wife, and they have told me since, very proud and happy in the young infant life—which was her very own—Heaven entrusted to her keeping. Perhaps it may have damped her joy a very little that I was not a pretty baby. I never cried like other children, though sometimes a low, patient wail of sorrow would bring the tender mother to my side. But, perhaps, for the most part, I was happy and gleeful, and thriving, though visitors used to say:

"How came your baby to be so unlike you, Mrs. Emra? I supposed she would have been a beauty."

But this opinion made very little difference to my happiness during the first six years of my life. At the end of that period I went to ride one day with my parents. My little year-old sister, Helen, a most beautiful child, even in her infancy, was left at home, and we rode gaily

along the mountain road, very happy, we three, in the beautiful summer day and in each other. Perhaps I was a precocious child, and understood more than children of my age in general, or it may have been the after events of that day branded its scenes and conversations on my memory; at all events, I remember every look and word distinctly.

It was a warm, bright summer's day, and my mother wore a blue muslin dress, with low neck and short sleeves, while over her beautiful arms and shoulders she had thrown a lace scarf. A light straw hat, set like a crown upon her wealth of golden ringlets, a clear carnation tint glowed upon her cheeks, her red lips were parted, and her blue eyes upraised.

From my birth I have been a passionate admirer of beauty, and sitting in my mother's lap, with her arm clasped about me, I fairly feasted my eyes on her loveliness. My father had watched her also, for some moments in silence, and then he threw his arm about her waist (for in that unfrequented road there was no one to see us), and guided his fiery horse onward with his right hand.

"Helen," he said, tenderly, "how beautiful you are. Never were you lovelier than now. They say marriage brings changes, but every change only makes you fairer. Our little Helen will grow up like you; she will be very lovely."

"Yes, but I am afraid I love Lucy best." And my mother drew me closer to her. "Perhaps it is because she is my first-born; and then, Robert, those great, dark, thoughtful eyes are her father's own."

My father laughed. "The child is not a beauty, certainly; but if her eyes are mine, you'll admit they are the best part of her. Helen, I've been thinking of late what my life was before your love came to brighten it; so dreary, so desolate, so unloved. When I saw you, I knew I could never live any more without you."

She laughed her little silvery, bird-like laugh, and said:

"I know it, Robert, and you wouldn't wait; how you hurried me. We were married, you know, in six weeks after you saw me first."

"Yes, but if you had looked into my heart you would not have wondered. It was all dark, there—dark—dark. I was an orphan, whom nobody cared for or understood; and you, you were to me in place of all things—home, friends, parents, brothers and sisters. You made a halo bright as a rainbow above, around that dungeon life where my heart was groping."

"And yet, Robert, you are such a great man—an author, a novelist—all the world, that is,

all the world that is good for anything, knows you, and admires you. And I, I am only the great man's little Helen; I almost wonder, sometimes, you could have loved me at all."

My father turned towards her his unfathomable eyes, luminous with unshed tears, and said, tremulously:

"Helen, you are more: you are my life, my sunshine, my inspiration, my ever-patient guardian angel; without you I should be nothing."

Then for a few moments we rode on in silence, but the tears still stood upon my father's lashes, and still his rapt gaze rested upon the beautiful face of the true woman who had given the hoarded riches of her love into his keeping, content, if so she might brighten his darkness.

At that moment, while he still carelessly held the reins, the sudden report of a gun caused our horse to plunge and rear, and become unmanageable. His first quick leap wrenched the reins from my father's hand, and while he strove in vain to recover them, the frightened animal dashed along the narrow road at a fearful pace. On our left was a rocky mountain, just around whose base we were driving; on our right a river, lying at some distance below the road, with no fence between. There was a sudden turn in the road, a faint shriek from my mother, who, until that instant, had been frozen into silence, and then down, down we went. My father escaped unhurt, but my beautiful mother was taken up dead, and I—God knows there have been years since, when I thought I had ten thousand times better have died than live to be what I was.

I was borne home in the arms of strangers. My father rode home in the long wagon which contained my mother, holding her head upon his breast, and looking on her white face with the fixed, steady gaze of tearless despair. I was suffering acutely; but, child as I was, I strove to restrain my moans, and bear meekly and in silence, lest I should add to his grief.

It was needless care; had all the world shrieked, groaned, or gone mad around him, he would not have known it. He felt nothing, saw nothing, but the dead face lying on his bosom. They bore her into the house; they laid her on the bed where she had slumbered like an innocent child, on the first night of her bridehood; where for eight peaceful, happy years thereafter, she had dreamed by his side her pure wifely dreams, with her bright living head lying upon his breast.

Not even then would he be separated from her. He threw himself down beside her, and lifted the sunny, golden head to the place it had filled so

many blessed nights; he folded his arms around her, and then, like one unsuspecting of the truth, he murmured:

"Sleep on, be thy rest soft, my Helen!"

I was tenderly cared for by one who had been my nurse in infancy. They have told me since that I bore my sufferings with a martyr-like patience which it was very pitiful to see; and only when Dr. Strong said there was no hope—that I, Lucy Emra, must be a cripple for life—did I even weep. Then, indeed, I turned my face to the wall, and sobbed out the bitterness of a deathly agony; a grief more like a woman's than a child's. But nothing of all this was communicated to my father; he had enough else to bear.

At last they buried my mother. My father took no part in the arrangements, but he opposed nothing. After the funeral came the blessed rain of tears. When it was over the minister came forward and took his arm.

"You must not stay here," he said. "Come go with me." And meekly as a child, the stricken man obeyed him.

"I think she was happy; I think I made Helen happy," he said, as they drew near the house. "She never suffered any pain or sorrow from which my love could guard her; and yet, at last, my carelessness killed her."

He then broke from the kind hand that sought to detain him, and rushing into the room from whence she had been borne outward, he locked the door, and no eye saw him again until the morrow. He came forth then, and confronted Dr. Strong, as he was leaving my room, with trouble on his face, and said, resolutely:

"Doctor, I have been neglecting my poor Lucy, Helen's first-born; I am going to see her now, and you must tell me the worst."

There was that in his voice and eye which could not be gainsayed, and Dr. Strong faltered forth:

"She is not suffering so much to-day, sir; but she must be a cripple for life." And then rushed hurriedly from the house.

My father came to me, and sat down by the bedside with his white, sorrowful face.

"Lucy," he said, "my poor, suffering little Lucy—" I burst into tears. "What is it, little Loo, are you suffering?"

"Not in my limb, papa; but I feel so here." And I placed my hand upon my heart, which then, as now, had a habit of fluttering tumultuously with every powerful emotion. "Mother loved me, and she's gone where I can never see her again. All these days I have longed so to have her kiss me just once, and say she pitied

her poor, crippled child, and just now you seemed so much like her."

"Then you know it all, darling? They have not spared even you, my poor lamb? But your father's love shall comfort you. I will love you as mama would if she were here."

For a few minutes he looked at me in silence, then he said, abruptly:

"You are tired, lying here; I know it. You want to see the sun shine on the green fields, and feel the wind through the tree boughs. I will carry you; I know I can take you up without hurting you, for I will be as careful as no one else would."

With womanly, mother-like tenderness, he adjusted a support for my crushed foot and limb, and taking me up in his arms with my head lying in my mother's old place upon his breast, he carried me out into the sunshine.

That morning was the commencement of a more intimate relationship with my father. During the weeks of my convalescence, he was with me constantly, and soon he seemed to forget that I was a child of six, and talked to me more like a woman and a companion.

"You must get better," he said one day, in the low, solemnly tender voice that had become habitual to him. "You must get better, so you will not need me so much when I die. Before the last flowers of the summer have faded, or the last leaves of the autumn have fallen, I shall go to Helen."

I fully comprehended him. From that time I grew stronger rapidly, so that at last, with a crutch, I could make my way slowly about the lower part of the house, and this I knew was all to which I could ever look forward. One day I stole into my father's study; the ink was dried up in his inkstand and rusted on his pen.

"You do not need me so much now, Lucy," he said, tenderly, "and it is well. My time is almost come." The nurse was in the garden with my baby sister, and he called her to him. "She looks much like Helen," he said, lifting the child up, and placing her on his knee. "Lucy, you are the eldest."

I knew what those words meant, as well as though he had spoken volumes. I was the eldest. Mine then be the baptism of suffering. I was to shield the little one as far as in me lay, from care and trouble. In after years I obeyed him faithfully.

"But I have much to say, I may not linger."

It was even as he had said; not all the flowers of the summer had faded, not all the leaves of the autumn had fallen, when he went to her.

"You will be very desolate when I am gone,

my little daughter," he said, tenderly, "but God will care for you. Death is very sweet to me, little Lucy, for I shall be once more with Helen; already her blue eyes look on me from the distance." He lay in silence for a few moments, and then he drew me towards him, and kissed me. My little sister was also lifted to his arms, and he embraced her tenderly; then laying his head down, as if weary, he whispered, "Hold my hand in yours, Lucy, till I go to sleep."

For half an hour I sat there, still resolutely keeping back my tears, lest I should waken or disturb him, until at last the rays of the setting sun poured in at the window, and lit up the pale lips, the dark hair, and the massive forehead, looking more giant-like than ever, contrasted with the wan thinness of the lower face.

"Will you please to draw the curtain?" I said to Dr. Strong, who was also watching beside him.

"It needs not, dear child," he said, solemnly. "It will not wake him—he is dead!"

Then I wept; I was alone on earth, save the little sister chattering now and laughing, all unconscious of my grief. Nor was this all: I was a cripple, debarred from love, from society, from all that makes the coming life like a pleasant land of promise. But in that hour I drew near, child as I was, to the Infinite, and out of my very sorrow was born strength.

I was fifteen when Duncan Claverling became my teacher. He was the new minister of our parish. The gray-haired man who had buried my father and mother, and had been the dearest and truest friend of my childhood, had gone to his long rest; and in his stead had come to us this Duncan Claverling.

He was a man of thirty; calm, self-reliant, earnest; a different type of manhood from any I had ever known. He seemed like one who could stand up alone and battle against all the world. He needed no circling arms of wife or children. Alone he labored in his Master's cause. He had not my father's ardent temperament, and his creative imagination, and yet his sermons were full of burning, fervid eloquence, and he was the finest critic I had ever known.

By this time I had grown to understand something of my own nature. I had been brought up in the same house where my father died, for such was his wish. Mrs. Newell, the lady who had charge of our home and ourselves, loved my sister passionately; but she had no attachment for the unsightly little cripple, and she took no pains to assist or understand me. My love of knowledge was intense from my earliest

recollection, and for several years, my father's study, containing his fine library, had been tacitly abandoned to me. I read many books; works of the imagination, poems and novels. The theme was too often love, and poring over these enchanted pages I grew rebellious over my own sad destiny. I read of fair ladies and gallant knights, and anon of peaceful, happy homes, and all this glorious world of poetry, and passion, and sentiment was shut out from me—I was a cripple! I read it in the very glances the children raised to my face as I passed along the street in my little donkey-wagon. They looked up kindly, but in their eyes was only pity, never admiration or love.

And yet, even in those early days, I felt that my own heart was capable of intensest devotion. I could love, I knew it, with all the passion of which novelists had dreamed, or poets sang. But no one would ever, no one could ever, love the dwarfed, crippled temple which enshrined this passionate, beating heart. I looked in the glass, and saw there a dark, sallow complexion, wild-looking eyes, straight, black hair, and a thin, nervous-looking figure; but not one pleasing lineament.

A contrast was ever beside me—my little sister Helen. She was bright, joyous and beautiful as our mother had ever been, and the beauty-loving element in my nature was gladdened every time I looked on her; I loved her, too. I cherished with more than a mother's tenderness, this gladsome creature, five years younger than myself. I believe I well-nigh worshipped her; I would have died for her at any time, but this was not much, for life had never been dear or precious to me, and I longed to lay the burden down. Helen loved me too, in her own cheerful, light-hearted fashion, and depended on me to do her tasks and perform her duties.

But at fifteen there came to me the dawning of a great change. Duncan Clavering taught me that I, unloved, unsought as I must ever be, even I, had something for which to live. For a week he had been my teacher, and now I handed him my first composition. "How the thorns came on the rose" was its subject. It was a fantastic legend of a lovely flower dwelling among those who cared not for it; it put forth thorns one by one as defences against feet that would crush it, against hands that would grasp it rudely. Into this legend I had woven the wild plaint of my own heart. It was a passionate cry which I thought no one could recognize or understand. Duncan Clavering read it in silence and slowly; then he said:

"Lucy, you have suffered much."

"Yes, sir."

"In this composition, my child, there is morbid feeling, a sort of defiant hopelessness. But I have made another discovery. There is something for you in life, better and brighter than any of your dreams. Lucy, not in vain have you been baptized with the baptism of suffering. You are destined to be an author—you will win fame—you will do good."

The fame had been his first thought, and in the flush that mounted to his dark cheek, I read his besetting sin. Until that hour I had not known that I was ambitious. I had, indeed, something now for which to live. All my father's soul rose within me. Lonely, unloved, my life might be; but the world should know that Lucy Emra, the little cripple, had dwelt in it.

I found Duncan Clavering a hard master. He expected incessant toil. He taxed every nerve and sinew to its utmost tension. And yet he was not unkind; I grew to like his quiet, resolute, governing manner. His silence and terseness were not displeasing to me. And the only sentence of praise he ever uttered—"This is worthy of you, my pupil"—grew in time to be more to me than all other applause.

I no longer missed love, or sighed for it. Heart and soul were full. At twenty, I found myself already a well-known and popular writer. It was at this time Charles Stanley came to our neighborhood—he was an author—his ostensible object was to find, for a few months, a quiet home wherein to read, wherein to write; his real one, as I afterwards found, to become acquainted with the Lucy Emra of his favorite periodicals. He soon called upon me. He was brought into my own especial room, the study which had been my father's.

"I am happy to see you," I said, quietly, "but you will excuse me from rising, as I am lame."

He looked at me with an expression of blended amazement and compassion.

"I wished to see Miss Lucy Emra," he said, hesitatingly.

"I am she," was my calm reply.

"Forgive me—I beg ten thousand pardons—but I had been told that Miss Emra was very young, scarcely twenty."

I glanced at a mirror opposite—his mistake was not strange—I looked at least thirty. Good as Duncan Clavering's discipline had been for my mind, it had made me sallow and thinner than ever; I had grown very old. There may have been a little bitterness in my smile, as I said:

"I am, indeed, no older than that, sir; but I have suffered much. I have been lame for many

years, and I know little about the beauty or brightness of life."

I could see he was touched; that argued well for his disposition. I exerted myself to relieve his embarrassment; soon the conversation flowed into an easy channel, and he left me at length, with the impression that I had passed one of the most agreeable hours of my life.

For the next few months he passed a portion of every day in my society. Sometimes he read to me, while I sat in my low chair at the open study window, inhaling the perfume and fragrance from without. He was very gifted, and his tastes and pursuits were so much like my own that I gave myself up to the delight of his society, without asking myself whither all this would tend? Helen, too, was almost always with us. She was a blooming, graceful creature of fifteen now. She had never in her life met any man that seemed to her Charles Stanley's equal. Unlike Duncan Claverling, he was very handsome. His manners possessed that polish which is only imparted by extensive intercourse with good society, and his conversation united the fascinations of playfulness, poetry, and subtle analysis.

It was not long before I made the discovery that Helen loved him. My only little sister—the one being I had been accustomed to call my own—had cast out my love from the chief place in her heart, and yielded it up in tremulous joy to the handsome stranger. This knowledge came to me fraught with deepest anguish. It was revealed to me one morning by a chance expression on her face as he read aloud "The Lady of the Brown Rosary."

Suddenly, though the summer sunshine was never brighter, the day seemed to grow black and dark. I could not bear their presence; I sent them both from me.

"I am tired of you," I said, with a forlorn attempt at playfulness. "That poem always excites me; and I am not strong. Go out, both of you, and play, like good children; don't let me see you back for an hour."

Laughingly they obeyed me; but Charles came back when he had reached the door:

"You might let me, Lucy, I would be quiet."

"No, go along, both of you; I will have my own way sometimes."

I laughed as I spoke, but I felt ready to burst into tears. They shut the door. I crept across the room with my crutch and locked it; I would have no interruption. I came back and sat in my writing chair by the table, and all this time not a tear fell. Until that hour I never even fancied I loved Charles Stanley. Now I could

see that a feeling had been growing up in my heart which was not perhaps exactly love—a feeling that he belonged to me and no other.

To do him justice he had never striven to win Helen's regard. Of course, with his nature, he could not remain insensible to her wonderful beauty, but he had never seemed to take much interest in her society; his thoughts and attentions had all been for me. But she loved him; and I—I would not have married him, knowing this, had his heart broken for love of me. But did he love me, a poor, unlovely cripple? With his nature this was not possible. Thank God, I saw the truth plainly: my genius he might admire, but he did not love me, he never could. I remember at the time I wondered why this knowledge did not bring me a deeper thrill of pain. It was not this which gave birth to the wild throbs of agony which rocked my slight frame.

I believe that the thought that Helen's love was mine no longer, grieved me still more than the feeling that I had no power to retain the chief place in Charles Stanley's heart. Worst of all, was the old, desolate sense, that I was, and must ever be, alone in the world; set apart, isolated from human love, by my misfortune. Helen would go away from me; the love which could never be for me, would brighten her blue eyes and deepen the blushes on her cheek. All the rest of the world might find kindred hearts and husband's and children's love, but I—God help me—I must be poor, crippled Lucy Emra all my life! O, in that hour, fame seemed how worthless! For one heart to love me, I would have given all the glory of the universe.

Wildly I threw my arms upward, and groaned and sobbed in my despair. And then an angel came down from heaven, and stilled the troubled waters of my soul, and brought the bright waves of healing to my very lips. I prayed. The peace of the Infinite seemed to overshadow me. The cloud and the darkness passed over.

That evening I went to the minister's house. I had a question for Duncan Claverling's solution in a new study I had undertaken. I rose up to go, at length, for Charles Stanley had come for me, and was waiting at the door. Duncan looked at me gravely and kindly:

"You know I predicted good things for your life, Lucy, my child," he said, in his calm, low tones, "and they have come. Fame is dawning for you; already I see its dawning in the east; and now this young Stanley loves you—you will have happiness."

Was it my fancy, or did a shadow cross his face as he spoke—a look of intense physical pain? I made no reply. I went to the door,

and bade him, as was my wont, a respectful good-night; but I looked back afterwards, and saw him still standing where I left him, watching me moving slowly onward, with my crutch in my hand, leaning on Charles Stanley's arm, and his face wore an expression I had never seen on it before.

That night, on my way home, Charles Stanley asked my hand in marriage—Charles Stanley, poet and dreamer! A moment I was silent. A little of the morning's pain came back to me—I, who needing sympathy and tenderness so painfully, must yet put away the cup of love with my own hand. But I put the feeling resolutely down, and answered:

"No, Charles, I must never be your wife. I am not what your nature craves. You need, appreciation, not rivalry in a woman. You need one like Helen. You shall have her; I will give her to you, and you shall be a brother to me."

"But it is not Helen I want; it is you," he replied, with a bewildered look.

"No, Charles, it is not I; it is Helen. Listen and you will believe me. You are very romantic." He winced. "Well, then, enthusiastic, if you like that term better. You had a very pretty theory about souls loving each other. Love was to be very exalted—mind, not matter. You read my writings—they pleased you—you thought you discovered in them a kindred spirit. You resolved to make my acquaintance. You came here with the fullest intention of loving and marrying me. When you saw that I was lame, you were disappointed—I could see that—but your beautiful theory, you thought, must be true. You continued to visit me. Our tastes harmonized. I had seen little of the world, therefore I was original. You liked to hear me talk, you became pleased with my society, and now you think you want to marry me. But you have not one emotion of passionate love for me in your heart, such love as man garners up for the elect woman who is to be his wife. You would do me grievous wrong to wed me. Look into your own heart, Charles Stanley, and answer me as you would answer to God—have I not spoken truly? You need, with all the longings of your nature, a beautiful woman. You need beauty, I say, you must have it in your wife. You have all a poet's waywardness; you need a sunny, cheerful woman. I am old and sad, and withered before my time. You need peace; my life, quiet as it is, must be always restless. I should not suit you. Answer me truly, Charles Stanley, am I not right?"

"Thanks!" he faltered, "thanks, Lucy, you have shown me my own heart."

But his eyes did not turn to me; they were fixed on Helen, who was bounding down the path to meet us, for we were almost home. O, how beautiful she looked, her dress of flowing white muslin, bound round her slender waist with an azure girdle, her garden hat upon her arm, her eyes bright, and her cheeks flushed with exercise, her golden curls floating on the gentle evening breeze. No wonder Charles Stanley watched her; but she was mine no longer.

I remembered with a slight pain that he had accepted my words so readily, that he had not even sought to ascertain if I loved him. I thought I never could have loved him with all the fullness of my nature. Ah, perhaps if I had I could not have given him up so easily.

One more pang came to me; it was a selfish one. I sat down by my study window, and looked forth into the garden; they were there together, and I could not help thinking what a handsome couple they were. He was helping to tie up a rosebush, and I heard him say that its blossoms were no brighter and blither than herself. And this was the man who had asked me to be his wife only yesternight—the only lover I ever had. I had given him up to Helen—they were both forgetting me. "Is this you, Lucy Emra?" I said, with a twinge of contempt for my self-pity, and then I took my pen, and resolutely turning my back upon sorrow, commenced to write a new book. In six weeks Duncan Clavering married them.

I was twenty-five years old, and I looked ten years older than that. Five years had passed since my sister's marriage, and for the last twelve months she had been in her old home again—Charles Stanley's widow. Her post-husband was dead, and she, always sensitive, but transitory in her emotions, though she grieved for him, had speedily regained her cheerfulness. They had been very happy; she had exactly satisfied the needs of his nature with her brightness and her beauty.

I had never had another lover, and Duncan Clavering had been my only friend. I had by this time won the fame he had prophesied, and far more than myself, he gloried in it. Physically, I had not grown much stronger. There were hours when I would have given worlds for human love—to have rested my throbbing brow for one instant on some true heart which was mine own. But I knew this was not for me, and resolutely put the thought away.

Of late Duncan Clavering had come to see us very often—far oftener than before Helen's return. She had matured into a very accomplished

woman. He would sit for hours and listen to her voice as she sang to the harp or piano, and I, sitting beside him, would listen also, thrilled even to pain by the melody; and then, when he saw the tears stealing silently down my cheeks, he would say:

"Come Helen, put away your music now, it is not good for Lucy any longer." Uttering the command in a calm, kindly tone, as if somehow, she belonged to him.

He was forty now, and his dark hair was thickly streaked with silver, and yet Helen, who used to annoy me, by calling my master the ugliest man in the world, insisted now that somehow he had grown handsome.

I saw all this with a strange sense of heart-crushing pain, such as I had never experienced before. I had always thought of the minister as one who would never marry. I had accustomed myself to believe that I should always be his friend, his pupil nearer to him than all others; and now a wall seemed springing up between us.

It was a beautiful morning in summer. Once more I sat down by the study window, and looked forth. I could see the churchyard in the distance where my father and mother lay buried.

"O, how happy they were," I murmured. "Their lives were short but sweet, for they loved each other, and they sleep now in one grave. O, father! O, mother! why may not your crippled, helpless child come home to her rest beside you?"

A low, gleeful laugh came from the garden. Duncan Clavering was helping my sister tie up the very same rosebush Charles Stanley had helped her to tie five years before, on the morning after their betrothal. Had she forgotten, that she could laugh over its crimson blossoms with another now? I could not see his face, but he was bending eagerly forward, and once his hand touched hers.

In that moment my own soul's secret was revealed to me. I fell upon my knees, then I threw myself prostrate on the floor, and buried my face in my hands. A cry, a wail of anguish went up from my breaking heart.

I know not how long I lay there—it might have been hours—it might have been moments. A voice roused me, which could almost have summoned me from the sleep of death.

"My poor Lucy," it said, "my little darling!"

O, I knew then that he loved me. I needed no more. Never before had such tones fallen upon my ears; such cadences of protecting, tender, absorbing love! He lifted me in his arms. No other had ever done this since my father died. He carried me across the room, and sat down, still holding me. Then he kissed

me. It was the first kiss any man, save that dead father, had left on the poor cripple's lips.

"You are weak, my pupil," he said, gently, "let me be your strength. Will you be my wife?"

I raised my head from his shoulder; I looked at him. "Would you take me, my master?" I faltered, "me—a cripple?"

"Listen to me, my pupil. I love you. I have loved you for years; but I would not ask your love, for I thought your vivid fancy—your exacting nature—would never be satisfied with one like me: plain, poor, and no longer young. God only knows what I suffered when I saw that Charles Stanley wished to marry you. I thought, with his gifted, sensitive nature, you must love him. He married Helen, and I was content; but still I could not ask your love. I would not give you the opportunity of refusing me—of blasting all my hope. While I did not know your heart, I could still hope. But you have not told me yet—do you love me, Lucy?"

"You know I do, my master. But I shall shock your taste. You will blush for me." A painful glow overspread my own cheek.

"Listen, my pupil. You were a very obedient little pupil, Lucy; listen, and then never let the subject be mentioned between us hereafter. To me, your face is fairest and sunniest among women. I am proud, O, how proud of your genius which I have helped to cultivate. Your lameness I regard, under God's providence, as a blessing. Without it you never would have been the woman that you are—so gifted, yet so humble. There is another reason why I am thankful for it: I am a jealous man; I could never bear my wife's person should possess the same charms for other men it had for my own eyes. This will prevent it. Forgive me, Lucy. God made us for each other."

"And Helen?" I could not help questioning.

He answered me with a look that satisfied me perfectly.

"That was but your fancy; Helen is your sister."

"One more question, my master—forgive me for asking it—is this your first love? Crippled as I am, do you indeed love me with all the dreams of your youth?"

"I do—it is my first love—I love you with all the dreams of my youth; with all the hopes of my manhood. Lucy, you are as my own life."

We were married in a few days, for I had no preparations to make. In a few months, Helen was also married to one who loved her, and she is happy. I am fifty years old now; for just half my life I have been his happy wife. He has indeed been "my strength."

THOUGHTS.

BY MYRTA MAY.

There are thoughts, that like a sunbeam,
Clothe our pathway all in light—
There are thoughts, that like the mildew,
Cast o'er all a withering blight.
Thoughts will come, like strains of gladness,
From an unseen spirit-love;
Thoughts will sting the soul to madness,
Thrilling every vein with fire!

Thoughts are ever softly winging
To the heart their silent flight,
Some on angels' snowy pinions,
Others on the wing of night.
Oft they come, so gently stealing,
At the solemn hour of even,
To the spirit half revealing
Glimpses of the far-off heaven.

Often dark temptation cometh
In such fair and smiling guise,
That the heart almost believeth
'Tis a vision from the skies.
O, beware! and ere the tempter
Flings o'er you his witching spell,
Close the portals of thy spirit,
Guard the sacred entrance well.

Though the good be e'er so lowly,
Shrine it in thy inmost heart—
Cherish all that's pure and holy,
Bid the evil all depart.

PIERRE PALLIOT'S WEDDING:

—OR,—

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

THE shades of night were falling fast upon the great city of Marseilles and all that it inherits, including a young gentleman of rather picturesque and seedy appearance, who was striding with agitated steps up and down a deserted quay, occasionally stopping to gaze at the dark waters that flowed beneath, as though undecided whether to plunge in or not, and then resuming his objectless and unsatisfactory walk. Presently he paused at the extreme end of the quay, and gave vent to his feelings in an audible and long-winded complaint.

"Was there ever such an unfortunate and miserable wretch on the face of the footstool as myself, Pierre Palliot, medical student? It is hardly possible that any person can be so hopelessly insane as to answer in the affirmative. Here am I, with Lucille and perfect happiness all ready to precipitate themselves into my arms at the word 'go,' and am prevented by a rascally destiny embracing either of them—though,

for that matter, as the two are inseparable, I couldn't very well embrace the one without hugging the other. At the hour of five, this present afternoon, overcome by the ardor of my affections and a bottle of particularly fine-flavored wine, I presented myself before the atrocious progenitor of the adorable Lucille and demanded his consent to an instantaneous union. The old griffin having listened to my modest request, asked if I was fond of travelling. Thinking, in my innocence, that he intended to furnish Lucille and myself with the necessary funds for a wedding tour all over the known world, I unhesitatingly replied that I was frantic with delight at the idea of a journey. 'Then,' said the brute, savagely, 'oblige me by setting out on your travels—at least from this place—this very instant.' 'Sir!' I ejaculated, in disappointed astonishment; 'I don't exactly understand.' 'You know the way to the door,' he continued, sternly pointing towards that well-known aperture. 'Intimately,' said I, retreating in the direction indicated. 'Well, sir,' said he, 'just put your earthly tabernacle on the other side of it, and return whenever you feel a desire to be first horse-whipped and then kicked into the street.' Not being naturally very thick-headed or dull of apprehension, I had no hesitation in construing his remarks into a delicately expressed request for me to retire, with which request I forthwith complied.

"Now, some people might think me uncharitable in applying opprobrious epithets to the old demon who stands between me and my Lucille, and who refuses to give her to me because she has a small fortune of her own, which he wishes to control, and I have none, and because he wants her to marry some scalawag of a fellow that he has selected for her. But I am not uncharitable; on the contrary, my charity is unbounded, and of a purely scriptural sort. Nothing in life could give me greater pleasure than to see him an hungered and athirst and naked, that I might feed and clothe him; or sick and in prison, that I might minister unto him; and so, by treating him with kindness, heap coals of fire upon his head, and see if it wouldn't warm up his rascally old brains a bit.

"Quitting the apartment, as the unnatural old fiend had desired, I flew to meet the lady of my love. 'Lucille,' I ejaculated, 'light of my eyes—beloved of my soul—guardian angel of Peru—we must part!' 'Part?' she echoed, wildly. 'Ay, and forever-r-rr!' I exclaimed, spreading out my legs, slapping my forehead, and rolling out the r's at great length, as was the practice of the immortal Talma upon such occasions. She

would have fallen to the ground, had I not caught her in my arms; and for a time our combined lamentations took the starch completely out of the similar performance of the late Jeremiah, Esquire. Suddenly a brilliant thought occurred to me. 'Lucille,' I said, 'let us fly! Let us forsake this detestable country and seek an asylum in America—the land of the free and the home of the brave—and there in the sylvan solitudes of the primeval forests whose luxuriant foliage shades the contiguous rural hamlets of New Orleans and Boston, we will pass our peaceful days in Arcadian simplicity, far from the hum of men.'

"To my inexpressible joy, she consented to fly with me in the morning, immediately after our having been made one flesh. Having minutely instructed her when and where to meet me, I left her to pack such articles as she saw fit, while I hurried towards my own lodgings to perform a similar operation—though as I happen to have my entire wardrobe upon my person, there was not the slightest shadow of necessity for leaving her on that account.

"Arrived at the head of this pier, on my way homeward, it suddenly occurred to me that one hundred dollars, Federal money, was the very lowest figure for which two persons could hope to be transported, even in the poorest style, to the glorious land of Washington. Thrusting my hands into my breeches pockets, I discovered that a coin of the value of one franc was the extent of my available capital, leaving a balance of ninety-nine dollars and eighty-one cents, Yankee currency, to be procured. But how? The paltry consideration of money had not suggested itself to me before.

"As all the bank notes, bullion, and bills receivable which I possess, are now in my pockets, and as all my friends together could not raise the sum required, I feel that it is useless to return home with the expectation of finding the amount in my apartments, for I am positive I didn't leave any funds there, and I don't believe any one has taken the risk and trouble of breaking in for the purpose of leaving his pocket-book. Such a thing is within the bounds of possibility, certainly; but not sufficiently probable to calculate upon with any reasonable degree of certainty.

"A citizen of this empire, it cannot be denied that I am entitled to a considerable amount of property. My share in the various public works, the numerous palaces, fortifications, court-houses, light houses, hospitals, arsenals, prisons, ships-of-war, public parks, et cetera, and so forth, and so on, must foot up something quite

handsome; and, as I am about to leave the country, I am determined to close out this description of property at the most tremendous sacrifice. Still, in the present depressed and unsettled condition of the money market, I fear it will be extremely difficult to realize even upon the most ruinous terms. How the deuce am I to raise a hundred dollars? that's the question. There's no use going home, and I can't stay here prancing about on this wharf for the remainder of my natural life. O, for a hundred dollars! I'll do anything for a hundred dollars—I'll sell myself for a hundred dollars! Who bids? Here's a tip-top young man, warranted sound and kind in all harness, going for the insignificant sum of a hundred dollars—only one hundred—going—going—last bid—going—"

"Gone!" said a voice at his side; and a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Eh?—hullo—you don't say so!" ejaculated Pierre, not a little startled by the unexpected advent of the proprietor of the voice, who, under cover of the darkness, had approached unperceived, and listened to the concluding portion of our hero's soliloquy.

"I do say so," returned the stranger, "provided you are willing, as you say you are, to do anything for a hundred dollars."

"Do anything for a hundred dollars?" echoed Pierre. "Of course I'll do anything for a hundred dollars—I'll do several anything for a hundred dollars—I'll jump out of my skin for—"

"That would be altogether superfluous," said the stranger, taking a purse from his pocket and shaking up the coin most temptingly. "Here is the sum you require, and if you faithfully follow my instructions, it shall be yours."

"Pitch in, my generous benefactor!" said Pierre, listening to the jingling of the money with great satisfaction. "Fire away with your commands, and you will find me the most devoted and reliable of medical students."

"What I require of you is a matter of so little importance to a person in your situation that you will scarcely hesitate."

"Well?"

"I wish you simply to marry a certain young lady—a very charming young lady—who adores you, at seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Eh, what?—marry?" faltered Pierre, much distressed. "Who, for instance?"

"You are not to know who, for the present—not even to see her face until after the ceremony, when you will be at liberty either to take your bride to your own home, or to leave her to me; and I will guarantee she shall never trouble you after. What say—is it a bargain?"

"No, sir; not the least little bit of it," returned Pierre, stoutly. "As all I want of the money is to enable me to carry off the girl of my heart, it isn't very likely I'll go to work and marry another, is it?"

"O, very well; suit yourself," said the stranger, returning the purse to his pocket. "I can easily find a young fellow less scrupulous than yourself, who will not object to earning money so easily, particularly as he will remain to all intents and purposes quite as much a bachelor after the thing is accomplished as before."

"Stop—hold on—don't be in such a hurry!" exclaimed Pierre, as the stranger was moving off. "Is there no other way—nothing else I can do besides making a bridegroom of myself, that will do your business for you?"

"Nothing," replied the stranger, turning away. "But I will give you five minutes to consider of it, and if in that time you have not decided to agree to my proposition, why, our business is at an end and I'll look out for some one else to take my money, that's all!" And he vanished in the darkness.

"Well, I never!" mused Pierre, as, left to his own reflections, he recommenced his solitary promenade. "Who the deuce can this very sensible and discerning female be that has taken such a shine to the subscriber? And above all, what's her object in wanting to marry me in such a confounded hurry? It must be for some state reason. Perhaps now—who knows?—perhaps I'm the lost Bourbon, or the lost Bourbon's son, or some other lost individual of immense consequence, and this young and lovely female is doubtless the sole representative of another branch of the family whose union with myself is necessary to reconcile conflicting claims. Yes, that must be it. I see it all! I shall be forthwith proclaimed the rightful heir to some thundering great title or other. I fancy I see myself now, taking triumphant possession of my ancestral halls, surrounded by a crowd of nobles and courtiers in slouched hats and feathers, and yellow sheep-skin boots much too large in the legs; while I, with very black eyebrows, a fierce frown, and a velvet mantle all covered over with little tin spangles, stride back and forth across my largest ancestral hall, shouting: 'What ho! within there!' and calling everybody 'sirrah,' and all that sort of thing. Then, how all my peasantry in peaked-crowned, pasteboard hats, red breeches and silk shirts, will cheer and take hold of each other's hands, and dance edgeways round in a ring, when I allow them to behold their mistress, the adorable Lucille!"

"Yet stop! the adorable Lucille wouldn't be

their mistress, after all. To obtain possession of my ancestral halls, I must give up all thoughts of the adorable Lucille forever. No, no; that won't do at all. What would ancestral halls be to me without the adorable Lucille? Nothing. What would the adorable Lucille be to me without ancestral halls? A great deal. Therefore, ancestral halls may go to thunder, and I cleave unto— But stop again! unless I raise the hundred dollars, it's not going to be so easy to cleave. I shall lose her, if I accept this fellow's proposition, and I sha'n't get her if I decline. A pleasant alternative, certainly! Let me see: This fellow, who I make no doubt is Satan himself, must have some personal motive in thus tempting me. Now if I can only be smart enough to outwit him in any way, I shall not hesitate to do so; for it's very meritorious to foil the schemes of the adversary. I must marry this unknown female, he says, at seven to-morrow morning, when I shall be at liberty to take her or leave her, as I choose. Now what's to prevent me, as soon as the ceremony is over and I have got the money, flying with Lucille and marrying her out of hand, just as if this other thing had never been? To be sure, I should have a wife on both sides of the Atlantic; but she must know nothing about my first, and as for the bigamy, why, there are crowds of gentlemen to keep me in countenance on the other side of the water, or common report most atrociously belies a vast number of highly respectable individuals who have emigrated lately. Yes, by Jove! that's an idea worthy of anybody's folks, in their palmiest days. Now for the tempter to clinch the bargain," he headed aloud. "Abaddon, come forth! Sathamus, turn up!"

"Well," replied the voice, close to his ear, "have you decided?"

"Eh? Hullo! You've got a serviceable pair of ears of your own. Yes, I have decided, and it's a bargain."

"I felt sure it would be," said the stranger; "and now you've only to be at the address you will find upon this card, at seven precisely, and the money's yours."

"By the way, Satan," exclaimed Pierre, struck with a new idea, "it wouldn't be convenient to let me have the money to night, would it?"

"Perfectly convenient."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Pierre, in delighted surprise, and reaching out his hands expectantly.

"Perfectly convenient, but wretchedly unbusiness-like," returned the stranger, moving off. "I shall therefore withhold it until our meeting

in the morning, and shall trust to your necessities for finding you promptly on the spot. Good night." And he strode rapidly away in a direction opposite to that taken by our hero towards his own lodgings.

The stranger, having satisfied himself that he had not been followed, entered a house at no great distance from the wharf, and passed directly to a room where an elderly gentleman, with the snows of sixty winters on his head and the mud of one damp summer afternoon on his boots, sat writing at a desk.

"Well?" said the old man, inquiringly.

"It's all right," replied the stranger, who would have been a good looking fellow enough, but for the absolute necessity of having the villain of a story made of second quality materials. "It's all right; I tracked our customer to a quiet spot by the river side, and while debating with myself whether it were the more sinful to blow out his brains or to put a knife into his soul-case, overheard him praying the gods for a hundred dollars, for which sum he professed himself willing to do anything; in short, to sell himself—"

"Exactly," interrupted the old gentleman; "he wants that money to pay for his own and Lucille's passage to New York. Lucky I overheard their infamous plot. Well?"

"Well, it occurred to me to offer him the sum he desired, provided he agreed to my conditions."

"Which were, either to leave the country or hang himself, of course."

"On the contrary, he is to remain at home and alive as long as he pleases."

"Eh?"

"And be married at seven o'clock, to-morrow morning."

"Married?" echoed the old gentleman, in astonishment. "What do you mean—who to?"

"It is in the bargain that the bride be closely veiled until after the ceremony, and I fancy we shall find no scarcity of females in Marseilles who would be married a dozen times a day, for a consideration."

"And did he agree to this arrangement?" asked the old man, eagerly.

"He refused at first, but finally consented, thinking, probably, that Lucille, being ignorant of the matter, would elope with him as they have arranged between them."

"And to prevent that, you propose for me to acquaint my daughter with her lover's perfidy?"

"Better still; let us both be concealed witnesses of the ceremony and confront the fellow immediately it is over. He knows you, of course, and would probably know me by day-

light. The certainty that Lucille would be informed of the affair, would render him desperate; and he would, without doubt, take himself out of the country or out of the world, without being urged to do so."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the old man, rubbing his hands with delight. "And Lucille, in a rage at being jilted, would cease her silly opposition to my wishes, and marry you out of spite, if for no other reason. Yes, I think that will—what in Satan's name is that?" he added, as an indistinct rustling sound from the hall caught his ear.

The stranger rose, went to the door, opened it and looked into the passage.

"I see nothing," he said, as he returned to his seat. "It was the wind, perhaps, or may be the rats in the wainscoting."

"Yes, doubtless the rats," said the old man. "Now to find this accommodating female—do you know such a one?"

"Many such," returned the stranger, going towards the door. "I will be back with the one I have already decided upon, in less than ten minutes."

In a good deal less than the time mentioned, the stranger returned, accompanied by a young woman whose bright eyes and handsome features would have been quite prepossessing, but for the bold and confident expression which rendered most unpleasantly evident the fact that she was up to all and every variety of snuff, and that what she didn't know wasn't worth knowing.

"This is the person I spoke to you about," said the stranger, addressing the old man.

"Ah!" ejaculated that individual, turning towards the girl. "What is your name, my good girl? and where do you live?"

"I'm not a good girl," returned the young woman, with a saucy laugh. "My name is Marie, and I live at number seventeen this street."

"Well, Marie, what do you say to being married to-morrow—eh?"

"I should say that such an old reprobate as you ought to be thinking of something else at your time of life," returned the girl.

"O, the deuce! I don't mean myself," exclaimed the old man, hastily. "But I suppose you don't care much who your husband is to be, so that you are well paid—eh? Besides, the young fellow is not an ugly one, and you'll have no occasion to be afraid of him."

The girl smiled and tossed her head contemptuously at the idea of being afraid of any sort or condition of man.

"Very well," continued the old man, "I will come for you at seven, to-morrow morning, and

conduct you to the notary's office; and if you play your part satisfactorily to us, the compensation shall be made equally satisfactory to you. By the way, you must be very closely veiled, and speak as little as possible, for the young fellow might know you."

"Very likely he might," returned the girl. "I'm no stranger in the city."

Everything having been satisfactorily arranged between the parties, the girl quitted the room, leaving the two men to mature their plans.

While the preceding conversation was taking place, the rustling sound that had before attracted their attention, was repeated; but as both had decided it to be produced by rats, and as neither considered himself a cat, and consequently in duty bound to hunt them up, no further notice was taken of it. Neither did they perceive, when the girl Marie left the room, that she remained an unnecessary time in the hall, and that nearly fifteen minutes elapsed before the outer door was closed softly behind her, and that as she departed down the street, another young female, on the inside of the door, sped swiftly and silently across the hall and up the stairs.

At seven, on the following morning, four persons were assembled in the office of an accommodating notary. One was the justice himself, the second was a female closely veiled, and the other two were the plotters of the night before.

"I think this will do," said the old man, confidently. "By Jove, Marie is muffled up so closely that her own father wouldn't know her! So the young scamp wont be likely to suspect anything, unless he has better eyes than I have."

The girl laughed, and drew her veil still more closely over her face.

"You think there is no doubt of his coming—eh?" continued the old man.

"Not a bit," replied his companion, approaching a window and looking into the street. "In fact, here he comes. Now to secrete ourselves; for if he should get a glimpse of either of us, the game would be up in no time. Let the job be done as quickly as possible, so that he wont have too much time to consider," he added, to the magistrate. And with his anticipated father-in-law, he passed into an adjoining apartment and closed the door, just as our friend Pierre entered from the street, looking very much frightened and as though he hadn't slept very well over night.

"Ah, you're the man, I suppose?" said the justice, preparing to commence operations.

"I'm a man—I suppose," hesitated Pierre, with a dubious look at the veiled figure.

"Well, our man, Pierre Palliot, medical student?"

"You've hit it the first time. But I expected to find some one else here—somebody with—"

"With the money," said the justice.

"Gracious, what a fellow to guess! You've hit it again!"

"Well, the money is ready for you; here it is. And if you've no objections, we'll proceed to business at once."

"Go it! said Pierre, with an air of desperation, as he pocketed the cash. "I'm resigned. I'm an unresisting lamb; lead me to the slaughter, for I must be sacrificed before eight o'clock, or not at all, as I have an appointment of some moment at that hour. So hurry!"

The justice went into another room to procure a couple of persons to witness the ceremony.

"I don't wish to be anyway disrespectful, or make any unreasonable demands, madam," said Pierre, approaching the girl, "but it seems to me you ought to grant your husband his first and only request."

The girl, without speaking or raising her blanket of a veil, made a motion to indicate that she was listening.

"It's very simple—nothing more than you will do without asking, one of these days; it is, that you will try to make it convenient to shuffle off your mortal coil very early this forenoon, and be gathered to your fathers sometime between now and eight o'clock, as at that hour I have got to be married to another person, and I would like, if possible, to avoid the bigamy—as, bigamy or trigamy, the thing must be done."

The girl chuckled away under her veil, as though very much amused, but made no reply.

The justice having returned with the witnesses, the ceremony began—the girl making her responses in a very low tone, and Pierre turning very red in the face and speaking as though he had a toad in his throat. At the instant these twain were pronounced one flesh, the door opened and the two plotters entered triumphantly.

"My dear Monsieur Pierre Palliot," exclaimed the old man, with taunting cordiality, "permit me to congratulate you on this happy occasion. It was really unkind of you not to invite my daughter and myself to witness your marriage; but thinking, in your happiness, you might have forgotten us, I have taken the liberty to come without an invitation, and also to bring Lucille, who will soon be here to wish you joy."

Pierre staggered up against the wall, thunder-struck, and turned as many colors as a dolphin in *articulo mortis*.

"But you don't salute your bride!" continued

the old man, maliciously, pushing the girl towards her newly made husband. "Don't let our presence make you inattentive towards your beloved wife."

"She aint my wife—I wont have her!" shouted Pierre, pushing her away in an agony of rage, disappointment and disgust. "Here, you fellow! unmarry us, and I'll give you back the hundred dollars and everything else I've got in the world."

"Nothing but death or a legal divorce can separate you now," said the magistrate, who appeared to enjoy the joke as well as the other two gentlemen, who were dancing about the room, fairly shrieking with laughter.

"Well, I'll have a divorce," sobbed the wretched Pierre. "I've been cheated, and I wont have anything to do with her."

"I didn't think you would be tired of me so soon, Pierre, or I wouldn't have come," said the girl, reproachfully, as she threw back her veil, disclosing just the prettiest and most mischievous face that ever was seen.

"Lucille!" ejaculated Pierre, whose first act was to fall spank down into the chair behind him, as though somebody had suddenly cut his legs off, and the next to jump up again and throw his arms about the girl, and make such a complete fool of himself, that for his own sake I'll keep shady.

The feelings of the other actors in this little drama can better be described than imagined; but it will be impossible for me to describe them, for "I came away then."

KEEPING WOMEN'S LETTERS.

If there be a man entitled to the name of dastard, it is he who hoards up a lady's letters, written in all the confidence of affection, and then leaves them to imperil her good name in the hands of utter strangers. We have no regard for such a Silenus while living, and no respect for his memory when dead. And this is why no amount of ingenious sophistry, no expenditure of verbal varnish by his biographers, can induce us to think amiably of Aaron Burr.—*N. Y. News.*

IMAGINATION.

Queen of the fairy world, Imagination,
Responds unto her sister's invocation.
From distant shores, from skies of azure hue,
From rippling waters of transparent blue,
From mountain-tops where first the morning beams,
From caverns dark where sunlight never gleams,
From coral caves, from ocean, earth and sky,
Call but imagination, she'll reply
Welcome, my dear companion!—*M. L. BLANCHARD.*

He that would pass the latter part of his life with honor and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he one day shall be old, and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY W. FELIX TIMBER.

Dear girl, embalmed in holiest love,
Jewelled with many tears,
Thy image, bright and beautiful,
Mid bowers affection rears,—
Deep in the chambers of my heart
Dwelleth in peace. And O, 'tis bliss,
In a weary, weary world like this;
(Where folly flies a gilded dart,
And flattery lulls life's troubled waters)
To have the queen of earth's fair daughters
As guardian of the noblest part,
There dwell forever. Like the star
That led the wise men from afar,
To where the Saviour lay;
Guide thou, through life's all bitter task,
My yearning soul, till it shall bask
In God's all-glorious day.

THE POLISH DAUGHTER.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

In the happy days of Poland, before her powerful neighbors had banded to blot her name from the roll of nations, none of her lords could boast of a more peaceful life than the Count Eustace Altemayne, a noble in nature as well as title. His youth and manhood had been devoted zealously to the service of his king and country, and it was not until his hair was thickly sprinkled with gray, that he thought of retiring to the happiness of private life. There was too much unswerving patriotism in his nature to admit of being swayed by the love of popular applause or kingly favor, and with no selfish end to gain, it became a second nature for him to yield to the wishes of those about him as regarded his continuance in the service of the state.

His fiftieth birthday came, and as he listened to the congratulations of those around him, he took a new determination, resigned his office, bade adieu to court, and forming an alliance with the young daughter of a noble Polish house, he retired to an ancient castle which overhung a mountain stream, to spend his remaining days.

Deeply absorbed in study and contemplation, from year to year, he noticed not the gradual decline and wasting away of his lovely bride. He had taken her away from the bosom of a happy family, from the pleasant valley where all her days had been passed, and the recollection of this in her rocky home, could do no otherwise than render her unhappy. Daily and almost perceptibly the bloom vanished from her cheek and a slow consumption fretted away her life; but the dissembling smile was ever at hand when in the

presence of her husband, and he marked not her decline. The secret was jealously guarded until the last, and then Count Eustace awoke to the bitter knowledge of his abstraction and unintentional neglect when too late.

"Leila!" he cried, in anguish, as he bowed his head and wept beside her couch, "why would you not admonish me of my cruel neglect and selfishness in bringing thee to this harsh and dreary place? Wretch that I was to tear thee from the arms of loving parents, of fond brothers and sisters, to languish and die unnoticed! And that thou shouldst simulate happiness when the worm was gnawing at thy heart! Darling Leila, thou wilt surely forgive me, but my life henceforth must be given to remorse!"

"Eustace," said the dying wife, "never reproach yourself for my death, nor despair of future happiness! Was it not for love of thee that I came hither, that love that has given me strength to suffer in silence rather than pain your heart by revealing my disease? The seeds of death were planted within me long ere I became your bride, and death has but fulfilled his appointed time. Speak not," she continued, "of a life of bitterness. I entrust to you a precious charge, and as you fulfil your trust, so shall be the happiness of your life. In our child, the infant Flora which I leave behind, behold me, my husband! All the care and tenderness which you reproach yourself for sparing me, lavish upon her; be to her all that her tender years require, and thus gain happiness for both."

The countess died that night, and, in pursuance of her latest wish, her remains were conveyed to the home of her childhood; and buried beneath the trees which overshadowed the mansion. The stricken Count Eustace there took up his abode with his orphaned daughter, and prepared to religiously guard and watch over her, true to the promise made her dying mother.

The little Flora, then a child of twelve, had in the eyes of an apprehensive father, the same pale mournful beauty as the dead countess. There was a spiritual loveliness about the dark, slender maiden which early spoke to him of disease and death. He even fancied that the large and sadly expressive eyes which looked into his were those which had regarded him fondly yet mournfully from the bed of death; in the hand-clasp of his daughter, he seemed to feel the gentle pressure of his lost Leila's fingers, and the words were ever in his ears, "In the infant Flora which I leave behind, behold me, my husband!"

Daily she sat beneath the tree which shadowed her mother's grave, and often she lingered for hours, wrapped in meditations of which she

alone could tell. Sometimes at night she sat by her window and gazed fixedly out upon the grave, still thinking thoughts which never grew monotonous, and finding strange consolation in the soft breathing of the wind through the cypress tree. It was here that her father surprised her as he wandered at night through the halls and chambers of the house.

"Child, child," he exclaimed, "why dost thou look so earnestly at that lonely grave? Surely thou art unable to remember thy mother, and thy sorrow cannot be as deep as mine."

"Nay, father," replied Flora, sadly shaking her head, "I was present when she died, and heard her words concerning me that I should be like her in your eyes! Well, I remember her, but above all I think of those words. Am I not like her?" she said, rising and throwing back her black hair.

"Strangely, wonderfully!" responded Count Eustace. "I could well imagine that my buried Leila stood before me! The words of thy mother were true, my child; in thee I have a living picture to remind me of my loss."

The count had now been many years removed from affairs of state, and had heard nothing of the expected storm which was to destroy the kingdom of Poland. The united sovereigns of Russia, Austria and Prussia had decreed the destruction of the unhappy country, partitioned it among them, and dethroned the unfortunate king. Thus the brave Poles saw with overwhelming grief their liberties demolished at a single blow, and themselves deprived at once of a country they might call their own and the Polish name their fathers had worn so proudly. Resolved upon one desperate attempt, they flew to arms, and the rallying cry went over the length and breadth of the land. With the indignation of a devoted patriot, Count Eustace heard the intelligence of the dastard act of the surrounding kingdoms, and despite his extreme age he nobly buckled on the sword and joined the ranks of the defenders. The strength of patriotism, and the old fire of devotion to his native land burned in his breast and nerved his arm.

"Farewell, my beloved Flora," he said, at parting, "I leave to God the issue of this fight! If he shall see fit to favor our arms, I may return to you in safety, but if the tyrant of Russia must indeed prevail, I will not ask to live."

"Father," replied the maiden, "I can see the issue plainer than thou. Alas, our country is destined to lie for many years beneath the oppressor's heel; and still, my father, go forth and fight, although the end will be sure defeat and exile from our home."

"Flora, how is it that you speak with this certainty?"

"I feel it to be true! Something prophesies within me that it is even so!"

They parted, and Count Eustace hastened to Warsaw where the brave Kosciuszko was marshalling his troops for the defence of the city. Everywhere there was an earnest determination to fight to the last, but few or none were hopeful of victory. Russia had poured her myriad legions into the devoted country, and the city of Warsaw was doomed from the beginning. The plains were all black with countless assailants; opposed to them were a few desperate Poles, a mere handful in the comparison. For a time the city was resolutely defended and the Russians beaten back, but as the little band of defenders grew weaker, the swarming thousands scaled the walls and gained possession of the fortifications. Ill-fated Warsaw was abandoned to all the horrors of sack and pillage, and the infuriated enemies sated themselves with blood and violence through that night of horrors.

Count Eustace Altemayne had fought desperately but without hurt through the whole conflict, and when at last there remained no hope, he had made his escape from the city and hastened across the country to secure the safety of his daughter. Already the decree of proscription had been published, and the aged count, among others, was outlawed and commanded to leave the country on pain of death. It was a hard alternative to the old man whose life had been spent in the service of his native land, and doubly hard because the remains of his lost bride were buried there in that quiet valley. The father and daughter stood by that spot so dear to their hearts, and bade it a long, last adieu. The old man's tears fell like rain as he bowed himself upon the grave, but Flora gave no token of her grief except that her saddened face grew sadder still, and her mournful eyes were fixed long upon the grassy mound, as if seeking to picture it indelibly upon her heart. Carefully she removed a tiny floweret, one of many which her own hands had planted, and then the desolate exiles turned away to seek for a home in a strange land. * * *

"Father, it will not live! It is dying, surely dying."

"What is dying, my child?"

"The flower which I plucked from my mother's grave. See how it hangs its head and how its withered leaves droop; I have tended it carefully. I have watered it with my tears, yet it dies!"

The exiles had journeyed far from their Polish home, and found, at length, a refuge upon the

harsh Baltic shore of Prussia. In a dilapidated fisherman's hut these noble victims of royal tyranny were dragging out their lives, seeing no human beings but the coarse inhabitants of the fisher village, yet living uncomplainingly in this bleak spot.

The flower which Flora had plucked from her mother's grave she had planted carefully in a sheltered corner of the rocks, and tended by her zealous hands it seemed at first to give promise of flourishing in this uncongenial soil, but after a time it faded and drooped.

"But why, my child," said the count, "should you care for a little flower like this?"

"I know not how or why it is," replied the daughter, "but something tells me that my life and the existence of the flower are one. I felt this when I plucked it, and when I saw that it gave promise of life, the grave seemed further off, but now that it droops, I am faint and weary, and know that with it my life must end." The old man gazed upon her in awe. Her face was paler than ever before, and there shone a strange light in her eyes.

"Child of mystery," he exclaimed, "art thou Flora or Leila? Thou art so like her whom I wept over years ago, that I could believe she had come back to earth. But thou wilt not die! I am aged and feeble, and should be unable to live without thee."

But from that hour his pale, spirit-like child sickened and grew weak, and when at last she closed her eyes in death, so calmly and peacefully that the aged mourner knew not when it was, she held a withered flower in her pale, cold hand.

At her lonely grave among the rocks, the bowed form of the heart-broken Count Eustace was sometimes seen, but at last he disappeared from the neighborhood. The peasants of the Polish valley soon after found him stretched upon the grave of his bride. They called to him but received no answer; they raised him up and looked wonderingly at the pleasant smile upon his face. It was the smile of death.

THE PRESENT.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours, which is to come.
The present moment's all our store;
The next, should Heaven allow,
Than this will be no more:
So all our life is but one instant now.

CONGREVE.

When some of his courtiers endeavored to excite Philip the Good to punish a prelate who had used him ill—"I know," said he, "that I can revenge myself, but it is a fine thing to have a revenge in one's power and not use it."

MUSIC.

BY KITTIE KING.

There is music in the murmur
Of the swiftly gushing rill,
As it windeth through the valley,
Round the green and mossy hill;
There's music in the merry laugh,
And in the sunny smile;
O, in all things there is music,
When the heart is free from guile.

There is music in the sighing
Of the sad and moaning breeze,
When the autumn leaves are dying,
Falling sadly from the tree;
There is music in the breaking
Of the waves upon the sea;
O, in all things there is music,
When the heart is light and free.

There is music in the roaring
Of the thunder's deafening crash,
While the heavens are all illumined
With the lightning's brilliant flash;
There is music in the tempest,
Howling wildly through the wood;
O, in all things there is music,
When the heart is pure and good.

There is music in the singing
Of birds within the dell;
There's music in the ringing
Of the holy Sabbath bell;
There's music in a low, sweet voice,
To cheer us on our way;
O, in all things there is music,
When the heart is light and gay.

THE YOUNG BRAKEMAN.

BY M. A. AVERY.

"Go it, Ned, you're a gallant fellow," shouted the railroad boys, laughingly; as Ned Lovell unexpectedly caught a fair lady in his outstretched arms. She had missed her footing in stepping from the cars at the Launay station, upon a cold winter's day; and but for Ned's observant eye and ready hand, would have had a severe fall.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, anxiously, as he placed the lady upon her feet and looked into her beautiful, blushing face.

"No, only vexed that I should make such a ridiculous blunder," she replied.

"It was nothing. Let the fools laugh. Are you alone?"

"I expected a friend, but I do not see him anywhere."

"Condescend to take my arm then, and I will conduct you into the station-house;" said Ned, gallantly.

"Thanks; you are very kind," she whispered, as she did so.

"No, the kindness is all on your side. You honor a poor brakeman by your condescension. Good-by."

Edward bowed himself out, sprang up to his station, and was whirled away by his snorting steam-steed, with a heart so full of new and surprising sensations as to make him forgetful for a time, of his necessary duties.

"What a fool I am," he mentally murmured, when reminded of his neglect, "to be so upset by a pair of bright eyes and rosy lips; whose owner is evidently as far above me as the heavens are above the earth. Her ermine tippet alone would buy my whole wardrobe a dozen times over, to say nothing of the plumes, silks and velvets. I must forget this brilliant vision."

Did he ever forget it, or cease to look for that passenger when the train stopped at the Launay station? We think not. But spring came and went without her, and the smiling summer had already clothed the earth with her flowery carpet, when he one day neared the well remembered station again, with the beautiful image in mind.

For some distance before reaching Launay village, the road ran through a deep cut, with steep banks on each side, at an angle of thirty or forty degrees; upon the top of one of which, guarded only by a slight railing, ran the public highway. As they neared the location, letting off steam as usual, to stop the train at the depot, Edward noticed the advance of an elegant equipage towards them upon the highway; and presently saw that the horse was rearing and plunging, frightened at the shrieking engine, and quite unmanageable.

Nearer and nearer it came, and just as it was within a few yards of the train, the wheel crashed against the railing, the carriage upset, and its occupant, a pale, white-haired old man, was thrown forcibly over, and came rolling helplessly down towards the railroad. In an instant he would have been crushed beneath the remorseless engine, had not Edward, quick as thought, bounded from the train and caught him just in time to save him from a horrible death, which he would have shared with him but for the frail support of a sprig of laurel, at which he caught as he was himself slipping down with his helpless burden.

He dragged the frightened old man up the steep bank, helped him over the railing, and then without waiting for thanks, ran back towards the station-house, fearing the train would start before he could reach his post. As he did so, a glittering object at his feet arrested his attention, and stooping down he picked up an elegant gold watch, with a part of the guard chain attached,

which the old gentleman had evidently lost in his unlucky gyrations. He had but just time to get to his post before he was whirled away amid the cheers of the bystanders, who had witnessed the spectacle, and before his terrified protege had at all collected his scattered senses.

"You're always in luck, Ned Lovell, whether it's for catching up pretty girls, or miserly old curmudgeons;" shouted Bill Snooks; "but hang me if I'd risk my life for such an old wretch as Phil Lee."

"You know the gentleman, then?"

"I've reason to know him, the hypocritical old reprobate. He's as rich as Cæsus, but as tight as the bark of a tree to his help."

"But why do you think him so mean and miserly?"

"Because he pretends to piety, and yet all the time keeps heaping up riches, in the shape of stocks, and mills, and city lots, and broad acres, which he'll most likely take to another world with him when he goes, for fear it would do somebody some good here if he left it. I expect he starved his wife to death, when she died; and his only daughter I've no doubt he'd swap away for a gold piece any day."

"You seem very bitter against him, perhaps your judgment is warped in some way."

"Not at all. Wight will tell you that I speak the truth. We've both been in his employ, I reckon."

"Yes, indeed," echoed Wight, "and a meaner man I never wish to see. Your heroism in thrown away in saving the life of such a man, Ned Lovell. You'd better let him have gone to the deuce, and done with it."

A few weeks after this, as Edward was stepping from the train in the Boston depot, he unexpectedly encountered the same old gentleman he had picked up on the road, and taking the watch from his pocket, he stepped up and asked if it belonged to him.

"Yes indeed," said the gentleman, with a smile, "here are my initials engraved on the back. But how—where—" he looked up, but Edward had vanished. He would not wait to be questioned, or thanked by a character so despicable as he supposed Phil Lee to be; and he scorned the idea of taxing the generosity of a miser for a reward.

But Edward was deceived after all by his associates, who had been dismissed from the gentleman's employ for gross neglect of duty; for he was really a good, generous, and noble-spirited man, though a proud one; rapidly increasing in wealth, it is true, but getting it honestly, and spending it for good and philanthropic purposes.

He knew Edward at once, and being deeply grateful for the life he had saved, and highly pleased with the honesty he displayed in returning the watch so promptly, he was a good deal disappointed at his leaving him so suddenly.

"This young man evidently wishes to remain unknown to me," he said to himself. "I discover the ingenuousness of modest diffidence in his countenance, as well as an uncommon share of energy and good sense. They tell me he is only a common hand upon the road, but I am very sure he is capable of filling much higher positions. I must look to it by-and-by."

Being an ingenious, witty, good-looking and generous-hearted fellow, Edward was admired and appreciated by his set; but as he was young, poor, unpolished, and had no powerful friends to recommend him, he had hitherto been compelled to toil in the ranks, with little prospect of promotion elsewhere.

But a change came at last, and promotions followed so rapidly that he himself wondered how his merits came to be discovered and appreciated. He proved himself capable of every trust committed to his charge, however, and now that the spirit of ambition was fairly roused, it seemed astonishing how fast he improved in person, mind and manners.

After confining himself to his dangerous business for many months, Edward got a month's leave of absence, and went to visit his widowed mother in the country.

She was poor and partly dependent upon his exertions for a support. But since he left home she had taken a few boarders from the fashionable school lately established there, and when he had visited her since, their presence had been rather annoying to him. But now it was vacation, he reflected, and they would all be gone, and when he left the cars a mile or two from home, and marched off across the fields, in preference to taking the stage, he looked forward with pleasure to the long and uninterrupted interview he should have with a mother who was very dear to him.

His course led along the banks of a little lake, where he had often wandered and sported in childhood, and he was standing in a deeply shaded nook that overlooked the lake, thinking intently of the past; when his musings were interrupted by the rustling of the leaves and branches near him; and a minute afterwards, a female form crept into view, upon the lower branch of an old tree that grew out horizontally over the water, some twenty feet.

Her face was half concealed by an odious bloomer hat; but the fine form, and graceful motions, could not fail to arrest his attention;

and the trouble she had in arranging her fashionable skirts excited his mirth to such a degree, that decorum alone prevented his indulging in a hearty burst of laughter. Having arranged them at last to her satisfaction, the young lady sat down in the crooked seat he remembered of old, took a book from her pocket, and went to reading.

But her mind evidently soon wandered from the printed page to the works of nature around her; and in looking up she discovered the tiny nest of a humming bird upon one of the drooping branches. She rose suddenly, and in stepping forward with the book in one hand, and the other outstretched towards the prize, her foot slipped, and she was precipitated down.

But O, Shade of Eugenie! what a fall was there! Those abominable crinolines, ropes, hoops and what not, caught firmly upon a broken branch, and in spite of her shrieks and struggles, hung the fair lady up between the heavens and the earth, with her head and shoulders submerged in the dark waters.

Edward forgot to laugh at the ridiculousness of her position, when he saw the imminent danger she was in from drowning; but with his usual readiness, he pulled out and opened his jack-knife, while running with all speed to the rescue. The water was not more than waist deep; and rushing in as quick as possible, he raised the fair maiden out of it with one hand, while he hacked off the odious hoops with the other, and then brought her safe to land.

She had struggled and swung herself out of the water, and shrieked and tore at her stout garments, till she was strangled, and her strength exhausted, and now she was black in the face and nearly senseless.

He laid her down gently upon the soft, mossy bank, and was parting the dark, dishevelled hair from her face, when she caught her breath and began to revive. He then raised her to a sitting posture, and supported her with his arm, till she became sensible of surrounding objects. He watched the changing hues upon her countenance with the deepest interest, and when it resumed its natural color, he ventured to ask in a low tone if she was better.

As she turned and looked up eagerly in his face, the truth flashed upon her palsied mind, and overcome with shame and confusion, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Do not let it distress you," he said, guessing her feelings; "we are all liable to accidents, and let us thank God that this did not end fatally."

Deeply mortified at the accident, and frightened to find herself in the arms of a stranger, the girl

started up as soon as she had collected her senses and ran away with the speed of an antelope.

"That's cool, any way," exclaimed Edward, as he looked after her with an eager, half-provoked air. "She didn't even stop to thank me for this ducking, to say nothing of all the anxiety she has given me for a year or more." For in this pretty wood and water nymph, he had discovered his fair innamorata of the Launay station.

He sat down and mused upon it for a while regretfully, and then hunting up his carpet bag, he took out a pretty, white summer suit, made himself presentable, and marched on towards home. He had sent no word of his coming, hoping to give his mother a pleasant surprise, so in he walked without ringing, just as they were sitting down to dinner.

"Why, Edward, did you rain down to us?" said his mother, as she rose to greet him; and then turning, she presented, "my son" to "Miss Jennie Le Roy, one of my boarders, who is spending the vacation with me, in the absence of her father from the city."

Edward could hardly command his countenance, when in Miss Le Roy he recognized the heroine of the morning; and the maiden herself sufficiently betrayed her confusion at the sight of him. She rose, as if to fly from the room; then sat down again, blushing to the roots of her hair, and seeming more than half inclined to cry. He saw it all, and charitably withdrew his mother's attention from her till the meal was nearly over; and then the old lady being called out of the room, he said, "I hope you feel no bad effects from your accident this morning?"

"No," said Miss Jennie, and her face flushed up in an instant. "But I will not stay here to be the butt of your ridicule and the laughing stock of the whole village. I will go home this very day." And up she rose to leave the room.

"Forgive me," said Edward, as he intercepted her flight, "if I wounded your feelings by alluding to the subject; and believe me when I say that you will meet with no ridicule or exposure from me, and no one else knows anything of the occurrence."

"But it mortifies me to think—" she began.

"Think nothing about it then; or if you do, remember that you were saved from a fearful death," said he, seriously.

"You must think me an ungrateful girl, but I am not," said she, feelingly; "I am deeply sensible of the value of the service you rendered me on this, and I believe on a former occasion; but I must confess that I am foolishly sensitive to ridicule. Will you pardon my rudeness and seeming ingratitude?"

"Yes, if you will promise not to run away because of my coming home," he answered, laughingly.

Whether she promised or not, the young lady did not run away, and strangely enough, before the month was over, she forgot that she was a rich man's daughter and he a poor woman's son. Young and unhackneyed in worldly wisdom, she thought of no harm from the intimate companionship that grew up between them; nor did she analyze her own feelings enough to know why it was she derived so much pleasure from his society. Gradually as their acquaintance progressed, she forgot rank and caste, in looking into his handsome face, or listening to his eloquent voice; and when leaning upon his arm in their pleasant woodland rambles, or mingling in the home circle which his presence made a paradise, she little dreamed how immeasurably her friends would think she was descending in the social scale by such companionship. But their parting at the end of the month, and the feeling of desolation that came over her after he was gone, gave her some clue to the secret of her heart's mysteries.

But Edward himself was not so ignorant of the state of his own feelings. He knew that he loved *her* from the first; but he also knew how wide a chasm separated them; a chasm which hope and ambition whispered he might *o'erleap* at some future time, if he could inspire her with kindred sentiments. He dared not ask her if he had done this, as yet; though the question trembled upon his lips in the hour of parting; but he resolved to accept the invitation to call upon her in her city home, and did so a few months afterwards. He knew that she was then moving like a brilliant star in the most fashionable circles, and hardly dared to approach her in her splendid mansion; but he did so, and was received with evident pleasure. He repeated the call again and again, with like success, and each successive visit his hopes grew brighter.

"What young man was that I met upon the steps as I came in to-night, Jennie?" said that young lady's father to his daughter one evening.

"I suppose it was Mr. Lovell," said Jennie, with a blush.

"Lovell—Lovell—I know of no *respectable* young man of that name, I am sure. Pray tell us who and what he is?" And he gave her a keen, searching look.

"He is the son of the lady I boarded with in the country last year," said Jenny, faintly.

"What, a poor country clown! Surely you are not keeping up a clandestine acquaintance with such a fellow as that. Tell me, has he been here before?"

"He has," said Jennie, firmly.

"How many times?"

"I cannot tell."

"Ah, then I have purposely been kept in ignorance of the fact," said he, frowningly. "Is it not so?"

"No, dear father, but he always happened to call in your hours of business, and I am sure I thought no harm of it."

"Well, it's time the acquaintance was dropped, and you may tell him so if he calls again."

"But father," said she, beseechingly.

"Let there be no buts about it. Those people were poor and low, and not fit associates, for the heiress of all my wealth; and if I had known the woman had a son, I would not have allowed you to remain there so long."

Jennie dared not reply to this, for she had been taught to yield unquestioning obedience to her father's wishes, but from some cause her pillow that night was wet with tears.

When Edward called again he thought Jennie looked pale and discomposed, and was more silent and reserved than usual.

"Are you ill, Miss Le Roy, or am I an unwelcome visitor?" he asked, unable to endure the suspense it cost him.

"Neither," said Jennie, hesitatingly, "or at least, not unwelcome to me, but—but—I wish you would not come here again at present. My father is displeased; and perhaps I have done wrong in receiving you without his knowledge."

It evidently cost her a great struggle to say this, and she colored painfully under his searching gaze, as she did so.

"He knew nothing of my coming then?"

"No, I believe not," said Jennie, with downcast eyes.

"Miss Le Roy, did you *mean* to deceive him, and bewilder me, with the vain hope that I might one day win a return of the passionate love I bear you, for the pleasure of casting me off at last?" said he, passionately. "O, must I believe that you, whose image is enshrined in the holiest recesses of my heart, could deceive me with the wiles of a coquette?"

"No, no," said Jennie, "do not believe it."

He got up and paced the floor as she said this, and at last stopping before her, he said, "I see how it is. I ought not to blame you that I have deceived myself with false hopes. I should have known better than to raise my eyes to one so far above me in wealth and station. I should have known that your friends would scorn me, and that with your education, intellect, and high social position, you yourself would look down on one so poor, unpolished and superficial as myself;

and only tolerate my presence from motives of generous pity. But it is all over now. I shall trouble you no more by my presence. I go, and must bid you an everlasting farewell."

"Edward," she sobbed, "it were better I know, but I cannot allow one to whom I owe my life to go, believing that I have carelessly deceived and sported with his feelings. I was grateful for the great service you rendered me at first; and my treatment of you since has ever been but a reflex of my feelings. What can I say more?"

"Say, O say that you *do* return my fond love."

"Well, I do, though I ought not to say it."

"O, may I believe this, dear Jennie," said he.

"It is true, what else is false," said she, blushing.

"And yet you bade me leave you."

"I knew not that you cared for me then, and only did as my father bade me."

"And is there nothing that will win his favor but the gold for which so many give their lives?"

"I fear not; he has ever favored the richest of my suitors."

"Then I will remove mountains but what I will win it, if you will wait for me, dear Jennie. I have this very day received a tempting offer to go to the land of gold, which for your sake I will accept to-morrow. If I win what I go to seek, I will return and claim your hand. If I die, drop a tear to one who loves you better than life."

"It were a pity to spoil such a beautiful romance as this," said Jennie's father, stepping out from behind the shadowy damask window curtain, and looking from one to the other with a quizzical air. "I little thought," he continued, "when I dropped off into a doze upon that window seat this evening, that I was to be a witness in my dreams of such an interesting theatrical performance as this."

Both gazed upon the old gentleman for a moment in astonishment; and then Jennie, with the exclamation "Father!" upon her lips, sank into a seat, and covered her face with her hands, while Edward drew himself up proudly and defiantly, as if prepared for a storm, being none the less astounded at his sudden appearance, than at the discovery that it was the father of the girl he loved so fondly, whose life he had saved upon the railroad.

There was a silence of some minutes, and then the old gentleman said, "Do you remember me, young gentleman?"

"I think I do," said Edward, drily.

"And do you think I owe you anything?"

"A few curses, perhaps, for stealing your daughter's heart."

"And how much gold for the life you perilled your own to save?"

"None. I never peril my life for gold."

"Ah, but you do it every day; and did I not hear you just now, offering to do it for Jennie?"

"That is a different matter altogether, and for her no sacrifice were too dear."

"I see, you value her life a great deal higher than mine; but it suits me just now to estimate both at the same price. You evidently think me a stingy old fellow, who values a copper higher than he does his life; and I shall have to give you my Jennie, and my whole fortune, before you will change your mind."

"You mock me," said Edward, disdainfully.

"We will see. Come here, Jennie."

She obeyed tremblingly.

"Now, Jennie, is what you told this young fellow just now true, about loving him, and so on?"

"Yes, father," said Jennie, hanging her head.

"And you love her, do you sir?"

"Better than the whole world beside," said he.

"Well, then, I shall not be the one to separate you; for my daughter's happiness is more precious to me than my whole fortune. It is true, Edward Lovell, that I should not have selected one in your station for my daughter's husband; but knowing that she has made her own choice, and that it has fallen upon one to whom I owe a deep debt of gratitude, I cheerfully acquiesce in her decision; and the more readily, as I know she has chosen worthily."

"I am deeply grateful for your kindness and forbearance," said Edward; "but how know you aught of my merits?"

"Do not think because you avoided my acquaintance, that my watchful eye has not been upon you," said Le Roy, smilingly. "I heard of your filial devotion; of your triumphant resistance of strong temptation; of your native talent, courage, and nobleness of soul, till I learned to admire your character; and unknown to you, my influence as director of the road, has been at work in your behalf ever since our first fortunate meeting. But for all that, I did not know that it was your mother to whom I sent my daughter in the country, at the recommendation of a friend, or your mother's son I bade her dismiss the other day from her presence."

"Nor did I know that you were Miss Le Roy's father till this evening, as I had heard you called by another name," said Edward, smiling.

Jennie was surprised and pleased to find that her father and Edward knew each other. Mutual explanations followed, and the evening passed pleasantly to all parties. Before long the old firm of Philip Le Roy received the addition of a new partner in Jennie's husband, who proved a valuable acquisition to the establishment.

THE OLD YEW TREE.

BY CHARLES GRISWOLD.

The old yew tree, by the cottage door,
Which sheltered my boyhood's home,
With twisted trunk and branches awry,
I see thee wherever I roam.

In summer days, as the hours pass by,
Sweet visions of boyhood I see;
What hopeful dreams of coming years
Were nursed 'neath the old yew tree.

The sunlight played on its pointed leaves,
Which shaded the ivy-capped walls;
Far sweeter to me is the old yew tree
Than the glory of festive-lit halls.

The frosts of old age have silvered my hair,
Once golden and waving in glee;
But memory's pinions my spirit bear
Far back to the old yew tree.

When shadows of death my eyelids shade,
And the old man no more you will see,
Let the green grass wave where my body is laid,
At the foot of the old yew tree.

KIDNAPPING A BRIDE.

BY ERNESTINE HAMILTON.

HENRY MURRAY, a young man of twenty-four years, tall and manly, was riding on a spirited horse through a lovely part of the State of New York towards the metropolis, whence he expected soon to depart on a tour through Europe.

Wrapped in meditation, he heeded naught until he heard a long, loud cry, full of suffering, and looking around hastily, he saw himself directly before an old brown farm-house, from which the cry proceeded. He listened; it was repeated, together with loud angry tones, and the young man with one bound sprang from his horse and entered the open door. A stout, red-faced woman was cruelly beating a girl, whose slight form shrank from every blow. His looks of indignation only served to increase the ire of the woman.

"Stop, I command you!" cried Henry.

A look, half of fear, half defiance, rested on the woman's face as she said, "I've a right to treat her as I please, I guess, for all a stranger."

"She isn't my mother," sobbed the girl, gliding to Henry's side for protection.

"Say that again, will you?" exclaimed the woman, furiously, at the same time advancing with her heavy riding-whip uplifted.

"Save me! save me!" she cried, in terror.

"Fear not, you are safe," returned Henry, in a re-assuring tone, and turning to the woman he said, "Madam, if she is your child, how comes it that you are destitute of every natural feeling?"

"I didn't say she was mine; she's my hus-

band's, and I'll treat her as I please," returned the woman, doggedly.

"Where is your husband?" he asked.

"Father's gone away, a great ways," sobbed the child.

"Who told you to speak, I'd like to know, miss? but I'll soon settle with you," she added, shaking the whip significantly.

"When do you expect your father?" he asked of the girl.

"To-morrow. Mother don't treat me so when father's here," she said, clinging closer to his coat. "At least when he's sober," she added.

Harry reflected for a moment that he might be making matters worse, and if the father would return so soon, he had better leave them, and he said to the woman, "Madam, remember there comes the judgment, and what will your sentence be, if you continue to crush the spirit of this child? and—"

"None of your business!" retorted the woman.

"Don't leave me! I hate her! She will kill me!" cried the child, passionately clinging to his coat as he turned to depart.

A sudden thought struck him. "Will you go with me?" he asked, kindly.

"O yes, take me with you! she will kill me when you are gone."

Henry gathered the child in his arms, and saying "good-morning," coolly, he took the child and placed her on the saddle before him. He bowed to the enraged being who ran screaming to the gate, but she was too late, and the horse went swiftly on with its double burden, while the woman, vowing vengeance, ran in to devise some way of pursuing them.

The strangeness of the occurrence suddenly flashed over Henry's mind, and he became aware of his own imprudence, and the thought that he might have incurred the penalty of the law, made him uneasy.

"Whose house is that?" he asked, to divert his thoughts, as he entered the suburbs of a beautiful little village.

"Squire Morton's; he's a magistrate," answered his little protegee.

With a sudden resolution he alighted, and taking the little bare-headed girl, entered the open door and asked for Mr. Morton.

"I am he," answered a portly man, advancing.

Henry told him all the circumstances and found that he was indeed liable to imprisonment for "kidnapping."

"What can I do? Surely not return her to her step-mother."

"You might marry her," said the magistrate.

"How old are you?" asked Harry, of the girl.

"Fourteen to-day."

"Good in law," said the 'squire.

"Will you marry us?" asked Harry, glad to get out as easy as that.

"No I won't, but get some parson; I wish not to offend the girl's father who is a troublesome fellow, though I pity the girl."

"Can you direct us to a minister?"

"You will find one next door. Betty may call him in, if you wish."

Henry took the young girl aside and asked her consent, telling her that otherwise she must return to her mother; the child gratefully accepted his offer, and in a few moments more Nellie Brown and Henry Murray were man and wife.

Immediately after the ceremony, Henry procured his bride a bonnet and shawl, and they resumed their journey. They rode all night in the cars and the next day were near the metropolis. Nellie was weak and tired after her long and wearisome journey, and it was the second afternoon ere they alighted on the broad steps of a fashionable boarding-school. It was the last day of June, and madame was surprised at receiving a pupil the day after the school was dismissed; but Henry gracefully apologized and said to her:

"I am going to Europe, and shall leave my ward behind. I shall be happy to leave her in your establishment, assured that her interests will be well cared for. Madame Wilson will remember that I had once a cousin under her charge."

"Annie Murray! Ah, yes I remember; she was a favorite pupil," and madame smoothed her black silk dress complacently.

"I hope Miss Nellie Murray will receive your kindest care."

"Be assured she will, sir," but madame gave a glance at the brown elfin locks, at the plain calico dress, and thought, "can she be a Murray? She will be a disgrace to me." But she changed her opinion when she saw the full purse that he placed in her hand for clothing to be procured for his ward, and when she knew that Nellie possessed such another. They parted, and that was the first real look Henry had of his bride's face.

"I must say 'farewell' now, Nellie; keep our marriage a secret till I return."

"Shan't I wear the ring?" whispered Nellie, as she turned the golden circlet around her finger.

"Yes, you will *never* take it off, my dear! Think sometimes of me, and write often. Don't be turned from the right by any one, and be a *noble woman*; for my sake as well as your own." And Henry pressed her to his bosom, kissed her, and was gone.

When school again opened, Nellie who was now quiet and self-possessed, watched with in-

tense interest for her who was to share her room. One young lady, who came at the close of the first school-day, proved to be the one, and as Nellie gazed at her, she felt that Julia Stanley could never be a dear friend and confidant to her. Julia was fifteen, taller than Nellie, with blue eyes, light hair and pretty features, with not more than a tithe of the expression which rendered Nellie so beautiful.

The first commencement day came, and Nellie outdid herself and mates; yet there was no eye to look on in approbation, or kindle with pride at her triumphs; she was alone. Then came a letter from Europe, from Henry himself, containing a jewelled locket, with his miniature. What a comfort it was to Nellie! how often she gazed on the semblance of that noble countenance and wept tears, many and of mixed emotions! Julia found one day that she possessed this locket, and she was determined to obtain it; one night when Nellie lay asleep, Julia gently unclasped it, and gazed long within it. She did not restore it, and Nellie grew pale and sad for its loss. A few weeks after she awoke one morning and found it on her bosom. Joy almost overcame her, but she could only conjecture whence it came.

It was almost two years when there came a watch, small and studded with costly gems, with a golden chain of exquisite workmanship, from the wanderer to Nellie. She became more than ever an object of wonder and admiration to her school friends, who seemed to think her gifted with Aladdin's lamp, or the cap of Fortunatus.

All the months Nellie had spent at Rockdale seminary had been filled with yearnings for sympathy, even as her whole life had been. True, she received affectionate letters from Henry, but they began, "Dear child," or in some such manner, not recognizing in her a right to womanhood and the love he should lavish on a wife. She knew why he married her and she resolved to win his love, to become such a woman as he would be proud to own.

The last day of Commencement had come, and it was Nellie's sixteenth birthday. She was to read an original poem, and as she stood on the stage, she entranced all by the beauty of her thoughts, the force of her expressions, as well as her own loveliness. Her form was slight, of medium height, with her face full of sensibility. There was a pure, radiant look on her handsome face, and her eyes flashed with thought and feeling, as noble as uncommon to most girls of her age.

Henry Murray, though unknown, was among the spectators, and though he had seen beauties of all descriptions, yet he yielded his heart to this unknown girl. He now for the first time regretted

his marriage, for he felt that it would be an insurmountable barrier to any acquaintance with this peerless beauty.

He entered the parlor after the poem was concluded, and despatched a servant for Miss Murray. He paced the room till he heard a light step in the hall; turning, he saw the young poetess.

"Pardon me," said he, "is Miss Murray here?"

"I am she," said Nellie, demurely.

"Nellie! My wife, my own Nellie!" And she was clasped in his arms and her pale face pressed against his bronzed cheek.

Some of the school-girls entered, among others Julia Stanley, who failed to recognize in the bronzed and bearded man the hero of the locket. They saw with surprise the head of Nellie on this stranger's breast, but the head was not lifted even when Madame Wilson entered the room.

"Miss Murray, I am shocked; are you not aware that it is very improper for your head to lie there, even if he is your guardian? He is too young for such familiarities; come with me," said Madame Wilson, with some asperity.

The pupils in the hall gathered in, but still Nellie's head lay on Henry's breast, and when she strove to raise it he gently held it there.

"Madame Wilson, is it not natural that Mrs. Murray should welcome her husband with affection after such a long separation?"

"Nellie married! Impossible!"

"Not at all, madame, Nellie was my wife when I brought her here. I thank you for your care of her. Nellie," he said, "get ready to leave now."

Nelly glided away, and soon returned prepared to accompany her husband to his city home. The leave-taking was brief but affectionate between herself and companions, and in a few minutes she was seated by her husband's side, while the horse's heads were turned towards their home.

Nelly had never dared communicate with her childhood's home up to this time, but she soon learned that her father's intemperate habits had cost him his life. As to her own future, it was one of peaceful and abundant happiness.

BISHOP CHEVERUS.

An American gentleman once called on Cardinal Cheverus, and while talking with him of his old friends in America, said the contrast between the cardinal's position in the episcopal palace of Bordeaux and in his former humble residence when he was in Boston, was a very striking one. The humble and pious prelate smiled, and taking his visitor by the arm, led him from the stately hall in which they were conversing, into a narrow room furnished in a style of austere simplicity: "The palace," said he, "which you have seen and admired so much, is the residence of the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, but this little chamber is where John Cheverus lives."—*Salina Eagle*.

CURIOUS CASES OF RESEMBLANCE.

A young gentleman, articled to an attorney in London, was tried at the Old Bailey on the 17th and 19th of July, 1824, on five indictments for different acts of theft. A person resembling the prisoner in size and general appearance had called at various shops in the metropolis for the purpose of looking at books, jewelry, and other articles, with the pretended intention of making purchases, but made off with the property placed before him while the storekeepers were engaged looking out other articles. In each of these cases the prisoner was positively identified by several persons, while in a majority of them an *alibi* was as clearly and positively established; and the young man was proved to be of orderly habits and irreproachable character, and under no temptation for want of money to resort to dishonesty. Similar depredations on other tradesmen had been committed by a person resembling the prisoner; and these persons proved that, though there was a considerable resemblance in the prisoner, he was not the person who had robbed them. The prisoner was convicted upon one indictment, but acquitted on all the others, and the judge and jurors who tried the last three cases expressed their conviction that the witnesses had been mistaken, and that the prosecutors had been robbed by another person resembling the prisoner. A pardon was immediately procured in respect of that charge on which conviction had taken place.

Not many months before the last-mentioned case a respectable young man was tried for a highway robbery committed at Bethnal Green, in which neighborhood both he and the prosecutor resided. The prosecutor swore positively that the prisoner was the man who robbed him of his watch. The counsel for the prisoner called a genteel young woman, to whom the prisoner paid his addresses, who gave evidence which proved a complete *alibi*. The prosecutor was then ordered out of court, and in the interval another young man, of the name of Greenwood, who awaited his trial on a capital charge of felony, was introduced and placed by the side of the prisoner. The prosecutor was again put up in the witness-box and addressed thus; "Remember, sir, the life of this young man depends upon your reply to the question I am about to put. Will you swear again that the young man at the bar is the person who assaulted and robbed you?" The witness turned his head towards the dock, when beholding two men so nearly alike, he became petrified with astonishment, dropped his hat, and was speechless for a time, but at length declined swearing to either. The young man was of course acquitted. Greenwood was tried for another offence and executed; and a few hours before his death acknowledged that he had committed the robbery with which the other was charged.—*Manchester Guardian*.

The Richmond South says that a negro child has recently been born in the neighborhood of Kingold, in that county, with twenty-six fingers and toes. It has six toes on each foot, and seven fingers on each hand. There are two full sized thumbs on each hand, and two little fingers. All these limbs are said to be perfect.

DEATH.

BY BEATRICE.

I am a stranger in the land,
Where my forefathers trod;
A stranger I unto each heart,
But not unto my God!

I pass along the crowded streets,
Unrecognized my name;
This thought will come amid regrets,
My God is still the same!

I seek with joy my childhood's home,
But strangers claim the sod;
Not knowing where my kindred roam,
Still present is my God!

They tell me that my friends all sleep
Beneath the valley clod;
O, is not faith submissive sweet!
I have no friend save God!

MISER MARTYN.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

MISER MARTYN sat before his fire. It was a very low, poor fire, sending out but a few flickering rays over the crazy brick hearth upon which it was built; lighting up for a moment now and then, the old brown, barren-looking room; and throwing upon the wall opposite the sharp, thin features and form of the old man as he sat crouching there in his chair. O, what a ghostly face was that, that moved up and down, up and down upon the wall! The chin was sharp and peaked; the eyebrows heavy and over-arching, and the hair that rose above his forehead looked like a great crown resting there. His shoulders were drawn forward, and his long arms crossed upon his lap. O, how merry was the rosy, happy light, as it took the dark shadow playfully in its arms and rocked backward and forward with it, backward and forward upon the ceiling, holding it just as a mother would hold her babe to her bosom.

For a long time the flames danced about, and then faded slowly, slowly away, till they ceased altogether, and in their stead a bed of coals gleamed and shone upon the hearth. The miser rose up in his chair and cast a hurried glance at a small pile of wood in the corner, then sank back again and shook his head dolefully, wrapping the while his thin, tattered coat about him.

"No, no!" he said, eyeing the wood greedily, "no, I must burn no more to-night, though I freeze. Wood costs money, money, and money is everything, yes, everything! It is the only

true friend I have ever found. I must hold fast to my money."

As he spoke he shook his head, earnestly, till the crown of silver hair that lay upon his forehead fell about his head and over his eyes like a white mist. Then he shivered, and brushed with his weak, trembling hands the hair from his eyes, and drew his chain nearer to the bright coals, muttering between his teeth as he did so "money, money, money!"

How he looked crouching there, just as he had crouched for years; till his manhood was wasted, his strength gone from him, and his heart hard like the gold he worshipped! Gold! what would he not suffer to feast his eyes upon it! As he sat there some one rapped upon the door of his room. It was a low, timid rap, but it startled him and he crept softly and stealthily to the little cupboard that contained his treasures, to assure himself that all was right there, before he ventured to open the door. A hard, crabbed expression spread over his face as he went forward and lifted the rusty latch.

A child appeared before him; a bright, happy looking little girl, with a world of light sparkling from the depths of her blue eyes, and her round, red lips dimpled about with smiles.

"I have brought you something," she said, holding out towards him upon a small plate, a hot, smoking biscuit.

"Who told you to bring it here?" asked the old man, gruffly, reaching out his poor hand as he spoke. "I sha'n't give you anything for it; I don't want it!"

"O, sir, but I don't want anything, and no one told me to bring it to you. I thought you didn't have any one to cook you nice things, and that you must be very lonesome; so I came. Wont you take the plate to eat it on?"

"No, no! take it home; don't bring me anything again," and he turned to close the door.

"Good-night!" rang out the clear, sweet voice of the child as she tripped away.

Miser Martyn stopped suddenly, and repeated the words over to himself—"good-night, good-night!"—then he put his head out of the door again to listen. The little girl had vanished in the darkness. He looked up the long flight of stairs by his door; peered about the large, old hall wonderingly. The sunbeam had left him, but where had it gone? So he went back to the coals upon his hearth, murmuring, not the word that had laid unholily upon his lips for years, but "good-night," in something like a softened tone. He set the biscuit down beside him, and bent his face upon his hands, looking with his great hollow eyes into the fire. The coals still

glistened and sparkled, and the wind came in roaring gusts adown the chimney. It whistled about, and rattled the rickety windows, and shook as if it were a strong hand the loosely-hung doors; then howled low and mournfully until it died away in long, heavy breaths. But the old man did not heed it, he sat like one entranced. He could see his whole life from its first beginning up to the present moment stretched out like a path across the blazing coals.

He could see a red farm-house with roses growing by its sides, and lilacs and apple trees skirting the path that led from its door adown to the road. He could see trees clustering at its back; trees white and fragrant with blossoms in May, so full that they gave their leaves like pearls to crown the emerald beauty of the shining grass at their feet; white in May, but rich, red and purpling with fruit in the golden harvest time. Nearer, nearer the old man bent his head to the embers. He was not looking at the fields of clover that rolled away like purple oceans from the brown barn; not at the woods that rose up fresh and green in summer, and still fresh and green when the snow lay soft and white upon everything; not at the birds that sang, nor the brooks that slid and sparkled in the summer sunshine. No, he could see a sweet, pale-faced woman going about in the little red farm-house; a woman with a smile upon her lip that now seemed to him an eternal one. He bowed his head reverently. The pale hand of the woman was laid caressingly upon his hair; not hair silvered and frosted with age, but brown and glossy with youth. Gently, O, so gently! her hand rested upon his head and glided over his white, unbrowned forehead.

His eyes were bright and sparkling, and his cheeks flushed deeply with the vigor and health of boyhood. Nothing could check the flow of his ardent spirits. What a life lay before him! what happiness just within the outstretching of his young arms.

But a change comes. The little farm-house grows dark. Day by day the step of the sweet-faced woman lightens. Her smile grows sweeter all the while and her voice more tender and touching. By-and-by she does not leave her room. He brings her flowers every morning from the garden and meadow, and tears steal into his eyes as she smiles upon him. The times grow darker and darker, and he stays by her side all the time, until the darkness breaks out into a tempest. He looks upon the dead face of his mother. No more smiles are there for him; no more tender caresses; they are all buried in a bleak grave in the village burying-ground.

A long time passes and there is no light for him. His path is gloomy and cheerless. His home is no longer a home. A new mistress comes to preside over it. The roses bloom no more by the windows; nor the lilacs by the path that leads down to the road. There are no pleasant words for him, nothing but frowns and rebuffs. He goes away among strangers, and ere long a bright, cheery face is woven in with his hopes and dreams of the future. He labors and drudges, but cheerfully, since once more there is a bright place in his heart. He grows to be a strong man, and still that face is with him, daguerreotyped a living image upon his very soul. There comes a time of pleasant anticipations, and he talks of a home that will be his ere long; of a fair-faced girl who will soon be his wife.

But a demon whispers something in his ear; a word like *gold*, and it haunts him until he gives up the home, and turns his back upon the happiness that waited but for him to grasp it. He turns away from everything that will not yield him the harvest he seeks. He goes from his native land, and does not return until he brings with him coffers of yellow gold. Still he is not satisfied, still there is a vacant place within his soul. He wanders wearily about, asking everywhere for the young heart that he cast away from him years before; asking for the sweet-faced girl whose love he had repaid with ingratitude. But no one knows where she is. One person says she has married; another that she is dead, and still another that she went away off a long time ago, none knew whither. He never sees her again, and his life grows colder and harder every day. His gold is his god! he does not allow himself food enough for proper sustenance; cannot spare enough from his coffers to purchase himself a comfortable coat. He prays only over his gold; owns no friend but that; clasps nothing warmer in his trembling grasp, nothing more human. His life is worthless. He sees it in the dying, fading embers. It flows uselessly through his coffers of gold, out of them he does not exist. He sees suffering men, women and children in his way, stretching out their hands piteously to him, but he turns away from them, and hugs his treasures closer to him.

A groan burst from the miser's lips. The embers were almost dead. He held out his feeble arms towards the smouldering ruins. For a moment a single star of brightness rose above them, then all was darkness. Again the old man groaned and clasped his hands over his eyes to shut out the visions of the past. But he could not do it. The sweet-faced woman was

by his side in the dark, rickety room. Again she spoke encouragingly to him; told him to be a brave, good man, loving his neighbors as himself; to be a tender man, a reverent man, helping the poor and down-trodden, the weary and afflicted; to give the destitute out of his abundance.

"I can't! I can't give up my gold!" broke from his lips. "What shall I do without my gold?"

The woman smiled and pointed towards the door. In an instant the thought flashed through his mind—the little girl smiled like his mother! He would give her all his wealth if she would come to him again!

All night long he sat alone in the darkness, thinking of his mother, the little girl and his gold; and when the morning came it found something like a smile upon his thin features. He built a fire upon the hearth, such an one as he had not allowed himself for a long time; bought a hot roll from the baker at the corner, and threw open the old rickety blinds, and sat in the sunlight by the window as he ate it. During the forenoon he waited and watched for the little visitor of the preceding evening, but she did not come. He looked out of the window and watched the people that poured out of the very house in which he lived. Old men bowed down with age; women with hungry-looking babes upon their bosoms, and little children in thin and scanty garments, with baskets upon their arms, went shivering in the keen and frosty air. Some returned while he sat there with small bits of coal in their baskets, and their hands bent and benumbed by the cold. Still the blue-eyed child for whom he waited came not.

The afternoon waned before her timid rap sounded upon his door.

"Come in!" called the voice of the old miser.

The child hesitated.

"Come in!" he called again; the second time in a pleasanter tone. The latch was slowly lifted, and the little girl entered the room. In her hand she held part of an apple, which she bashfully extended towards him.

"Do you know all the folks in this house?" asked Miser Martyn, shortly, drawing the child to him.

"Yes, sir."

"Are any of them poor?"

"Poor? O, yes, sir, very poor!"

"How many families live in the house?"

"As many as thirty, sir."

The old man shrugged his shoulders and clenched his fists, while the little one shied away from him.

"Do you know that I have gold?" he whispered in her ear, catching her by the arm again.

She gave a quick, startled glance into his face, and said:

"Some one told me so, but I didn't believe it because you always looked so poor."

"You may believe it, for I am going to feed all the people in this house, if you will help me. Only you must laugh for me—laugh a great deal!"

"Feed all the folks—I help him—laugh," repeated the child, not comprehending for a moment his words. "Do you mean that you will give them all something to eat? Mrs. Myers who has been sick so long, and the poor, lame shoemaker, and the little children whose mother is dead? all, every one? do you mean it?" she asked, her face radiant with joy.

"Yes, all of them," was the answer.

"Dear, dear me! then I am the happiest little girl in the world, and you are the best man! All of them?" and she clapped her hands and jumped up and down, and danced all about the room in her delight. The old man followed her, making a hobbling attempt to imitate her light, graceful motions.

"May I help you buy the things?" she asked, catching hold of his hand.

"Yes, yes, only laugh; laugh all the time!"

"We won't let them know anything about it, will we, and we will buy coal and bread for every one of them? o-o-oh! I am so happy!" and she commenced dancing about the room, again, while the old miser hobbled along after her.

The next day was one of thanksgiving to the poor, wretched inmates of that old house. Nearly all day marketmen, grocer boys and coal men, stopped before its door, and distributed their burdens in the dreary-looking rooms. Little children danced about before the warm fires that sparkled upon the hearths, and crowed at the sight of the food that was piled up in their narrow homes. Weary men and women took a new light in their hearts, and Alice, little Alice, who had labored all day with Miser Martyn, laughed and cried until she was hoarse at what she saw. The crowning joy of the day to her was, that the old man was going up stairs to board with her mother, on purpose to hear and see her laugh, he said; and that she should have nice and comfortable clothes and go to school all the time.

That night the pale, sweet-faced woman came to Miser Martyn in his dreams; came and lit up the whole long night with her smiles; and when he awoke in the morning, he said that his forehead was cool from the caressing of her hands.

"THIS IS A GREAT COUNTRY."

So say the boys, and the boys are generally right about these matters, for they have all statistical ideas pretty thoroughly cudgelled into their brains in their excellent common-school training; and they moreover feel that the country is great, in consequence of the free and independent spirit which pervades it, of which spirit their own crowding impulses and buoyant aspirations form an integral part. The United States are great, physically, socially, politically, morally and intellectually; great to-day, and great in the possession of the true elements of future grandeur. Nor can we find upon the page of history a parallel instance of national growth, either in rapidity or extent. By no mere human agencies can this wonderful growth be accounted for. The efforts of man would be powerless for such stupendous results. All that can be said towards solving the problem of American greatness, is, that the time had come! The Old World had done its appointed work; nation after nation had grown up, flourished, and perished from the face of the earth; tyranny and oppression had crushed the free spirit of man to the lowest point of compression; war upon war had desolated the fields of human industry, and the strong hand of power, temporal and spiritual, had shackled human thought and action. A mighty oppression demanded an adequate relief, and lo, the Huguenots of Carolina, the Cavaliers of Virginia, the Catholics of Maryland, and the Puritans of Massachusetts, braved the dangers of the pathless ocean, to establish a new nation upon a new continent, where man should be free, and government the servant of the people. The state of Europe in the sixteenth century, was the all-sufficient cause, in the hands of the Ruler of nations, for the settlement of America in the seventeenth, and the foundation and growth of our country. This wielding of mighty events by the Almighty Disposer, which men call destiny, and this alone, can account for the wonderful development of the United States of America.

The first settlements of our country date back but little more than two centuries and a half, and our national independence but about three quarters of a century. And yet we have a population of thirty millions, occupying thirty-one sovereign States, which are bound together in strongest and happiest ties of union, four extensive Territories rapidly filling up with enterprising and industrious settlers, and three others which are now knocking at the doors of Congress for admission as independent States. This great population is almost entirely the wonderful accumulation of eighty-two years, the number of in-

habitants of the country at the period of the Declaration of Independence being only about three millions. During the same time the territorial extent of the United States has more than trebled, expanding from eight hundred and twenty thousand square miles to two millions nine hundred and thirty thousand; and every acre of this vast increase the result of purchase or peaceful negotiation, and not of conquest. The present territorial extent of the republic vies with that of the Roman empire or the conquests of Alexander the Great, neither of which, according to Voltaire, exceeded three millions of square miles. Our republic is three times as large as the whole of France, Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland and Denmark together, and only one sixth less than the whole European area covered by the sixty powers of that continent. According to Guyot's estimate of the area of North America, which is 5,472,000 square miles, exclusive of islands, our territorial possessions cover one half of this continent; other writers, however, make the area of North America somewhat larger; but by none of their estimates is our present territory brought so low as one-third of the whole. The bounties of climate, soil, mineral and vegetable productions, available sea-coast, and navigable rivers, are in full proportion to our extent of territory.

At the period when the first new States were admitted to the Union, viz., 1791—2, when Vermont and Kentucky were added to the old thirteen, our country occupied but little more than a narrow strip upon the Atlantic coast, extending from Maine to Georgia. The vast interior was an unexplored and almost unknown region, overrun by savage tribes. Now the whole continent from ocean to ocean, is permeated by American population and civilization; our eastern seaboard is extended far south into the Gulf of Mexico, the mighty valley of the Mississippi between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains, is filled with prosperous and growing States, and the new States of California, Oregon and Washington have sprung up on the Pacific coast. The material wealth of our country is great, though not in excess, as compared with the countries of the Old World; yet a marked feature as contrasted with them, is the very general and comparatively equal distribution of property in the United States. This equality of distribution is highly favorable to human happiness, and is a very correct indication of the superior condition of our own people, resulting from free institutions. The present valuation of property of every kind in this country, is estimated at nine billions, six

hundred and thirty millions of dollars, which gives an average of \$321 to every man, woman and child. The present tonnage, foreign and domestic, including steam as well as sail craft, is upwards of six millions of tons; and we have about twenty-five thousand miles of railroads in operation, binding the country together in bonds of mutual interest and regard. Soon will the Atlantic shore be connected with the Pacific by a railroad penetrating through the Rocky Mountains, to be followed, ere many years, by two other connecting lines between the oceans, one to the south and the other to the north of that now under location. All these evidences of material prosperity are but the exponents of the individual comfort and happiness of American citizens.

In glancing at the efficient aids which have thus built up our country, and made it great, we cannot fail to be struck with the important influence which our free institutions of government have exercised. In the Old World government powers are usurped by certain favored classes for their own benefit, and are exercised to direct, control and restrain the industry of the people; here they are the inherent right of the people, delegated by them to servants selected by themselves, and to be used only for the protection and development of industry. There the people are the subjects and slaves; here they are the citizens and masters; there a man's earnings are his by government favor and forbearance; here they are his of right, and the government can take only what he freely gives. Nor can we over-estimate the magnitude of the agency which free schools have exercised in making our country what it is. By this admirable system of universal education, mind has been made free as well as body, and the young have been trained to think and act for themselves; thus qualifying the people to exercise their political rights, and furnishing them with the unfailing means of attaining prosperity and happiness. The free press of our country has also done a most important part in the great work which has been accomplished, taking up the task of popular education where the free schools leave it, and carrying it on to the enlarged and matured results which we see exhibited in a right-thinking, right-acting, intelligent, just, and honorable people, happy in the enjoyment of peace and plenty, and rejoicing in the sanguine anticipation of a great and glorious future for their beloved country, commensurate with the miraculous growth and progress of the past. Truly may such a people feel an honest pride in their country, and a profound gratitude to the Ruler of nations for his distinguished favor and protection!

A CONFIDENCE MAN.

The wife of a French gentleman of birth and fortune, after a long illness was pronounced past recovery. Her physician so informed her, and she prepared composedly to meet death. She desired her husband to approach her bedside and taking his hand, said:

"Mon ami, have I made you happy?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Have you anything to reproach me with?"

"Nothing."

"Will you do me a last favor when I am gone, and ask me no questions?"

The afflicted husband signified his assent.

"Well, then," said the dying wife, "here is the key of yonder bureau; in a secret drawer among the ornaments on the left side, you will find three packages of letters, tied up with ribbons of different colors. When I am dead, take them out and burn them, without reading them."

The wife died, and the husband faithfully performed his promise. Would a lady have done the same?—*Detroit Budget.*

FIX YOUR MIND.

Lay it down as a sound maxim, nothing can be accomplished without a fixed purpose—a concentration of mind and energy. Whatever you attempt to do, whether it be the writing of an essay, or whittling of a stick, let it be done as well as you can do it. It was this habit that made Franklin and Newton, and hundreds whose labors have been of incalculable service to mankind. Fix your mind closely on what you undertake—in no other way can you have a reasonable hope of success. An energy that dies in a day is good for nothing—an hour's fixed attention will never avail. The heavens were not measured in a day. The inventions that bless mankind were not the work of a moment's thought and investigation. A lifetime has often been given to a single object. If you, then, have a desire to bless your species or to get to yourself a glorious name, fix your mind upon something, and let it remain fixed.—*Arnold.*

FASHIONABLE CHRISTIANS.

Often as the motley reflexes of my experience move in long procession of manifold groups before me, the distinguished and world honored company of Christian mammonites appear to the eye of my imagination as a drove of camels heavily laden, yet all at full speed, and each in the confident expectation of passing through the eye of the needle without stop or halt, both beasts and baggage.—*Coleridge.*

THE JUST MAN.

Peace to the just man's memory,—let it grow Greener with years, and blossom through the flight Of ages; let the mimic canvases show His calm benevolent features; let the light Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight Of all but heaven, and in the book of fame, The glorious record of his virtues write, And hold it up to men, and bid them claim A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame.

W. C. BRYANT.

SPIRIT MUSIC.

BY EDWARD S. ELMS.

Like the muffled voice of ocean,
Sounding o'er the isles afar;
Like the pagan's wild devotion,
Wailing in the midnight air;
Like a weird, fading vision,
Floating softly, strangely by,
Lighting up those fields elysian,
To the dreamer's wistful eye:

Sometimes, at the hour of even,
In the shadows of the soul,
Sweet and wondrous sounds from heaven
Through those haunted chambers roll;
Like the wind-harp's tone low dying,
When the silent, saddened air
Wafts some lonely spirit's sighing,
Like a burden hard to bear.

Swept by Eden's softest breathings,
Heart-strings give a wondrous sound;
Spirit hands those chords enwreathing,
Stranger tones have sometimes found;
Whisper tones of solemn sadness,
Sometimes pierce the startled ear,
Waking thoughts of mournful gladness,
While those shadows strange appear.

There's a harp within the twilight
Of each human mortal's breast,
Where the world is never shining,
And whose clouds forever rest,
Save when some wandering angel
Sweeps across those shining strings,
And its wondrous tones will change all,
When he spreads his golden wings.

THE COUSINS.

BY MRS. MARY CRUIKSHANKS.

"I LEAVE my child to your care, John; love her, and be good to her as you would to your own. My property is all for her—you are wealthy—I have no other relatives; my child is my only heir, and she will be rich in this world's goods. For her I have toiled and striven, for her I have hoarded and saved, and now in my dying hour I have a fearful presentiment that her fortune will be the cause of her unhappiness. Guard her carefully; don't let her marry foolishly. My daughter, my darling daughter, would I could have seen you ere I left this world."

Thus spoke James Austin, as lying on his death bed, he confided his only child to the care of his only brother. And that brother promised to be a father to the orphan; and happy in the assurance, the dying man departed.

Poor Mary Austin! it was a sad home-coming, when he whose fond caresses had hitherto been her welcome, was lying cold and still in death.

It was long before John Austin could divert the attention of his niece to any other subject than the death of her beloved father. Summoned hastily from school to receive his last blessing, and only arriving in time to behold his lifeless corpse, the grief of the poor child was overwhelming; but when the first great shock was passed, and he learned her position, John Austin was astonished at the good sense displayed by the frail and delicate-looking creature. When informed of her father's wishes, she affectionately returned her uncle's caresses, promised ever to be to him as a daughter.

Three days after the funeral, all the business arrangements having been settled, Mary Austin and her guardian set out for the distant city henceforth to be her home; but ere we follow her thither, we must go back to the early history of the brothers, so unceremoniously introduced.

Twenty years before, John and James Austin found themselves in New York, with very little money in their pockets, and less knowledge of the world in their heads. But fortune favored the enterprising lads, who, not content to vegetate in an obscure country village, had come to the great city to seek a living.

John, the eldest, fond of money, and eager for riches, turned his attention to mercantile affairs; while James, disliking the city, and willing to make slower progress, went out into the far west, and purchased land with what money he had.

Through his untiring zeal and faithfulness, John Austin so won the confidence of his employer, that while yet very young, he married his daughter, and at the old gentleman's death became heir to all his wealth. Of riches he had abundance, but of domestic happiness but a small share; his gay and volatile wife, brought up as too many are among the wealthy, being ill calculated to make home happy. Their children, inheriting a frail constitution from the mother, and not receiving a mother's proper care, died early; and out of a family of seven, one only daughter lived to grow up.

James Austin also became wealthy. The land he had purchased, all at once became exceedingly valuable; a city was to rise where he had planned an extensive farm; fabulous prices were offered to him for even the poorest lots in his possession, and the end of it was, that he too became very rich. By judiciously employing his money in profitable speculation, in and around the new city, he made a slow and sure increase on it, and having married a very beautiful and amiable girl, he looked forward to a life of contented happiness. But all his plans were upset by the death of his young wife, who

left him heartbroken and disconsolate, only for the affection he bore her little infant.

For this child he now began to save, and ere his death, had almost obtained the title of miser, so notorious were his economical habits. But on Mary and her education, no expense was spared, and for the latter purpose she was kept at an excellent school, far away from the lonely place he had made his residence on the death of his wife. While for himself he took no pride in dress, he was careful that his child should always make an appearance suitable to the fortune he intended should one day be hers, and consequently Mary Austin was the best dressed girl in her school, always plentifully supplied with money, and always led to believe that she was rich. Her vacations, spent at her country home, and in the society of her beloved father, were seasons of great joy to the affectionate girl, who delighted to surprise her indulgent parent with the rapid progress in study which she had made. All these happy days were now at an end, she must leave the dear old home, her companions at school, and all she had loved from youth, and go far away among strangers. But Mary yielded to no childish weakness, and when she saw that her tears distressed her uncle, she resolutely hid her feelings, and none saw her agony.

So great was her sorrow that she scarce noticed a remark her relative made one day about her father's property. His words insinuated that his brother had died poor, but beyond a vague feeling of astonishment and an inward conviction that it was a mistake, the daughter thought no more about it. Long afterwards did Mary Austin call to mind those words, and wonder at her own strange indifference.

The last night of their stay in her old home, Mary spent in tears and deep anguish, but little recked she of the great temptation her uncle was wrestling with under the sameroof. Many times and oft had John Austin had it in his power to gratify his love of riches at the expense of his honor, but never had he allowed the tempter to overcome him; at the time he became his niece's guardian his conscience was unstained by crime or wrong done to mortal.

Mary's friends gathered around to say farewell to the orphan, and Mary went forth into the world with the blessings of all who had known her from childhood. There was one among the number whose parting words none heard, save her alone; but they called a crimson flush up to the pale cheek, and tears filled the deep blue eyes as she gave him her hand, and breathed a kind good-by.

In after days, when sorrowful and well-nigh

broken-hearted, Mary Austin dwelt with hopeful remembrance on that parting look and that earnest promise of a future meeting. The son of their pastor had been her friend from childhood, the companion of her vacations, and the favorite of her father. It added not a little to her distress, to witness the coolness with which her uncle treated this esteemed friend, but she could do no more than make her own manner more cordial, to atone.

"Well, mama, what news does father send? I am dying with impatience to know how much uncle has left me, and there you sit, holding his letter, and won't tell me a word." And Miss Emily Austin stamped her little foot with impatience, and spoke in a tone very unlike her usual softly modulated one.

Apparently unheeding, or accustomed to her daughter's ill temper, Mrs. Austin again went over the epistle she held in her hand, and so many strange expressions appeared in her countenance, that with an undutiful exclamation, Emily snatched it from her hand and began to read it; but scarcely had she perused half a dozen lines ere, flinging it to the floor, she crushed it beneath her foot.

"I will not hear of it; she sha'n't come. Father must be crazy to think that I want a penniless cousin to drag around, even if she is a beauty." And the angry girl burst into a torrent of tears.

Very quietly, Mrs. Austin took this fearful ebullition, contenting herself with exclaiming:

"Why, Emily! Don't give way to your feelings so, Emily." And then as a last resource, continuing, "You will spoil your eyes, and not be fit to go out with Mrs. S——, when she calls for you this afternoon."

This last argument appeared to have some effect, for wiping away her tears the angry beauty composed herself in the lounging chair from which she had arisen, and while she arranged her disordered curls, conversed in a somewhat lower tone about the contents of the unfortunate letter. Mrs. Austin appeared as much at a loss as herself to account for the unexpected tidings it conveyed.

"Is it not very strange, mother, after all we have heard, and all uncle wrote to us himself, about his immense property, that he should die poor, and leave his child for us to support? Surely, father must have made some mistake." And again the letter was closely examined.

Mrs. Austin said it was strange, but not even to her spoiled, over-indulged child did the wife dare to tell the strange thoughts that letter had

conjured up; this suddenly announced poverty in one known to be rich, this child given to their care, and then the slurred and blotted letter, with its long erasures, so different from her husband's free and careless style, all combined to raise strange suspicions in her mind; but she prudently kept them to herself, and if Emily noticed her abstracted air, it was accounted for by the disappointment in regard to the money.

"It is too bad to be so disappointed when I had made so sure of getting those diamonds with it. Don't you think you could persuade father to give them to me?" There was no thought of the sufferings of the poor orphan; no pity for her loss; in Emily's eyes the disappointment about her long coveted jewels was paramount to all other distresses.

"I am afraid he will not consent to such extravagance, my darling, knowing that you have so many handsome ornaments already."

"But these are so magnificent and costly, that none of my acquaintances have anything to equal them. O, do try to coax him for me, mama; you don't know how I have set my mind on having these beautiful diamonds."

When occasion required, and some favor was to be obtained, Miss Emily could be as humble as possible to her doting mother, although her habitual treatment was in the highest degree insolent and ungrateful.

"I know it is of no use, dear," was Mrs. Austin's answer. "He positively refused before, and now if he has your cousin to dress and support, it is absurd to think of getting them. I am very sorry, for I always wish to see you outshine your friends; but I know your father will not consent to this."

But here any further conversation was stopped by the arrival of Emily's very dear friend, Mrs. S——, who, with her brother Louis, were bent on a shopping expedition. Mrs. Austin hastened to apologize for Emily's tear-swollen eyes by saying that they had just heard of the death of relative, thus impressing the visitors with an idea of the young lady's sensitive feelings.

Louis Eldridge had long been selected by Mrs. Austin and her daughter as Emily's future husband; for though suitors for the rich merchant's daughter were plentiful, not one among the number could compare with him in point of wealth, talents, station or appearance.

His sister, Mrs. S——, a schoolfellow of Emily's, and married to a rich man old enough to be her father, was a very different person, but was fondly loved by her brother, who, in his great affection for his only sister, overlooked the faults he could not correct.

To fascinate and win Louis Eldridge was the great aim and end of Emily Austin's life. For that purpose she studied a thousand graceful arts; for that purpose she dressed and adorned herself, and for that purpose she courted and caressed the sister, whom in her heart she despised, and yet envied.

For Mrs. S——, if she had married an old man, had at least attained the summit of her wishes, in the possession of a magnificent house and furniture, an unrivalled equipage, and unlimited leave as to the expense of her wardrobe and ornament. Since her marriage, Louis had come into possession of a large fortune likewise, and thus the brother and sister were objects of great interest in the fashionable circles they frequented.

That Emily Austin had made a deep impression on the young man's heart was quite true; but it was no less so, that he was far from being in love, or at least sufficiently so to be blind to her faults. He was fascinated by her beauty, and perhaps a little flattered at her evident preference for himself; but there were feelings deep down in Louis Eldridge's heart too noble, too earnest, too good to be touched by one like Emily Austin.

"Mary, this is your cousin; Emily, I have brought you a sister—you must be kind to her," said John Austin, as he presented the girls to each other.

There was a look of haughty disdain on the beautiful features of Miss Austin as she glanced with contemptuous curiosity at the slight, closely veiled figure before her; but her expression changed to one of utter astonishment, when drawing aside the heavy crape which shaded her features, Mary advanced to embrace her. So unexpectedly and exquisitely beautiful did she find her, that like a person in a dream she returned the fond greeting; but none the less did she dislike the new comer.

Very differently they appeared as they stood together; Emily with her slight brunette tinge, black, flashing eyes, raven ringlets and high color; Mary, with a complexion like the palest leaf of a blush rose, deep blue eyes shaded by long, dark lashes, heavy braids of rich brown hair, and features that might have been modelled from a Grecian statue.

Emily had pictured her cousin, rude in manners, uncultivated and awkward; over-awed by her superior elegance and style, and betraying in every movement her backwoods education. She had expected all this and more; but the idea of her immense wealth had reconciled her to any faults, either of person, dress or manner.

"You know," she had said to her mother, "that her gold will hide all defects, and under my tuition, and the example of our fashionable friends, she will soon become civilized."

Had Mary come as she anticipated, even without the property, Emily would have been kind and civil to her, and even taken pride in having so good a foil to her own finished and graceful manners; but she was not prepared to find in this penniless cousin a formidable rival, not only in beauty, but in every accomplishment. Emily had studied for the sake of admiration and display; Mary had improved herself for very love of learning, and to please her father; the difference was very perceptible.

The first time Mary sat down to the piano, her cousin grew pale with envy and suppressed annoyance. She fancied Louis Eldridge listening, entranced with those delightful strains, and gazing with admiration on the beautiful little white hands flying over the keys with such matchless grace and ease. A thousand angry passions rose in Emily Austin's bosom, and well had it been for Mary, could she have read the feelings of that jealous heart, so fiercely throbbing beneath the restraining satin and lace.

A very short sojourn at her uncle's convinced Mary that her life would not be a very happy one. That Emily and her aunt disliked her, she soon discovered, and her uncle's conduct was so extraordinary that she soon learned to fear him. At times he would caress her with even greater fondness than he displayed for his own child, and again he would bid her leave his presence, with marks of abhorrence on his countenance.

John Austin was a changed man. Stern and morose at one time, the whole household stood in awe of him; and again his temper would change, and fits of excessive mirth and hilarity cause almost equal wonderment among those who had known him all his life. Mary, who had never seen him in past days, thought him exceedingly disagreeable, and wondered how her gentle father could have so ill-tempered a brother.

As her deep mourning had prevented her going into society, and her saddened feelings rendered her unwilling to meet the gay guests who assembled at her aunt's, nearly two months had elapsed ere any of their friends were aware of the presence of the young orphan. In her own room, alone with her books and embroidery, Mary passed her evenings, and often wondered to herself how they could so strangely neglect one who had so many claims on their kindness and attention. But the mystery was one day explained, and in so rude a manner as almost to crush the gentle-hearted girl.

A magnificent party was given by the rich and fashionable Mrs. S——, and for several days previous, Emily had been in a very flutter of preparation. The long-talked-of evening at length arrived, but found the beauty in a very unamiable mood, owing to another unsuccessful application she had made to her father for the long coveted diamonds.

On several occasions she had displayed considerable authority when requiring her cousin's assistance, but this night she was insolent and overbearing in the extreme. With her usual patient kindness, Mary assisted to attire the angry girl, unheeding the ungrateful remarks on her slowness, her awkwardness, and her want of taste. But when the white satin robe was on, the costly blonde trimmings properly arranged, the beautiful bracelets clasped on the handsome rounded arm, and Mary's white fingers were twining wreaths of pearl amid the dark tresses, then the ill-concealed malice broke forth.

"It is well for you, to praise these paltry pearls; you, whose fault alone it is that I have not the magnificent diamond spray for my hair, I have so long wished for."

"My fault, Emily?" was the astonished exclamation. "How can it possibly be my fault?"

"O, very easily," was the sarcastic answer: "If father had not you to dress and maintain, he would not refuse me what I want so much."

"Emily, you must mistake; what do you mean by your father having me to dress and maintain?" There was a flush of indignation on the fair cheek, but it paled quickly as the answer fell upon her ear.

"Why, simply this: that you don't possess a dollar in the world—that you came to us a beggar—and if you don't know it, I think it is high time that you should."

There was a rustling of silk, the door was opened and shut, and then the orphan was alone. Alone with her sorrow and this awful announcement of poverty and dependence. She could see it all now; the cool, contemptuous treatment of her aunt and cousin, and the variable conduct of her uncle were equally well explained. At one moment she supposed his feelings of regard for his brother's child actuated him, and again, the recollection of the burden and expense thus bequeathed to him caused those unpleasant changes she had been at a loss to account for. Agonizing reflections for one of Mary Austin's sensitive and independent spirit. In those few hours of anguish she lived an age.

A painful interview with her uncle next morning only served to augment her distress, as he refused to listen to anything she attempted to

ask, telling her to be content, that his house should be her home, and he would never let her want for anything. Sad words for her to listen to, who had always believed herself not only independent, but rich.

It was while Mary was suffering under the great shock of this discovery that she received a visit from her old friend, the minister's son, before alluded to. Never had she felt so in need of a friend, and the welcome she gave Cyrus Staples was such as she might have bestowed on a brother. By her uncle's invitation, he took up his abode with them; but by Emily's contrivance, even that was made a source of grief to Mary.

Day after day she saw the inexperienced young man falling deeper and deeper into the snares Emily had laid for him, and evidently yielding to the dangerous influence of her wit and beauty.

To Emily, who believed that Mary and he were lovers, Cyrus's openly displayed admiration and devotion, was a great triumph, and she watched her cousin's uneasiness with satisfaction.

Poor Mary moved about the house, sad and dispirited, continually suffering from some slight or vexation, and so unpleasant did her situation become at last, that she meditated seeking some employment—some independent means of procuring a livelihood.

John Austin, meanwhile, was never idle. Long noted for his caution in speculating, his business friends were astonished at the large amounts he now was willing to risk; and more than one old acquaintance marvelled at the extraordinary change in the once cautious merchant.

One clear, bright February day, Mary resolved to make a change in her mode of living; to no longer remain a prisoner in her uncle's house, but seek her way in the world; and as a preparatory step, she dressed herself, and went out; a display of liberty she had never before made. Her spirits sank as she passed along the crowded sidewalk, and beheld the merry, gaily dressed parties, promenading, and enjoying themselves, apparently free from care or trouble.

She was musing on her plans for the future, and scarce heeding anything around her, when suddenly a cry was raised: "The child! the child!" was shouted by a dozen voices; and looking up, she beheld a horse coming furiously towards them; the sleigh from which he had partly got free dashing wildly from side to side; while directly in front of him stood a little boy, some half-dozen yards from the pavement. To spring forward and snatch the little fellow from his dangerous position, was the first impulse, and

ere any one else had sufficient presence of mind to move, the child was safe.

Among the many who gathered round to congratulate the weeping and terrified mother, and praise the self-possession of the rescuer, were two gentlemen, who had seen the whole affair, but were too distant to assist. Mary raised her eyes, as the tones of a manly, yet melodious voice fell on her ear, and met the admiring glance of a pair of magnificent dark eyes. In the confusion, her veil had fallen aside, and for an instant she felt her face flush beneath his gaze, respectful though it was; and then a deathlike faintness overpowered her, and she staggered and nearly fell to the ground.

On recovering her senses, she found herself in the nearest apothecary's store, where she had been instantly conveyed; the owner of the shop busily applying restoratives; the mother of the child she had rescued rubbing her stiffened hands; while strong arms supported her on the seat, and those same melodious tones sounded in her ear. As soon as she felt sufficiently recovered, the shop-boy called a coach, into which she persisted in going alone, firmly refusing to have any one accompany her.

"She is a beautiful girl; and brave, too," said the companion of him with the dark eyes, and, after watching the coach out of sight, they pursued their way.

"The loveliest woman I ever saw, Harry," returned his friend, enthusiastically.

"Come, come, old fellow, no romance now; I know you don't think her half so handsome as a certain lady I could name; and by the way, how shy she was about her name, eh?"

"Would that I knew it; would that I might ever hope to see that sweet face again," was the inward ejaculation of his friend; but he prudently remained silent, and the conversation dropped.

"I do not think it is prudent conduct at all, for a young lady to go out alone in this manner, especially when unacquainted with the streets as you are," said Mrs. Austin, as her niece entered the parlor on her return on that eventful day.

"And I don't know what people must think of you in the street," said Emily, "with your bonnet out of shape, and your dress in such a plight."

Hastening to her own room, where she was at least safe from the fault-finding of her unkind relatives, Mary pondered long on the strange scene she had passed through; and in spite of her efforts to the contrary, her thoughts were continually recurring to the dark-eyed stranger, the musical tones of whose voice so thrilled her.

"I wonder if I shall ever see him again; he

looked to be kind and good?" And the sight which accompanied these words, told how desolate the poor child felt.

But Mary had not long to wonder, for the very next Sunday, the first object she saw after taking her seat in church, was the well-remembered form and features of the unknown. As their eyes met in recognition, both started and colored, and a close observer might have noticed that the gentleman's hand trembled excessively as he vainly attempted to find the right place in his prayer-book. Mary did not raise her eyes again, nor did she know that at a distance, the stranger was slowly following her home, when the service was over.

"O, you are quite mistaken; there is no stranger here. You must have heard an untruth." And while uttering those words, Emily Austin looked the picture of surprise; so much so as almost to shake the faith of her companion, who said, half to himself:

"I must have been mistaken; but surely, I saw her enter here."

"O, it was my seamstress, you saw," exclaimed Emily, coloring with anger at the idea of Mary's having been seen and admired by her friend's brother. "It must have been my seamstress; she is a very pretty girl."

"I can scarcely imagine that it was the person you mention, Miss Austin; for besides having the appearance of a refined and accomplished lady, it was on Sunday that I saw her, as I thought, enter your house. But pardon my inquisitiveness, it is exceedingly rude of me thus to question you." And Louis Eldridge (for the dark-eyed stranger was none other) left Miss Austin's presence, feeling strangely mystified, still anxious to discover who the beautiful and mysterious girl could be. "I will find her," was his resolve. "I will never cease the search until I find her; and if she is only a sewing-girl, who shall dare to question my right to choose a wife, either rich or poor?"

"Deceitful little wretch!" exclaimed Emily Austin, as the door closed after the young man. "She well knew he saw her, and she has tried to attract him in revenge for my taking that silly country boy from her. But never, never shall she see him again—I am determined."

But, alas, for Miss Emily's plans! The very next day, her father, with unusual kindness, took them both to an exhibition of pictures, and almost the first person they met on entering was Louis Eldridge. Emily saw the flash of joy that lighted up his handsome face, she heard her father introduce his niece, and then she met the look of

astonishment and indignation that was bestowed on herself; and enraged beyond endurance, she announced her intention of returning home immediately. Mr. Austin, of course, had to accompany her, as the carriage had been sent away, but Louis insisted on Mary's remaining with him and his sister, who promised to take care of her until her uncle's return.

It needs not to tell how quickly and how well those two learned to love. A very short time served to convince Louis Eldridge that his earthly happiness depended on Mary's becoming his wife; and she in return bestowed on him her whole heart, though at times scarcely believing in the reality of her happiness.

John Austin at first positively refused to allow his niece to marry, alleging that she was altogether too young; but finding that Louis was determined, and also much astonished at his wishing to prevent Mary's marriage, he gave a reluctant consent; and in less than a week after, suddenly disappeared from his home. Of course there was much anxiety and excitement about it; but all fears for his safety were relieved by a letter from Europe, which not only accounted for his abrupt departure, but also explained many other mysteries. John Austin had proved an unfaithful guardian. Unable to withstand the temptation of having his niece's large fortune placed in his hands, he had embarked with it into speculations where he had feared to risk his own property; and his hopes proving false, it was all lost.

John Austin has never returned to his native land; but his wife and daughter still live in their handsome home in New York, and Emily is still unmarried. Those gentlemen who have sought to win her have not been such as she would accept, and those she has striven to win, have found more amiable brides. But Emily does not despair of yet winning a partner, who, in wealth and standing shall outshine the Eldridges. She wears the diamonds—so long coveted, but procured at last—and takes great care of her good looks; and is very particular about her dress, always choosing such colors as she knows suits her particular complexion; and her dress-maker says nothing but the fear of losing so good a customer would induce her to put up with so many insolent whims and caprices as Miss Austin displays.

Of Mary and her husband, nothing more need be added than that they both realized the dreams of their earlier days. If wealth in abundance, friends without number, and still increasing domestic comforts constitute earthly happiness, then are they happy.

SUNRISE.

BY A. THERESA TERRY.

The stars are fading one by one,
 And yonder streak of grayish light
 Tells us that soon the rising sun
 Will chase away the shades of night;
 And see! the edge of yonder cloud
 Is tinged with morning's rosy hue,
 The pale gray color of the sky
 Is changing fast to deeper blue.

The rose tint deepens into flame,
 The clouds are now all bathed in gold,
 The sky its azure robe assumes,
 As we this beautiful scene behold;
 The birds send forth their sweetest songs,
 To welcome back the orb of day;
 And fragrant flowers the air perfume,
 As grateful for his cheering ray.

The dewdrops sparkle in the sun,
 Like pearls upon the brow of morn;
 They gem alike the queenly rose,
 The lowly flower, the scented thorn.
 Who can this scene behold,
 And feel not happier for the sight?
 When Nature dons her gayest robe,
 And everything seems fresh and bright.

NICHOLAS STINGWELL.

BY WALTER CAMPBELL.

LIKE other cities, Providence, R. I., has its sections wherein are crowded the habitations of the victims of misfortune and the votaries of idleness. Into a cheerless apartment of one of these wretched abodes, the reader is invited, for a moment, to witness a scene which introduces Mrs. Williams and her two daughters Mary and Emma, whose fortunes we propose to follow in this sketch.

Upon a sick bed we find the mother, whose sunken eye and flushed cheek betray the presence of disease deeply seated. By her side are standing Mary, a fair girl of sixteen summers, whose soft blue eye and pale cheek told of severe cares and midnight watchings, and Emma, not yet eleven years of age—unlike her sister, a rosy-cheeked girl—but just now realizing trouble, which has flooded with tears her sparkling black eyes. As we enter, the mother is speaking:

"My children, I believe I shall never be better able to communicate to you some incidents in my life with which I believe you ought to be acquainted, than I am at present. Your father, at the time we were married, was extensively engaged in business in New York. Nothing occurred to interrupt his success until you, Mary, were seven years of age, when, in attempting a

settlement with Nicholas Stingwell, a man with whom he had extensive dealings, and whose notes he held to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, he found this man had put his property entirely out of his hands and refused to honor his notes. That he was able to meet his liabilities, no one doubted; but by dishonesty, he placed himself beyond the reach of his creditors.

"Your father's affairs became embarrassed by this deficit; and, in his exertions to clear his own debt, he overtaxed his mind and physical powers to the extent that health failed him, and being attacked by congestion of the brain, he died, leaving his affairs to be settled by a court of justice, when all was disposed of in such a manner that, although I was assured that his assets met his liabilities, I had nothing left for the support of my family but the worthless Stingwell notes and my own hands. As you know, I strove by needle-work, and such like, for three years to support myself and you, when I thought it better to remove here, and in a few months was taken sick, since which time poor Mary has been forced to work in the factory for our support. I have been reflecting upon a matter which was brought to my mind before I was confined to my bed. I had completed some work for Mr. Smith, and had gone to her house with it, when, in an adjoining room, I heard Mr. Smith, in conversation with another gentleman, relating circumstances attending a recent journey at the South. 'When at Baton Rouge, Louisiana,' said he, 'I visited a plantation owned by a gentleman named Nicholas Stingwell—one of the finest I saw while out. He is reputed to be wealthy, and by the number of negroes, sugar works, etc., on his plantation, I should judge that report did him justice.'

"You may well think, my children, that this piece of information caused my heart to throb, and recollections of the villany of this man to crowd upon my mind. I knew he had left New York; but whither he took himself, I believe he did not take pains to inform many of his acquaintances. I have sometimes thought that if there was any such thing as justice to be found in this country, it seems as if the notes against Stingwell ought to be good now. I know he did not take advantage of the bankrupt law while in New York, but was satisfied with declaring himself worth nothing. The notes are tied up among some letters in the drawer of my bureau. You will easily find them. They were given at different times, and for various amounts, but in all, amount to about twenty thousand dollars.

"It is possible that, in the hands of some judicious lawyer, they may yet retrieve something of

our fallen fortune. In the days of our prosperity, I recollect a family whose intimacy with ours was like the relationship of brothers and sisters. I remember that a son was at that time studying for the law; and I have since learned that he is practising his profession successfully in Worcester, Mass. Now I do not know but, if this case could be placed in his hands, he would, for old acquaintance's sake, do the best in his power to aid us. I think it will be best to see him as soon as circumstances will permit. His name is on a card, which you will also find with the papers."

Here the failing strength of the sick woman advised her that she had both overtaxed it and forgotten how low was her condition. She continued, in a faint voice:

"But, my dear children, I believe you will be left to the care of all, for this exertion I have made has tried the slender thread of life and proves that it is nearly spun out. Leave me now, while I seek a few moments of sleep, and prepare your own supper."

Mary and Emma obeyed, and their mother, after a time, dropped into a fevered slumber. Late in the evening, a neighbor came in—proffering her assistance to watch during the night. Her aid proved timely; for at the hour of midnight, Mrs. Williams called for her children, who occupied a bed in the opposite side of her room. They came to her bedside and there beheld a scene which the heart of childhood can never forget. A faint blessing was all she could utter, for the messenger of Death had appeared, and she was about to answer his call. Slowly the veil was drawn, and faintly beat the heart—fluttering now, and now losing its hold upon the gentle spirit which took its flight to the home of its author and preserver, leaving the marbled tenement a cold statue, upon which gazed the orphan sisters.

It was a bleak morning on which Mary and Emma Williams left their home, in Providence, in the carriage of a market-man who offered to carry them a part of the way to Worcester. Mrs. Williams had generally procured her provisions of this man, and he, having learned from Mary her desire to go to Worcester, and knowing that her little stock of money was nearly exhausted, thus offered to take them in his carryall.

Mr. Todd had driven as far as Blackstone, when he was overtaken by a messenger, who communicated information concerning some matters at Providence which demanded his immediate return. He expressed much regret at being unable to carry the sisters further, but Mary

assured him that, with what money she had, they would be able to complete their journey. Finding that the stage-coach had gone for that day, in the afternoon, it being quite pleasant, Mary proposed to Emma that they should walk on as far as they might feel able, and stopping at some farm-house over night, take the coach in the morning. Emma said she could walk several miles, and they started on, with good courage, walking until sundown, when Mary thought it best to look for a stopping-place for the night. They had reached a point in the road where it wound round a hill with a sudden turn, when a carriage, driven furiously, came dashing along—appearing so suddenly that Emma, who was walking in the middle of the road, while attempting to spring out of the way, was struck by a wheel and hurled to the ground.

The driver—and unfortunately this is not the only case of a similar character on record—took no notice of the accident, but plied his whip and was out of sight in a moment. Mary hastened to her sister, whom she found senseless. In this situation, unable to think what to do, she sat down upon the ground and gave way to a flood of tears. Presently Emma evinced signs of returning consciousness, and complained of pain in her arm. At this moment, the jog-jog trot of a farm horse was heard; and soon the animal appeared at the turn in the road, followed by a wagon of antique design, in which sat its owner clad in frocking, with whip brought to the shoulder, like the gun of a soldier, while the hand not thus engaged was busily employed in "fishing for pickerel," as the incessant jerking of the reins, to which some persons are addicted, is called in the country.

As he came up to the spot where Mary was supporting her sister, who was groaning piteously, he drew up; and only being able to distinguish, in the twilight, the dresses of the girls, he was puzzled at first what to say or do. But finally he opened his mouth, and in genuine rustic language, called out:

"What are yeou doin' on thar?—whoever yeou be."

"O, sir," said Mary, "my poor sister has been run over by a carriage, just now, and I fear badly injured."

"Run over?" said the good-hearted farmer, alighting from his wagon. "And whar's the man that done it?"

"Alas, sir, whoever he was, he did not stop to see the injury he had done, but drove away as furiously as he came."

"Didn't stop—hey? The brute! I'll be bound 'twas the same chap that come nigh runnin' in

ter me a little while ago—one of the good-for-nothin' sprigs that comes out on a bust from Blackstone once in a while."

Then stooping to assist the wounded girl, and taking her by the arm, her scream, and the helpless condition of the limb, assured him that it was broken.

"Poor little gal!" said he; "they have done an ugly job for yeou. Whar do your folks live?"

"Our parents are dead," replied Mary; "and we are trying to make our way to Worcester."

"Old folks dead, and yeou poor little critters left with nobody to take care on ye? Neow that's tew bad! But if yeou will come along o' me tew my house, you sha'n't want a friend."

"My good sir," said Mary, "you are very kind, and I know not what else we can do but accept your assistance."

The farmer lifted Emma carefully into his wagon, and Mary climbed in over the wheel, taking Emma partly in her arms, while the old man, saying that his house was "only a little way off," resumed his whip and fishing-tackle.

Arrived at his house, the farmer opening the door, sang out:

"Betsey, come here and help me git this little gal into the house! Don't ask any questions jest when I can't tell you who the little critter is."

"But, Benjamin," said his better half, peering through the darkness, for it had become settled evening, "what on airh are you a talkin' about?"

"Come out here," urged her somewhat impetuous spouse, "and when you see what I've got, you'll shift your wonderin' for sheddin' a tear or two."

Betsey came out, and Emma was carried into the house and carefully laid upon a soft bed.

It was not long before a surgeon was brought, who, entering the room where Emma lay, examined the fractured limb, and withdrawing her attention from what he was about to do by a course of lively conversation, succeeded, with little difficulty, in bringing the bone to its place. The splinter and bandages being applied, and necessary directions given, he took his leave, promising to call on the following day.

The family, into which the orphans have thus been introduced, consists of Benjamin Topham, wife and hired man. The old gentleman, apparently sixty years of age, is a well-to-do farmer—as good-natured as he is well off. His wife is a model country housewife, who can drive a close trade between her own butter and the storekeeper's calico equally as well as she can preserve the waxlike neatness of her dairy. As the good couple seated themselves by the fireplace, after Mary had retired, the old gentleman spoke, saying:

"It's a hard case that these poor little critters should be left to push their way through this world alone. I like the looks on 'em, and their story seems so likely, I kinder want to do sunthin' for 'em."

"You'll hev a chance to take care of the littlest one for some time," Aunt Betsey replied. "A broken arm don't heal in one day. But she is such a gentle little thing and so pooty, tew, I shall take a heap of comfort in taking care on her. And then t'other one is so lovin' and wouldn't mind helpin' me, I shall like her company. Now aint this a chance for us to behave Christian like, and be good Samaritans like them we read on in the Good Book?"

"Yes," said Uncle Ben, musingly; "but I'm thinkin' I should sleep considerable sounder, to-night, ef I could know that the sneakin' puppy that drove onter that little gal was shet up whar hasty-puddin' and merlasses fare would set him a thinkin' on what he done to-night. I'm choaked ef I don't feel's though I could wollop the scape-grace myself."

"Don't talk so," says the good lady. "'Taint proper, you know, to deal out threat'nin' and slaughter on folks."

"I don't care," returned Uncle Ben, growing warm. "When sich scamps is allowed to drive like mad on our highways and run over little gals, and care no more about it than ef they was worms, and when I am 'bliged ter git eout of the way, or be smashed up by 'em, and—it wont do! I'll prosecute somebody the very next time, ef Dobbins and I can git nigh enough to find 'em eout. I tell you, mother, I'm sweatin' now with indignation."

"Well, well, father—don't fret so! 'Taint doing no good. And so s'pose we go tew bed and think these ere matters over in the mornin'?"

Considering this as good advice, Uncle Ben corked up his phial of wrath, and shovelling the ashes over the embers in the fireplace, they repaired to their sleeping-room—not, however, until Aunt Betsey had looked in upon Emma and assured her that she would watch her during the night.

Emma passed a restless night, and in the morning was suffering intensely from pain in her arm and also in her head. The doctor called, during the day, and spoke encouragingly to her, although he assured Aunt Betsey that it would require the best of care to prevent a severe sickness, so intensely had Emma been excited. The good woman needed no urging to use her kindest attentions in the care of the child.

One week had passed since the occurrence of the events we have described. The family were

seated at the breakfast-table, and Uncle Ben had been silent for some time, when he suddenly spoke to Mary, saying :

"I believe you told me you was goin' to Worcester, ef you hadn't been fetched up so sudden by your sister's accident. Neow I should kinder like to know what you was goin' arter? You know you begin to call me uncle, and your uncle orter know."

Mary at once related the circumstances which she had heard from her mother, and showed Uncle Ben the papers.

Her story was listened to with feelings of indignation ; and the farmer, having examined the papers, exclaimed :

"And so this old scoundrel is now taking his ease upon the property which justly belongs to you, tew say nothin, of bein' the death of your father—poor man! We must see this Lawyer Ames at Worcester, immediately. I believe sunthin' can be done with these papers, ef you tell circumstances as they raily was."

The next day found Uncle Ben on his way to Worcester, accompanied by Mary.

Six weeks have passed, and the attention of the reader is invited to a distant section of the country, wherein were enacted some scenes which may be of interest. As the good steamer *St. Louis* reached her landing at New Orleans on the morning of a fine day, a gentleman nearly thirty years of age, with an intelligent eye, light complexioned, somewhat portly figure, and withal such a person as would attract attention anywhere, came ashore, and ordering his baggage carried to the "*St. Charles*," made his way to the counting-room of Messrs. Dumont & Harvy, extensive commission merchants. Here he spent an hour or two ; then, hurrying to his hotel and partaking of a hasty dinner, he took a hack and went down to the levee, from which an "up-river" steamer was about starting. He had barely time to get aboard, when she swung off and slowly steamed towards the north. Arriving at Baton Rouge at midnight, our stranger went ashore and to a first-class hotel.

On the following day, it was understood that Mr. Ames (so his name was registered on the hotel-book) was desirous of purchasing a quantity of sugar and molasses. It being the season when a new crop was ready for market, he was soon beset by numbers of holders of the desired articles, anxious to sell—the more so, since he came recommended by the well-known house of Dumont & Harvy.

Among those who presented themselves was Nicholas Stingwell, who had a large lot of sugar

for sale ; also some extra molasses. Mr. Ames consented to look at his stock, but found his price entirely above that of the New Orleans market. Stingwell, who had hoped to drive a sharp trade, urged the excuse that his sugar was of an extra quality. An offer was finally made by Ames something better than would be paid by New Orleans merchants, with which Stingwell closed. The goods were to be delivered in New Orleans immediately, and payment to be made at the office of Dumont & Harvy. The contract being placed in writing, Mr. Ames remained a few days, and having seen the goods shipped properly, he took a boat and returned to New Orleans.

Agreeably with his appointment, on the following day he repaired to Dumont & Harvy's, where he was informed by the senior partner of that firm that his consignments had arrived, and fortunately a purchaser for the whole lot had applied to them. Stingwell came in shortly after, and saluting the parties present, said he believed his part of the contract in the recent sale was fulfilled, the sugar and molasses being now at the store-house of Dumont & Co. At the same time, he took from his pocket a "bill of sale," made out with the exception of the name of the purchaser.

"I have made out a bill of sale, as you will observe," he continued ; "but, unfortunately, neglected to inform myself of your name, in full. Ames, I think, was the surname?"

"Yes, sir ; and you will insert as the full name, if you please, Edward C. Ames."

This name was quickly written in the bill ; and Stingwell, saying that "he had some urgent business which demanded his return to Baton Rouge by the first boat, which would start in about an hour," brought matters to a crisis.

Mr. Ames signified that he was prepared to make payment, and the parties stepped to a desk. Ames, taking the "bill of sale" in his hands, said :

"I believe this is correct, in every part. I am indebted to you to the amount of thirteen thousand, five hundred dollars." Then drawing from his pocket some papers, he handed them to Stingwell, saying : "I believe these will balance my account."

Stingwell opened the papers.

"Perdition seize you, sir!" he exclaimed ; "how came you by these notes?"

"It matters not, since these notes, signed by you and payable to George Williams, or order, are properly endorsed by authority of United States courts to me, as guardian of his two chil-

dren. If you once defrauded him of the just payment of twenty thousand dollars, I have now, by stratagem, reclaimed a portion of his dues; and as to the remainder, which you will doubtless refuse to pay, may you reap the reward in its use which a guilty conscience, if not wholly seared, will bring you."

Choking with rage, Stingwell swore "he would take the life of Ames before he could leave New Orleans;" in reply to which threat, Ames displayed a pair of revolvers, with the use of which he assured Stingwell he was well acquainted, and was quite ready to defend himself, adding further, that "if his presence was required at any time, to settle the matter relating to the balance of the notes due the heirs of George Williams, his address would be, as would be seen by his card (which he provokingly offered Stingwell), at Worcester, Massachusetts."

Boiling over with wrath, and finding curses of no avail, Stingwell seized his hat and rushed out at the door.

Mr. Ames, together with Mr. Dumont, closed the sale with Captain Arthur, who immediately took the sugar and molasses aboard his vessel—after paying the value in cash to Mr. Ames, who, deducting a large commission to Dumont & Harvy, had the pleasure of placing in his pocket the sum of twelve thousand, eight hundred dollars, with which he soon after returned to Massachusetts, having experienced no further trouble with the valiant Stingwell.

We will now return to the farm-house of Uncle Benjamin Topham. Here we find that Emma has recovered from her sickness, her arm is doing well, and she is beginning to enjoy herself in running about the farm, feeding the chickens, and watching Aunt Betsey as she managed her household affairs. Mary, being older, has felt more deeply the loss of her mother, but is becoming more cheerful under the fatherly and motherly care of the good people who had furnished her with a home. Aunt Betsey, Mary and Emma were sitting at one end of the ancient, spacious kitchen, variously engaged, when suddenly Uncle Ben rushed in at the door, squared round, facing the occupants of the room, struck up a lively air through a small aperture between his lips, and advanced across the floor at a gait something between an old-fashioned double shuffle and the modern polka, to the utter astonishment of his wife, which feeling might have become tinged with jealousy, as he brought up in front of Mary and gallantly plucked from her sweet little lips a hearty kiss.

"What on airth ails you now?" cried the

poor lady, who began to entertain fears that her spouse was laboring under mental aberration.

Uncle Ben only replied with a kind of chuckle, and little Emma submitted to the ordeal of a kiss.

"For pity's sake, father, what has got inter yer?" again demanded Aunt Betsey.

"Matter enough!" he at length exclaimed. "Good news—good news, mother! I've jest got a letter from Squire Ames, sayin' that he has got back from New Orleans. He's sarved that Stingwell a trick that he'll remember for one while—ha, ha, ha—jest tew think on't. The squire kinder figered round out thar as a sugar buyer and got old Stingwell tew sell him a heap o' sugar and merlasses, and when he gits it all safe in sumbody's hands in New Orleans, he meets Stingwell at an app'inted place and ups and pays him with his notes. Oho! ha, ha! O, my old sides! I would have gin a dollar tew hev seen the old sinner when he opened them papers. The squire says he cussed and swore like blazes, but didn't make nothin' at that, and then he took tew intimatedin', or tryin' tew, but the squire is pluck and he telled him to jest come on, if he wanted to try his hand at shootin'; he'd got a pair of barkers as he could use tew. And then the best on't is, though he didn't git all that the old scamp owed, he put the little sum o' twelve thousand dollars and risin' in his pantaloons pocket when he come hum, and he is comin' to see his wards, as he calls Mary anp Emmy; and that was another cunnin' go—git-tin' him to be guardian for the gals. He is a comin' here, I say, in a day or tew; so you must fix up a little for him, mother. Tew be sure, he's been here once, but we'll try to sarve him a trifle better this time."

The joy of the orphan sisters can be easily imagined; and the position in which Mary felt that she had been placed by a kind Providence, was pleasant indeed. Now she need not feel that by charity alone, or by drudgery, must she and Emma be supported. Aunt Betsey did up a very respectable little amount of crying on the occasion, which testified her joy to be as excessive as that of her spouse.

"Squire Ames" came, according to promise, and was welcomed by the two sisters in a most thankful manner; while Uncle Ben and his wife declared to his face that "ef there was a man that dearred to be President of the United States, it was him."

At the solicitation of the girls, Mr. Ames consented to retain the office of guardian—finding the more inducement in the soft blue eyes of Mary, to tell the truth, than in all other circum-

stances combined—and we have no reason to doubt that his carriage was often seen approaching the house of Uncle Ben for the purpose of allowing him to study those eyes, and when alone with their owner, to train some golden ringlets which rebelliously covered a cheek which the pure air of heaven had by this time painted in rich colors.

These suspicious circumstances continued for nearly three years, during which time Mary and Emma both received instruction in various branches of education. Mary's brilliant intellect readily grasped every subject to which she applied herself; and at the age of nineteen, we find her a beautiful and highly accomplished woman. In the meantime, rumor said that the Williams sisters had been adopted by Uncle Ben Topham, and that Mary was to become Mrs. E. C. Ames. The latter report was corroborated by the marriage which *did* take place between the parties, at the Topham mansion, on which occasion Uncle Ben laughed, while he danced, at the wedding, and dropped a tear as he took the little gloved hand of Mary, before she entered the carriage which was to take her to the home of her husband, and he whispered:

"God bless you, my child! Don't forget us now that you are goin' to leave, but bless our old hearts with the sunshine of your happy face as often as possible."

Emma still remains with her adopted parents, enjoying the privileges of a happy home and the acquaintance of young ladies attending, with her, a seminary not far from Uncle Topham's. Her life now being amid scenes of childhood's happiness, as the pleasantest point at which to leave her, we bid her adieu.

Lawyer Ames and Mary had been married but a few weeks, when he received a note from an unexpected source, the writer being no other than Stingwell, who desired that he would come on to Baton Rouge with the balance of the Williams notes, which he earnestly desired to take up, as the thoughts of the wrongs he had committed had haunted him, of late, so much, that he had determined to make all the restitution in his power.

Mr. Ames, as soon as he could arrange his affairs in a convenient form to leave, went on to Baton Rouge, where he found Stingwell upon a bed of sickness, but who evinced a feeling of great relief when he had signed the checks which would cancel the notes. Mrs. Ames, who had accompanied her husband, called to see the sick man, who was much moved by her presence. He recollected her as a child; and for the wrong he had done the child, craved forgiveness of the

woman. Forgiveness was freely granted, and sealed with tears. Mr. and Mrs. Ames remained at Baton Rouge for some weeks, and on their return home, carried with them tidings of the death of NICHOLAS STINGWELL.

SCHOOL DANGERS.

Thirty years ago a school-mistress, in a rage, caught hold of the arm of a little girl not in fault, gave it a violent jerk, and, with a swing, threw her to the other side of the room. To-day that girl is a wife, a mother, the accomplished mistress of a princely mansion—happy in her social position, happy in her husband, who is one of the best of men; but that arm hangs powerless by her side, as it has done from the days of her childhood. Two years ago, a beautiful young girl, just budding into womanhood, was going to school in midwinter; she, with other scholars, was sent out for recreation for half an hour, as was the daily custom. Not knowing any better, she sat on a stone step in the sun, and daily did so. Thus coming from a warm schoolroom, and remaining still in the open air until most thoroughly chilled, she acquired a permanent cough. She now sleeps in the churchyard. How many bright hopes have been blasted—how many an only child has been sent to an early grave, by ignorant, careless and incompetent teachers!—*Journal of Education.*

FISHERS OF MEN.

The Scientific American some time since declared that fishing is becoming a great sport with the ladies, that they enjoy it greatly, and that it is a great promotion of their health, and finally that all ladies should learn how to fish. A western exchange agrees to all this; but adds that ladies have always been great fishers, that angling is no new recreation for them, that it always has agreed mightily with their health, though not always with their victims, that their skill in this sport has ever been proverbial, but that the sweet anglers have fished in deeper waters, and for bigger fish than did Ike Walton, for while he was a fisher of trout, they are fishers of men.

GRAFTING THE GRAPE.

Grafting the grape can be performed without difficulty. First, cut the graft before any preparation for growth has commenced, and keep them in an ice-house, or other cool place, until the leaves of the stock have begun to expand. Before this time, the stock will "bleed," and prevent so certain success afterwards. As soon as the leaves begin to open, the bleeding ceases. The grafts are inserted precisely as in fruit trees, and should be done as low down or near the root as practicable. Grafting clay or wax is then applied, and the work is done.—*Horticulturist.*

Some men who know they are great, are so very haughty withal and insufferable, that their acquaintance discover their greatness, only by the tax of humility, which they are obliged to pay, as the price of their friendship.

QUESTIONINGS.

BY WILLIS E. FADOR.

If all things in this world were but
As we could wish, or we could change
All things within our little range,
And open gates that should be shut,—

If passion wrought its vengeful will,
If anger raised its spotted hand,
If hate could gather all its band,
And crime its prey unlicensed kill,—

If chance should in this mood have rule,
And mix and mingle as it might,
If wrong should ever master right,
And wise men humble to the fool,—

What then? Would we contented be,
Or happier because of this?
Would it be passport to a bliss
As fathomless as is the sea?

Or would the carnival of crime
Be held upon the world's wide breast,
And the hot fever of unrest
Continue to the end of Time?

Afar and near upon the gale
Would speed the loud alarm cry,
While echo gave a wild reply,
And lips and cheek grow blanched and pale.

O well for us we do not hold
The warp and woof of human life;
Too many passions are at strife
To lead us safely to the fold.

And well for us that over all
There is a Providence that guides
Life's bark across the angry tides,
And watches those who rise or fall.

THE WHITE NUN.

A TALE OF THE SCOURGE IN NEW ORLEANS.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

No place was so wild that the plague did not visit—
none so secret, that the quick-sighted pestilence did
not discover—none could fly, that it did not overtake.—
THE PLAGUE OF LONDON.

THE pestilence walked abroad over the city.
It was the sultry summer time; the heat was intense
in that torrid climate, and every breeze from orange
and citron grove was laden with poison.

The deadly miasma lurked in every gorgeous
exotic in luxuriant gardens—in the vase of beauty's
bower; every gale inhaled at sunset, when the task
was finished by the wearied laborers, was freighted
with the taint floating up from low, stagnant marshes
in the city's suburbs; and each putrid pool in the
narrow, crowded streets bred the poison! That dreadful
scourge, the yellow

fever, had settled down like the black wing of death,
upon the Crescent City.

The hospital wards were filled to overflowing;
gold failed to purchase care and nursing; even natural
affection was lost, and mothers turned in loathing
from the babes at their breasts when the dark plague-spot
appeared. Cabmen were busied all day long and deep
into the night, with transporting the smitten to the
hospitals; the rumble of the dead cart fell on ears too
used to the sound; cemeteries and grave-pits were
crowded.

O it was horrible! By day, the red, lurid glare
of the tropic sun ripening everything to disease; by
night, the fair, yellow moon and stars of unnatural
brilliance hanging so calmly above the city where
corruption was festering! And still the sun rose out
of the Orient, wheeled over the calm, hazy sky, and
went to his bed beyond the Pacific's waters; the
magnolia's chalices whitened in deserted gardens;
vegetation grew rank and luxuriant; the young
crescent moon grew to be full-orbed, and bathed the
beautiful city and the sheeted waters of Lake Pont-
chartrain in a flood of golden splendor far more
mellow than that of day; and still, from street,
and court, and alley, from palace and hovel, went
up the groans of the dying. It seemed, day by day,
that the Black Angel brooded closer over a doomed
city.

And yet trade went on, and the marts were
crowded as of old; men bought and sold, and
chaffered at a bargain; the jocund song and blithe
negro melody fell on the ear. Slaves were bought
and sold, as though the hand of the Great Avenger
was not, even then, pouring out the vials of his
wrath over the land; great steamboats came puffing
up to the crowded levees, and disgorged their bales
of merchandise; and thus the sounds of busy life
went on.

Alas, that in this eager, jostling world-strife,
man has no time to waste on his fellows! What
though scores daily fell victims to the pestilence?
Others stepped in to take their places; the surging
waters closed over the spots where their barks of
life had gone down, and again the tide swept on.

But there were some in that scourge-smitten
city—a few meek, pale women—who, in their
nun-like robes, with the cross upon their breasts,
and calm, serene, benevolent faces, went about
among the sick and dying, like ministering angels
as they were—these "Sisters of Charity."

Careworn business men hushed the cry of
greed and gain when they passed them in the
thronged streets; little boys ceased their rude
sports and followed with childish gaze the pale

sisters who carried balm and consolation everywhere; and the poor, emaciated beings who lay in crowded hospitals, deserted by kindred and friends, blessed with brightening eyes the coming of these pious women who, imitating the example of their divine Lord, "went about doing good."

In the convent of St. —, among all the pale, passionless, soul-subdued faces there, none beamed more fair or pure than that of "Sister Marie," the "White Nun." Hers was a still, pale countenance, and wondrous fair, yet with no trace of earthly passion on its immobile features. It was as the outside of some beautiful sepulchre—fair, white, and marble still; and no one, looking on that marble face, would have dreamed how earthly hopes, and loves, and fears, had once stirred its calm; how every hope and love had been crucified on the cross of bitter despair, till the martyr had been lost in the saint, and earth had been translated to heaven, for when her feet came over the convent's threshold, Sister Marie had dug a deep grave in her heart and buried all olden passions there.

Alas, there be many such graves in hearts outside of convent walls, where the "dead past" has been put away and covered up forever!

Yet still, at matin chime or evening vespers, the pale nun, clad in her white robes, flitted like a spirit from her cell, and knelt in the chapel with her sister throng; still her slender fingers slipped the beads of her rosary, or lifted the crucifix to her lips, those lips, though pale, yet delicate as sculptor's chisel ever carved in tribute to female loveliness, which murmured *ave marias* and prayers to the Virgin. Still she glided about the city on errands of mercy, like the white-winged angel among dark, fallen humanity; still she made daily visits to the hospital wards, bathing throbbing foreheads in cool waters, holding fresh draughts to fever-parched lips, laying fresh flowers beside some deathly pale cheek on the pillows; still wan lips murmured blessings brokenly as she passed, or, when lips were speechless, glazing eyes strove to catch the flutter of her white robes; and still, when all her gentle care had been in vain, the Sister of Charity folded the cold white hands of the dead over silent hearts, and wept.

Yes, the White Nun could weep for others, but for herself she had no tears; their fountain had long been dried; for, when she sought the shelter of the holy convent's walls, all that had moved or stirred her heart had then perished. Her world-griefs, her world-love, even her world-name, were buried in a common sepulchre. She was no longer a weary, betrayed, deserted,

broken-hearted girl, but Sister Marie, the White Nun, who, with her olden name, had put off olden loves and woes, and ruined hopes forever!

A tender violet had been crushed in his pathway—ground down into dust beneath his iron heel; another had been added to the list of the betrayed and castaways; but what cared the brilliant, *blase* man for that? Hartleigh Louzenberg's way led onward through brighter gardens, where brighter flowers flaunted on the air; his sensual eye had fallen on a stately southern exotic, and now he was free to win and wear it, for the sweet wild flower he had once gathered to his bosom had faded, drooped and perished.

And the elegant belle of New-Orleans, Eloise Devereux, looked not coldly upon her new lover. Many had hitherto knelt at the creole's feet; men of bravery, intellect and wealth had sued for her smiles; how strange that the hackneyed Hartleigh Louzenberg should have distanced them all in the race for the lady's favor.

But so it was; for months they had been betrothed; the wedding eve was appointed, and already the man who at heart had paid court to the heiress, saw himself master of a crowded warehouse, a magnificent villa on the borders of Lake Pontchartrain, acres of snowy cotton fields and scores of lusty slaves.

Already the wedding jewels flashed in their caskets on Eloise Devereux's dressing-table; the bridal robe—a miracle of satin, lace and orange blossoms—had been sent from the French *modiste's*; even the wedding favors, tied with tiny knots of white satin ribbon, filled the silver card receivers of the drawing-room.

And all the while the terrible pestilence kept its onward march; and side by side with rosy marriage stalked pale death.

The wedding-night came; and such an assemblage as wealth, youth and beauty can ever gather around them, graced the mansion of the heiress. There mingled dark-eyed, tropic-hearted daughters of the South, and gallant Louisianians on whose arms they leaned; but none more beautiful than the peerless belle of the Crescent City—alas! none so black-hearted as the false Louzenberg!

The bride expectant shone resplendent in the costly bridal robes, and the lustre of her jewels vainly essayed to rival the proud flash of her midnight eyes; but Louzenberg was pale and agitated, cold tremors shook his frame; dull, heavy pains shot through his burning temples and leaden eyes. Ah, the deadly fever was lurking in his veins! Every burning flush and heaving heart-throb brought a feeling of suffoca-

tion; and conscience (not yet stifled to its death) sent pale, mocking ghosts to haunt the hour with a vision of the lost, ruined and forsaken!

The marriage ceremony commenced, it half waned, yet Louzenberg heard no word of the priest before him, he saw not the beautiful woman at his side. His straining gaze, piercing strangely into nooks and shadows of the apartment, had become riveted on a shadowy form just outside the open verandah window, where the yellow moonlight met and struggled with the glare of chandeliers within, and on the white face of that still, muffled figure peering in upon him, his eyes were enchained. Vainly he endeavored to break the spell; still his straining eyeballs were bound in that strange fascination, his senses were wrought to their utmost tension, till, under the combined influences of terror and the disease lurking in his system, he seemed on the verge of madness.

Once, twice, the priest repeated the questions, awaiting the responses from Louzenberg; the eyes of all in that spacious drawing-room were bent upon him; even the haughty Eloise, as she watched his livid face, grew pale and faint with a feeling of indefinable terror, yet vainly strove to recall her lover's senses to the ceremony. He gave no heed; his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, hot pangs shot through his veins like writhing fire-serpents; a deadly sickness clutched at his heart; his complexion took a green and ghastly hue; and, striving to point his clammy finger in the direction of the verandah window, he gave one shrill cry, in which pain, terror and agony were blended, then fell prostrate to the floor.

The wildest confusion followed, and in another moment the guests were thronging around him. But one look sufficed! Those who were familiar with the appearance of the pestilence, only cried "The fever!" then fled.

In another moment the heiress's mansion was deserted. Brave men and beautiful women, guest and priest, even she who had almost been made a bride, all had sought self-preservation in flight, and left him to his fate. And then, when all vaunted love had turned to fear and loathing, as these terrible words, "The yellow fever!" had rung out on the perfumed air of that bridal hall—when all, priest of God, guest, the affianced bride, and even the lowest servant of the household had abandoned him; then the pale Sister of Charity, now paler and calmer than ever, glided silently from her station in the window like a saint from her niche, and bent tenderly over the smitten man.

Weeks passed, cooler winds again wandered over New Orleans; the winds that floated up from the Mexic Gulf no longer brought the taint of poison; the tropic sun burned less fiercely, and the yellow splendor of the moon had faded; the fever had somewhat abated, and health was again visiting the Crescent City, when Hartleigh Louzenberg—wan, emaciated as a skeleton—found strength to crawl feebly from his couch in the deserted mansion of Eloise Devereux.

Death's hot breath had blown upon his cheek, seared the lustre of his dark eye, withered, scorched and shrivelled his once fresh complexion, burnt out the life from the once moist curls that had hung in rich masses over his white forehead, and yet, death had passed him by. All death's agony had he felt, and yet lived—if that could be called *life* to which he now awoke, so unlike was it to the buoyancy and elasticity of health he had known when the fresh, untainted blood leaped joyously along his veins.

Why had he been spared? he, the deceiver, betrayer; while hundreds—good, kind and noble—had bowed to the desolating scourge? Because his Maker and Preserver had mercifully resolved to touch his heart into gratitude; to so touch and soften that arrogant man's proud heart, that, on bended knees, he thanked him for his life.

But the pale Sister of Charity, the White Nun, who had been beside him during all that terrible fever, when frenzy was scorching his veins, whither had she vanished? Ah, the pale-faced nun knew that so soon as returning reason should take its seat in his brain, henceforth it was no place for her beside the sick man's bed! And when the fever was upon the point of departure, another nurse took her station there. Yet never by look or word had she sought to betray herself to Louzenberg, as too weak to speak, he lay passive and childlike upon his pillows, and, gazing wonderingly on her sweet, pale face, dreamed of angels in heaven.

So she had left him, on the border-ground of reason; and when afterwards, while health came slowly back, day by day he thought of that night when the terrible fever had seized him, and of the muffled form outside the verandah window, then he knew that she whom he had so cruelly wronged had been the angel who hovered about his pillow, then he knew who it was that had saved him!

And then, when he questioned the nurse beside him, she only answered that he had been tended by Sister Marie, who left when she came, only a pale sad nun, who went about visiting the sick and dying; yet his heart cried out "Mary!"

"Mary!" and he prayed God he might live to look upon her face once more.

And in the meantime, one convent cell was deserted; one slight figure knelt no more before the crucifix on its walls, murmuring *ave marias* with pale lips, or glided noiselessly through dim corridors at twilight to join her sister-throng and sing the vesper hymn; one little bed in that narrow cell was unoccupied, but a low pallet in the hospital wards instead.

One day, yet pale and enfeebled, Louzenberg dismissed his nurse and wandered out into the city streets. Crowds jostled past him, for the city dwellers were fast returning to their homes at the disappearance of the fever; he met a few old friends and acquaintances, who greeted him hastily, then hurried past; all gazed at him with evident fear, as if a ghost had risen from its tomb and wandered abroad over earth, so ghastly pale his countenance. He felt very miserable for he was utterly alone, abandoned by even his betrothed bride, for Eloise Devereux had fled north for safety; and now the one whom he had most wronged, but who had risked her own life to save his, was buried to him forever within the convent walls.

He felt utterly desolate; and, as if to verify anew the truth of the old adage that misery loves company, he bent his steps to the hospital where the sick and dying lay. Slowly he walked along, and while moving through the wards, pausing now and then to lift a cup of water to some thirsty lips, and note the ravages of a disease which had so nearly claimed him for a victim, a low moan from the extremity of the female ward fell on his ear. It was a low, gentle moan, and involuntarily he bent his steps in that direction. Beside the low pallet sat a Sister of Charity whom he recognized as his latest nurse, bathing the forehead of a pale sufferer on the pillows, whose white lips, as she tossed to and fro in her pain, uttered the moans which had fallen on his ear.

"Hush!" said the nun, recognizing him as he drew near, and placing her finger on her lips, "hush! 'tis Sister Marie!"

Thrilled to the heart, Louzenberg drew near and gazed on her. One glance sufficed—it was she! Yet that face, which had once been so fair in girlhood, and flushed crimson beneath his kisses, bore now no imprint of the loathsome disease. Still were the delicate features beautiful to look upon, but pale, O, so pale and marble cold, that he shivered and sank down beside her as though an ice bolt had entered his heart. Yet the poison taint was in her blood; she had taken the fever

from him she had so loved and tended, and now she was dying!

With a deep groan, so full of agony that many occupants of the low pallets around rose to gaze about in terror—with such a groan the wretched man sank down by her bedside, murmuring in hollow tones:

"O, God, this is terrible! And I have murdered her! Mary, Mary, live! live for me! live that I may atone for all my wickedness. You must not, shall not die! I am not forgiven yet, Mary, my own, my darling!"

The dying girl faintly unclosed her eyes. An expression of wonder broke through their hazy film.

"Where am I?" she whispered, reaching out her hands dimly, like one walking in a dream. "I seem to be at home again, in the old cottage among the pines. The breath of summer is on my brow. The moon comes up behind Blue Hill—the brook sings down by the willows—my mother stands in the doorway, and smiles as I gather roses to deck my hair. The moon is getting higher—see! the stars all grow pale—and hark! I hear a step in the path through the wood! Ah, he is coming—it is Hartleigh! He pleads hard, so hard that I cannot tell him 'nay!' He will make me his wife in that southern home where the magnolia whitens, where roses always bloom, and love can never fade. Hartleigh!" And in the ravings of delirium, her tones getting louder and louder, she raised herself in bed.

"Mary, I am here! For God's sake speak to me—don't look at me in that way!" moaned the miserable man, crouching humbly down at the bedside.

"Mary! Mary!" Some one called me," went on the nun, "I guess it was my mother. Let me go in now, Hartleigh! But no! it was my beloved's voice! he is sick, sick to death with the terrible fever. I must get away from this convent—they all look at me so with their cold, mocking eyes—they never loved anybody, I'm sure! I must get away and go to him! Hartleigh! Hartleigh, you never loved another, did you? You never cast away your Mary? Tell me, Hartleigh!" And with a gleam strangely akin to reason, flashing from the fast gathering film of death in her eyes, she flung herself forward and gazed upon Hartleigh. In that last hour, the dying girl seemed to feel a dim consciousness who knelt beside her.

"Mary, forgive!"

The words were husky with agony which the kneeler uttered, catching wildly at her hand. "Forgiveness, give it me before you go up to heaven. Mary, don't you know me?" And he

smoothed the hair off her chill forehead and looked deep into her eyes.

A strange glory played over her features—a dim smile, unutterably sweet and tender, about her lips.

"Hartleigh!"

She essayed to place one thin, diaphanous hand in his, and with the other raised the golden crucifix to her lips murmuring, "I forgive—the Virgin, Jesus, bless you evermore!"

Louzenberg sobbed aloud, and rained tears and convulsive kisses all over that little ice-cold hand; but suddenly its clasp relaxed—it fell motionless upon the counterpane—the glory faded from those flaring eyes, and the smile flickered and grew fainter on her white lips, then went out on earth forever.

It was too late; remorse, regret, prayers, tears, and proffered love, were then of no avail; Marie the White Nun was dead!

Years after, one summer night of moonlight splendor, a pale, haggard wanderer stood in the drifting light and shade of a pinewood in a remote Canadian village. The ruins of an old cottage lay in a grass-grown clearing beyond; and the rush of waters in the lowlands smote upon the ear.

"Here she lived—here she stole out to meet me in the moonlight; and here the spoiler wooed her to her ruin! Gods! what demon of evil sent me hither to lure Mary St. Pierre to her fate? Peace! Peace! Shall I never find thee?" And smiting his hand hard upon his temples, the haggard, conscience-stricken man rushed away.

May, wander where thou wilt—tread whatever lands thou may'st, remorse, with wan, spectral fingers, will silently, surely weave a shroud over thy heart! And wherever thou turnest, Hartleigh Louzenberg, the haunting eyes of Marie, the White Nun, the Mary St. Pierre of thine early love, shall follow thee evermore!

OCCUPATION.

The want of proper occupation is the cause of more than half of the petty frets of life. And right occupation will be a medicine for half the minor ills of life. A man without any proper aim in life, without moral inspiration, too rich to be industrious, and a prey to the thousand frets of unoccupied leisure, sometimes sets himself to pray against his troubles. Now a man might as well pray against the sands in Sahara, as a lazy man to pray against petty troubles. Therefore it happens, sometimes, that bankruptcy brings a man what all his wealth failed to give—happiness; for he has real troubles, and trouble is a good medicine for trouble. There is a moral counter-irritation.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

BEING LATE.

We don't suppose the brief homily which follows from an anonymous pen will change the Ethiopian's skin or the leopard's spots, but that will not deter us from presenting to the church commercial the moral ethics and the prudential maxims which go to make up and form the character of the good and the true merchant. There is a class of people who are always late. They are inevitably late to the cars, and they invariably have to jump for it if they are going on a steam-boat jaunt. Everything with these people is put off until the last moment, and then, if the plank is removed, they stand a capital chance of jumping overboard, in attempting to leap upon the deck after the paddle-wheels have commenced revolving. If the boat started an hour later it would be all the same to them, for they would just as inevitably be behind time, and come up or down a little too late to take things cool and comfortable. These late people have to stir their stumps or be left behind, when they have steam-boats or railroad cars to deal with; but they are the bane of the existence of punctual persons with whom they may have dealings, and who have no recourse in the way of tapping a big bell or blowing up a steam whistle, to hurry up the delinquent eleventh hour men. One procrastinating man will derange the best laid plan of hundreds, by failing to come up to time, and he wastes hours for others in his disregard for minutes.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

AN UXORIOUS MONSTER.

While lying in Black River harbor, Jamaica, two sharks were frequently seen playing about the ship. At length the female was killed, and the desolation of the male was excessive. What he did without her, remains a secret; but what he did with her, was clear enough—for scarce was the breath out of his Eurydice's body, when he stuck his teeth in her and began to eat her up with all possible expedition. Even the sailors felt their sensibility excited by so peculiar a mark of posthumous attachment; and to enable him to perform this melancholy duty the more easily, they offered to be his carvers, lowered their boat, and proceeded to chop his better half in pieces with their hatchets, while the widower opened his jaws as wide as possible, and gulped down pounds upon pounds of the dear departed as fast as they were thrown to him, with the greatest delight and all the avidity imaginable. I make no doubt that all the while he was eating, he was thoroughly persuaded that every morsel that went into his stomach would make its way to his heart directly. "She was perfectly consistent," he said to himself. "She was excellent through life, and really she's extremely good now she's dead!"—*Wilson.*

How small a portion of our life it is, that we really enjoy. In youth, we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age, we are looking backwards to things that are gone past; in manhood, although we appear indeed to be more occupied in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day, when we have time.—*Lacon.*

Curious Matters.

Sucking up Water from Sand.

Livingstone, the American traveller, describes an ingenious method by which the Africans obtain water in the desert: "The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed about two feet long, and insert it in a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach, then ram down the wet sand firmly around it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises to the mouth." It will be perceived that this simple, but truly philosophical and effectual method, might have been applied in many cases, in different countries, where water was greatly needed to the saving of life. It seems wonderful that it should have been now first made known to the world and that it should have been habitually practised in Africa, probably for centuries. It seems worthy of being particularly noticed, that it may no longer be neglected from ignorance. It may be highly important to travellers on our Western deserts and prairies, in some parts of which water is known to exist below the surface."

Strange Cure for Epilepsy.

An instance of the utility of a black silk handkerchief in cases of epilepsy occurred a few days ago in Paris. A young girl fell down in the public streets in a strong epileptic fit. A crowd immediately collected round her, but for some moments nobody could think of any means of assistance. A sergeant de ville, however, coming up, and seeing what was the matter, asked a bystander to lend him a black silk neckcloth, and, having obtained it, he covered the girl's face with the silk, and in the course of a few seconds she began to recover. The convulsions ceased, consciousness returned, and in a short time she got up and walked quietly home, having first thanked the officer for his kindness. A medical man, who happened to be present towards the termination of the scene, complimented the sergeant de ville, and said to him: "You have taught me a mode of treatment of which I shall avail myself in future."

A Skeleton fourteen Centuries Old.

The Akkbar of Algiers mentions an interesting discovery recently made at Dellys by some soldiers, while engaged digging out the foundations for erecting a stable. They found a tomb with a marble slab supported by columns and statuettes, very well sculptured; the whole in an excellent style of art. The tomb contained a leaden coffin, in which was a skeleton in good preservation, supposed to be that of a woman. The monument is Roman, and belongs to the 4th or 5th century of the Christian era. No inscription has yet been discovered, but it is hoped that when the monument shall have been completely laid open, one will be found.

A Modern Cæsus.

Monsieur Greffulhe, of Paris, who died recently, owned a whole street there, which he built, and called Rue Greffulhe. He is said to have possessed more gold and silver, on special deposit at the Bank of France, than any other banker in Paris. When the revolution of February occurred, he had \$8,000,000 in gold and silver. His mania was to have his specie deposit in coin, while the Rothschilds and other bankers keep their deposits in gold or silver bars or coin.

Dancing Fanatics.

The following extraordinary tale appears in the "Echo de la Frontiere," published at Valenciennes: "A family named Brisson, consisting of two brothers (one married), two sisters, and a child five years of age, were one evening, recently, quietly seated at supper. All at once, one of them, seized with some sudden vertigo, jumped up and began talking most incoherently, and all the other members of the family being attacked in a similar way, did the same. They then all began dancing, and afterwards stripped themselves of the whole of their garments, singing, as they did so, sacred hymns. They next took the child, tied him to a ladder as if to crucify him, and then stuck pins into the fleshy part of his person, continuing to dance and sing all the while. Their next exploit was to ascend the roof of the house and pour water down the chimney to extinguish, as they said, the fires of purgatory. At this moment, the neighbors interfered and released the little boy, who was insensible from his sufferings. The cause of the sudden madness has not been ascertained."

A Curious Story.

A curious case is now before one of the courts at Hamburg, in Germany, and exciting much interest, in a certain quarter of the city. A young shoemaker lately received from America a large sum of money, left to him by his unknown parents at their death. The story goes that in 1835, an alleged Polish count, a refugee, resided for some time in the quarter in question. While there, the countess, his wife, gave birth to a son, which she left with the nurse at the time of her departure for America with her husband. The child was put to board with a worthy shoemaker, who taught him his trade, without informing him of his parentage. The investigation now going on, will probably throw much light on this affair, which is to make a rich man and a count of a poor shoe maker.

A Wooden Watchman.

A curious piece of mechanism has been invented and exhibited in Great Britain. It is called the "alarm statue," and is designed for the protection of dwelling-houses, etc., from midnight depredators. This automaton represents a soldier in full regimentals, six feet in height; its position is erect, in the manner of a sentinel on duty, having a blunderbuss in his hand. Upon touching a wire, it immediately turns round in that direction, drops its head, and fires the piece, at the same time ringing two alarm-bells, and pronouncing the word "fire," in a distinct and audible voice.

A Petrifying Stream.

The Placerville (California) Argus says: "There is a little stream which empties into Shasta Valley, possessing the singular property of incrusting everything that falls into its waters with a complete coat of stone. Flowers, leaves, grass, pine buds, etc., will become completely enamelled in the course of a week or so, retaining in the process their natural form."

A Prodigy.

The Ocean, of Brest, says that there is now residing in that town a deaf and dumb man, named Moses, a native of Ratibon, in Bavaria, who has taught himself Latin, and fourteen of the living languages of Europe, all of which he writes with extraordinary facility—and who, besides, makes the most difficult arithmetical calculations with astonishing correctness and rapidity.

A Singular Phenomenon.

At one of the meetings of the Scientific Association at Montreal, Professor Snell, of Amherst College, read a paper upon "Vibrations over the Dam at Holyoke, Mass." A letter gives the following notice of it: "There is found an unbroken sheet of water, one thousand feet long and thirty feet high, which vibrates constantly—inasmuch that all the doors and windows within miles of the spot keep time with the vibrations at the falls. These are at the rate of two for every second. This phenomenon, when seen from below, some sunshiny morning, is exceedingly beautiful. It was illustrated thus: If one should stand looking down a long street in a city, where every pane of glass was illuminated by a gas-light, and should see those lights extinguished and re-lighted twice every second, he might form a proper idea of the reflection of the sun's rays at these falls. The cause of the vibrations was attributed to the current of air passing between the fall and the dam—thus making an organ pipe one thousand feet in length."

An Old Story Repeated.

The Trieste Gazette relates the following mysterious story: "One of the noblest families of Vernon has just learned that it has been the victim of an audacious fraud. The young heir to the property having many years ago been put out to nurse, it so happened, one day, that he fell from a chest of drawers and broke his arm. Soon after, the mother arrived to visit her infant. The nurse, afraid of revealing the truth, presented her own child, instead of the little sufferer. The fraud succeeded, and the idea then struck her that she had better allow it to continue. The young peasant, accordingly, received the education of a noble, and the nobleman was brought up to follow the plough. It was but a few weeks ago, that the nurse, on her death-bed, confessed her crime. The peasant, her son, is now married to a noble lady, and it is not known how the interests engaged in the matter can be fairly conciliated."

Newly discovered Property of Chloroform.

The Abelle Medicate reports the case of a young man who badly scalded both legs in a cauldron of boiling water. He was immediately laid on a bed, an exciting potion administered, cod liver oil applied to his leg and he was twice bled, but the pain in the legs did not subside. A liniment of laudanum and cod liver oil was applied, also without effect in abating the pain. But chloroform having been substituted for laudanum, immediate relief ensued, and was maintained by continuing the same process until recovery.

Discovery in Electricity.

Dr. C. G. Page, of Washington, has discovered that positive electricity will extinguish the flame of a lamp, and negative electricity will increase it. When the flame of about two inches height is charged positively from a powerful machine, it is rapidly shortened to total extinction. When the flame is charged negatively, it is immediately enlarged, a portion of it being impelled down around the wick tube for the distance of an inch, and a portion also elongated above.

Delicate Eating.

The "Digger Indians," of California, catch cartloads of grasshoppers by driving them into a pit dug for the purpose, after which they are baked by a fire encircling the pit, and then pulverized into flour, from which various delicate viands are prepared for the Indian palate.

Family Names.

The following facts are from an interesting article on the family nomenclature of England and Wales, in the sixteenth annual report of the register general of England: The indexes for births, marriages and deaths for seventeen and a half years contains more than 21,000,000 names. In England, Smith is by far the most common name, while in Wales, the name of Jones predominates. During the period above named, the records of both England and Wales show 285,087 persons named Smith, and 282,900 named Jones. Of the whole population of England and Wales in 1855, one person in 73 was named Smith, one in 76 was a Jones, one in 114 a Williams, one in 148 a Taylor, one in 162 a Davis, and one in 175 a Brown. Over half a million of the whole population were named Smith or Jones.

Miserly Avarice.

A German beggar woman at Elizabeth, New Jersey, who had for years subsisted on the private charity of the public, which she gained by her squalid poverty and apparent necessities, recently died and an examination was made of her effects. To the astonishment of all, there was found among them ten or twelve thousand dollars in excellent bonds and mortgages upon the best of property, all of which was available cash. This miserable creature had been saving and investing the proceeds of her beggary, excepting only that which was necessary to save her from starvation, until it had attained this very respectable sum. Leaving no heirs, the money will revert to the town or city in which she lived.

Natural Instinct.

It has been observed that turtles cross the ocean from the Bay of Honduras to the Cayman Isles, near Jamaica, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, with an accuracy superior to the chart and compass of human skill; for it is affirmed that vessels which have lost their latitude in hazy weather have steered entirely by the noise of the turtles in swimming. The object of their voyage, as of the migration of birds, is for the purpose of laying eggs on a spot particularly favorable.

Singular Tree.

In the Island of Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable, called "the sorrowful tree," because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet after half an hour it is full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off, and others close up; and others continue flowering in the night during the whole year.

Making Wood Fire-proof.

Professor Rochelder, of Prague, says the California Farmer, has just discovered a new antiphlogistic material which promises to become of importance. It is a liquid chemical composition, the secret of which is not yet divulged, which renders wood and other articles indestructible by fire. Several successful experiments have been made, and others are promised on a larger scale.

Gas Experiment.

An exhibition of gas-light can be made in the following manner. Procure a tobacco pipe, with a long stem, and put into the bowl a small walnut, then cover the top of the bowl with clay, and let it dry. After it is dry, heat the bowl in the fire, when a white gas will issue from the stem. This may be lighted, and it will burn for some time.

The Florist.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,—
Pansies let thy flower be.—SHELLEY.

Epacris.

The Epacris is a New Holland shrub, which the first settlers took for a kind of Heath. The Epacris should be grown in a soil composed of turf bog, chopped small, but not crumbled, and mixed with sand; and they do best in double pots, with moss, kept moist, stuffed between them; as, if the hot sun comes to the outside of the pot, the tender roots will be withered, and the plants are checked if not killed. The plants should be potted high like Heath. They require plenty of air and light, but not much heat; sufficient to exclude the frost in winter is quite enough for them. Cuttings of young woods may be struck in pure sand, under a bell-glass, and with the aid of bottom heat.

Moral of the Garden.

Nothing teaches patience like a garden. All have to wait for the fruits of the earth. You may go round and watch the opening bud from day to day; but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. If forced, it is only torn to pieces. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly but regularly progressive. Each year does a work that nothing but a year can do. "Learn to labor and to wait" is one of the best lessons of a garden. All that is good takes time, and comes only by growth.

Crucianella.

A very beautiful little plant. It is a hardy perennial, a native of the mountains of Persia, growing about a foot high in any common garden soil, and well adapted for beds in a geometric flower-garden, from its profusion of bright pink flowers, which it continues producing from June to September. It is well adapted for rock-work, and is increased by dividing the roots.

Periploca.

A handsome, hardy climber, with velvet-like flowers of a singular color, being a dark purplish maroon. It will grow in any light, rich soil, and is very suitable for covering arbors. It is said to be fatal to flies, and that numbers of dead flies may be swept up every day in bowers covered by it. Propagated by layers or cuttings.

Funkia.

The Japan Day-lily. They are natives of Japan and China, and are grown here in the open air, though they must be started in pots in the house, and not turned into the border until rather late in the season. They are quite hardy, and require a dry warm border, sheltered from the north winds.

Heliophila.

Beautiful little annual plants, natives of the Cape of Good Hope, generally with blue flowers, and very long, slender stems. The seeds should be sown in a hot-bed, in March, and the plants removed to the borders, in a warm, sheltered situation, in the latter part of May.

Pitcarnia.

Handsome herbaceous stove plants, with pine-apple-like leaves, and very singular scarlet or pinkish flowers. Should be grown in sandy peat and rich loam.

Ampelopsis.

Well known by its English names of Virginia Creeper and Five-leaved Ivy. Its flowers have no beauty, but it is worth cultivating as an ornamental plant, from the brilliant scarlet which its leaves assume in autumn, and which look particularly well at that season, when intermingled and contrasted with the rich dark, glossy green leaves of the English Ivy. The plant is very rapid in growth, and is propagated by cuttings or layers. The Virginian Creeper is one of our finest indigenous climbers. It grows very rapidly, attaching itself firmly to wood and stone buildings.

Fontanestea.

A shrub or low tree, resembling in appearance the common Privet, but with handsomer flowers, which are at first whitish, but afterwards become a brownish yellow. It is a native of Syria, where its leaves remain on all the year; but in this climate they drop off in the course of the winter. It will grow in any common garden soil, and is propagated by layers, cuttings and grafting on the Privet.

Erythrina.

The Coral Tree. Stove and green-house shrubs, with splendid coral-colored flowers. *E. laurifolia* and *E. Crista-galli* will grow in the open border, and will flower magnificently in a warm sunny border, if sheltered by a south wall. The soil should be sandy loam, or loam and peat; and they are propagated by cuttings of the young wood struck in sand under glass, but without bottom heat.

Geaneria.

Showy hot-house plants, generally with intensely brilliant scarlet flowers. They require rich light soil, and are propagated by cuttings struck in sand under a bell glass with the aid of bottom heat. It is a very difficult plant to propagate, as it is very susceptible to any very slight excess of heat or cold, but it well repays any trouble.

Cotula.

Hardy annuals, the flowers of which are like little golden balls. It will grow in any common garden soil, and requires to be sown in April, with the usual treatment of hardy annuals.

Sanguisorba.

Great Burnett is the name by which it is commonly known. Most of the exotic kinds are very hardy. Should be sown in a rich, light soil. They are increased by dividing the roots.

Amethystea.

An annual plant with brilliant blue flowers; a native of Siberia, of easy culture in any soil or situation, except that it will not bear transplanting unless when very young, and it is rather difficult then to make the plants live.

Dimorphotheoca.

Professor De Candolle's new name for the Cape Marigolds, formerly called *Calendula pluvialis* and *C. hybrida*.

Ferraria.

Cape tuberous-rooted plants, with very curious flowers, and requiring the usual culture of similar plants.

Didiscus.

Beautiful Australian plants, sometimes called by this name, and sometimes by that of *Trachemene*. They are half hardy annuals, that require to be raised in a hot-bed, and not planted out into the borders till May or June. In very cold or exposed situations they are generally grown in pots, and kept in the green-house; but they never flower so well as in the open ground. The best way to grow them is to sow the seed in autumn as soon as it can be procured from seed-shops, on a slight hot-bed, to pot the plants as soon as they have formed their second pair of leaves, and to keep the pots in a frame or green-house, shifting the plants occasionally, till the following spring, when they may be planted in the open ground in a light rich soil, and they will flower beautifully.

Wash for Fruit Trees.

Make a firm soap of one part lamp oil (no matter how much candied) and six or eight parts of strong ley or potash solution; one part of this soap and eight of warm water—apply with a brush, or cloth attached to a long handle. I have used this wash with perfect success on young trees, entirely destroying the aphids when the trees were nearly covered with them, and giving to the bark a healthy and vigorous appearance. Apply the wash in February or March.

Leycesteria.

A very handsome plant with long spikes of reddish flowers, which will not only thrive but grow more luxuriantly in the immediate neighborhood of the sea than in any other situation. It is a native of Nepal, and was introduced in 1824. It was lost for some time, owing to injudicious treatment, but has lately been re-introduced. It is propagated by cuttings and seeds.

Notelaea.

Australian shrubs with white flowers, greatly resembling in their leaves and general appearance the European Olive. They are generally kept in the green-house, and grown in sandy peat; but they are nearly hardy, and make good shrubs for a background or balcony.

Julibrissan.

This beautiful tree, which is a kind of *Acacia*, is called the silk-tree, from the abundance of its long, fine, tassel-like blossoms. It is rather tender here, requiring protection during the winter, but grows freely in Italy.

Zygophyllum.

The Bean Caper. Green-house and hardy perennials, which will grow in any common garden soil that is somewhat loamy. They are propagated by cuttings very readily.

Fuschia.

The Port Faroni *Fuschia* (*F. discolor*), though quite hardy in the north of Scotland, will not stand well near London, as it is much injured by smoke.

Callichroa.

The only species known is a showy California annual, with golden yellow flowers, requiring the usual treatment of California annuals.

Gaura.

Curious hardy annual and biennial flowers, very pretty, and requiring only the culture of their respective kinds.

Hyacinths.

In the management of hyacinths in glasses, it may be remarked, that, when a succession of flowers is wanted, the bulbs may be put in every fortnight. Place in the bulbs, and then fill up with water just so that the bottoms of each will be immersed an eighth of an inch; then put the glasses in a dark cool room until the roots have protruded a half an inch or so, which is generally in about ten days. They should be exposed to the sun, light and air, as much as possible; if they receive the sun on one side only, they should be turned round every two or three days, to prevent their growing crooked.

Toads in Gardens.

Various remedies have been given for the prevention of the ravages of insects in gardens. Young chickens are often allowed to run in the gardens, but the remedy is only partial; chickens will only eat a few species of insects, and these are apt to be the least destructive. Toads do an infinite degree of good. Excepting the black "pumpkin bug," toads will eat any bug, worm or fly, that belongs to the catalogue of enemies to farmer or gardener. The more full grown toads you have in a garden the better. Never drive them away—seek rather to bring them there.

Nitrate of Soda.

This substance, which is found in great abundance as a natural production of the earth of South America, is a very powerful manure; but it must be applied cautiously, or it will make the leaves look brown and shrivelled. It should be well mixed with the soil in which plants are to be placed, and not laid on the surface. When it produces the proper effect, it gives great vigor to the plant, and renders their leaves an intense bright green.

Passerina.

Sparrow-wort. Most of the species are Cape shrubs, which require a green-house in this climate. One species, *P. hirsuta*, is a native of the south of Europe, and bears small yellow flowers. They are all more curious than beautiful, and scarcely pay for the trouble of raising them, being almost wholly devoid of fragrance.

Stellaria.

Very pretty plants with white flowers, many of which are natives of Britain. They are all quite hardy, but grow best in sandy soil. The dwarf kinds are suitable for rock-work. They are propagated by seeds, which thus ripen freely, or by division of the root.

Cynoglossum.

Hounds' Tongue. Pretty little biennial and annual plants; natives of Europe, and requiring only the common culture of plants of a similar nature. Venus's Navelwort was formerly considered as belonging to this genus.

Adenophora.

Perennial plants, with blue, bell-shaped flowers, resembling the *Campanulas*. They require to be planted in a rich, light soil, and are easily killed by too much moisture. They are natives of Siberia.

Empetrum.

The Crow Berry. Little heath-like plants, with pretty flowers and very showy berries, adapted for growing on rock-work. They should be grown in peat soil, and kept rather dry.

The Housewife.

Apple Fritters.

Pare and core some fine large pippins, and cut them into round slices. Soak them in wine, sugar, and nutmeg, for two or three hours. Make a batter of four eggs; a table-spoonful of rose-water; a table-spoonful of wine; a table-spoonful of milk; thicken with enough flour, stirred in by degrees, to make a batter; mix it two or three hours before it is wanted, that it may be light. Heat some butter in a frying-pan; dip each slice of apple separately in the batter, and fry them brown; sift pound-sugar, and grate nutmeg over them.

Common Tins.

Throw some wood-ashes into a wash-kettle, pour on water till it is two-thirds full, and then let it boil. Or make a strong lye. Dip in the tins when it is boiling hot; and, if they are very dirty, leave them in about ten minutes. Take them out, and cover them with a mixture of soft soap and the very finest sand. This must be rubbed on with a coarse tow-cloth. Then rinse them in a tub of cold water, and set them in the sun to drain and dry. When dry, finish by rubbing them well with a clean woolen cloth or flannel. They will look very nice and bright.

Barley Water.

Take four large table-spoonfuls of well-picked and washed pearl barley, and put it into a porcelain-lined kettle, containing two quarts of boiling water. Let it boil slowly till reduced to nearly one half the liquid. Strain it and season it with salt, and, if the patient's condition will admit of it, flavor it with white sugar and fresh lemon-juice. It is a grateful drink to invalids.

Raspberry Puffs.

Roll out thin some fine puff-paste, cut it in rounds or squares of equal size, lay some raspberry jam into each, moisten the edges of the paste, fold and press them together, and bake the puffs from ten to fifteen minutes. Strawberry, or any other jam will serve for them equally well.

A cheap Suet Pudding.

With a pound of flour mix well an equal weight of good potatoes boiled and grated, a quarter pound of suet, and a small teaspoonful of salt. Make these into a stiff batter, with milk, and boil the pudding one hour in a well-floured cloth.

To destroy Rats.

Cut a number of corks or a piece of sponge as thin as sixpences; stew them in grease, and place them in the way of the rats. They will greedily devour this delicacy, and will die of indigestion.

Cheap Door-Mats.

Cut old broadcloth or any woolen articles into long strips from one to two inches broad. Braid three of these together, and sew the braid round in gradually increasing circles till large enough.

Cream Tea.

Four spoonful of boiling water to one spoonful of sweet cream, and a little loaf sugar. Delicate for the tenderest infant, but the cream must be genuine, not city cream.

To preserve Books.

A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mouldiness and damp. Russian leather which is perfumed with the tar of the birch-tree, never moulds; and merchants suffer large bales of this article to lie in the London Docks in the most careless manner, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from damp.

The Bakewell Pudding.

Having covered a dish with thin puff paste, put a layer of any kind of jam about half an inch thick, then take the yolks of eight eggs and two whites, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter melted, and almond flavor to your taste; beat all well together; pour the mixture into the dish an inch thick, and bake it about an hour in a moderate oven.

Good plain Gingerbread.

Three-quarters of a pound of flour; a quarter of a pound of butter; a quarter of a pound of sugar; a quarter of a pound of treacle; a table-spoonful of cream, and ginger to the taste. Mix all together into a stiff paste, roll it out thin, and cut into small cakes; a little candied orange and lemon peel is a great improvement.

Snow-Balls.

One cup of sugar, two eggs, four table-spoonful of milk, a tea-spoonful of cream of tartar, and one of soda, if the milk is sour; if not, half a tea-spoonful; spice to your taste; flour to just roll out in balls; fry in lard, and dip in the white of an egg, then in powdered loaf sugar, till white.

Sponge Cake.

Ten eggs and their weight in sugar; beat the yolks with the sugar; take the weight of five eggs in flour sifted; beat the whites to a froth, and put in; add a half teaspoon of soda, and stir in the flour one of cream of tartar; add the flour as quickly as possible, and bake immediately.

Rice Pie.

To a pint of rice boiled soft, add a pint of rich cream, two eggs, salt, and a little mace. Let these ingredients be well mixed, spread half the quantity in a deep baking dish, lay pieces of chicken upon it, and cover them with the remainder of the rice, and bake it in a hot oven.

Lemon Pie.

For one pie, two lemons' juice and rinds, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, two table-spoonful of corn-starch, the yolks of six eggs; bake it; then beat the whites of the eggs with eight table-spoonful of fine white sugar, and pour over it; put it in the oven, and dry.

Boiled Halibut.

The cut next to the tail is the nicest. Rub salt over it, soak it awhile in cold water, wash it, scrape it, pin it in a floured cloth, and put it in boiling water. Eight pounds will require a little more than half an hour's boiling.

Clams.

Lay them on the coals or gridiron, so that the shell will retain the liquor. When the shell opens, pour the liquor into a saucepan, cut out the clams and boil them. Add cream and salt, and pour them upon toasted bread.

Strengthening Jelly for Invalids.

One ounce of isinglass, half an ounce of gum-Arabic, a pint of port wine; sweeten with sugar-candy or loaf-sugar, and then flavor with cinnamon, or a little nutmeg and lemon-peel. The cinnamon may be boiled in a quarter of a pint of water for an hour; strain, and add the isinglass with another quarter of a pint of water; strain when it is dissolved, and add the other ingredients. Take a wineglassful the first thing in the morning, and the last at night, melted; or eat it cold, taking a piece the size of a nutmeg occasionally.

For Bread Jelly.

Measure a quart of boiling water, and set it away to get cold. Take one-third of an ordinary baker's loaf, slice it, pare off the crust, and toast the bread nicely to a light brown. Then put it into the boiling water, set it on hot coals in a covered pan, and boil it gently, till you find, by putting some in a spoon to cool, that the liquid has become a jelly. Strain it through a thin cloth, and set it away for use. When it is to be taken, warm a teacupful, sweeten it with sugar, and add a little grated lemon-peel.

Curried Chicken.

Lay the pieces of a dressed chicken into a stewpan with a sliced onion fried brown, a clove of garlic, and some good white gravy; simmer till the chicken is tender. add a spoonful of curry powder, flour rubbed smooth with a lump of butter; a quarter of a pint of cream, with a little salt may be added twenty minutes before serving; squeeze a little lemon into the dish, and put an edging of rice round the dish.

Apple Soufflet.

Prepare apples as for baking in a pudding, put them into a deep dish, and lay upon the top, about an inch and a half thick, rice boiled in new milk with sugar; beat to a stiff broth the whites of two or three eggs, with a little sifted loaf-sugar, lay it upon the rice, and bake it in an oven a light brown. Serve it instantly when done.

Cheese, boiled.

Grate a quarter of a pound of good cheese, put it into a sauce pan, with a bit of butter the size of a nutmeg, and half a tea-cupful of milk, stir it over the fire till it boil, and then add a well-beaten egg; mix it all together, put it into a small dish, and brown it before the fire.

To make a sweet Apple-Pie.

Pare and core your apples, grate them into a pomace, and then prepare it just as you would a pumpkin pie. It makes the most delicious pie we ever ate.

Imperial Drink.

Put half an ounce of cream of tartar, four ounces of white sugar, and three ounces of orange-peel into a pan; pour three pints of boiling water on, strain, and cool.

Blue Ink.

Dissolve a small quantity of indigo in a little oil of vitriol, and add a sufficient quantity of water, in which gum-arabic has been dissolved.

Mustard Plasters.

These should be covered with muslin, or the poultice put in a cloth bag, before being applied to the skin.

Cure for Rheumatism.

Of oil of rosemary, oil of cloves, oil of origanum, spirits of turpentine, spirits of ammonia, tincture of cantharides, and alcohol, take of each one ounce, and mix in a light glass-stopper bottle, and shake up when used. Heat a saucer on embers, pour a little in the saucer, and rub it on the part affected, with the hand, previously warmed by the fire, so as to encourage absorption. Also said to be very good for sick-headache.

Cough Mixture.

Take one teacupful of molasses; add two table-spoonsful of sugar; simmer this over the fire; then, when taken off, add three teaspoonsful of paregoric, and as much refined nitre as can be put upon the point of a small breakfast-knife. Of this mixture take two or three teaspoonsful on going to bed, and one or two during the day when you have a disposition to cough.

To keep Insects out of Bird-Cages.

Tie up a little sulphur in a silk bag, and suspend it in the cage. For mocking-birds this is essential to their health; and the sulphur will keep all the red ants and other insects from cages of all kinds of birds. Red ants will never be found in a closet or drawer if a small bag of sulphur is kept constantly in these places.

Wax Polish.

Melt beeswax in spirits of turpentine, with a very small proportion of rosin. When it is entirely dissolved, dip in a sponge and wash the mahogany lightly over with it. Immediately afterwards, rub it off with a clean soft cloth. For the carved work, spread on the mixture with a small soft brush, and rub it off with another brush a very little harder.

To make Court Plaster.

Stretch tightly, some thin black or flesh-colored silk in a wooden frame, securing it with pack-thread or small tacks. Then go all over it with a soft bristle brush dipped in dissolved isinglass or strong gum-arabic water. Give it two or three coats, letting it dry between each. Then go several times over it with white of egg.

Celery.

This delicious vegetable is not generally appreciated as a cooking vegetable. Wash the stems clean in salt and water, and drop them into boiling water; after boiling twenty minutes take up and drain; place some toasted bread in the bottom of a dish, lay the celery upon it, and season with butter, pepper and salt.

To cook Parsnips.

Scrape the parsnips, wash, and slice them lengthwise; boil in just water enough to cover them, till thoroughly done; then put in a piece of butter, with a little salt and pepper; beat up an egg with a spoonful of flour, and pour over them, and they are ready to dish up.

To make old writing legible.

Take six bruised gill-nuts, and put them to a pint of strong white wine; let it stand in the sun for forty-eight hours. Dip a brush in it and wash the writing, and by the color you will discover whether the mixture is strong enough of the galls

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE GLORY AND SHAME OF ENGLAND.

The military achievements of the English soldiery have been among the proudest of her boasts. These men have carried her flag in triumph over every quarter of the globe which is encircled by her drum-beat. They have encountered every hardship, confronted every peril, fought, bled and died, to give her greatness and colonial extension. The valor of England's soldiery is her glory; the treatment of England's soldiery, her shame. We need not recapitulate the privations to which the stupidity and culpable neglect of English officials doomed these men in the opening of the Crimean campaign, until exposure, insufficient food and quarters, decimated their ranks more cruelly than did the bullets of the Russians. But let us see how these poor men are treated at home—what are the tender mercies of the British military government to the privates of the army.

Very lately a private of the Sixth Northumberland Fusiliers was sentenced by a court-martial to receive 450 lashes, cut at the rate of nine at a time into his back. The poor victim to military tyranny—a man who has seen better circumstances, and is, we hear, connected with a distinguished family in the north of Ireland—when ordered to strip, sternly and steadily refused. On this, sixteen of the strongest and most muscular men stood forward, and hurled him, face downward, on the stone pavement of the racket-court. He manfully resisted this indignity, and with a voice trembling with emotion, requested them to take his life, but spare him this dishonor. A few moments, however, and he was stripped and tied to the triangles. Forth stepped one of the largest drummers, armed with a "cat," the length of the handle of which being eight inches, the nine-tails the same length, armed with pentagonal pieces of case-hardened steel, eighty-one in number.

At the first blow of the "cat," a piercing and unearthly shriek rung from the strong man in his agony. His lacerated flesh gaped under the blow, and lumps of flesh, at each fresh blow, were detached from his bleeding back, and hung about the wall of the racket court, and on the clothes of those standing by. The stern colonel, compelled to be an unwilling witness, turned,

and leaning on the arm of the equally affected major, covered his face with his handkerchief, while deep sighs agitated his manly bosom, and plainly showed the struggle that was going on within. The surgeon, a most humane man, was obliged to be supported by his hospital sergeant, who, from time to time, administered to him restoratives, as well as to the suffering soldier. Man after man fell from the ranks, and was carried away fainting; tears bedewed the faces of nearly all the officers, and at length the poor sufferer was released from his torture, to linger in hospital, where he now lies, the whole of his spine being laid bare, and gangrene has ensued, leaving the tortured and lacerated wretch in such a state that every Christian can only hope that death, as it must do, will soon release him from his sufferings.

At the forty-fifth stroke of the instrument—that is, after receiving 405 lashes—the unhappy wretch, whom fortune saved from the hands of an Indian to fall into the hands of an English Nana Sahib, positively burst his bonds, in the contortions of agony, and fell in a bloody heap to the ground. He was again tied up, and the other forty-five wounds were inflicted. Not a single drop of Christian blood could the Shyllocks of the Fusiliers be persuaded to abate. Their victim received the full tale, and was carried to the hospital delirious, in a state which rendered it doubtful whether, in the event of his physical recovery, he would not be the inmate of a mad-house for life. A few years ago, an English hussar was whipped to death in the same manner.

We forbear comment on this bloody business. But we venture to make one suggestion. There are unemployed Englishmen in the United States, grumbling at and abusing our country, and incessantly lauding British institutions to the skies. To all such, we would say England needs men at this juncture, and the best thing they can do is to go home and enlist in the Fusiliers, that they may practically experience how superior British civilization is to that of all the rest of the world.

CHINA.—French bayonets, not English, did the business for the Chinese in taking Canton.

THE SABBATH IN EUROPE.

A great many false notions are prevalent with regard to the manner in which the Sabbath is spent in Europe among the humbler classes. Instead of giving them greater freedom, it increases their toils, as may be seen from the following intelligent statements of a foreign correspondent of the New York Times: "After a careful observation and experience in foreign cities, I am justified in this conclusion—the Sunday is a day of leisure to the moneyed classes of society, to whom all must be made easy, and a day of toil to the poorer. To the richer classes it is a gala day, but to those who have to provide the dress, pleasures and excursions of those above them, it is a time when their labors are more in demand than on any day of the week. Sunday is the day for the finest performances at the theatre and opera. It is the day for sumptuous dinners; for evening assemblies, concerts and balls. You may easily imagine, therefore, what an amount of labor is required, and especially when indifference to the day excludes all forethought. Young people are plying their needles on Sabbath morning, to complete the gay robe for the evening. Laundresses are commonly seen carrying through the streets articles of attire. Printers and bill-posters are engaged in announcing the amusements of the evening. Shoemakers are finishing dress boots; boys are carrying their home. Tailors are bending over brodered vests. The chief market of the week is held on the Sunday morning. Cooks, in the public kitchens, are busier than usual. Confectioners and decorators are pressed with labor. A carpenter in Nice said he would be grateful for any law that would exempt him from toil on the Sabbath. An eminent physician in Bonn told me that so numerous were the private and dancing parties on the Sunday evenings in Germany, that in hundreds of houses the servant girls were so hurried that they could only catch a moment to eat their food as they stood. The most painful thing about this is, that there is not the most distant conception of any injustice being done to the suffering toilers by this state of things. The amount of it all is, that the no-rest principle works well enough for the selfish aristocracy, but terribly for the poorer laboring classes. It would be so here, only that here, as in Europe, there can be no sound state of public or private morals, among rich or poor, without a day of sacred rest."

MATRIMONIAL.—A Miss Aurelia Will was lately married in Indianapolis to a Mr. Augustus Way. "Where there's A. Will there's A. Way."

OF INTEREST TO ALL!

We respectfully call the attention of every parent to the character of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, a work which will bring into your family circle, each successive week, more valuable information, and incite more inquiry, intelligence and love of all that is worth knowing and remembering, than a month of attendance can do in the best of schools. Conducted with a strict regard for morals (though free from all sectarian or sectional matter), it educates the eye by its beautiful illustrations, while its sixteen super royal pages induce a love for reading, and an inquiring mind, even in the youngest. Its engravings are not foolish caricatures, but embrace admirable delineations of eminent men and women all over the world; presenting accurate scenes in every part of the globe, especially throughout the United States; portraying all new enterprises, remarkable buildings, ships and steamers, and in short, forming a brilliant, illustrated record of *just what everybody desires to know*. In its foreign and domestic news, it embraces all that is noteworthy and presentable to the home circle, while all vulgar and revolting matters are scrupulously excluded. No mother need fear to read its every line to her young and pure-minded daughters. The family where BALLOU'S PICTORIAL is a regular visitor, cannot fail to realize and exhibit a much larger degree of intelligence, than those who are deprived of so valuable a means of pleasure, instruction and improvement. Procure a copy, examine it carefully, and you will realize not only its great excellence, but wonderful cheapness. For sale everywhere for FIVE CENTS per copy, or sent regularly to any part of the country for \$2 50 a year.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

BYRON AND AMERICA.—Byron's partiality towards America is well known, but perhaps never more strongly expressed than in a letter to Tom Moore, where he observes—"I would rather have a nod from an American, than a snuff-box from an emperor." Some of Byron's most particular friends were Americans.

A GOOD HIT.—Dante's famous line, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!" has been recommended as a motto for American railroad cars.

CONUNDRUM.—When are codfish not codfish? When they are kept too long and are smelt.

"THE PAST AT LEAST IS SECURE."

This oft-quoted remark of Daniel Webster in his celebrated eulogism upon Massachusetts, in reply to Senator Hayne, is, like almost everything from that great orator, replete with significance. Webster possessed the power of condensed, discriminating, and forcible expression of thought in a greater degree than any public man of his day. At the utterance of the terse, comprehensive, and deeply significant sentence above quoted, who could fail to see arising before him the glorious record of the Old Bay State?—its sturdy pilgrim settlement by self-exiles for conscience sake; its rigid puritan foundation of civil and religious institutions; its stern morality and decorum of character; its early, persistent and thorough diffusion of the blessings of common schools; its gallant and loyal vindication of the rights of the British crown against French encroachments; its prompt and decided resistance to the oppressions of the mother country; its free and fearless espousal of the cause of American liberty; its noble achievements in the War of Independence; its thrift, probity and industry, pervading all its career from first to last, and enabling it to bend the boisterous ocean, the granite hills, the mountain streams of summer, and the icy ponds of winter, to that mighty aggregate of commerce, agriculture and manufactures which make up the property of its sons? Who could fail to behold this wonderful panorama of the past of Massachusetts, sweep before his mental vision as those few, short and thrilling words of the speaker rang upon his ear? Yes, the past is indeed secure; a high and honorable past, to which every son of the State may recur with pride and satisfaction. It is a record of great events, and noble men; events all-powerful in their influence upon the progress and destiny of our country, and men who stamped their character upon all our institutions, social, political and religious.

But we read another lesson also in the weighty words of Webster. He could with truth say for us that the past is secure; but what shall be said by those who are to come after us, in that distant day when the present of our time shall be a part of the mighty and irrevocable past? In that future when Webster shall take his stand with the few great men of national renown whose name and fame survive the era of their lives, and the voluminous records of now passing events shall be condensed into one brief, expressive page of history; shall the men of Massachusetts, as they scan the works of our day, have reason to proclaim with honorable pride, that the past is still secure? If so, then have

we other employment than merely to exult in the fame of Massachusetts; other duty than a simple commendation of the virtues of those who have gone before us. The men of Massachusetts of to day are to see to it that the future fame of the State shall be worthy of the past; that the page of history which is now evolving from the transactions of the present, shall be in entire keeping with the bright record of which we are now so justly proud. It is the duty of the present generation to emulate as well as praise the Spartan virtues of their predecessors. Order, sobriety, righteousness, frugality and industry, are as necessary for us as they were for them; and if these virtues be neglected in the Commonwealth, no master-spirit of the future time can rise up amidst his fellow-countrymen, and with their applauding sanction declare of us and our times, "the past at least is secure."

WORTH THINKING OF.—Many of our readers and subscribers have quite a collection of magazines, sheet music, pamphlets, and the like, lying about their rooms in the most unavailable form. Now to double their value, to preserve them, and to make them convenient for use and ornamental to your apartments, you have only to place them together, send to our office by express, or hand them in personally, and they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned to you in one week. A valuable collection of books is accumulated in a little while by this means at an extremely trifling cost.

"THE ARKANSAS RANGER: OR, Dingle the Backwoodsman."—So great has been the demand for this remarkable story, we have now issued it in bound form, fully illustrated. It may be found at all of the periodical depots, price sixteen cents. Or we will send it, post paid, to any part of the country on the receipt of twenty cents.

NOT VERY CREDITABLE.—It is stated on what appears to be undoubted authority, that the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, contains more grogeries than any other city in the United States, except New York.

A TRUE THOUGHT.—A beautiful face is a silent praise, when the expression is that of goodness and sincerity.

NEW YORK STREETS.—New York has nearly five hundred miles of paved streets. No wonder they find it hard work to keep them clean.

A HORSE EXHIBITION.

Some years ago, in the Massachusetts Legislature, a waggish member of that honorable body brought about an adjournment by an expedient somewhat amusing, which created a good deal of merriment at the time. The usual hour of adjournment was about two o'clock, but many of the country members were in the practice of slipping off quietly at an earlier hour, and going to their boarding-houses to their one o'clock dinner. After despatching their meal, they would return to duty, and then, being well fortified for legislative business, they were not particularly anxious to adjourn just at two o'clock, and if any question of interest were pending, would vote down the motion to adjourn, when made. On the occasion referred to, some question of interest was up, which the country gentlemen wished to have taken before the House adjourned, and so when two o'clock arrived and the usual motion to adjourn was made, they defeated it. The Boston men were hungry, and after intervening motions, tried the adjournment again and again, but were as often defeated. They began to look aghast at the prospect of going without their dinner, and some of the two o'clock country members, being equally hungry, sympathized with them in their desperate prospects.

At length one of the "Boston crowd," who was famed for his good taste in feeding, and keen appetite, privately appealed to an eminent counsellor from Middlesex County to get them out of the scrape. Upon this, the gentleman appealed to arose, and, with great gravity and deliberation, proceeded to address the Speaker, stating that the gentlemen from the country were generally interested in agriculture, and would therefore be glad to know that there was to be a public horse-exhibition in Tremont Street, that afternoon, at three o'clock, which they would doubtless like to attend. The exhibition was to take place at Mr. Kimball's museum, and was called "The Enchanted Horse;" he would therefore move that the House adjourn. This preface and motion, propounded to the House in such a solemn manner, convulsed the members with laughter, in the midst of which the Speaker put the question, declared it carried, and adjourned the session.

ANKLES VS. LEGS.—They have been giving the Italian opera, with the usual accompaniments, in Constantinople; but the Turks scout the music, while they are delighted with the ballet. Henceforth the musical part of the opera will be omitted, to please them.

A FREE-AND-EASY SET.

The gentry of the Duchy of Cornwall, in the south-west of England, prior to the modern improvements of travelling, were pretty much secluded from the rest of the world, and thrown upon their own resources to kill time and amuse themselves. They accordingly clubbed together for fun and frolic. "One-and-All," a favorite Cornish motto, expresses the gregarious nature of the pursuits and amusements induced by this seclusion. The same spirit of aggregation manifests itself among them, even at the present day, when by the agency of roads the exclusiveness of their social circle has been penetrated, and to some extent broken up, and when the jolly wassail of the olden time has given way to a more moderate life. The "one-and-all" principle now develops itself in camp meetings, temperance parties, and monster tea-drinkings.

But in "the days of good Queen Bess," these Cornwall gentry seem to have gone in for a good time after a regular "one-and-all" fashion. Carew, a writer of those people and times, informs us that it was common for a gentleman and his wife to ride to his next neighbor's to make merry, and after a day or two thus spent, these two couples would go to a third, and so on, from house to house, increasing like a rolling snowball, until the party got so large as to be unmanageable, and then broke up and dispersed. They were also in the habit of amusing themselves with cock-fights in their drawing-rooms, after their great dinner parties, to the delight of both ladies and gentlemen. It would appear, however, that these battles were bloodless, and comparatively harmless, for the birds were not armed with steel gaffs, and had their spurs cut short.

WELLERISMS.—"I'm ready to go off by the train," as the barrel of gunpowder said to Guy Fawkes. "I can't bear you," as the sea said to the leaky ship. "You'll break my heart," as the oak said to the hatchet. "My heart is thine," as the cabbage said to the cook-maid.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Our romantic young ladies have got a trick, lately, of Frenchifying their names by the addition of an *ie*. We think Mary is as pretty as Marie. It certainly don't change the *i-dear*.

WESTWARD HO!—The season, is setting strong for the fertile prairies of the Far West, the development of which nothing can check.

THE DRAMA.

Much of the prejudice that formerly existed against dramatic representations, among the people of New England, has disappeared of late years, in consequence of certain adjuncts to intemperance and immorality having been cut off from dramatic establishments. Boston took the lead in this just and righteous reform, and set a good example for the imitation of other cities and towns in this part of the country. There is no necessary connection between vice and the drama; and the conductors, as well as the patrons of dramatic exhibitions, would do well to see that the present divorce between the two is not annulled by even the slightest appearance of a re-union. In their origin, it would appear that dramatic shows were designed to aid the cause of religion, at least since the initiation of the Christian era; for we find them adopted by the early fathers of the Christian church for the purpose of representing historical incidents and doctrines of a religious character. As to Ancient Greece, the purpose was not so evident—though the mythology of that volatile people bore so lightly upon them, as to make it hard to discriminate between their amusements and their devotions. That the Roman drama was instituted to subserve the purposes of the priesthood, does not admit of doubt.

The respectable firm of Susarian and Dolon enacted the first Greek comedy of which history gives us any notice, upon a platform drawn on wheels, at Athens, some five or six hundred years before the Christian era. The "proceeds of the house" were a basket of figs and a cask of wine, which could not have been very remunerative to the enterprising managers. The Chorus followed next in order, in which certain actors represented a scene in dumb show, followed by choristers singing the story. Then came the Greek Tragedy, which Pliny tells us was represented at Athens by Thespis of Icaria, the inventor of tragedy, in the year 536, B. C. Mr. Thespis appeared in *Alceſtis*, performing, like his worthy predecessors of comedy, upon a wagon. He got only a goat as the avails of his performance, which does not speak very well for the liberality of the patrons of the drama in that day. Prizes for tragedies were subsequently instituted, of which the first was carried off by *Eschylus*. After this, prizes were taken by *Sophocles*, 480 B. C.; by *Euripides*, 442 B. C.; and by *Astydamus*, 337 B. C. Before this time the wagon starring gave place to theatres—the *Bacchus Theatre* at Athens having been built by *Philos*, 420 B. C.

The first knowledge we have of dramatic ex-

hibitions in Ancient Rome, is found in the history of the Consulate of *Sulpicius Peticus* and *Licinius Stolo*, in the year 364 B. C. At this time, a plague raged in the city; and to appease the incensed deities, the magistrates instituted the games called *Scenici*, from *scena*, a tent or bower. These games were introduced from Etruria, and consisted of dances performed after the Tuscan manner, to the music of the flute. Whether these dramatic exhibitions had the desired effect in staying the ravages of the plague, we are not informed; but if they did, probably the utilitarian doubter of the present day would ascribe the effect to the cheerful tone of mind which they inspired in the populace, rather than the propitiation of the offended deities. A cheerful temper is a good preventive of disease; and public authorities should not lose sight of this great hygienic fact, in their fitful eruptions of zeal to suppress popular amusements.

Next came satires, accompanied with music set to the flute, still keeping the infant drama of Rome in the hands of the magistrates, for the purpose of correcting the vices of the people. *Livius Andronicus*, originally a Greek captive and slave to a Roman noble, appeared as the leader of the drama, about 240 B. C. He abandoned the simple satire, writing plays with a regular and connected plot, which, Thespis-like, he acted himself. The magistrates employed him to compose a hymn, which was sung to propitiate the deities and avert a threatened calamity. In his old age, this one-horse dramatist, who appears to have given such great satisfaction to the people, that they assigned him a building on the *Aventine hill* for a theatre, finding his voice to fail him, employed an apprentice, who recited the verses to music while he postured and gesticulated. At length, a company of actors occupied his theatre, for whom he continued to write plays; but the custom of employing different performers for the action and the diction, continued long after, through the most refined periods of Roman taste. The plays of *Livius* continued in favor for many generations, though *Cicero* and *Horace* turned up their literary noses at them.

The modern drama arose early in the history of France, Germany and England. Stories from the Bible, represented by the priests, were the origin of sacred comedy; and the *Sacred Mysteries*, performed under the auspices of the early church, gave birth to the romantic dramas of later days. Through these various phases, the regular drama gradually assumed its modern aspect, and became perfect in England in the days of Elizabeth, when Shakspeare dawned

upon the world in his two-fold capacity of player and dramatist. The first royal license for the drama, in England, was to Master Barbage and four others, to act plays at the Globe, Bankside, 1574; Shakspeare and his associates were licensed in 1603. Plays were opposed by the Puritans, and suspended during the Commonwealth, but restored again in 1660. About this time the women's parts were first represented by females, instead of boys, a practice which had hitherto obtained. The first attempt at theatricals in the United States was made in Boston in 1750, when Otway's Orphan was acted. A strolling company acted in New York, in a sail-loft, in 1758. The first regular theatre was established in 1793, in New York; the second in Boston, soon after; and the third in Philadelphia. From that time to the present, the drama has had its ups and downs among our people; but at last, owing to the reforms alluded to in the commencement of this article, it seems to be pretty firmly established, and contributing its full share towards a healthy popular temperament.

SALERATUS.

"A Physician" writes us very strongly against the use of saleratus in cooking, as being injurious to the health, and particularly to the teeth. He says that in all cases where soda and saleratus are used by housewives, yeast would be found a good substitute. The following article on the same point, from the New York Presbyterian, is worthy of careful consideration:

"At a late convention of dentists, it was asserted that the main, if not the sole cause of the great increase of defective teeth was the use of saleratus and cream of tartar in the manufacture of bread; and Dr. Baker fully agreed with the facts offered in proof, adding the result of some experiments made by himself. He soaked sound teeth in a solution of saleratus, and they were destroyed in fourteen days. We have the opinion of men whose talents, time and zeal are given to dentistry, that saleratus and cream of tartar in bread are a chief cause of ruin to the teeth. Now will those who know this fact go on eating all that come in their way, without inquiring what it is made of?"

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.—On one of our railroads lately an intoxicated man fell while walking on the track, and fifteen cars went over him.

THE LAW OF BENEVOLENCE.—Although benevolent men cannot do all the good they would, their duty is to do all the good they can.

THE REASON WHY.—Blubber in whales is so called because Jonah cried three days and nights in the belly of one.

WILLIAM PENN.

The character of the founder of Pennsylvania has by general consent settled down in history as that of an amiable, benevolent and humane man, working in strict consistency of moral conduct and religious opinion, for the good of mankind. His espousal of the Quaker doctrines and manners, and endurance of persecution for the sake of his faith, have sometimes been set down to the score of obstinacy, but never to the account of any motive of worldly gain. Penn's father was wealthy, and though his own means were always ample for his desires, yet he did not hesitate to brave his parent's displeasure in the defence of the cause he loved. He also made a noble and disinterested use of the grant of territory in America which King Charles II. made to him, in consideration of his father's services and sacrifices in the royal cause; founding upon it the colony of Pennsylvania, and treating the Indian occupants of the land with humanity and justice. It has been left for the new English lord, T. B. Macaulay to asperse his character and defame his memory, which he attempts to do in his History of England. We think, however, that the fame of Penn will withstand the assaults of this English lordling quite as well as that of Washington does the slur of his fellow-historian, Lord Mahon. Macaulay says Penn took a bribe for procuring a pardon, and Mahon says Washington sacrificed Major Andre. Anything else, my lords?

LOVE OF ORNAMENT.—The love of ornament creeps slowly but surely into the female heart. A girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily were fadeless, and the stream a mirror. We say, let the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornament in due moderation.

DARK LANTERNS.—Bulls-eye dark lanterns are recommended for the New York police. They are excellent anti-burglaries preventives. Some improvements in the force is wanted; crime is rampant.

RULE OF LIFE.—You have no business to have any business with other people's business; but mind your own business, and that is business enough.

A RELIC.—L. Judd, of Roxbury, has a silver dollar coined in 1799, which his mother gave to him 59 years ago.

Foreign Miscellany.

The population of London increases four thousand every year.

Cardinal Spinola, who went to Rome without a penny, lately died in that city worth half a million.

Mahmoud Effendi, a Turk, was recently baptized at Stoke, England, and has since married the daughter of an English army officer.

There are forty-seven governments in Europe. Of these, thirty-six are limited monarchies, ten absolute monarchies, and one republican.

Of 8,000,000 acres of tillage land in the kingdom of Hanover, 6,000,000 belong to citizens and peasants. The number of large estates is very small.

A handsome Mausoleum is to be erected in the Mussulman Cemetery at Pere la Chaise for the Queen of Oude's remains, by command of Mirza Mahomed Hamid.

The latest fashion in Paris for dressing the hair is to wear a braid or twist brought round the head *a la couronne*, after the style of the peasant girls of Alsace.

A Hindoo marriage was celebrated in Calcutta a few weeks since, in which the bride was only nine years old, and had been a widow for the third time.

Rosa Madiai and her husband, whose imprisonment in Tuscany made them famous, some years since, now keep a depository for the sale of Bibles and religious books at Nice.

Charles M. Beale, formerly of Boston, has established in Paris a newspaper in the English language, which is called "The Paris Exchange." It is devoted to finance and railroad intelligence. Its vitality is doubtful.

The Glover Incorporation of Perth have purchased, with the purpose of repairing and preserving it, the house mentioned by Sir Walter Scott as the residence of Simon Glover, the father of the "fair maid of Perth."

A Pre-Raphaelite quarrel in Liverpool has provoked a scheme for founding in that town a public academy, to be associated with the local authorities, identified with the public, and called the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts.

Great complaints are made by the opera managers in Constantinople, of the difficulty in pleasing the Turks. Neither Italian, German or French music, goes down with them. On the other hand, the ballet, especially the *danseuses*, enjoy the most distinguished favor.

Madame Ristori is now at Vienna. She has lengthened her repertory by Phedre, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Deborah (by Mosenthal), and Judith (by Glacometti). "So wide a sweep," says the Athenæum, "in the way of various range of character, we believe, has never been taken by actor or actress."

Napoleon III. now drives in an open vehicle of two horses, with a single companion, to the woods of Vincennes and Boulogne, as heretofore. The conspirators adopt complicated schemes, instead of attempting their purpose with a single revolver, and at the sacrifice of a single desperado among the associates.

Baron Macaulay has two more volumes of his great history nearly ready for publication.

Some of the best citizens of France are voluntarily expatriating themselves in disgust at the imperial régime.

Rose Pasquier died lately in France, aged 101 years. She had been a servant in one family for eighty years.

A bird's nest at least 100 years old, was lately found imbedded in the heart-wood of an old English elm.

They average eighty-five murders a month in Rome, and the secret society from which all these crimes originated has been discovered by the police.

Belfast, Ireland, is going ahead. Three daily papers are now published in that city—as many as are published in Liverpool, and one more than the number in Manchester.

Dr. Monk, an alderman of Lancashire, has been convicted of forgery of a will, and sentenced to transportation. Ten months ago he dined with Baron Martin, of Liverpool, before whom he was convicted.

A born German countess, Madame Merweldt, belonging to the family of Bismark Schonhausen, has taken to the stage—appearing for the first time at Weimar, on the 30th of January, in a translation of "La Fiammina."

Joachim Haspinger, the renowned clerical leader of the Tyrolese in 1809, recently died at the imperial castle of Mirabel, near Salzburg, at the ripe age of 83. The French invaders nicknamed him "Capuchin Redbeard."

A thoughtful London paper says that the number of successful applications to the police magistrates for the protection of the earnings of married women, who have been deserted by their husbands, shows how much the new law was needed.

The small town of Peterhead, on the east coast of Scotland, this year sends twenty-eight ships to the Greenland seal and whale fishery, involving a capital of \$1,000,000, and employing 1500 men. The neighboring town of Fraserburg sends four ships to the same fishery, two of which are managed on temperance principles.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg has offered a prize of 500 ducats for the best essay, historical and statistical, "On the Abolition of Serfdom in the various Countries of Europe." The question is mostly to be considered from the economical, but also from the political and social point of view.

The Registrar General's Social Statistics just published show the startling fact that while in Edinburgh and Glasgow the proportion of illegitimate children born in those cities is 7 per cent. of the total births, it is 13 per cent. in Dundee, Perth and Aberdeen. The percentage is only five in London.

Ten paintings, valued at £10,000, which were stolen from the gallery of the English Earl of Suffolk in 1856, have been discovered. The robbery was traced to one Farbon, formerly valet to the earl, who, upon arrest, acknowledged his guilt, and disclosed where he had sold, pawned or hidden the pictures.

Record of the Times.

Marriages are said to have greatly decreased during the present year.

Violins were invented in 1477, and introduced into England by Charles II.

Poor W. H. Crisp, the actor, is nearly blind, at Vicksburg, and is led about by his little son.

There are upwards of 450,000 members of the Masonic fraternity in the United States.

The Female Medical College in this city, recently conferred the degree of M. D. upon five ladies.

A man in Maine has invented a saving in shoe leather by a metallic tip to shoes. How about corns?

The Augusta Age suggests that a temperance law based upon the *average* of public sentiment, would give about *three glasses a day!*

With the muscles of the jaw, we can crack a nut with a force much exceeding the dead weight of the whole body.

The Legislature of Louisiana has passed a law abolishing capital punishment, and substituting hard labor for life in the place thereof.

In Maine there are 4102 school districts, 240,764 children between 4 and 21, and an average of \$668,000 expended for school purposes.

The Austrian Consul General in New York is engaged in getting up a steam-line from that city to the Mediterranean.

There are thirty pounds of blood in the human frame, and two hundred and forty-eight bones. This latter does not include whale-bones.

The State of Kentucky leases its State penitentiary now for \$8000. A new lease for four years is to be given, and competing parties offer to give \$12,000 a year for it.

The Detroit Tribune says, a loving couple were married at Albion, a short time since, and having no money, they paid the minister with two bushels of black walnuts.

The maidens of Straubing, in Bavaria, are the victims of a terrible conspiracy, the young men of the place having pledged themselves not to dance with any girl, during the Carnival, who wears "crinoline."

The Bridgeport (Conn.) Advertiser learns that over \$28,000 have been paid in that city, within a few months, to heirs and executors of persons who had obtained insurance on their lives.

Fruits not having much acidity, nor much luscious sweetness, nor an undue proportion of watery juice, are the least likely to disagree with the stomach and bowels. Hence fruits should be perfectly, but not, as it is called, *dead ripe*. Hence, also, melons are by no means easy of digestion.

An old member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, who maintained his seat and popularity several years, always voted "no" when a vote was recorded; "for," said he, when asked his reason, "when a good law passes, no one looks for the *yeas* and *nays* on it—when a bad one does, they always do!"

The number of real estate owners in the United States cannot fall short of 1,500,000.

In Philadelphia bogus gold coin is regularly manufactured and advertised "for sale cheap!"

New York has thirty-nine evening schools—twenty-two for males and seventeen for females.

Men, like books, an old writer says, begin and end with a blank leaf—infancy and senility.

A New York daguerreotypist has succeeded in taking a picture of a "muss," including many *striking* likenesses.

They have whiskey out in Buffalo, one drop of which on the back of an adder, is warranted to kill the reptile in five minutes.

Dr. Livingstone says, "to talk of the majestic roar of the lion is mere majestic twaddle—The silly ostrich makes a noise as loud."

A petrified turtle was found, forty feet from the surface, while digging a well on the premises of J. W. Rainey in Milan county, Texas, lately.

At St. Louis, when a high-pressure steamer, crowded with passengers, bursts, it is called "elevating the masses."

An exchange paper says that printers with nine children are exempted from taxation in the State of New York.

Out of thirty-five scholars in a school in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, nine of the boys are regular chewers of tobacco, and five of the girls are smokers.

A friend of ours has invented a capital way to prevent the smell of cooking in a house. It is to have nothing for breakfast and warm it over for dinner and supper.

The barbers of the city of Utica, N. Y., have unanimously agreed to close their shops on the Sabbath, and neither to work themselves nor allow their assistants to work on that day.

The bridal veil originated in the custom of performing the nuptial ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held over the bridegroom and bride to conceal the blushes of the latter. At the marriage of a widow it was dispensed with.

The total value of steamers afloat on the Mississippi River and its tributaries is more than six millions of dollars, and number as many as one thousand five hundred—more than twice the entire steamboat tonnage of England, and equal to that of all other parts of the world.

In the town of North Hampton, N. H., resides a maiden lady eighty-seven years of age, who has never enjoyed good health, and who has never in her lifetime been outside of the limits of that town, which by the way is only four miles square.

Salt Lake is said to be about three hundred miles in circumference. There are two large mountains in its centre. The lake and the streams in its vicinity abound in fish. Two quarts of the water of the lake will yield a pint of salt.

The Dunleith Advertiser says that an engineer on the Illinois Central Railroad, named Smith, has discovered, in looking over his wife's papers, that she is the lawful heir to property in Vincennes, Indiana, valued at more than \$100,000.

Merry-Making.

What kind of a mother would an old maid make? "Mother" of Vinegar!

A schoolmaster trains the mind, but a railroad engineer minds the train.

"Do you follow the Hydropathic system?" "Not exactly; but I'm sure our milkman does."

"You're ingrain," remarked a miller to a heap of wheat. And "you're a flowery subject," was the prompt reply.

"I'll pay your bill at sight," as the blind man said to the doctor who had in vain attempted to cure him of blindness.

"Well, Charley," said a gentleman one day to his boot-black, "how do you get along these hard times?" "Well, massa, me rub and go."

A hen-fancier lately procured a picture of a favorite fowl which was so natural that it laid on his table for several weeks.

Why is a filter like the fortune of a spend-thrift? Because it is soon run through, and leaves a great many matters behind to settle.

We learn that quite a colony of seamstresses and shirt-makers are preparing to emigrate from Boston to the *Sow-ciety* Islands.

During a late inundation of the Valley of the Rhine, the town of Cologne was under water—Cologne, of course. "Happy Valley," as Ras-selas said.

An Eastern paper says "there is a bank in the West with a capital stock of coon skins." There is a bank in the East with a capital stock of codfish. It is the bank of Newfoundland.

A grandson of the Earl of Fife, has serious notions of learning to play that instrument. His first lessons are to be given by a country school-master, learning him while reading, to *mind his steps*.

"Jim," said Abner Phelps the other day to his son, "you are lazy—what on earth do you expect to do for a living?" "Why, father, I've been thinking as how I would be a Revolutionary Pensioner."

A physician attending a man afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, reports that he was some part of the time suffering under such sharp pains, that those who attempted to turn him in his bed were severely cut in the hands and arms.

In the present excitement of matters foreign, we opine it hardly troubles some English editors to write for their papers. The editor of the "London Lancet," for instance, ought always to be "in the vein."

Upon Fenelon telling Richelieu that he had seen the portrait of his eminence at the palace, the cardinal sneeringly asked—"Did you ask it for a subscription for some poor friend of yours?" "No," mildly replied Fenelon, "the picture was too much like you."

Economy.—"My dear, you use too much butter on your bread," said a lady who had been married late in life to her husband; "they will not make butter for less than twenty-five cents a pound now-a-days." "I do not know what they make it for," answered he, "but I buy it to eat upon my bread."

Don't marry a woman under twenty-one. She hasn't come to her wickedness before then.

Our Daniel wishes to know if *holes* are combustible, as he often hears of their being burnt.

If a ship makes eight knots an hour how quick can she make a crochet collar? Naughty!

A lady's seamless skirt is advertised. Good! Anything which will make them *seem less*, is welcome.

It is a somewhat singular fact that restless as is the ocean, the track of your ship is the only part of it that is really a *wake*.

Why does much twinkling of the stars foretell bad weather? Because it's part of the explanatory system:

An Irish gentleman at cards, having, on inspection found the pool deficient, exclaimed, "Here's a shilling short, who put it in?"

When Rome was in danger, and the question was, "Who will save the capitol?" the reply was "An *anser* (goose)."

Spiggles has been inspecting some of the fluid vended by the milkmen, and he has arrived at the conclusion that they will never get to heaven by the milky way.

A little girl hearing it said that she was born on the king's birthday, took no notice of it at the time, but in a day or two after, asked her father if she and the king were *twins*.

"I say, Jake, what do you suppose they does with the dead copses on shore?" "Blast me if I knows." "Vy, blow me, if they doesn't nail 'em up in boxes and direct 'em."

Someone wishing to be witty on a gentleman with a large mouth, asked him if he had a long lease of it, when he was good-humoredly answered—"No, I have it only from *y-ear* to *y-ear*."

When Foote was about to produce a play by puppets, a lady, of fashion asked him if the figures were to be as large as life. "O, no, madam," replied Sam, "not much bigger than Garrick."

"What in thunder," said a political wiseacre, "do we want of foreign Japan, when we can make it here at hum? What's to become of American industry? Pooty soon, gover'ment'll tell us we sha'n't black our own butes?"

In a certain village down east, are two rival public houses. The other day a stranger, stopping at one of them, inquired of the landlord—"Who runs the other house?" The generous landlord replied—"Everybody runs it who stops there."

Not long ago, Spiggles electrified a party who were telling large stories, by stating that he had known several thousands of individuals to occupy one bed for an entire season. The mystery vanished, however, when Spiggles explained to them that the bed alluded to was an oyster bed.

☞ GIVEN AWAY. ☞

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

PICTURES FROM OUR MUSEUM.



He'll be rather pinched for room.



The loss of such a family could not be easily re-paired.



Young America.



"I wonder if Thomas 'll know me with this new bonnet?"



"Do you think I am looking well, to-day?"



If they are the knowing old birds they look, they will have no difficulty, when they come to put their beaks together, in getting the bill taken up!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Soured by disappointment.



"The doctor says it's a far prettier child than the Empress You-jinney's, and yet they were both born on the same day."



"I say, how's sister?"



He's been and gone and done it!



"A life on the ocean wave."



A fluted column

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.—No. 1.

BOSTON, JULY, 1858.

WHOLE No. 43.

THE VALLEY OF THE DANUBE.

THE series of engravings now presented to the reader, illustrate the scenery and costumes of a portion of the valley of the Danube, which has been justly styled, the "father of European

rivers." It is called in German, the *Donau*, or deep river, and was styled by the Romans, *Danubius*, from its sources to Vienna, and, lower down, *Ister*. It has three sources, the Bregg, Bregach, and a little fountain in the yard of Prince Donaueschingen, in Baden, 2050 feet above the level of the sea, near which the united waters receive the name of Danube. After its junction with the Iller, above Ulm, it becomes navigable, being from eight to twelve feet deep, runs through the kingdom of Bavaria, then from Engelhartzell to Orsova, a distance of six hundred and forty-four miles, through Austria, through Turkey, and finally falls into the Black Sea, after a course of 1547 miles, and after having received thirty navigable rivers and ninety other streams. A voyage down the Danube is one of the most interesting journeys that can be taken in Europe. Dr. James O. Noyes, in his charming book, "*Roumania*," gives us many interesting glimpses of the Danube and the points of interest on its shores. He saw it under the aspect of the war between Turkey and Russia, which commenced on the Danube.

"It was a beautiful August evening," says Noyes, "when we embarked on the steamer at Semlin for Orsova, about ninety miles below. After the confluence of the Save the Danube expands to a great width, embosoming a number of woody islands. My eyes clung to Belgrade, that old city of combats and sieges, until in the hazy distance her minarets and ramparts sank beneath the placid surface of the river. There were views on the Servian bank worthy of picturesque Arva in Northern Hungary. We remained over night at a German settlement on the Austrian side. Whole districts in Lower Hungary and Transylvania have been settled by emigrants from the German States, welcomed thither by the Magyars, and permitted to retain their language and institutions, a circumstance which has been adroitly turned to account by the house of Hapsburg. Generosity has ever been the fault of the Hungarians, and their history a



PEASANT GIRL OF THE DANUBE.



DANUBIAN PEASANTRY.

perpetual martyrdom! Below Semlin, on the Hungarian side of the river, I noticed at short intervals the stations of the border guard, sentinelled at all times and at night indicated by gleaming fires. This military guard, extending along the whole Turkish frontier of Hungary, is capable of furnishing, in case of emergency, two hundred thousand men. The territory is under military rule. Every male is destined to be a soldier, and the land is cultivated by families of many persons, under the direction of a patriarch. Groups of passengers, exhibiting a remarkable diversity of costumes and languages, assembled on deck to enjoy the beautiful evening. I made the acquaintance of a gay young Wallachian, named Ariatas, just returning from his medical studies in Paris, a French officer on his way to the East, and Reschid Effendi, secretary of Sami Pacha, from Widdin. A Hungarian poet says that this unfortunate country contains people of every European race; and in the great hall of the University of Vienna, I have often counted the representatives of twenty-five different nations. As we steamed down the Danube the following morning, the scenery became beautiful, then surpassingly grand. The well-wooded hills

on either side, the forerunners of the Balkans and Carpathians, rose into rugged mountains, between which the narrowed Danube rushed and surged into the great Wallachian plain, far away toward the Euxine. Below the island of Moldova, a huge black rock projects from the bosom of the river, upon which a jealous Turk is said to have left his suspected bride, saying to her, '*Babakai! babakai!*' (repent! repent!) a name which has been applied to the rock itself. Near by, is the cavern of Golumbatz where St. George is believed to have slain the dragon from whose body, still decaying, proceed swarms of noxious flies. High on the rocks above are the picturesque ruins of Golumbatz, whose crumbling towers seem just ready to fall into the abyss below. And now the steamer rushes into the most magnificent gorge in Europe, if not in the world. Here, as if in anger, the grizzly mountains seem to shake their hoary heads at each other across the foaming torrent, and there, smile at each other in embosomed lakes, from which can be seen no point of ingress or egress. In one place the eye is greeted with soft vistas and idyllic retreats, in another it looks upon the semblance of battlements and cathedral towers. How grandly the echoes die away among these glorious mountains! Now we dart down the narrow foam-crested rapids, and then float away calmly between retreating heights. This kind of scenery continues for a distance of seventy miles. Near the lofty peak of Sterbetz, fronting the Danube with a wall of rock three thousand five hundred feet high, is the Cave of Veterani, celebrated in the wars of the Christians and Turks. On the Austrian side of the river is the new road, built at a great expense by the Austrians; and on the opposite side, I noticed in many places the remains of Trajan's Way. A tablet hewn into the solid rock bears a Latin inscription commemorative of this stupendous work. Rude fishermen now build their fires on the spot. At Orsova we took a small barge to pass the Iron Gate, the most dangerous rapids in the Lower Danube, the river falling thirteen feet in three quarters of a mile. Just below the Austrian frontier was pointed out to me the place where Kossuth concealed the Hungarian crown in 1849. Towards sunset we reached Turnul Severin, on the left bank of the river, nearly opposite the Servian village of Fetti-Islam. There we found the Austrian steamer which was to convey us down to Rustchuk. Some of my company strolled up to the village, consisting of a few wretched Wallachian huts perched upon the neighboring hill. Alone, I wandered down the river bank to the ruins of Trajan's Bridge. A few minutes' walk brought me to the ruins. Here the conqueror of Dacia executed one of those gigantic projects with which all similar efforts of modern enterprise in this part of the world can scarcely be compared. The lowest stone bridge over the Danube is at Ratisbon, where the river is but a few yards in width, but Trajan spanned the noble stream at Turnul

Severia, nearly a thousand miles nearer its mouth, with the longest structure of the kind ever erected, it being, according to the measurement of Marsigli, almost three thousand feet from shore to shore. Trajan's Bridge was built during the emperor's second campaign to the Lower Danube, when, after many reverses to the legions and a recent revolt of the Dacians, he resolved effectually to subdue those stubborn enemies of Rome. Apollodorus, of Damascus, was the architect. Dion Cassius has left a description of this remarkable structure, parts of

ler. In 1844, a number of arms and rare utensils were found in the vicinity, which shed no little light upon the camp life of the Romans. Trajan's Bridge, like Trajan's Way, was constructed for military purposes, and stood only so long as the Romans maintained their sway on the left shore of the Danube. Hadrian, the successor of Trajan, destroyed the splendid monument of his predecessor but a few years after it had been built. Near at hand were the scattered ruins of the citadel of Theodorus, erected by Justinian, and of great importance in the wars of the Ro-



GROUP OF COUNTRY PEOPLE.

which have withstood the floods and ice of seventeen centuries. Twenty piers sixty feet wide, one hundred and fifty feet high, and nearly one hundred feet apart, sustained the enormous weight. Some authors maintain that the upper portions of the bridge were of wood. The current, at this point, is slow and regular. The level spaces at both ends of the bridge were well adapted to the marshalling of the legions. The massive towers erected there, served to protect it from the attacks of the barbarians. A few of the truncated piers and abutments of solid masonry are still to be traced by the curious travel-

lers. But more imposing are the ruins of the crumbling tower of Severinus, half a mile from the site of Trajan's Bridge. This structure, famous in earlier times, was built by Severinus, governor of Mœsia, about 240 A. D. All that remains, after the ravages of time and the barbarians, is a lofty and tottering portion of the ancient wall, situated on an artificial elevation and partly surrounded by a fosse whose two extremities unite with the Danube. The moat is grown up with small trees and underbrush, and the tower itself partially concealed from sight by the thick foliage. At its base is a

large marble sarcophagus. I clambered up the ruin as far as possible, just as the sun was flinging his last golden glances over the grizzly crests of the Carpathians. How full of glory was his departure, fringing with sapphire edges the dark clouds that floated so tranquilly in the western sky, and bathing the mountain tops in seas of moist, mellow light! The twinkling stars found me seated on the tower of Severinus, reflecting upon the magnitude of that ancient power the sites of whose camps and cities I have traced along the Rhine and the Rhone, the Nile and the Jordan. Rome imparted somewhat of her own

course, formed by the two torrents of the Breg and Briegach, united at the springs of Donaueschingen, is engulfed beyond Tuttlingen, between the rocks of Beuron and Werenwaag. Beuron is the spot which principally attracts the stranger. Thanks to the establishment of the little dairy founded there in 1837, and which has continued to prosper, this picturesque country, previously so little known and visited, has become the resort of a throng of persons of every condition, who, on returning to their families, before the enchantment of nature's beauties, as imposing as they are wild, are worn away, excite



THE LOVERS.

greatness to the most distant provinces conquered by her arms. Surely it was a glorious thing to build up, in those barbaric ages, an empire whose laws and systems still survive for the government of mankind, and whose public works, stupendous in their ruins, serve, in our feeble efforts, as models of strength and beauty! Honor enough was it even for the conquered nations, to share the glory of the Roman name."

We now proceed to speak of the localities illustrated in our engravings, to which the reader is requested to refer. One of the finest and most interesting valleys of Swabia is, doubtless, that watered by the Danube at its source, whose

the enthusiasm of their friends and countrymen by their descriptions, and induce them to take their turn in breathing the pure air of this valley. At Mulheim, a little town of Wurtemberg, the valley begins to assume that austere aspect which renders it so remarkable. Thenceforth it is nothing but a chain of calcareous rocks, that rise everywhere like vast obelisks or immense pyramids from the bosom of dark woods, sometimes descending to the banks of the river, whose windings are lost in the midst of the richest verdure. Mulheim, with its castle inhabited by the baronial family of Enzberg, is especially picturesque when seen from the heights which crown the Kallen-

berg road. Thence the eye embraces at once the blackened mass of its buildings, the towers of the castle, the Danube, whose banks are united by a bridge, and all round, like a vast panorama, the extent of the valley, closed in the distance by an amphitheatre of hills of the most graceful form, their sides checkered by the shadows of the passing clouds. Still the road is only for the artist who explores these mountains on foot, and, before reaching Beuron, rests at the ruins of Kallenberg and Brunnen. Carriages must take the road to Friendingen, formerly a part of the county of Hohenberg, and beyond which you ascend the plateau which separates the two valleys of the Danube and the Beer, in the depth of which the eye delights to plunge. The slope which leads to Beuron, laid out a few years ago by order of the Prince Sigmaringer, whose

tory, was restored in 940 by Abbot Hatto, of Wildenstein. Still, says the legend, a descendant of Gerold, Count Peregrine, having pursued a stag in the forest which then covered the whole valley, was surprised to see it halt and defy all his arrows, and all of a sudden, beholding a celestial light illuminate the wood, he recognized in this vision a warning from Heaven, and, having taken counsel of the monks, whom he consulted respecting this adventure, he built on the very spot where the stag had halted a new monastery, which was consecrated in 1077, on the day of the assumption of the virgin, in the church of which Peregrine himself was buried, on the 8th of August, 1092. The abbey, richly endowed, was afterwards directed by a succession of prelates, all sprung from the first families of the country, and who all enriched it with their



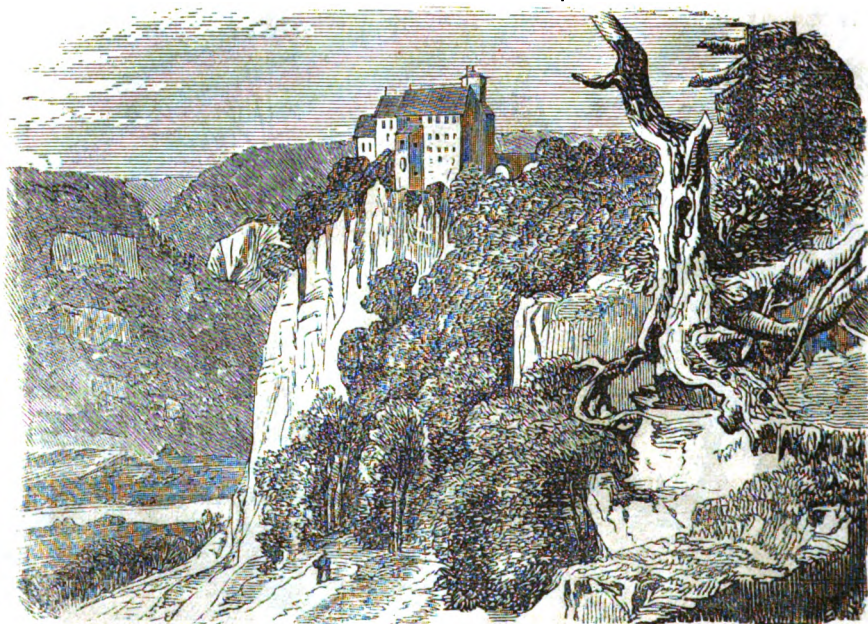
PIERCED ROCK ROAD.

estates commence here, presents a gentle and commodious descent through the forest. Before you reach the lower side, which extends a league in length, you perceive the buildings of the ancient abbey church, seated, with the houses which surround it, on a little hill on the shore of the Danube in the centre of a basin, bounded on all sides by walls of rock, and sternly commanded at the extremity by the fortifications of Wildenstein. Beuron, if we can credit the old chroniclers, was founded in 777, by Duke Gerold, of Swabia, Count of Boussen, a branch of the princely family of Hohenzollern. He erected this abbey, not on the spot where we now see it, but on a pile of rocks beyond the valley which still bears the name of Alt-Buren, and where excavations yet show the traces of buildings. The convent, destroyed in 907 by the Hungarians, in the course of their invasion of the imperial terri-

gifts. The abbots wore the cross and mitre, and even extended their jurisdiction over many surrounding places, and obtained from the emperors divers privileges that increased their power. For four centuries, the fortunes of Beuron were on the increase, till the reverses which marked the close of the 15th century, when the ravages of the plague, the jealous cupidity of an impoverished nobility, and the exactions of the sovereign caused so many evils to the community. Now all is lifeless beneath the roof of the temple and the arches of the cloister. The curate of the place, and a forester with his family, are the only inmates of the convent. The church is forsaken, and but a few benches of the nave are filled on Sundays by the parishioners of Beuron. The organ, whose tones accompanied the chant of the monks, has been sold; the library, once so rich, has been scattered; and there remains,

in fact, nothing of all that made the splendor and glory of this abbey, which was one of the richest and most renowned for learning and piety in all Swabia. But nature is still as beautiful as ever—and it is she who woos the stranger to this valley. During the twelve years of the existence of the sanitary establishment formed beside the old buildings of the cloister, its reputation has been increasing, and it already realizes that of Gais and Weissbad, which, on the score of the aromatic herbs with which their Alps are covered, do not exceed Beuron, and which, in poetic position, yield, perhaps, to the latter. The walks which surround the establishment are very numerous, and all offer an interest more or less powerful, according to the tastes of those who visit them. Everywhere they present something worthy the attention of the botanist, the geol-

epoch. These objects were transported to Sigmaringen, and placed, by order of the prince, in the cabinet of that city. The grotto which opens under the rocks of Wildenstein, on the shores of the Danube, is now the goal of a long walk, and should be explored with a torch, to enjoy the brilliant effect produced in this its innermost and darkest depths, by the walls of stalactites which they enclose. On the summit of the rocks which rise perpendicularly above it, rest, on an immense base separated from the platform of the mountains, the colossal walls of Waldenstein. Of all the strong castles of the middle ages, this is one of the most interesting, because its preservation is perfect. A pillar of masonry, of rare boldness, sustains the drawbridge, by which alone, when it is lowered, you can cross the immense space which separates the fort proper from the external



WERENWAAG.

ogist, the historian, and the man for whom mediæval legends have a charm. There are picturesque points of view, natural grottoes, ruins dating from the feudal times, and various scenes and subjects of emotion. Among the nearest grottoes, are three which richly repay a visit. Those of St. Peter and St. Paul, which are reached by a delicious path along the flank of the mountains in the midst of the dense forest, once served as abiding-places to the men of old time, and an asylum to the monks of Beuron. The first, whence a fine view of the cloister and its pretty environs is obtained, tradition signalized as the asylum which concealed the monks during the persecutions they were subjected to in the 17th century. In the second, less spacious, but more remarkable in a geological point of view, were found, a few years ago, a great number of bones and arms belonging to the Celtic

works. Walls of twenty-four feet thickness, pierced by a low and narrow archway, admit you into the interior of the castle. Other arches, sometimes hollowed in the rocks, sometimes cemented by art, everywhere display to the curious eye the old arrangement for provisioning and defending the place. All these works are of more recent date than the first building of the castle itself, and date, doubtless, from the times when, as in the Thirty Years' War, the valley of the Danube served as a communication between the military operations of Switzerland and Swabia. Seated on these battlements, we recall an instance of the audacity of the period, the interest of which is enhanced by a view of the scene itself. During the occupation of Hohentwiel by the Swedes, a subaltern officer, who was scouring the country with a small detachment, obtained possession of this fortress for

several days. Schwartz (that was the name the country people gave him) had learned that the Furstemberg officers and the Bavarian troops that composed the garrison, had repaired to Moeskirch, and that only women and children remained within the walls of Wildenstein. The drawbridge was raised. But, having reached, by the aid of a light ladder, the cross-timbers, he clung there with such tenacity, that he soon tilted the bridge, and found himself at the entrance of the fortress. His appearance so terrified the women, that they fled for safety, not one of them having presence of mind enough to close

with all the honors of war and as much booty as they could carry. Yet Schwartz narrowly escaped a court-martial, so severe was the discipline of the Swedish troops at the time—1643. A subterranean passage formerly led from the castle to the valley, and you are yet shown in the rock an opening covered with brambles, where it must have issued. The entrance was in the chapel, under the steps of the altar; you can still descend about fifty steps, but the rest of the way is choked up with stones.

Werenwaag is a league further, on the left bank of the Danube. Two roads run thither



THE CASTLE OF BRUNNEN

the gate. Only three men had followed. Either from a disinclination to share the rich booty he found, or afraid at being surprised by the return of the enemy, he shut himself up in the castle without summoning the rest of his comrades whom he had left in the woods. The Bavarians soon returned, in fact, and found themselves compelled to call on the neighboring garrisons for assistance to render themselves master of the place again. The Swedish subaltern found it impossible to hold out any longer, so he submitted the terms of a capitulation, by which he and his comrades were allowed to march out

from Beuron; one under the walls of Wildenstein and in the forest, which follows the windings of the river on the right bank; the other, crossing the covered bridge behind the convent, and winding at the foot of the mountains, beneath the overhanging rocks, and traversing the tunnel of one of them, which touches the river, forms the principal communication into the valley. Here, avalanches of stones, there, calcareous pyramids, the height of which the eye can hardly measure, and, on the mountain side, groves of beech, birch, larch and pine, vary, at each turn of the road, the perspective of the

landscape, the rich verdure of the meadows, and the lucidity of the water completing the scene of enchantment. But as you approach Werenwaag, the valley enlarges, and the rocks, shaded with ancient ash trees, recede from the Danube, and lift their heads far above the forest.

Werenwaag is the most picturesque part of the whole valley, and nowhere else do you enjoy

valley to the Danube, whence, ascending the opposite slope, its traces have not entirely disappeared, led to the plateau of Heuberg.

Beyond Beuron, and ascending the Danube, two more old castles are objects of interest. The farthest, Kallenberg, is wholly in ruins, and worth visiting only on account of the wild scenery around it. It formerly belonged to the



CASTLE OF KALLENBERG.

so brilliant a general view. Rome doubtless raised upon this spot a fort of observation which, being dismantled after the departure of her legions, was afterwards made use of by the German nobility who rebuilt it. It is at least certain that a Roman road which, from Leptingen, passed by Wondorf, Buckheim, Leibdingen, and Krohenheimstetten, descended by a lateral

barons of Ulm, and was held by persons who bore its name. Brunnen, a little castle which belongs to the barons of Enzberg, presents a picturesque aspect from whatever point it is viewed. From the Friedingen road, it rises majestically before you on the immensity of the rock which sustains it, and as a whole, forms one of those delightful pictures which please the artist.

COSTUMES AND MANNERS OF THE SWEDES.

The sketches in the present article refer principally to Sweden, and represent the striking and well-defined national costumes of the people.

Sweden, at the present day, is perhaps the only part of Europe—we might say of the world—where manners, usages and customs have not been modified or overturned by innovations. The deserts of this country, with their mines of gold, have become cosmopolitan. India, China and Japan are changing beneath the conquest of those eager merchants, whom nothing terrifies or daunts. In the islands of Oceania, they talk

costumes from one end of the world to the other, we shall understand at what point all originality is effaced, and how far all modern societies are depoeitized beneath this pitiless uniformity. Russia herself is forced, on account of her great political influence, to share in this general movement, or, to speak more correctly, this unbridled movement. To this day, however, the vast Scandinavian peninsula has remained outside of this agitation, calm as the great forest of firs—calm as the grave but loyal and noble characters of the Swedes themselves. But because these



INHABITANTS OF RATTVICK.

French, and in Hayti, they copy the Gazette of Fashion to please the Emperor Soulouque, that curious type, which seems created expressly to ridicule modern civilization. The East, with its reforms, is daily losing its aspect of grandeur. Germany, Italy, France and Spain, by their continual revolutions, are changing their appearance, as well as character; and if we add the effect constantly produced by those great levellers, railroads and mechanics, which cut down mountains, fill up valleys, and transport the same ideas, the same manufactures, and similar usages and

people have not been subjected to the ardor of speculation, we must not conclude thence that they are less cultivated, and more retrograde than other nations. The Swedish peasant is, without dispute, better informed than the greater part of the peasants of France; and there is not a corner of Sweden, however near the pole, where the poorest inhabitant does not know how to read, write and keep accounts. They are compelled to do this, by the law which refuses marriage to whosoever would not fulfil the first duties of the father of a family, who is re-

sponsible for the education of his children. Their aptitudes are not limited to this information—a skilful farmer, an excellent horse-breeder, an adroit hunter and fisherman, in the midst of forests and lakes, which abound with game and prey, the Swede employs himself during the long winter nights in making household implements, furniture and cloth. In a word, all that is necessary, not only for the wants of life, but for its comforts, is done at home, in the interior of the house. Men, women and children are employed spinning, weaving and building, and these habits give them really remarkable skill. We trust that the good and noble Swedes will never

rich. The rivers themselves are so impregnated with these ferruginous soils, that they seem reddened with blood; and this is not one of the least curiosities of the country. In presenting to the readers of the Magazine, these engravings of the costumes of the Swedish people, we naturally commence with that province which has preserved, in its greatest purity, its original type. Dalecarlia, in fact, occupies the front rank in the history of Sweden. Whenever Swedish liberty has been violated, that province has furnished its defenders; the Engelbrekts, the Stures, and the Vasas have there found their support, and a safe asylum during the storm. The inhabitants of



YOUNG MARRIED PAIR OF WAREND.

be tempted to exchange their honesty, morality, patriarchal virtues, and the mild peacefulness of their existence for that thirst of wealth which only produces greed and discontent. Natural wealth is certainly not wanting to their soil, which may be termed a land of iron, or, as it is called in Swedish, *järnbarland*, in such abundance is the metal found, sometimes on the surface, as in the province of Scania; sometimes in blocks, as in the vast quarry of Vanemora. In a word, there is an immense chain of iron which extends from the Sound to the heart of Lapland. These mines, as well as the copper mines at Fahlun, in Dalecarlia, the silver mines of Kongsberg, and many others, are incalculably

the parish of Rattvick are renowned above all others, for their strength, beauty, and purity of blood. They have a costume remarkable for brilliancy of color, and the richness of its gold and silver embroidery. The women of Leksand, one of the most considerable parishes of Dalecarlia, have a black boddiece, lined with scarlet, over a chemise white as snow, the straight, broad sleeves of which, after the fashion of the chemises of the East, are often, as well as the collar and front, embroidered with red silk. Here, the mourning color is yellow; in Scania, it is sky blue. The young girl represented in one of our engravings, is collecting her flock, by blowing a sort of *Rans des Vaches* on her horn, the melody

of which is very charming; for the Swedes are gifted with excellent musical taste. We now come to the costumes of Orsa. This country is renowned for its grindstone quarries. The leather belt is the distinguishing mark of the costume of this country. The rural life of Sweden is sometimes perilous, for the chalets, which in Sweden, as in Switzerland, are very far from the great centres of population, instead of being placed upon the mountains, are found in the midst of forests, on the borders of lakes or torrents. The flocks are driven thither towards the end of May, and they remain till the end of September. We must go there, if we would study pastoral life in Sweden, and admire the

celebrated also for its magicians, or, to speak more correctly, its illuminati. Let us now leave Dalecarlia, for the province of Smaland. The parish of Warend, which occupies the centre, is the most mountainous, and the richest in picturesque sites. The monuments found, and the traditions preserved there, bear the stamp of great antiquity. The costumes of the women are remarkable for their richness. The silk scarf, embroidered with gold, the ends hanging over the hip, is covered by a baldric of silver, which spans the waist. This war girdle is a prerogative, which tradition assigns to the days of paganism. The Danes having invaded the province during the absence of King Atle, who



INHABITANTS OF WINGAKER.

courage of the young girls, who, armed only with an axe, bravely encounter the bears, which sometimes attack the fleecy charges committed to their care. In the midst of these solitudes, on the borders of these fine lakes, the imagination is imbued with that poetic tinge, which characterizes, in so remarkable a manner, the inhabitants of the Swedish forests. From these chalets have issued the marvellous traditions, the *Sagas* of ancient days, and those charming melodies, which faithfully render the grand, virgin and mysterious scenery which inspires them. In the parish of Elfdalen—the River Valley—the inhabitants possess a remarkable skill in carving wood and porphyry. The country of Elfdal is

had set out with all the men to fight the enemy, a young girl, named Blenda, conceived a bold project for decoying them into a snare. Aided by all the women, she prepared a great feast on the borders of a lake, and then sent messengers to meet the Danes, to congratulate them, and to say, that being abandoned by their husbands, they offered themselves as brides to the invaders. Finding the whole valley of Bravalla covered with provisions and liquors, the famished soldiers eagerly seized upon what was set before them; then, soon yielding to intoxication and fatigue, they fell asleep without suspicion of danger. Then, Blenda gave the signal to her companions, and they slew all their enemies without mercy,

and cast them into the lake. It was in recompense for this high deed, that the women of Warend were allowed the privilege of inheriting an equal share with the men, of having military music at their weddings, and of wearing the war girdle. They still enjoy the same privileges. The country of Wingaker is situated at the western extremity of Ludermania. The inhabitants were formerly celebrated as pirates. Their dress is of white cloth lined with scarlet. The peasants of Upland have nothing particular in their dress.

We have hitherto spoken of the rural districts of Sweden. The cities are also interesting, and

rocks, its islands, its bounding torrents, its sheets of limpid water, its fragrant bowers, its castle, palaces, churches and rocky streets, its sounding squares, its beautiful bay with its thousand masts, you have it all beneath your eyes—look! If your sight is wearied with so much splendor, you have only to turn your head, and there is a splendid reflector, placed on a pivot, which brings the entire panorama before you. Mosebacke is not only a stage for optical phenomena, it is the scene of joyous gatherings. The people flock thither from all parts of the city, eager for spectacles, dances, festivals and games. Mosebacke provides everything. Here is a *carrousel*,



GRINDSTONE MERCHANTS OF ORSA.

Stockholm in particular, is one of the most delightful places in the world. The stranger cannot fail to be dazzled and delighted by it, and the life he leads there, when he ceases to be a stranger, is one of enchantment. It is no matter whether you frequent aristocratic saloons, citizens' circles or popular gatherings—there is no stalk without a flower, and no flower without a perfume. Stockholm is at once a city of nature, and a city of art. Would you see the vastest and most picturesque horizon that ever delighted the eye? Climb the hill of Mosebacke which commands the city on the south. Seen from that point, Stockholm has no mysteries. Its

there, a ball-room, further on tennis and billiards. Does music delight you? Mosebacke furnishes an orchestra—two orchestras. Do you prefer silence and solitude? Mosebacke opens to you fresh bowers and mysterious gardens. There is not a wish that cannot be satisfied in this famous place.

No midsummer traveller fails to visit this hill to inhale the pure air. During the week it is visited only by a few idlers, or by strangers anxious to avail themselves of its fine points of view. The day of days is Sunday, when it is in its glory. Our readers are well aware that in all the countries of Europe the Sabbath is not

kept in that reverential manner, which we are taught to believe essential, but is observed as a sort of holiday. The society gathered on Mosebacke is of a mixed character, with the plebeian element largely predominating, but for that reason it affords a fine field for the study of character. High life people are the same all the world over—most insipid and uniform creatures—it is among the working people that we must seek for vigorous nationality and individuality. The amusements of Mosebacke are cheap, and the honest mechanic of Stockholm can enjoy himself there for hours without lightening his purse. How animated the dances are on the green turf, in the shadow of old trees, or the open area lighted up with variegated lamps.

The Swedes are very fond of dancing, and are often hurried away by their Terpsichorean enthusiasm into feats of agility like those which characterize the Mabilles balls at Paris. During the intervals of the dances, beer and cold punch circulate, for the northern people make a pretty free use of stimulants. Then the trumpet sounds. This is a signal for the theatre, and the crowd rushes to a vast tent which serves as an auditorium, the stage opening on the extremity. Here they play operas, dramas and comedies. The players are persons who have not attained fortune on the stage of the capital, and who shed the last light of their genius here. The performances are really very respectable and never fail to give satisfaction to the audience. Under certain circumstances this popular resort displays unwonted splendor. On the birthday of a prince or princess royal, for instance, the whole mountain is a-breeze; the gardens and groves flame with Bengal lights, the orchestras are trebled, and first-rate actors take the places of the ordinary performers. A traveller in Sweden who visited the mountain on the princess's birthday, writes: "The name of the princess Louisa was on every lip, and by the multiplied toasts it called forth, her popularity in the kingdom may be estimated. The spectacle concluded on that day with a *tableau vivant*. The rising of the curtain displayed a full length portrait of the princess royal, richly framed. It was flanked, on the right and left, by two young girls, clad as geni, and holding in their hands a banner staff from which floated the national colors. The picture represented the princess floating in the midst of flowers and winged angels, as in a full apotheosis. Now let us descend to the plain. Here is Norra Tivoli, a name which reveals its purpose—I will add that it fulfils it admirably. There is Humlegården, a vast park containing a theatre with an excellent company, a ball-room and concerts, and grass-plats worthy of Versailles. Humlegården, situated within the enclosure of the city, is largely frequented; on Sundays and during fine weather, especially, it is thronged. Here they have eating, drinking, dancing, fireworks and balloon ascensions. I witnessed one of these ascensions which was commenced by an original peculiarity. The aeronaut's companion was neither a human being nor a horse, but a genuine Lapland reindeer. Poor animal, accustomed to the dull retreats of polar solitudes, he saw himself launched, in the presence of a noisy multitude, through the vast fields of azure! How he struggled when he was tied into the basket

suspended beneath the aerostat! They were afraid he would rend the balloon by a strike of his wild horns. But, finally, the gas-swollen monster took wing; the reindeer shook convulsively; his haggard eyes were bent towards the earth as if he would fasten them there; but the balloon mounting, mounting upward, and was on the verge of the clouds, while the Lapland courser had not recovered from his stupefaction. A prophetic fear for some weeks after this ascension, the reindeer and the aeronaut perished together, near Elsinore, engulfed in the waters of the Sund."

There are many other pleasure-haunts in the vicinity of Stockholm, for picturesque sites are abundant, and perhaps there is not one unworthy of a pilgrimage. Djurgården, particularly, is an unrivalled casket, in which art and nature have gathered their most precious diamonds. It is at once a wood, a park, a garden, a promenade, a military parade-ground and a race-course—a collection of rustic villas and sumptuous edifices, naked rocks and green bowers, murmuring rivulets and sleeping lakes; calm trees and stormy chasms, hills and plains, narrow and broad paths and mysterious labyrinths. Djurgården presents all contrasts and caters for all tastes. There you find three or four theatres, exquisite restaurants and countless lemonade and confectionary establishments. A Tivoli has been established there some years with all the appliances for pleasure and enjoyment which distinguishes these places of enchantment. Hence, during the summer season, Djurgården is the favorite rendezvous of the whole city, especially of that part of society which seeks refined enjoyments and knows how to appreciate them.

Djurgården lies not far to the east of Stockholm, and is reached by land and water. The land route is constantly crowded with brilliant equipages, hacks, *droshkys* and omnibuses of every shape. One of these called the Napoleon, is distinguished by the beauty of its ornaments, and the comfort of its seats; it is of spherical form and looks like a balloon on wheels. The fare in the omnibus from Stockholm to Djurgården, is twelve skillings, about nine cents, to which must be added two skillings paid on entering the park. The route by water is still more animated. From the quay or Navy Island (*Sheppsbron Skeppsholm*), little steamboats, with their paddles painted green, and often decorated with leaves and flowers, start continually, freighted with joyous companions. The trip lasts but ten minutes and costs two skillings. The boat-service was formerly a monopoly, managed despotically by a company of women called, *Matrons of the Oar*, *Roddar Madamerna*. These matrons were generally of a sour temper; they rowed or did not row, accordingly as it suited their convenience, so that passengers reached their destination only after a long trial of patience which sometimes degenerated into violent scenes of anger. Now this monopoly is only a remembered grievance; the odious matrons have given way to charming Dalecarlian girls. Interesting creatures! Most of them engaged, they come here to earn money for an outfit, while their lovers are similarly occupied in other provinces. On the coming winter, they will return to their country when the rosy chains of marriage will

confine them thenceforth to the domestic hearth. The Dalecarlian oarswomen are generally fresh and healthy-looking; rarely very pretty, but honest and well behaved. Robust and untiring, they faithfully perform their task. They do not compel the passenger to linger under the burning sun upon the water. Nothing can be more picturesque than their costume. They wear a short brown or green petticoat, a red vest, over which is folded the edge of a white chemise, scarlet stockings and thick-sole shoes. The last article conflicts with the rest of the costume. The women of the north show great taste in dressing their heads and persons, but very little in the article of shoe-leather.

but the charges are also higher. The dishes of Blaporten, the Casino, and Pierre's establishment are all famous, but Pierre bears away the palm. He is a Provencal who has long been established in the country much to the satisfaction of resident and visiting epicures. A speciality of these Djurgarden restaurants, as well as of all the hotels and cafes of Stockholm, is the *personnel* of the service. There are very few male waiters, but mostly pretty girls from Bleking, a province where the blood is rose-hued, and the complexion fair and ethereal. They wait on table with unequalled grace and dexterity. Ordinarily they retain their national costumes which are very *piquante*. The charm of this dress consists



SHEPHERDESS OF KETTERING.

Nothing is more agreeable than to go to Djurgarden under the charge of these Dalecarlian rowers. If you are alone with them, they will engage in conversation, and tell you the story of their lives—often a melancholy one. If, on the contrary, the company is numerous, they will charm it by singing their native melodies. When you land, you regret that the voyage has been so brief. Many a traveller has refused to land, but given orders to be rowed back to Stockholm, that he might not lose the thread of a Dalecarlian story or the conclusion of a Dalecarlian song.

We alluded to the Djurgarden restaurants—the table is excellent, better than the city tables,

in a microscopic cap of velvet or lace, perched jauntily on the top of the head, which gives a rather saucy, but not immodest air. When they relinquish the business of waiters for domestic life, they exchange the cap for a red or blue handkerchief tied under the chin. If they rise in life they assume the bonnet. But cap, kerchief or bonnet, the young girl of Stockholm, or, to give her her specific name, the *piga* (from *pigg*, lively, alert,) wears them with the same elegance. Whether she remains faithful to the restaurant, her natural sphere, or follows the less brilliant career of public life, she generally attains the same goal—marriage. In the first case, she weds some honest fellow, a servant or

a farmer, who has been her faithful beau. In the second case, she will perhaps go to Finland to St. Peter burg, marrying in the latter city some subordinate official, dazzled by her charms or her account of her savings. Ranking a little higher than the *piga* are the needlewomen or milliner, and higher yet, the daughters of citizens, who receive a good education, and are quite dashing characters. If we leave the inferior rounds of the social ladder, and rise to the highest, by the golden steps which conduct to the summit, we find ourselves in a serene and pure atmosphere. The woman of the North appears in all her traditional splendor, chaste, severe,

Valhalla, and placed them on the prophetic tripod. What the legislation of barbarous times deprived them of, the moderns have restored, or moved by the spontaneity of their love, and the gentle influence of their manners. Thus, each step in the progress of the Swedes has been marked by new tributes paid to the worship of woman. They have hatred only because they have raised their social position to the same height as that of the men.

On her part, the Swedish woman has striven to make herself more and more worthy of this deference. A devoted mother, a submissive daughter, a lovely and faithful wife, she is the



AN INHABITANT OF LEKSAND.

devoted to her family, beloved and respected by all. What an enchanting type! Much has been said and written in praise of the beautiful Swedes—they deserve it all. In their beauty we find a brilliancy which dazzles, and a candor which touches us. Luminous blonde types, eyes blue and limpid as lakes, cheeks seeming to reflect the rosy purple of the aurora borealis, a velvet and transparent skin, a charming figure; such is the picture. They lead gentle and calm lives—they are intelligent and pure, and fascinate all who approach them. In all time the Swedes have treated their women with honor. In the age of Odin they gave them a throne in their

ornament of the domestic circle as well as the delight of the world of fashion. Enter a drawing-room at Stockholm, and you will be impressed with a feeling of admiration, there is something so pure and magnetic in all of the women who surround you. It is true that you see Paris furniture, Paris fashions and Paris usages—but what of that? The national type rises above all these borrowed decorations, and even a hurried glance will show that you have no counterfeit before you. The more the Swedish woman approaches her original type, the more beautiful and respectable she is, like those mountain rivulets whose crystal glitters with a greater

brilliance as you ascend to their source. It is that which gives so much value to the efforts of King Oscar to attach Sweden to its nationality; by acting thus, he has not only elevated the honor of his race, he has exalted its beauty.

The Swedes feel; their sympathies are never more ardently manifested than when their local pride is touched. See them at the ball or theatre,—what are the dances in which they mingle the most gaily, the plays they most warmly applaud? They are their traditional dances—their national dramas. Does not Jenny Lind, the northern nightingale, owe her dearest triumph to the

has nothing terrible, it is a pastoral crook adorned with flowers. They are delighted with sewing and fancy needle-work, instructive reading and quiet conversation. There is nothing so charming as an hour passed in the intimacy of a Swedish home. We learn there to appreciate that domestic life described so interestingly by Frederika Bremer in her celebrated novels.

Meanwhile, the men attend diligently to business, for in Sweden everybody is busy; the burghers at the exchange or in their counting-rooms, the nobles at the court or in the offices. At Stockholm, evening commences at three or



SWEDISH HAYMAKERS.

national melodies of Scandinavia? Social life at Stockholm is very varied. Balls are numerous, and dinner-parties frequent. They play comedies and charades. There is no luxury, but an elegant simplicity. The ladies adopt Parisian fashions, but instead of copying them with servility, or exaggerating them to ridicule, as is sometimes done at St. Petersburg, they tastefully modify what is too *outré* or too exotic, to adapt them to their more simple manners. Outside of their drawing-rooms, the Swedish ladies devote themselves to domestic cares with activity and vigilance. Their household is a little empire, which they rule without control, but their sceptre

four o'clock. It is a time of animation and gaiety, for everybody devotes the evening to relaxation. Of all the cities of Sweden, perhaps of Europe, not even excepting Paris, Stockholm is the most devoted to pleasure. If they earn money it is for the sake of spending it. Thus great fortunes are rare; they are in too great a hurry for enjoyment to hoard it up. Hence, that charming sociability which distinguishes the Swedes, and renders a residence in that country so agreeable to strangers. These rapid sketches of the Swedes may instruct as well as amuse our readers, to most of whom the peculiarities of the people are probably unknown.

THE LONG AGO.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

When the fevered brow is burning,
When life's tide doth ebb and flow,
Who hath not, while wearied turning,
Conjured up the long ago.

At the sight of some loved token,
How will brighten memory's ray;
Thoughts of vows forgotten, broken,
Thoughts of faces passed away.

There's a look which time has faded,
Resting still within that book;
Resting there as she it bridled,
When she gave affection's look.

Now we see upon that finger,
Love's fond pledge which she placed there;
Now those songs she sang still linger,
Like a spirit from afar.

Now the winds go softly sighing,
O'er her shadowed, silent tomb;
Once our hopes there too were lying,
Once we too were wrapt in gloom.

Flowers have withered that we planted,
Grass and weeds now fill their place;
Grief hath lost the dirge it chanted,
In life's fiery, hateful race.

Brightly still those skies beam o'er us,
Other sounds and scenes we know;
Other forms are now before us,
Than were in the long ago.

THE HAUNTED LIGHTHOUSE.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

CHAPTER I.

HOW I GOT TO THE LIGHTHOUSE.

"It's now four and forty years ago come Christmas, and that's to-morrow, that it happened, young man," said old Captain Polwhele. "Four and forty years," he added, half mournfully, as he shook the ashes from his short pipe, and looked at the burning embers, as if he was contemplating within their glowing depths a red-hot retrospective calendar, "and it seems but yesterday; but I must go up and trim the lights, and rub the reflectors a bit, and then I'll tell you all about it."

"I shall be very glad to hear it," I said, as the old man left the little chamber where we were sitting—a quaint sort of a place, half bed-room, and the rest cabin and parlor combined—redolent of a strong smell of lamp and tar, that whiffed in when the door through which he had gone, opened.

I said it was a quaint place, such a one as I had never been in before, nor indeed heard of; and this was the way in which I became acquainted with it and its lonely inhabitant:

On the southern coast of Wales there are several splendid bays, great sheets of water, curving inland, with magnificent sweep, with jutting headlands forming their eastern and western boundaries. One of the most beautiful of these indentations of the coast is well known to Cambrian tourists as the bay of Swansea, whose sandy curve describes the segment of a circle seven miles in extent. Quitting the town of Swansea, one bright winter's afternoon, for the purpose of reaching a small fishing village, called Oystermouth, where existed the remains of an ancient castle that I intended to sketch, I travelled along the "ribbed sea sand" for some three or four miles, and then at the recommendation of another tourist, who by chance I fell in with, struck off into a northerly direction, and after crossing a few hills, descended to another and smaller bay, which for its surpassing beauty, and the picturesqueness of its caves, and fresh-water springs, was a favorite resort with those who visited that romantic region. It was not the easiest thing in the world to descend the precipitous cliff, and reach the sands below, but I at length did so, after many narrow escapes from falling headlong, and at length stood on the hard, white, sandy beach which was covered with shells and starfish. The little hollows here and there left full of water by the receded tide, were alive with actiniae, molluscs, and numberless sea anemonies, whose exquisite colors justly entitled them to the poetical designation of "flowers of the sea." At the period I am speaking of, Mr. Gosse had not written his work on the "Wonders of the Shore," nor had ladies learned the art now so fashionable, of rearing these ocean blossoms in drawing-rooms. An aquarium was then an unknown thing, or from the stores before me I might have stocked any number of those pretty scientific contrivances.

It is astonishing how insensible one becomes to the flight of time in such places. Absorbed in the contemplation of cliff and cavern, beach and ocean, I literally took "no note of time but from its loss;" and it was not until long shadows thrown by the tall cliffs which towered high overhead; streamed athwart the yellow sands, that I became aware that it was high time for me to make the best of my way toward some place of shelter for the night, for, pedestrian-like, trusting chance and circumstance, I had laid down no plan with respect to lodgings, knowing that in those localities, though inns were scarce, no

cottage ever refused to entertain a traveller.—

So, disposing in sundry pockets the specimens I had picked up, and strapping my portfolio on my shoulders, I walked towards a point of rock round which I knew I must travel in order to reach Oystermouth; but on arriving at the spot, I found that the tide, which was now fast coming in, already forbade all progression in that direction. Nor was there any time to be lost, for at high water the entire space of the little bay itself would be submerged; it was, in fact, a bay only at ebb tide. What was to be done then? I concluded that at the other extremity of the land-locked space, egress would be alike impossible; so concluding that my only alternative was to return by the way I came, I put a bold face on the matter, and commenced climbing the almost perpendicular face of the cliff, determined, if possible, to gradually travel sideways in the direction of the fishing village.

If ever I worked hard, I did that evening, for, difficult as the descent had been, it was nothing compared with the labor, setting aside the risk, of climbing from one crag to another, in what at last became almost total darkness. It came on also to blow great guns, but fortunately, the hurricane was rather a help than a hindrance, for the gale blew directly from the sea into the little bay, and at times such was its force that it fairly pressed me against the rock, and held me there. I never had so satisfactory an illustration of atmospheric pressure before. The mischief of it was, though, that during the lulls of the blast, the sudden withdrawal of the pressure from without, more than once, by throwing me off my guard, nearly threw me off my balance also; but such was the terrible force of the gale, that I almost think, had I fallen, I should have been fastened against the face of the cliff once more before I had got far down.

I began to think I never should get to the top of the precipice, and was pondering the possibility of finding some large crevice in which I might secure shelter for the night, when looking upwards, I saw, or imagined I saw, the black, projecting point of cliff far overhead, relieved against what seemed a faint beam of dusky, reddish light, at intervals appearing and disappearing. I knew it could not be the moon, for it was in its last quarter, and besides no mortal moon ever yet shot forth such a red tinged ray. Clearly it was something extraordinary—the zodiacal light, and the aurora borealis were successfully suggested and rejected, for good scientific reason—and in order to solve the mystery, I renewed my climbing efforts.

I did not long remain in a state of uncertainty.

When I had reached within six feet of the summit, the strange ray having gradually increased in intensity, until at last it resembled the diverging pencil of rays from the lenses of a magic lantern; I was suddenly startled by what at first sight appeared a tall Cyclops, with one flaming eye, looming up through mist and darkness. For the space of a minute it glared steadily over the ocean, and then, as if satisfied with the survey, wheeled itself round, and looked unwinkingly landwards. "Hurra for the Cyclops!" I exclaimed, for well enough I knew it to be the beacon on Scargill head, with its revolving light. Tired and lacerated as I was from frequent slippings, and contact with sharp rocks, though no seaman, I bade its "lustre hail," and in a few minutes was loudly knocking at the door of the little cottage adjoining, in which the light-keeper resided. In such places, and at such times, apologies for intrusion are neither given nor required.

"It's a rough night; come along in, man," was the greeting I received, as soon as the door opened. So in I went, and speedily explained the circumstances which had drawn me there for shelter.

"Well, young man," observed my host, "you must have had a deal of the monkey in you to have scaled that cliff on such a night as this; it's hard enough to do it in day-time, leave alone when all is dark, and a gale blowing as 'tis now. But come, here's some prime Holland—it's the only liquor I've at hand, for the government people don't allow spirits to be used much in lighthouses; only ile, you see, 'cause one's apt to interfere with t'other—howsumever, your'e welcome to what there is, and after your climb you must want it."

He was a fine, venerable, but still hardy old fellow, and we speedily became acquainted. His name, he told me was Polwhele, and he had attained the birth of lighthouse-keeper in consequence of his long and faithful services in the navy. His dialect had that sing-song peculiar to the natives of the most western English county; and his name was also suggestive of the land of tin mines and pilchard-curing.

"Yes," he observed, in reply to a remark of mine, "it is a regular west-of-England name; for as the old rhyme says:

"By Tre, Pol and Pen
You may know the Cornishmen."

And then warmed with the Holland, he ran on to tell some marvellous Cornish stories of tame cougars, whipping of akes, and of that famous Cornish gentleman, who when condemned for treason, to be executed, was pardoned because

from one end of Cornwall to the other, the stalwart miners and fishermen sang a song, whose bold chorus was :

"And must Trelawney die?
And must Trelawney die?
Then fifty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why!"

The old captain at length relapsed into silence, and smoked his pipe perseveringly. Presently he uttered the words with which this story commences :

"It's now four and forty years ago come Christmas, and that's to-morrow, that it happened, young man."

"What happened?" I inquired.

"As that cliff you've just come up was climbed after dark," he replied. And he added, "It warn't exactly climbed then."

"I don't quite understand you," said I.

"Nor I don't quite understand it, either, young man; and to tell you the truth, I'm glad you dropped in here to-night—I generally take care to have company on Christmas eve, and should have had at this moment if the storm had not prevented—for this is a lonely place enough, to say nothing of its being sometimes haunted."

"Haunted! what, by a ghost, a real ghost?" I exclaimed.

How delightful, I thought to myself, to have fallen on such an adventure; and I forthwith urged Captain Polwhele, who now looked very grave, to tell the story, whatever it was.

"Well," he observed, "I aint nothing of a hand at spinning a yarn, and moreover, I'm obliged to turn in about this time, because you see I've got to be up in four hours from now, to trim the lights, and wipe the window-panes; but (taking a bundle of papers from an old chest) here's the whole account of it, which you can sit by the fire and read if you're curious on the matter. 'Twas written by the man who kept the light before me, and I found it among some rubbish after his death. His name was Jacob Varney, and a miserable old wretch he was, by all accounts. Some people said he was mad, and that this story was only fancy; but I've seen that as makes me think otherwise. When you've read the story you'll understand what I meant about some one coming up the cliff four and forty years ago."

I eagerly clutched the dingy old bundle of manuscript, and had settled down to peruse it, when I heard the old captain's returning footsteps. He entered the little room, and said, mysteriously :

"I forgot, sir, I'd better draw the curtain over this window. There, that will do. Good-night, sir."

All being again quiet, I opened the manuscript, and read the following strange story, which was evidently an autobiographical fragment, written at different periods, and blistered all over by what might have been tear-drops—Heaven knows a deluge of such were needful to wash away the crime which it recorded.

CHAPTER II.

JACOB VARNET'S ADVENTURES.

THUS ran the story : "It is not necessary that I, Jacob Varney—that's my name; it was not that of any relative of mine—should give any account of who my grandfathers and grandmothers were. Why I've changed my name from that which 'my godfathers and godmothers gave me in my baptism,' as the church catechism says, is my own business. If indeed such remarkable relatives I ever had, if I really was blessed with them, all I know is, that I never performed all the good things they 'promised and vowed' I should; more's the pity! I've had to bear my own sins on my own shoulders, and a heavy burden they have proved.

"Nor is it at all necessary to the right understanding of what will follow, that I should enter into any details respecting my early life. Enough to say that it was what is called a wild one; so wild that when about fourteen years of age, I was packed off to sea—a circumstance which did not at all tend to the improvement of either my mind or my morals. It was many years before I again saw my native land, and when I did return to the village in which I was born, there was not a single connection of old times to welcome me back. But for that I cared little, I had too long been accustomed to a roving life to enjoy domestic happiness, and so, when I had spent all my ready money, I walked to Bristol, and shipped on board a schooner bound for the African coast. Of course I left a weeping girl behind me, but of that hereafter.

"The captain of the vessel—his name was Feebin—was a devil incarnate. No sooner had we fairly got to sea, than he began to exhibit all the cruel tyranny of his disposition, and on the sixth day out, for some trifling omission of duty, he felled me to the deck with a blow of his huge fist. It was of no use to complain; but did I forget the indignity? No, it was always my creed never to forget, never to forgive; so I brooded over the insult in silence, determining some day to pay it back, ay, and with interest too.

"And I did so. Once, as we lay in the middle of the Bonny River, I was on watch, when I

saw the second mate cautiously creeping along under the bulwarks toward the place where I was stationed. It was one of those nights which are only to be seen in the tropics; the stars, which appeared thrice the magnitude of those which are seen in northern latitudes, looked like many-colored globes suspended from the purple over-circling sky by invisible cords. That brilliant constellation, the Southern Cross, blazed overhead, a gem worthy the heaven in which it was set; and the only sounds which met my ear were the chatterings of monkeys among the trees that grew down to the water's edge, and the lapping of the water against the sides of the schooner, as the tide ebbed rapidly. A white mist hung above the low, murky shores, and extended for some distance over the surface of the stream; but towards the centre, where we lay, no fog-bank obscured the bosom of the water. To have slept on shore, inhaling that miasmatic vapor would have been death to an European, and that was one reason why we were moored mid-stream, another was that in the position we occupied, we were less liable to treacherous attacks from the natives.

"When the second mate came close to where I was standing, he made a sign that I should keep quiet, and feeling sure that some plot against the captain was hatching, for Tracy had also been ill-used by him, I answered the signal, and we soon understood each other. It appeared that on a previous voyage, Captain Feebin had overreached one of the native chiefs in a bargain, and that he and his people were determined to be revenged; this they could not do without being assisted by some one on board, and Tracy had been accordingly tampered with. I was only too eager to fall in with the arrangements of the second mate, and not the less so because a large amount of booty would be my share of the plunder; the schooner containing a valuable cargo of palm oil, ivory, and gold dust on board, she having just exchanged all the articles which she had brought out for the same.

"When the watch was set, the next night, Captain Feebin mustered all his crew to see that none were skulking among the barracoons on shore, and gruffly ordered the anchor to be weighed at day-break. He then turned in to his state-cabin bank, and all was quiet. But not for long. No sooner had the moon set behind a distant mountain range, than, emerging from the bank of mist on the left side of the river, Tracy and I saw the expected canoes, some twenty in number, all filled with armed negroes, paddling cantonally towards the schooner. In a very few minutes scores of dark forms silently

clambered up its sides and reached the deck. Then, a preconcerted signal being given, a terrific shout arose, and I took my place, hatchet in hand, as also did Tracy, in the savage ranks.

"That yell—it might have startled the dead in their graves—awoke the captain, who, undressed as he was, rushed upon deck, and was instantly seized. In less than a minute a rope was placed round his neck—by me—and he was run up to the yard-arm, tackle having been previously arranged. It had been agreed between Tracy and the negro that only Feebin and the first mate, and the supercargo, should be sacrificed; but when once blood flowed, none could stay the carnage. Only Tracy and myself were spared! The work of death done, the schooner was fired, and then in one of the canoes we were taken on shore, and lodged in the house of the chief.

"Tracy soon died of the fever of the country, and I narrowly escaped. I now became mixed up with the slave trade, and for many months was superintendent of one of the barracoons. At the end of that time, growing tired of the country, I secured what property, in the shape of gold dust, I had acquired, about my person, and changing my name, proceeded along the coast to a remote settlement, Sierra Leone, and from thence shipped before the mast, to England. I landed in London, and speedily plunged into all the dissipations of the metropolis, so that my money before long melted away. Reduced at length to my last guinea, I began to cast about me for the means of bettering my condition, and to this end I strolled into a low, water-side public house, used as a place of call for sailors who wanted a ship.

"I had been some time in the tap-room, when a man entered, at sight of whom my eyes protruded from their sockets, a cold sweat bedewed my limbs, and my whole frame quivered. Had the African river given up its dead; had the man whom I had assisted to hang on the Bonny coast indeed come back to life and light? Evidently so it seemed, for before me stood Feebin, the captain of the schooner! I shrunk back into my corner, which was fortunately rather dark, and glanced sideways at him. Yes, there was no mistake, for when he spoke, I could have sworn to that voice among a million. From the conversation which ensued, I learned that he was picking up men for a cruise among the West India islands, pratical I had no doubt, from a remark by an old tar to whom he made proposals.

"'Why, cap'n, I don't mind shipping along with you—though they do say you're a hard 'un on the blue water—but then it's *that* sort of

thing, you know, if caught.' And Jack indicated by a bend of his neck towards the right side, a pointing of his forefinger to just below his left ear, and a click of his tongue, what the *that* meant.

"'Hullo,' exclaimed another man present, 'don't talk about hanging before the captain, he mightn't like such a ticklish subject.'

"Nor in fact did I either, just at that time, for I feared every moment that Feebin would put his eye on me.

"'Pooh,' said he, 'I was in luck that time; when the black devils slung me up, they left me to enjoy the fresh air while they fired the ship, and as luck would have it, the flames consumed the end of the rope close to the belaying pin, so I dropped into the water and swam to the other side of the river, where I was sheltered by a planter whom I knew. But if ever I get hold of the fellow—one of the crew—who put the rope round my neck—and I'm always on the look-out for him—I'll give him good reason to remember his night's work on the Bonny River.'

"You may be sure I left that place as soon as possible. I then made for the country, got after some time to my native place, and fortunately arrived here just as the old lighthouse-keeper died. I procured the situation; married, and in time, two children were born to me—a boy and a girl; the latter of whom, as well as her mother, died of consumption, brought on by the bleak winds of the place; and the boy, who could not put up with my rough treatment, ran away, and having no trade to support him, went to sea. Left alone in the lighthouse, my heart grew harder, and my temper fiercer than ever before. None of the neighboring villagers cared to associate with me, for they believed I had hastened the death of my wife and daughter by rough usage, and that my unfatherly cruelty had driven Henry to sea. So hating every one, and fearing that whenever I saw any man approaching the lighthouse, it was Feebin, coming to seize and punish me for attempted murder, I passed ten years of utter loneliness and perfect misery. No wonder was it that women and children avoided me when I was compelled to go to the village to make necessary purchases, and that when I entered the parlor of the 'Three Puncheons,' no voice greeted, no hand was stretched forth to bid me welcome.

"The ship *Endeavor*, Captain Feebin, from the West Indies, was to sail from Port Royal, Jamaica, with a valuable cargo on the 1st inst. She will probably reach this port in about six weeks from that day.'

"Such was the announcement I read in a

Bristol paper, as I sat one evening by my solitary fireside. So then my dreaded enemy was still alive, and what was worse, he was coming to a neighboring seaport. What security had I that he would not visit my own vicinity, as captains often did, and discover me in my retreat? Well enough I knew what the consequences would be were I detected—neither he nor the law would be merciful. From that moment I watched every fresh sail with a terrible interest. Something seemed to whisper in my ear that my doom was fixed, that a fearful catastrophe was impending. But how to avert it?—that was the question that haunted me day and night. Then I considered that something might be done to prevent the calamity if I was acquainted with the appearance and peculiarities, if any, of the *Endeavor*. I had a vague notion that I might procure leave of absence, and remain away from my post until that ship had gone to sea again. So one evening, after seeing to the light in the lantern, I strolled to the 'Three Puncheons,' and calling for a can and a pipe, sat down in the chimney corner.

"As, in some public houses, the talk is all 'farm,' or all 'horse,' so in this seaside locality it was naturally all 'ship.' I listened long before anything occurred to interest me; but at length the name of *Endeavor* caught my attention.

"'Well, she is a fine barque-rigged craft,' observed one, 'and makes lucky voyages generally, though how Feebin will get along is another matter. People tell strange stories about him.'

"'Well, at all events, he wont sail in the *Endeavor* any more voyages,' observed another.

"'How is that?' I ventured to ask.

"'Why, because he has bought two-thirds of the *Margaret*, now on the stocks at Swansea, within two miles of where we're sitting, and he's going out in her to Cuba, to bring home copper ore, which will pay him a deuced deal better than sugar and coffee, at the present freights.'

"That was enough for me, and after gathering some particulars as to the appearance of the *Endeavor*, I made the best of my way home. I sat for some time moodily looking into the fire, full of dark, vague thoughts, and then I threw myself on my bed, but not to sleep. I believe the devil was my companion all through that night. I arose in the morning, feverish and unrefreshed. My first glance was seaward, and all through the day, and for many days afterwards, I stood in the balcony of the lantern, straining my eyes in the direction in which I knew that vessel must come. So it went on, until the af-

noon of the twenty-fourth of December, when far away to the westward I beheld a large vessel beating up the channel, in the teeth of a tremendous gale which had been steadily blowing since the night before.

"Below the lighthouse, and about half a mile from the shore, was a bar of shifting sand, called the Hog's Back, over which the waves were now beating with tremendous fury—indeed the lighthouse had been built for the purpose of warning ships of this dangerous shoal. I know not how it was, but as I gazed on the world of waters below, a new idea entered my mind, which caused a thrill of excitement to run through my frame. The wind was blowing on shore, and there was every appearance of its coming on hazy towards evening; if so, and the ship continued in her present course, the chances were, as the currents set in this direction, and if she had no pilot on board—not a likely occurrence in such weather—that, the light being obscured, she would drift towards the shoal. Did I hope she might? Much more, I prayed that she might, with all my heart and soul. God forgive me!

"As I smoked my pipe that afternoon, how the past rose up before me. My dead wife and child, who lay in the churchyard near by; and my boy, poor Harry, who was now I knew not where—his features were fresh in my recollection, and I was trying to fancy how ten years had changed them, when, amid the brief lulls of the tempest, which now seemed to shake the tower to its foundations, I heard a bang, bang, bang—signals of distress, fired, doubtless, from the *Endeavor*. In a moment I was on the balcony of the lantern, and there, sure enough, for the sun had not yet set, I saw the ship driving madly along before the gale. She was apparently making for Swansea roads, on reaching which she would be safe. Her fore and main-masts had gone, and she answered but badly to her helm; that was evident to my practised eye in a moment, for every now and then she rolled heavily in the trough of the sea, as through my glass I could see '*Endeavor*' painted on her side. As night was fast approaching, the lighthouse alone would be her salvation—without its aid, to gain the harbor of refuge would be next to impossible.

"*'Now,'* whispered the tempting devil at my side, '*now is your only chance!*' It was time to light the lamps, but I still lingered until the vessel was no longer discernible, although she could not have been more than two miles from the fearful shoal over which the breakers were now foaming and rushing with tremendous fury.

"A lighted match applied to the lamp wicks would have saved that ship and its crew. Did I

kindle one? No; I stood straining my eyes through the gloom, and listening intently for the fatal crash and shriek which I knew must come. And come at length it did; for all of a sudden a flash of lightning revealed the doomed ship on the summit of an immense rolling billow; then came the dull, heavy shock, as she struck, and in ten minutes' time, fragments of the wreck, and portions of the cargo floated on the surges.

"Then I lighted the lamps, and the red reflector, falling on the foam below, seemed to turn it into blood. Hurrying down from the lantern, I barred and bolted the door, hoping that the neglect of my important duty had not been observed; but in my blind madness I had quite forgotten that the light was a revolving one, and could be seen from the land as well as from the sea, from all points of the compass, in fact. And it was scarcely to be expected that a circumstance so unusual as that of not lighting the lamps for nearly two hours after dark, would pass unnoticed by every one. Half maddened, I seized an axe, and was about rushing up stairs in order to purposely damage the machinery, so that I might have some excuse ready, when I heard a tap at the little window, opposite the foot of my bed, and at the same instant a fearful wailing cry, such a cry as mortal ear never before heard, rose and died away upon the blast.

"I stood where I was, seemingly rooted to the spot, and almost petrified with horror. Suddenly the tapping at the window-pane was repeated, and at the same moment the logs on the fireplace blazed up fiercely. I glanced towards the window, and there, pressed against the glass, was a human face! Its eyes glaring fiercely at me; its cheeks pale; its lips blue; and the long black hair of its head mixed with tangled seaweed, streaming with brine. I rushed to the end of the chamber, but those eyes ever followed me. God of mercy! the countenance was that of my son! Burying my face in my hands, I sought to shut out the fearful vision; and when I again ventured to look towards the window, the face was no longer there. For a moment I believed that I had been deceived by my excited fancy, and under this impression ran to the outside of the window, thinking I might find some one there who had escaped from the wreck. But no, there was not a trace of any human being to be found.

"A miserable Christmas eve did I spend all alone in that dreary place. As soon as daylight dawned, I took a tumbler full of spirits to steady my shattered nervous system, and hurried to the edge of the cliff. As it became lighter, I could see on the beach far below, many fragments of the wreck, and some dead bodies. Actuated by

an irresistible impulse, I hurried down the rocks, and then with trembling hands turned over a body which lay on its face. I knew it in an instant by a mole on the left cheek bone—it was that of Harry! my boy Harry! And I was his murderer! And for what? Intelligence reached me the same day that only one man had escaped from the wreck; he had lashed himself to a spar, and was cast shore some miles distant, and now lay in a cottage near Swansea—it was Captain Feebin!"

Here the manuscript ended. Its perusal had much excited me, and just as I concluded, a sudden gust of wind shaking the casement, drew my attention thereto. Walking towards it, I drew aside the curtain, and there, to my unspeakable horror, was a pale, ghastly, imploring face, whose dull eyes glared in upon the room! I uttered a wild shriek, and fell forward on the floor.

"Nonsense, perhaps, after all, 'twas all your fancy, young man," said Captain Polwhele, who picked me up, and restored me to consciousness. But to this day I am unconvinced.

"By the way," I asked of the captain, "what became of the villain, Varney?"

"Well," he replied, "you see no direct charge could be brought against him, as the revolving apparatus was found to be out of order; but he had warning to leave the post; and three weeks afterward—during which time I suppose he wrote out that story you've been reading—his body was found smashed to a jelly on the sands at the bottom of the cliff."

WHOLESONE EDUCATION.

Of all the know-nothing persons in this world, commend us to the man who has "never known a day's illness." He is a moral dunce; one who has lost the greatest lesson in life, who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of humanity, the sick chamber. Let him be versed in mathematics, profound in metaphysics, a ripe scholar in the classics, a bachelor of arts, or even a doctor of divinity, yet is he one of those gentlemen whose education has been neglected. For all his college acquirements, how inferior is he in wholesome knowledge to the mortal who has had but a quarter's gout or a half-year of ague!—how infinitely below the fellow-creature who has been soundly taught his *tic-douloureux*, thoroughly grounded in the rheumatics, and deeply learnt in the scarlet fever! And yet, what is more common than to hear a great hulking, florid fellow bragging of an ignorance, a brutal ignorance, that he shares in common with the pig and bullock, the generality of which die, probably, without ever having experienced a day's indisposition!—*Thomas Hood.*

ELOQUENCE.

Eloquence, that charms and burns,
Startles, soothes, and wins by turns.—CLINCH.

BY-AND-BY.

BY ELPHALINE BOLTON.

Where'er heavy hearts are beating,
Comes the gentle whispered greeting,
Hope's sweet voice is e'er repeating,
By-and-by! by-and-by!
Chase the tear-drop, check the sigh,
Joy is coming by-and-by!

Rosy childhood's pulse is bounding,
To that magic whisper's sounding,
Telling of the joys abounding
By-and-by, by-and-by.

Haste the moments, let them fly—
Joys, we'll grasp them by-and-by.

To the student, pale and weary,
Through the night-hours, long and dreary,
Steals an echo soft, yet cheery,
By-and-by! by-and-by!

Flinch not, pause not, guard on high
Shall reward thee by-and-by!

To him across the ocean foaming,
Far from home and loved ones roaming
Floats an echo through the gloaming,
By-and-by! by-and-by!

Thrills the warm heart, lights the eye,
With thoughts of meeting by-and-by.

The watcher by some loved one lying
Wan and helpless, to her sighing
Hears angelic tones replying,
By-and-by! by-and-by!

Watch and pray—the languid eye
Health shall brighten by-and-by.

The mourner by the green grave weeping,
Where a cherished form is sleeping,
Hears a spirit softly speaking,
By-and-by! by-and-by!

Dear one, lift thy thoughts on high,
We shall meet thee by-and-by!

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

"TELL me a story, Pierre."

The lips that spoke so winningly were rosy-red and very beautiful. The cheeks, now flushed with the color of health, had deep dimples; the eyes were all alight with the steady flame of happiness and contentment that would have made them very lovely even if they had not been so very blue, so lustrous and almond-shaped.

Pierre Lasselle was the son of French parents. He was by birth an American citizen, loved his country, had been well-educated in its schools and its principles of government. He had not, at the time our story opens, been long wedded to his fairy of a bride. Intended for a profession by his parents, who were very proud of their good and handsome son, he had in only this one thing gone counter to their wishes, having from

his youth had an unconquerable desire to be a farmer. And a farmer he accordingly became—a model farmer, a prince of farmers; and at the age of twenty-eight had won himself a farm, a cottage and a wife, all his very own. At first sight, Emily looked too delicate to be a farmer's bride. She had never labored very hard, but she could oversee and manage capitably; and fragile and timid as she seemed, no mistress was ever more quickly and willingly obeyed.

It was a whistling December night. The large room in which the handsome couple sat was well lighted, for in addition to the globe lamp on the small table beside them, the great logs piled in the ample fireplace threw up broad sheets of flame, sometimes, in their ambitious attempts to outshine the lesser light, overlapping the brass fender, upon one end of which the toe of a shining boot rested, peeping from beneath Emily's blue dress. The family room was one of Emily's planning. It had wide, pleasant windows, over which were looped long curtains of muslin, the inner coverings being green shades. At the great bay-window in the centre, stood Emily's work-table and guitar, a vase of flowers, and more than thirty pots of plants arranged on a fanciful stand, all showing the skill and care that were bestowed on them by their young mistress. There were pictures on the walls, and little busts on brackets; there were comfortable easy-chairs, hanging-shelves filled with books, bird-cages whose inmates nestled their little heads under golden wings, secure in the love that had so long protected them.

How could Pierre Lasselle help being very happy, surrounded by all these comforts, these luxuries, and sitting opposite that beautiful little lady, whose red lips had just said, "tell me a story, Pierre?"

He threw the paper down that had almost absorbed his whole attention, kissed his wife, stretched his slippered feet more comfortably over the bright colors of the rug, as he replied to her question by asking another.

"A story, Em? Well, let me see! I don't think of anything to-night, and after wading through that horribly dull political paper, I don't know as I have imagination enough left to invent one. What sort of a story will you have?—a ghost story?"

"O, nothing horrible, if you please—nothing of spirits who walk of nights—nothing of treason or murder—but something of love! something most charmingly romantic! It seems so cosy here! and I'm just in the mood."

"Well, let me see!" returned Pierre, musingly. Then snapping his fingers and smiling,

till Emily wondered how deep that dimple did go in, he exclaimed: "There! just the thing. Strange I never thought of it before! Em, I've got a capital story, and I shall call it, 'The Double Marriage.'"

"Good!" cried Emily, clapping her hands; "now if it were only true!"

"It is true," returned Pierre; "and the actors— But never mind! I'll speak of that, when I get through."

"In the first place, it happened in an old French city, Chartres, that with its twin towers has been famous in history, you know. Its characters or heroes were students from Paris—all of them madcaps, wild with youth and high spirits, enjoying a vacation. They were foot-travellers just for the pleasure of the thing. Every day they would stop at some old inn and get their meals, or else, buying up a round lot of provisions, they would hire a man and his little cart, and stop as they pleased, dining under the shadows of lofty elms, spreading their repast upon the grass. As I told you, they were merry fellows, and drank, no doubt, plenty of wine; so that they were always ready for what they called a high old time.

"As they neared Chartres, there was a great din. Men rode by, blowing trumpets and proclaiming some great show. Now and then, a band with a dozen instruments filled the air with rude bursts of melody. The citizens wore eager faces; their daughters sat at the front windows and looked out. The peasants were attired in holiday costume, and the whole city seemed alive with mirth and festivity.

"We will put up at the great inn," said the leader of the students, a handsome-faced youth with light, glistening curls hanging over his collar. "Let us pretend that we are the sons of noblemen; nothing will be too good for us, you know. We will get the best beds, the best tables, and the best seats at the theatre."

"Agreed!" cried the others. And with a shout of congratulation, they went on within the limits of the city, dusted their clothes, shook their caps and themselves into decent order, and marched in a rollicking sort of way up to the hotel, demanding attention and showing their money.

"The landlord was extremely, nay extravagantly polite; but *sacre!* he couldn't accommodate the gentlemen—no, not if they were grand dukes or reigning monarchs. He was profuse in his expressions of regret; would rather his right eye had been plucked out, his right arm cut off, or even his neck dislocated, than disappoint the young gentlemen. But *par dieu!* what could

he do? They saw how it was—every room, every bed, every seat, every standing-place taken up long before the last week. It was a terrible disappointment to him, but so it was.

"And so it was to the students, who conferred together as to the expediency of their demanding shelter at any risk, and ensconcing their pseudo noble forms in the couches to be occupied by country merchants, mechanics and peasants. Meanwhile a white-faced, green-eyed youth had gone towards 'mine host,' and whispered in his ear. The landlord's face grew bright, as with an approving nod, he said:

"Truly I never thought of it, young men! The Widow Britteng, who lives not far from here—she has a spacious house, and nobody occupies it but herself and her pretty daughter! Ah, Mademoiselle Louise is herself worth seeing! She is the belle of Chartres, and more than one worthy man sighs in vain at her feet."

"We wish the best accommodations," said the foremost speaker, curtly; "we are willing and able to pay liberally. If the Widow Britteng could lodge us for a night, or a week, she would lose nothing by it."

"The landlord made a profound bow, said that the widow never took lodgers in her life, being a lady who had once enjoyed a large fortune, but he was sure she would exert herself to the utmost to take care of the noblemen, adding that if they had a mind, they might enjoy the comforts of his table, and he went on to give them a list of the delicacies he expected to serve up.

"It was all soon arranged, and the wild young fellows were admitted to madame's house, and given the liberty of her handsome parlor. The furnishing of this room was elegant, but the furniture was of the last century, though so cunningly kept, that it seemed to have come but yesterday from the upholsterer's. A lute, a little pianoforte, and a box of music, spoke mutely of a womanly presence.

"That is the belle of Chartres!" he with the handsome face and light, soft, curling hair, suddenly exclaimed.

"He pointed to a portrait in an antique frame—a picture that gave evidence of very poor artistic skill, but whose beauty broke through the false shading and bad coloring like a glorious landscape seen through a shattered pane.

"The face was very youthful, quite childish in expression, and evidently belonged to a girl of fifteen or sixteen. The dark eyes, long, thick lashes, dimpled lips (just like yours, Em), and curly, waving locks rippling over the shoulder, towards which the face was archly turned, made

an instant and dangerous impression on the fancy of Louis. He looked so long and hard, that his companions began to laugh and jest, after the manner of frolicsome students, and to repeat the pathetic declaration of the landlord that many a man was kneeling at her feet, ready to die for a look or word of encouragement.

"Pshaw! it would be an easy capture for me!" he said with a curling lip. "I have only to give her a few soft looks, insinuate something about my noble father, and the madame my mother, and she would melt as easily as sealing-wax."

"A hundred francs to your gold watch that she gives you neither look nor word."

"A thousand francs to your hundred that I win her consent to go to the priest and there be made my wife."

"What! would you marry her?" asked one of his companions, in a low voice.

"Louis was flushed with wine. Usually reckless and impulsive, his brain, inflamed now beyond its natural heat, urged him beyond reason.

"Yes," he replied; "I would marry her, just to show that the thing could be done. One is not always obliged to live with a wife," he added, with a heartless laugh.

"Even the wild students were shocked at this; but after a moment of reflection, one of them, clapping his hands, said it would not be a bad joke. They had come out expressly for an adventure, and here was one thrown right in their way.

"The landlord need not have told us about this Louise; but now that he has, and we are on a bout for fun, let's make the most of it. The trouble is, more than one of us may want to lay siege to this pretty damsel; if so, what then, Master Louis? O, you need not fear that I shall forget to address you in a manner befitting your assumed rank before company, but together, we are unnobled."

"What then?" said Louis, haughtily, lifting his slight form; "why, nothing then. I tell you I will carry her off before and in spite of you all—that will I! But how shall I contrive to meet her? It is evident her mother is very chary of this fine gem, and if she can help it, we shall not see the pretty Louise for a twelvemonth of Sundays, if we stay as long. But let me alone for managing; I'll contrive to meet this paragon in some way, and see if I don't win my bet!"

"They took supper at the hotel, and then wended their way to the old hall, where great staring placards announced that 'Monsieur' this and 'Mademoiselle' that, 'performers of

his majesty's theatre,' were to delight the wonder-loving eyes of the Chartresites. It was a long, low hall, of no particular architecture, and furnished with seats below and seats above, in humble imitation of a real theatre. It was brilliantly lighted, however; and the stage, when the great green curtain went up, displayed quite an amount of pretty scenery, which it is likely the performers carried about rolled up on long poles, plenty of which our students had seen sticking from sundry wagons.

"The audience had gathered early, the better classes filling the most prominent seats, and a set of more contented or expectant faces never was seen. Whole families sat together, quietly eating *bon bons*. Every eye was turned to the young students, as they entered and moved towards a seat which they had taken the precaution to bargain for. People had been wondering who it could be for whom the very orchestra seemed waiting; for it happened that fiddles, trombones and kettle-drums struck up the instant they appeared at the door. This was favorable, and with haughty looks they followed up the effect, seated themselves, when the first one who had entered, turning his eyes, found himself beside the charming Louise.

"The mother saw the close proximity, and seemed inclined, at the first, to change seats with her daughter; but the recollection of a card she had picked up directly after supper, inscribed "*Duc de Jours*," made her resigned, even in permitting the elegant Louis to look and the sweet Louise to blush, without the slightest questioning of lip or eye.

"Louise was much more lovely than her picture. Her lustrous eyes sparkled, her rich lips moved, and the fine vermeil color upon her clear, dark cheeks came and went with every passing emotion. Louis was only afraid that he should love her too dearly, and regret his rash promise; it seemed so cruel, as the innocent young creature sat by his side, to be forming plans to capture a heart which had probably, as yet, never loved, and doom it to humiliation and anguish!

"The acting upon the rough stage was little seen by Louis; perhaps, also, Louise did not enjoy it as, in her little chamber, she had thought she should an hour before dusk. She certainly felt somewhat nervous, and not a little flattered that this handsome and distinguished-looking young man should notice her so much; and her timid heart, despite the consciousness of her young bellehood, beat faster than it had ever beat before under the glances of any man.

"A week passed on. Louis had won the con-

fidence of the mother and the heart of the daughter. His heart, which was naturally good, pained him that he was using deception towards two such confiding beings—for they implicitly believed all that he said. But having begun by deception, he had either to unmask himself to their contempt and his honor, or to continue the wretched play which seemed now anything but sport to him. The advice and the jeers of his companions stimulated him to pursue the latter and less honorable course.

"It was nearing the close of the vacation. The students sat together in a room at the hostelry. On a round table were placed glasses and bottles of wine. Cards and pipes were before them.

"Our young count looks rather sober over his victory,' said one of them. 'His heart mis-gives him, poor fellow! he will lose the bet.'

"By no means,' exclaimed Louis, sharply, clearing the cloud which had indeed settled upon his brow; "I am nearer than ever to winning."

"How can that be, when we start for Paris to-morrow afternoon in the first diligence? our legs not being, as at the first of the journey, animated with anticipation. Ah, I predict that you will lose your bet!"

"And I, and I," said other voices.

"Louis silently swallowed glass-full after glass-full of wine. There was a red color on his cheek, and his eye flashed stiffully.

"Gentlemen," said Louis, huskily, 'will you all be witnesses of my marriage?'

"They answered 'yes,' with one accord.

"Then I invite you to be present in this room to-morrow morning, at the hour of nine. The priest will be in waiting, and the ceremony will take place."

"What! a *real* priest?" exclaimed one. 'I thought that to-day one of us might personate his holiness, and so you—'

"Man! do you take me for a demon?" exclaimed Louis, springing from his seat, shaking his long, fair hair back, and confronting the last speaker.

"The young man shrank away from his burning eyes.

"Confess now that you love her and intend to take her to Paris," said another; 'you could both manage to live capitally on love and hope.'

"I shall confess nothing," replied Louis, sternly. 'I have arranged matters with her consent. The priest has been told his story; Louise, hers. After we are married, I shall set off for the capital, *alone* and on foot. As to whether I ever come back, or Louise follows me, that con-

cerns none but myself. I shall win my bet, and you will lose. Do you understand?"

"He is in a queer mood, at any rate," said one of the young students. "If we don't stop bantering him, there will be blood shed. Well, sir count," he added, turning to the young man, "I give you joy of your conquest; and permit me to say that a sweeter bride to grace any fortune, it would be hard to meet with."

"The lips of the rash Louis quivered a little, his eyes sparkled with a sudden joy, and he grasped the young man's hand tightly in his own."

"The next morning came without clouds. Louise, dressing herself very carefully, told her mother she was going out to shop."

"That is right, my daughter," her mother said, glancing up from her work; "and take a long walk beside. I see you have been looking pale for some days past. I am sorry I cannot go out with you, but Pauline will be company. Pauline has been in my house now ever since you were born. She is a good creature, loves you dearly, and would deny you nothing."

"Yes, mother—Pauline will go," said Louise, with trembling lips. "May I not kiss you, mother?"

"Certainly, love," said the widow, looking up in some surprise and presenting her forehead. "Are you well enough, my child? Are you sure you can bear the exertion? Do call a carriage, if you are fatigued in the least."

"Yes, mother," said the lovely young girl, as she drew her veil down and went out.

"She had not gone far, and had purchased but a few trifles, when she ordered her nurse to call a carriage. The two entered, and the driver set them down at the old inn. In a room of that old inn were assembled the students, each furnished with a small bouquet. Louis stood among them—very pale, but smiling. The rest tried to jest and laugh, but they could not succeed. It seemed as if they were smitten with a sudden panic. Even they were touched, as the beautiful girl entered, on the arm of the nurse who was to personate her mother. Louise walked feebly; Louis sprang forth and supported her, whispering something in his own lover-like way. The priest asked no questions, evidently feeling that he had none to ask, and the solemn ceremony was gone through with. Then the almost fainting girl went away, as she had come, with her nurse; and Louis, with white but determined lips, made preparation to leave Chartres."

"O, what did become of them both?" asked Emily, her whole manner betraying intense interest. "I do hope he was honorable; I do

hope he did not desert her; for in some way I have grown quite attached to poor, wicked Louis. Tell me the conclusion, quick; I hope it is good."

"As quick as I can, Emily; but you know I am telling a story, and must not anticipate. Louis went back to Paris a changed man. He did indeed love, passionately love, Louise. He asked for no higher blessing than to call her wife. His resolution was taken. He could toil and save, and study, and become worthy to proclaim her as his openly. He had told her all his story; even the jest, the bet, the counterfeit—yes, to the lowering of self-respect. He had opened his heart to her, and shown her just what he was, and she did not despise him—on the contrary, loved him more that he had conquered himself. But her mother's heart was set upon seeing her wedded to a rich man. She had ambitious views for her handsome Louise. Who could tell but that, with her beauty, she might marry a title? So the little brave-hearted girl took upon herself a great responsibility. It was wrong—very wrong; but of course she did not stop to reason. So she pledged herself and the nurse to secrecy."

"A correspondence had been arranged, and the repentant Louis wrote often to his wife, but dared not yet trust himself in her presence. He wrote on, but after a few months, replies were not sent. This was very strange. He wrote again, and waited with feverish impatience; no answer. Then he hurried to Chartres; the house was empty—none knew where the widow and her daughter had gone. Some said they had gone to England—some to Germany; but all was vague, uncertain, mysterious. Nearly crazed, he returned to his home to be smitten with a fever of the brain, during which he raved about his wife, his bride, his good and beautiful Louise; and none knew what it meant, save the four students who accompanied him to Chartres."

"Poor Louis recovered, made a few more fruitless efforts to find the idol of his heart, and then settled quietly and sorrowfully to his studies. He gave his whole attention to fame. She was his mistress, his wife, his all. Not that he did not think of Louise, and at times mourn her loss passionately; for he was fixed in his determination never to marry."

"Only five years had rolled away, and Louis was a brilliant and promising lawyer. He had found many friends, and wealth came pouring in. He became so wedded to his business, so eager after success, that at last his health gave way, and it seemed as if premature old age was beginning to come to the young man of twenty-

five. It was proposed that he should travel; he consented to an arrangement, made expressly for him, and accompanied some friends to America. There, in the capital of our country, he met with the first lady in whom he had ever taken the slightest interest, since his unfortunate marriage. Miss Brentworth was a superb woman—a gifted, glorious creature—gentle as beautiful, beloved by all who knew her, distinguished for her wit and elegance among all the belles that gathered in the metropolis.

"To her he bowed down; he could not help it. Some controlling impulse kept him ever by her side, and he grew to worship her as an angel of light. She encouraged him. Not another man did she so smile upon. Scholars and senators had contended for her hand; all had been courteously denied. But to Louis she was all affability. There was a terrible struggle in his mind. It was evident that she expected and was willing to be won; but whenever he thought of proposing, a cold perspiration broke over him, and the consciousness that he was bound by the strongest ties to another, prevented the declaration so eagerly looked for. Alas, he had not the power to resist! He allowed himself to think that Louise was dead—lost, at any rate, to him. In a moment when passion had mastered him, he declared, was accepted—they were married!"

"O, too bad! too bad!" exclaimed the sensitive Emily, her eyes filling with tears.

"He was well punished for it," said Pierre, smiling a little. "Remorse gave him no rest. His great love and his great grief were consuming him. He grew restless, miserable, and one day, feeling that he could endure the burden no longer, decided upon telling all to his wife, and then leaving her free."

"Surely," cried Emily, "he was not going to kill himself?"

"Even so," replied Pierre. "His brain was diseased; he had agonized over his own frailty till there was no longer a healthy action, and suicide seemed his only relief. One day he gathered courage, and with great sighs of contrition, confessed:

"O, what did she say?" cried Emily. "If it had been you, I should have dropped dead on the spot."

"She neither did that, nor fainted, but calmly said, 'I know all about it.' That seemed worse and worse, until she loosened her hair, bared her neck, and exclaimed—'Louis! Louis! do you not yet recognize me?'

"No wonder the man fell at her feet as one entranced. It was Louise; but so changed from beauty to beauty, changed in stature, complex-

ion, fullness, that it was not singular that he had won his first love without knowing it."

"O, that is glorious!" And Emily sprang up, threw herself upon Pierre's neck, and wept for joy.

"It seems," said Pierre, as soon as she would let him go on, "the old nurse died and revealed her secret on her death-bed. The mother was frightfully angry. Having consulted with a rich brother, he advised her to change her name and that of her daughter, and leave the country, adding that if she would go to the United States, where he had long wished to settle, he would adopt Louise and leave her his fortune."

"Poor girl! She tried every stratagem without success. She sent letters from America; they never reached her husband. Finally she thought he had forgotten her; and when her mother and uncle were both dead, and she still refused offer after offer, she became known far and wide as the eccentric beauty—the prize whom nobody might ever capture."

"This, then, was all true—was it?" asked Emily, still snuggling up against Pierre's broad chest.

"Solemnly true," replied Pierre; "for Louise was my mother, and Louis my father."

Emily gave another cry of astonishment and delight. The clock at that moment struck eight—there was a knock at the outer door, and presently Pierre ushered in a tall, venerable man, and a handsome, yet graceful woman, though long past her prime. Emily gave them the best seat by the fire, and then told them of what she had just heard. And they all laughed heartily—though in the eyes of the aged father and mother there were a few drops that were not born of mirth.

DESPERATION OF ZEALOTS.

The Mormon power of resistance is generally under-estimated. It is forgotten that they are nearly all back-woodsmen, skilled in the use of arms, accustomed to camp-life and familiar with every pass and hiding place in the bleak mountains that surround them. In addition, the more ignorant among them believe themselves under the direct protection of the Lord of Hosts, who will strengthen their prophets, and send confusion on their enemies. We once had a conversation with an old man of Salt Lake, who had been so mutilated at the Far West that he was unable to walk. He showed where a rifle-ball had, as he believed, passed directly through the neck, crushing the bone, and leaving visible scars on either side. The scars were there, and nothing could convince the aged Saint that the preservation of his life had not been miraculous. The wife and daughters testified to the intervention of Heaven, and after relating the circumstances, the old man lifted up his tremulous hands, and "glorified the God of Israel."

DO YOU REMEMBER?

BY J. W. VAN NAME.

Do you—do you remember
 The cot upon the hill,
 Where flowers fair were blooming,
 And ran a rippling rill?—
 The little rustic bower,
 O'errun with trumpet-vine,
 Where wreaths of fragrant flowers
 For thee I used to twine?

The lawn in front the cottage,
 Where the clover used to grow;
 Beside the laughing brook,
 Whose waters gently flow;
 The path upon the hillside,
 Where the violets used to bloom:
 'Twas there we used to wander
 At twilight's deepening gloom.

TRUE LOVE AND FALSE.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

I think nothing so suddenly and effectually brings a woman to her senses regarding the true state of her affection as a dangerous rival. By this, I mean, that though she may look with the utmost apparent indifference upon all the gentlemen of her acquaintance, and consider herself as standing in a perfectly heart-whole relation to every one of them, let but another woman, be she more or less brilliant than herself, cross the limits she has marked out as the boundary of her own peculiar and inalienable queenship, and she is awake at once, with all her weapons in order to dispute the progress of the audacious encroacher; and ten to one before the battle is ended, she will discover some particular one among her wavering subjects, whom she is especially desirous of covering from the attacks of her enemy. Ten to one, she will find that all the while she has been asleep at her post, or lying among her inactive forces with colors down and sentinels off guard, the little god has been riddling her heart with his magical arrows, till, for the life of her, she cannot count a single pulse in the whole of that treacherous organ that is not beating and fluttering with an emotion which has smuggled itself into her bosom without her knowledge. I draw the above conclusion from my own experience, which I will now relate.

I called Edgar Richards my cousin, although he was only nominally so, being but the adopted son of the uncle and aunt with whom I went to reside after the death of my widowed mother. We were firm friends—Edgar and I—from the first of our acquaintance. But I never thought of loving him, or imagined the possibility of

such a thing, until he began to talk to me about his beautiful cousin, Agnes Browne,—whom I had never seen, and if the truth must be known, never wanted to. I said I had never thought of loving. True, I had dreamed such intangible visions of love and happiness as must inevitably come to every womanly woman, earlier or later. But they were all hero-less romances, aimless fancies, air castles that I was content to build for the mere pleasure of building, without stopping to look for foundation or completeness. I cannot remember so far back that I did not have a lover; but he was always an ideal one—a combination of all that was honorable and manly, strong, upright and pure. I had never paused to trace resemblances, either real or imaginary, between that and any man of flesh and blood—least of all Edgar Richards.

I could not account for the decided feeling of annoyance that possessed me when he first commenced telling me about his cousin Agnes. He talked of his visits to her, read me passages from her letters, showed me a crayon sketch of her which he had drawn from memory, and talked my patience threadbare with his eulogiums. Cousin Agnes was beautiful, cousin Agnes was brilliant, cousin Agnes was graceful, charming, sweet, intelligent, bewitching, — *adorable*, if I might believe half the complimentary adjectives which he exhausted in her praise.

But the time came when I was to judge of her charms for myself. During the absence of my uncle and aunt on a protracted summer visit, Edgar wrote a pleading note to his favorite cousin, telling her how lonely the old homestead was, and begging her to take pity upon its disconsolate inmates, and revive them by a few weeks' enjoyment of her sunny presence. The result of the matter was, that in less than a week after the sending of the letter, we hailed the arrival of Miss Agnes Browne; who, to use her own words, had "come to rusticate and see cousin Edgar." It was very evident to me which motive influenced her the most strongly.

There is sometimes a silent antagonism,—a sort of magnetic repulsion carried on by quick glances, careless gestures, and an invisible spirit of bitterness which finds no perfect outward expression, yet, it is none the less keenly felt in its effects because it works in secret and in silence. Such a warfare commenced between Agnes Browne and I at our first meeting. I could not but pronounce her beautiful. Any one looking into her radiant blue eyes, watching the crimson flushing of her cheeks, or the red curve of her dainty lips, would have been insane to pronounce a different verdict. She was grace-

ful, how could she be otherwise, with her slender, swaying figure, her matchless proportions and faultless symmetry of form? Brilliant, bewitching,—everything I had heard her painted, and yet I shrank with instinctive repugnance from her courteous greeting, and the soft clasp of her delicate white hand.

I will not go into a minute detail of the weeks that followed. It will be sufficient if I tell you that I saw another monopolizing attention that previously had been entirely mine, and saw it with a pang of envy. It was Agnes Browne's musical voice that sung Edgar's favorite songs—her smile of appreciation and sympathy instead of mine, that he learned to wait and watch for. I saw it all with the sharpened vision born of a disturbed and awakened heart. I saw it, and rebelled against the knowledge that came with it—the knowledge that I loved Edgar Richards with the first, pure, absorbing, passion-devotion of my womanhood. It was a bitter, galling truth for a proud woman to learn, and I tried to shut it out from my thoughts. As well might I have attempted to hide myself from the air of heaven and still breathe.

One other had possession of my secret. Need I say it was my rival? I knew it by the victorious, almost boastful way in which she queened it over me; the inimitable and apparently unconscious manner in which she managed to keep her dazzling, radiant loveliness in perpetual contrast with my plainness and awkwardness; the graceful sweetness with which she treated me in presence of others, and the haughty, exultant air which she put on when we were alone together. One morning I went into the garden to gather some roses for the parlor vases. The sunshine lay upon the flowers like a tremulous, floating film of gold. The air was delicious with perfume, and all Nature intoxicating in her rare and serene loveliness. But there was a sorrow in my heart which no outward beauty and peace could pacify; and with a spirit of almost defiant bitterness, I walked moodily down the garden walks. Suddenly, on turning the corner of a winding path, I became the witness of a scene not intended for curious eyes, and which sent the blood dashing back in an angry torrent upon my heart. Side by side upon a cushioned arbor-seat, sat Edgar Richards and Agnes. One of her round, white arms lay half shyly, half caressingly about his neck, the other swung coquettishly back and forth in the loop of a falling vine. Her head nestled against his shoulder, the eyelids drooping bashfully over the sparkling blueness of her eyes, and her curls drifting like a cloud of ringletty gold, all over her bright,

blushing, happy face. His arms were clasped tenderly about her waist, and as he bent his head, and pressed his lips lingeringly to hers, I knew, as well as I do now, that I had witnessed the seal of their betrothal. I stole away as I had come, unperceived, and left them alone with their happiness, of which I was at best but an inappropriate spectator.

“Do you consider Mr. Richards dangerously ill, Miss Ellis?”

Agnes Browne had asked me this question in the softest and most musical of voices, as we stood together by the bedside of her lover who had been taken suddenly and violently sick during the night previous.

“I am not well enough acquainted with the different forms of sickness, to be a good judge,” I replied, looking up at her.

She had just come in from the morning ride, which she had been obliged for once to take without any attendant. The fresh air and invigorating exercise had brought a deeper crimson to her cheeks, and a livelier sparkle to her eyes, and I thought I had never seen her so lovely as at that moment, standing with the long skirt of her riding-habit trailing behind her upon the carpet, and giving her slight figure an air of queenliness; the dark plumes of her cap just shading her white forehead, and drooping against her rosy face, as if in envy of the tangled, sunshiny curls they could not keep in place; one soft hand resting lightly upon Edgar's feverish palm, and the other toying up and catching with a kind of childish grace the gauntleted gloves she had pulled off as she came in. I could not blame Edgar for loving her, or wonder that he should prefer her to me—plain Mary Ellis—with my brown complexion, common-place looks, and unattractive ways.

“Do you think he is dangerously ill, doctor?”

Agnes knit her brows with a pretty look of anxiety, as she turned to the physician who had but just entered the room, and repeated her question. The doctor bent low over his patient, felt his pulse, examined his tongue, and for a moment hesitated. Then he looked up with a glance so strange and peculiar that it thrilled through me like a vague foreboding of evil.

“Are you brave, young ladies?” he asked, looking first at Agnes and then at me.

“Do we look like cowards?” laughed Agnes, merrily.

“Mr. Richards is dangerously ill,” he replied, without noticing her remark; “and his disease is—” He hesitated.

“What?” I asked, breathlessly.

"*Small pox!*"

With a hysterical scream, Agnes pulled her hand from the grasp of the sick man's. The color fled from her lips and cheeks, and, fearing she was about to faint, I drew my arm within hers, and led her from the room. For at that moment I pitied her, and had no place in my heart for envy or ill will. She checked me as the door closed behind us.

"Will you go to my room and help me pack my trunks? The stage leaves at eleven o'clock, and I am afraid I cannot get myself in readiness without assistance."

"What! you do not mean that you are going away to leave us—him, at such a time." I dropped her arm, and moved away a step in my astonishment.

"Why not?" She opened her blue eyes wide upon me with a stare of wonder. "You don't think I'm going to shut myself up in a pest-house, do you? If I had only known, you wouldn't have caught me near him, I can tell you. I shouldn't wonder if I had taken the infection, already," she added, with a shudder. "If there was time for us both to prepare, I would ask you to accompany me. I can understand how you feel at being left in such a place!"

"Please borrow no uneasiness upon my account; my own personal safety is of but little consequence," I answered, indignantly. "I trust I am not selfish or cowardly enough to accept such an invitation, if you had the generosity to make it. I would not desert my worst enemy in such an extremity as this; and if I stood in the relation which you do towards Mr. Richards, no power under heaven could tempt me from his side. As it is, I shall remain with him in discharge of the duties which you seem so willing to relinquish. I shall only regret your absence because *he* will miss you."

Agnes flashed her eyes angrily. "Some people will do anything for display, and the sake of being thought more heroic than common persons. But I not one of the kind. I have not the least ambition for a saintship or a martyrdom. You can do as you choose about risking your life, but I thank my stars you are not mistress of my actions. I never was made for a nurse, and I do not intend to be one at present. It is different with you, you have no——"

"Beauty to spoil," I interrupted scornfully, for she paused in confusion.

"I didn't say so, though that's true enough. But such ill-tempered people as you never die young."

I made no reply, and she stood for a moment, gathering up her riding-shirts slowly, and beat-

ing the carpet impatiently with her gaitered feet.

"But don't let's part in anger," she said at last, holding out her hand with a forced smile of reconciliation. "I shall want you to write me every day how he is getting along, unless there is danger of taking the infection by letter. And you mustn't forget to tell me if he pits badly. It's so shocking! Even if he lives, which is not likely, he will probably be horribly scarred. Poor fellow! He's so handsome now!"

I did not try to conceal the fiery scorn that blazed up into my face at her words; but just then a faint moan came from the sick room, and I broke away from her with an inward feeling of thanksgiving that Heaven, which had given me an unlovely face, at least had not made me heartless. I will not say that I enjoyed the details of the next four weeks. There was something terrible in being shut up in that lonely old house, having no communication with the outward world, breathing a foul and contagious atmosphere, hearing no voices but those of the faithful old physician in his daily visits, and the delirious murmurs of the sick man. My uncle and aunt were still away, as I had refrained from sending for them until the house might be entered without danger. And so there was no hand but mine to bathe the fevered brow, and mix the cooling drinks—no one to share with me the wearying and nameless offices of the sick room. But at last, thank God! there came a day of reason and of convalescence; a day when the physician said all danger was over, and praised my skilful nursing as the saving of Edgar's life. It was the second week of his convalescence—a rainy August day, and at Edgar's request, I had kindled a light fire in the grate, and drawn his easy lounging-chair up before it.

"One thing more, before I shall let my patient little nurse sit down," he said, as I drew my chair up beside him. "Will you bring me the little rosewood box from the table in my room? I wish very much to open it."

I got it for him, and taking a book, sat down by his side.

"See, Mary, is it not beautiful?"

I looked up. He was holding a sunny ringlet of hair toward me, that needed no second glance to tell me from whose head it had been shorn. It curled silkily about his fingers, like a ring of amber floss, but the sight of it stirred up all the latent bitterness of my nature.

"Yes, Miss Browne had beautiful hair," I replied, biting my lips to keep harsher words in check.

"Why do you always call her Miss Browne?"

Do you not think with me that she has a sweet name—Agnes?" he asked, pronouncing the syllables lingeringly, and looking at me curiously.

"You cannot expect me to feel, as you do, a lover's partiality for it." I bent persistently over my book as I spoke.

The next moment I heard something singing in the grate, and looking up saw that the curl was gone from Edgar's hand. But surprise kept me silent.

"Please excuse me for interrupting you again, but I want your opinion of this daguerreotype."

I took it from his hand. It was the pictured face of Agnes Browne.—There was the dainty mouth, the delicately arched brows, the cloud of silky curls, and I thought as I looked at it, that the blue eyes put on their old look of triumph and exultation. I gave it back to him without comment, and turned again to my book. Something followed the curl into the grate, and if I hadn't been reading too attentively to be sure of anything, I should have said it was the daguerreotype.

"And see all these notes and letters she has written me. We have corresponded for years—long before I ever saw you, Mary. Look at the penmanship. Is it not fair and delicate?" And a bunch of old letters was thrust between my eyes and book, with a quickness of motion that made me start.

"Now, I am going to show you how I value them. Look."

A careless toss,—a bright, strong flash of flame, and there was a ring of white ashes upon the hearth, but no letters in Edgar's hand. I had an indistinct impression that his mind was wandering, and my face must have shown the thought, for he smiled quietly and shook his head.

"No, Mary, I am not insane. I never did a wiser or more agreeable job in all my life. But arrange this cushion at my back, and I'll tell you about it."

I did as he requested, but before I could withdraw my arm, he leaped quickly backward, and it was a prisoner about his neck. I tried to release myself from this unexpected bondage, but with a sudden clasp he circled my waist, and drew me down into his arms.

"There, now, you know I am very weak, and the doctor says I must not exert myself too much; so, you see if you struggle, you may make me worse. Sit still, like a good girl, and hear me through."

I was compelled to obey, though from the muscular strength he exhibited, I judged he need have no fear of a relapse.

"Do you know I overheard every word of

your conversation with Agnes at the door of my chamber, on the first day of my illness?" he asked. "You did not speak in whispers, and if you had, I believe I should have heard you, for love and sickness make a man's ears sharp."

I made him no reply other than a second ineffectual effort to escape, but he held me fast, and continued: "I was not too sick to draw comparisons between her utter heartlessness and your generous devotion. I knew that a selfish, neglectful mistress could never make me a devoted and noble wife; and that moment was sufficient to turn love into scorn—passion to indifference." Again I tried to rise, but the arms drew me closer. "Since that time I have been very, very sick; but there has been always a ministering angel by my side—a gentle, patient, loving presence watching about me, and sweetening even the bitterness of pain with her untiring devotion. I have read your face for hours together, when you thought me sleeping, or followed your motions as you flitted noiselessly about my room, and I have learned that there is something more desirable in woman than grace or wit—something holier than beauty." His words thrilled me with a strange mixture of pain and pleasure, but I turned my face resolutely away from his glance. "And more. I have thought that the one who could devote herself so untiringly to my service, humor my exactions, bear patiently with my petulance and feebleness—breathe a polluted atmosphere, and brave the dangers of a possible death for my sake, without giving herself a moment's respite from her wearying vigils, must be very noble, very courageous, and very loveable. And I wondered why, instead of being caught by the glitter of a painted stone,—I had not realized the value of the precious jewel that shone with such a lustre within the outstretching of my hands."

There was a hot dashing of blood into my face, and I begged him to release me.

"Not just yet. I want to know why you did not desert me too, as Agnes did?"

"Perhaps because I loved you better." I did not realize what I had said until with a rapid movement he drew my face down upon his shoulder, and said in an eager voice:

"Dare I understand you as I wish I might? Say those words again, Mary, and let me be my own interpreter." A nestling in the arms that circled me—a whispered word, and then my lips were besieged with a shower of kisses, and Edgar was "the happiest man this side of Paradise."

That which is to be loved long, is to be loved with reason, rather than passion.

THE LESSON.

BY MRS. FANNY E. BARBOUR.

I sat to-night and gazed upon the western sky,
 All glowing with the tints that sunset leaves,
 Of gold and purple, richer than the Tyrian dye
 Which Egypt's son for his dark monarch weaves.

Then crimson lights streamed out like banners on the air,
 And far across the radiant slope of heaven,
 As if the weary day unloosed her shining hair,
 While tarrying but to welcome in the even.

Wild chanting winds, which all the sunny hours had sung,
 Grew quiet as the night drew on apace,
 And whispered low, sweet tales in their mysterious tongue,
 Of mother Nature, and her wondrous grace.

And little birds, thus early wooed by Spring's soft call,
 From their far home 'neath glorious southern skies,
 "Singing to rest," flew by,—while glorious over all
 I saw the moon, night's radiant queen, arise.

The watching stars looked down like eyes of angels bright,
 Who minister around the throne of God;
 A solemn hush and peace seemed to pervade the night,
 As if some holy presence earth now trod.

I had been faltering in the day,—my spirit's wings
 Low drooped, were folded, fearing still to fly,
 Till mid this scene I felt anew the love which brings
 All truth and goodness to our beings nigh.

Then reverently I prayed, for heaven seemed very near,
 And hope grew strong once more, and soared above,
 As in the sweet night calm I felt that "God is here!"
 And o'er us all the shield of his great love.

THE BLACK SATIN GOWN:

—OR,—

MURDER WILL OUT.

BY DARIUS BLACKBURN.

"DID I ever tell you about that curious murder in Bermondsey, and how I found out all about it—ay, and nabbed the criminals into the bargain?"

"No," replied I; "but 'twas a singular affair, so far as I am acquainted with the particulars."

"I should say it was—much more curious than half the stories you read in papers and magazines. Lord bless you, sir! we detectives see so many things in our line of business, that we could furnish a dozen story-tellers with better materials than they could trump up, if they harassed their brains till doomsday."

"No doubt," I observed; "but suppose we have these glasses filled—and then, perhaps, you'll tell me all about the matter. What will you take?"

"Well, sir, I'll have a little gin and water."

I've to see a lady respecting a jewel robbery, this evening, and so must not take anything stronger—d'ye see? But, Lor' bless you! there are times when I'm obliged to drink grog by the pailful. I've got to accommodate myself to all sorts of company."

The speaker was Mr. Digg, a member of the London detective force. Never mind how I got to know him; enough to say that we were on pretty intimate terms, and that we were cosily sitting together in my apartment at the Golden Cross—Charing Cross. Mr. Digg was a middle-sized, sharp-faced man, with a keen gray eye that seemed to take in everything at a glance. Nothing was too small to escape his notice, and no Indian ever surpassed him in the perseverance and certainty with which he would follow up a trail when he had once "struck" it.

"One morning," said the detective, "just as I was about sitting down to an early breakfast, congratulating myself on having a day of rest—for I had only come home from the North the evening before—a messenger from the chief of our division walked into my room, and said I was wanted immediately at head quarters.

"Do you know what's up, Grawler?" I asked; for Grawler was a special messenger, and in most of the secrets of our department.

"It's about O'Connor," he replied, sententiously; "those Bermondsey birds have flown."

"That's just what I expected. Tell Mr. File that I'll be with him in half an hour—stay, I'll go with you, Grawler!" And off I went.

"My wife was too much used to this sort of thing, to express surprise or disappointment; besides, it was all in the way of business, and business that paid well, too.

"Some six weeks before, a Mr. Patrick O'Connor, who was employed as a custom-house officer in the London Docks, was suddenly *sen est*. He was a man of some fifty-two or three years of age, and of penurious habits. He had therefore acquired considerable property, which was invested in stocks and bonds; and being a bachelor, he lived by himself, in a single room, at the eastern part of the metropolis. Here he was often visited by a Mrs. Manning, a Swiss by birth, a dashing, showy woman—the wife of a man who had formerly been a large hotel keeper in the west of England. Manning and his wife resided in a small house in Bermondsey, some four miles from O'Connor's lodgings, and there the latter often visited them—people said for the purpose of seeing the lady—indeed, no one doubted that an improper intimacy existed between them, and that Mr. Manning himself was privy to it.

"The day Mr. O'Connor was missed, he told his landlady that he was going to dine from home, but did not say where. He left his lodgings at about four in the afternoon, and not returning that night, or the next day, alarm was excited. A week passed, and a reward was offered for his discovery, dead or alive; but not the slightest trace of him could be discovered.

"The matter was placed in my hands when a fortnight had elapsed without any tidings of the missing man. I visited his lodgings, and examined everything and everybody, but could discover no clue. His drawers and boxes were all fastened with patent locks, and there was not the slightest appearance of their having been tampered with; so it was not deemed necessary to open and examine their interiors. Indeed, had I done so, not knowing what they usually contained, I could not tell what might have been abstracted. My next step was to find out what places O'Connor was in the habit of frequenting. He was too stingy to drink; so he was not likely to visit public houses. He did not care for amusements—in short, he never expended a penny for anything unnecessary. So said Mrs. Towler, his landlady, who had, however, a great respect for her lodger, who was, she said, 'the most punctil gentleman as she iver seed. His rent was always paid to the day, sir—yes, I might say to the minnit. And as for giving away anything, sir,' she added, 'Lord bless yer, I niver know'd him part with the vally of a brass farden—yes, I remember he did make a present, once, to that nasty trollop, of a black satin gownd.'

"I pricked up my ears at that, but said nothing.

"A great brazen-faced creetur,' went on the indignant Mrs. Towler; 'the only fault poor O'Connor had was being too fond of her, and she a married woman. Why, she was here the very day as Mr. O'Connor was missed—not an hour after he went out of the house.'

"O ho!" thought I; 'it is possible that this woman may be in some way or other mixed up in the matter. It will do no harm to see her, at all events.'

"So ascertaining her address, I at once went off to Bermondsey, which is a great district of the metropolis, not far from London bridge. This, let it be remembered, was about a week after O'Connor was first missing.

"I found the house of Mrs. Manning without difficulty. It stood in about the centre of a small row of some twelve or fourteen, all similar to it in appearance. It was only two stories high, with a basement. In front, was a small,

neatly-furnished parlor; behind it, a back parlor, looking into a garden; and up stairs, were two bed-rooms. The basement consisted of a front and a back kitchen, which were both reached by a flight of stairs leading from the entrance passage. The back kitchen was furnished as a sort of half-parlor, and in it, when they had no company, Mr. and Mrs. Manning took their meals.

"In fact, they were dining in this particular apartment when I paid my first visit to them—or rather we, for I took Mr. Grawler with me for the sake of company. The front door was opened by a tall, fine, rather foreign-looking woman, who on my saying that I had called to make some inquiries about Mr. O'Connor, invited me, in a slightly foreign accent, to enter. She led us along the passage to the staircase, and we followed her into the back kitchen, in the centre of which was a table, with a fine roast goose thereon, and a gentleman, whom she introduced to me as her husband, busy picking a merry-thought.

"Begging her to resume her seat and continue her meal, which she did, I took a chair near the fire, refusing, as did Grawler, to join them in despatching the goose. I thought Grawler looked very anxious to partake of one of the drumsticks, but he quietly followed my example and declined.

"'Poor dear Mr. O'Connor!' said Mrs. Manning, applying her white cambric handkerchief to the corner of her eye. 'He was to have dined with us the very day he went off. We waited dinner for him till seven o'clock, and then I went in a carriage to his lodgings to see what had become of him.'

"And have you any idea, madam, where he went off to?" I inquired.

"Not the least, sir; it's a most mysterious affair. But he was an eccentric creature, and had some relations in Ireland. Maybe he's gone there!'

"I'll bet ten pounds he has!" said Mr. Manning, speaking for almost the first time.

"He was a rakish-looking man, with a broad, open, fair-complexioned face, and flaxen, curly hair—what some women would call good-looking, but with what I called a weak expression. In this, he was the very opposite of his wife, who had a bold, determined face; indeed, altogether she resembled, as I afterwards thought, a Lady Macbeth in present life.

"He was a particular friend of yours, madam?" I asked, quietly.

"I glanced at Manning, and saw that he winced. She, however, looked me boldly in the face, and said:

"'Yes, a particular friend of *ours*; and we feel very uneasy respecting him.'

"'No doubt of it, ma'am,' I said; but I did not at that time know how near I was to the truth, nor the particular sort of uneasiness she experienced.

"After a little more talk, Grawler and I left. Pretending to want to make a short cut, I asked permission to go out through the back door of the garden. Mr. Manning led the way cheerfully, and I purposely delayed for a few moments, asking some useless questions. My real object was to see if there was any appearance of the ground having been disturbed; but no! it had evidently been as it was for months. The place was utterly neglected, and overgrown with weeds. There were plenty of empty beer and porter bottles, but no flowers. A glance at Mr. Manning's eyes told me plainly enough who had consumed the contents of those vessels. He had evidently, too, been drinking something much stronger than beer, of late, for his hand was tremulous, and his eye had that glaring expression which ardent spirits alone causes.

"'There's a petticoat at the bottom of this business,' I said to my wife, when I returned home. 'I'll bet my life of it, though I can't see anything clear as yet.'

"Mrs. Digg looked daggers at me and said:

"'Men always supposed women were at the end of all mischief. I wonder you ever ventured to marry one,' she added.

"'There are exceptions to every rule, my dear,' I observed. And what with a kiss, and a little soft sawder, I made all things smooth again.

"Now when Grawler came in while we were at breakfast, as I have told you, and said the Bermondsey birds had flown, I looked triumphantly at Mrs. Digg; for I was sure I had got some sort of a clue of which Mrs. Manning was one end. She, however, merely lifted her head, as much as to say, 'you're a mighty cute fellow, in your own opinion!' I didn't stay to argue the point with her, but putting on a suit of plain clothes, started for head quarters.'

"'Digg,' said Mr. File, on my arrival (Mr. File was our superior in office—and a deep file he was, I can tell you), 'Digg, here's as pretty a job for you as you could take in hand. The Mannings have gone off suddenly, leaving their house shut up, without saying anything to anybody, and no one knows where to. We must know, however, and you must find out. In two hours' time, a large reward for the discovery of O'Connor will be offered; but the first thing to do, is to go with Grawler and search the house,

and leave a guard of three policemen there, and the next thing to be done, is to search O'Connor's lodgings thoroughly for letters and papers, or for any traces of this mysterious matter. There's now no doubt that the Mannings know something about the affair; for, if they were not implicated, why this mysterious departure? However, the matter is now placed in your hands, and I need not say if you succeed in your investigation, you will be well rewarded. Here are the search-warrants; so now be off without loss of time.' And Mr. File bowed me out.'

"'Now, Grawler,' said I, 'that these people are off, there's no doubt; but that they have both gone in the same direction, is by no means probable. Together, they could scarcely fail to be recognized; apart, they might avoid being known. Now go at once and telegraph to all the sea-ports marked in this card these descriptions, which I have written out, of their persons, and then we'll take Bloker and Sawbridge and go down to the Bermondsey house. Meet me at my house in two hours from now, without fail.'

"When we got to the late residence of the Mannings, we learned from the neighbors that the pair had suddenly departed the night before, their flight having been discovered by the man who brought their milk in the morning. We soon opened the front door, and excluding the curious mob which had now gathered, commenced a still more careful survey of the premises than had yet been made.

"Up stairs and down stairs, from the cellar to the garret, in cupboards and under staircases, beneath the roof, and in out-houses—in short, everywhere we searched, but found nothing. The furniture remained just as the owners had left it, and as though they might soon return to use it once more. All looked natural, and only the absence of the tenants was suspicious. In short, having found nothing, we went away to search Mr. O'Connor's room.

"On opening his drawers and chests, nothing that we could see had been disturbed; his clothes lay all in order, his account-books were undisturbed, and with the exception that no money was found, there was nothing whatever to lead me to suppose that he had been robbed. All at once I remembered Mrs. Towler had told me that Mrs. Manning had been there on the day O'Connor went away, and I once more questioned her.

"'Mrs. Towler, when did you last see Mrs. Manning?'

"'She came here the evening of the day Mr. O'Connor left; and when I told her he was from

home, she said she would, as she usually did on such occasions, wait in his room and see if he would arrive soon. She staid by herself for an hour or more, and then rang the bell. I answered it, and found her sitting by the fire. She said she would not wait any longer, but asked me to beg Mr. O'Connor to call on her to-morrow, as she was very uneasy, he having promised to dine with her that day, but had failed to keep his appointment. She then went away.'

"Here was a hint, at least. Mrs. Manning had held possession of the room for an hour, and no money nor securities—and it was known O'Connor held many of the latter—were to be found. I turned the matter over and over in my head, and that night but little sleep visited my pillow.

"Upon what trifles important events sometimes hinge. That evening, when I returned home, weary and disappointed, I flung myself on the sofa; and as my wife had been perusing Bulwer's novel of Eugene Aram—indeed, had it at the moment in her hand—I asked her to divert my thoughts a little by reading a few pages aloud. It chanced to be that part where the bones of Clark were discovered in St. Robert's Cave, where they had been buried.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, a sudden idea striking me; 'we never digged in the garden. I'll try that the first thing in the morning.'

"And sending to Grawler and the two other men to be at my house by seven o'clock, I retired for the night, but as I have intimated, not to sleep.

"As soon as the men came next morning, we were off once more to the house at Bermondsey, which had been carefully watched night and day ever since the departure of the Mannings. We commenced the search, and dug every foot of the garden over; but not a trace of anything suspicious. In one corner were some pieces of unslacked lime, but at the time so ordinary a matter did not excite any attention. Grawler, however, looked about to see if any building had been going on, but could observe no traces of brick or stone. He had been once a working mason, and the idea of looking for such things was natural enough to him. Now, strange as it may seem, those few broken bits of quicklime led to a very important discovery,

"Men in our business are constantly on the look-out for what other people might consider as mere trifles; but trifles put and fitted together, become great matters now and then. Grawler, though he would have been a fool at book learning, had a mighty active and practical mind of his own; and though he said nothing, that lime

haunted him, as he afterwards said. He couldn't tell why, but he felt sure it *meant something*; and as you will presently see, it did.

"We determined to make another search over the house, and commenced with the basement. Grawler looked up the chimneys to see if they had been repaired; but no. Then we threw open the shutters and examined the walls minutely, to see if there were blood marks, or traces of struggles; but, Lord bless you! the 'Happy Family' itself may have lived there, for anything we found to the contrary. Then we went up stairs, and in brief, we searched and searched until we all agreed that nothing more was to be discovered, and that we might as well give it over.

"We were just leaving the basement, having gone down stairs to close the shutters, when I happened to say:

"Well, Grawler, I shouldn't mind a slice of a goose now, like that which Mr. and Mrs. Manning was picking, when we called here, you remember.'

"Remember! Of course I do. He sat here, and she opposite to him; and hang me if there aint some of the gravy marks on the stone floor now!

"What! are you going to lick it up?' I said, as Grawler went suddenly down on his knees and put his nose close to the square stone flags.

"It aint gravy,' observed Grawler, quietly, as he took from his pocket a pen-knife and inserted the blade between the interstices of two large square flat stones. 'It aint grease, it's soft mortar; and that accounts for the lime!'

"He jumped up, like a man mad with excitement, and called for a crowbar.

"No mason ever laid this!' he said, as he raised the flag stone with the powerful implement. 'Look here! a man who's used to this sort of business would only put mortar round the edges; here is a thick bed of fresh mortar all under the stone.'

"It was so. Grawler's keen eye had seen the dark line between the flags, the cement not having dried—the mark which I had mistaken for a gravy streak. He fairly had the laugh of me.

"We quickly and cautiously dug down for three feet, and then came to a button and some bits of cloth. On removing another foot of earth, there, sure enough, was the body of Mr. O'Connor doubled up, with a great hole in his skull, made evidently by a ball. The weapon, whatever it was, must have been fired close to his head, for his gray hair and whiskers were singed by the explosion.

"It was no wonder Mrs. Manning should have said she was very uneasy respecting Mr. O'Connor, when I saw her and her husband eating roast goose over the grave their murderous hands had dug for him.

"The murder was now literally out; the body was identified, as was Dr. Parkman's in Boston, partly by some artificial teeth, and a reward of five hundred pounds offered for the arrest of the Mannings.

"Three days after the reward had been offered, intelligence was telegraphed from Edinburgh that a Mrs. Smith had disposed of certain railway scrip to a broker there, and was to call on the said broker with some more. She answered to Mrs. Manning's description. That night I went to Scotland, and by next day, at noon, Mrs. Manning was on her way back to London under my care. She asserted that her husband had done the deed, and compelled her to act as an accessory after the fact. Of course, I didn't believe *that*.

"A fortnight elapsed, and Mr. Manning managed to elude all our vigilance, though the reward was doubled. One evening, the post brought me a letter from a young woman, who described herself as a governess. She said she had known Manning when he kept a tavern in the west of England, and had seen him, or some one very much like him, on board a steamboat which plied between Southampton and Jersey—one of the group of Channel Islands between England and France. She had accosted him, but he had denied his being the man she took him for; but spite of his false whiskers and wig, she had no doubt he was the individual.

"On this hint, I acted. Taking Grawler with me, we went down in the night train to Southampton, and caught the morning boat for Jersey. Of course, we were disguised—I as a sporting gent, and Grawler as my livery servant.

"Arrived at Jersey, we kept our eyes open, I assure you. We soon became certain our man was not at the hotel, and next turned our attention to the lodging houses. With gun on shoulder, and a fine brace of dogs, Grawler and I strolled about, looking for other game than people supposed, but all to no purpose; no Mr. Manning was visible, and we, of course, did not inquire for him.

"'It's no go,' I said to Grawler; 'we may as well go back in the next boat. By George! how thirsty this sport makes a fellow. Suppose we call at this cottage, and get a drink! Every one keeps good French brandy in Jersey, where it isn't taxed.

"'It is capital tippie,' I said to the woman

who provided us with the liquor; 'I never tasted better. I suppose that plenty of it is drank hereabouts.'

"'Yes; but mostly by strangers,' replied the woman. 'Why, there's a gentleman lodging over at Mrs. Bowlegs who takes a matter of a bottle full a day! He has his liquor, they say, in his bed-room, and never goes out at all. They assert he's half crazy, already!'

"'Visit a fashionable watering-place and never go out!' I thought. 'That's strange! And then perpetually drinking! That's strange, too! Remorse, perhaps.'

"I made some cautious inquiries of different people, and little by little wormed out that the stranger, whoever he was, was well armed; that he never ventured to the hotel, nor the pier; and that he always kept his room door locked, only unfastening it to take in his supplies of brandy. He even made his own bed and emptied his own slops.

"I found out, also, that he sent the last thing in the evening his bottle to be filled for the night's supply—the messenger being a little girl. My object was to intercept this child, and learn all I could. I did so; and without being suspected, ferreted out enough to make me certain the man was the person I sought, and I took measures accordingly.

"The next night, having secured the assistance of the local police, Grawler and I, with two other men, went well armed to the house where he lodged. The woman of the house was retained in our interest. Our plan was to conceal ourselves in the dark passage outside his room, and when the girl came back with the bottle of liquor, to burst in upon him suddenly when he might be off his guard.

"That night, however, half insensible and in fancied security, he did not open the door himself, but cried, 'come in!' when the girl rapped. She entered, and so did we. The moment I got inside, I saw him lying on the bed with his back towards me. In a second I had leaped on him, clasped him in my arms as in a vice, and Grawler clapped the handcuffs on his wrists before one could say 'Jack Robinson.'

"I never saw a man so cowed in all my life. He literally whimpered; and instead of showing a bold and defiant front like his wife, he snivelled and swore that she did the deed, and threatened to serve him the same, if he didn't aid her in disposing of the body.

"The facts of the case came out afterwards. When O'Connor arrived at the house of the murderess to dinner, Mrs. Manning persuaded him to go out into the basement to wash his

hands. She followed him, and shot him from behind as he descended. Her husband and herself had previously dug the grave in which we found him. The moment he was dead, she rifled his pocket of his keys and went off to his lodgings, where, being left alone, she opened his drawers and stole all the money and securities they contained. She then returned to the house, and found her husband in the garden, smoking; he had not dared to stay alone in the house with the corpse. Together they buried the poor victim—and the rest, you know.

"Well, sir, the precious pair were tried and sentenced to be hanged. On their way to the gallows, in consequence of some repairs in the principal corridor of the prison, the procession was compelled to take a round-about way and pass through the prison yard. In that yard, their grave was dug; but that fact had escaped the notice of the prison officers. When the Mannings, husband and wife, came to their ready-made grave, a plank was thrown across it for them to pass over on; and I saw them give each other a look full of terrible meaning for me. You see, sir, they ate and drank over their victim's grave, and now they were obliged to walk over their own! Curious—wasn't it, sir? And another singular thing was, she was hanged in the very black satin gown which Mr. O'Connor had given to her."

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.

A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited in hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as time, are also annihilated; so that almost while an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and awaking in the fright, found that he had not been in bed ten minutes.—*Reynold's Miscellany.*

ROBIN REDBREAST AT THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY ELIZABETH BOYTON.

["There is a superstition current in Brittany that when our Saviour was bearing his cross, a robin took one thorn from his crown, which stained its breast, and since that time the redbreast has been the friend and favorite of men."]

Up Mount Calvary's height ascending,
Tolled the Man of sorrows on,
Doomed to die for man's transgression,
He, God's sinless, only Son.

On that brow guilt never clouded,
A crown of thorns he meekly wore,
While like ruby dewdrops gathered
Round each point the crimson gore.

Fainting 'neath the cross his burden,
From his lips no accents flow,
Save, "Forgive them, Heavenly Father,
For they know not what they do."

All unmoved, God's chosen people
Heard the meek, forgiving word,
And no throb of human pity
In their stony bosoms stirred.

But a wild bird o'er them flying,
Caught the plaintive, pleading tone,
And one thorn plucked from his forehead,
As if to shame man's heart of stone.

From its tiny beak descending
Touched the point its little breast,
And upon the glossy plumage
Its own crimson hue impressed.

And still that sanguinary color
Dyes the bosom of the bird,
And still near the homes of Christians
Are its sweetest warblings heard.

DELPHINE.

BY H. C. BENNETT.

THE fresh morning breeze of early March came sweeping across my cheek from the wide sea, as I stood on the little bridge spanning the narrow channel which separates Rockcastle from Edgcombe, waiting for the stage, or rather for the huge, lumbering wagon that passed for one. The roads were free from snow, for the March winds had blown over them, and they lay in that dry and dusty state when every breeze sends a shower of earthly particles sharply to your face and eyes, grinding as it were the whole surface of the skin, and making a toilet powder not quite so pleasant or so odorous as Rimmel's.

But if the snow had forsaken the roads, it still lay nestled in the hollows, and from its edges, came up the tiny pink flowers of the trailing arbutus, that sweetest of all spring's daughters.

I heard the heavy wagon lumbering round the last turn in the road, but I staid to gather the

arbutus, drawing it as gently as I might, from its thin, crisp covering of ice, through which the long, lithe stems had forced their way, and lay in clusters along the edges. A little farther on, one or two venturous blossoms of the sanguinaria were folded, each within its own blanket-like leaf; and those too I relentlessly plucked, although I knew that the delicate things must die in my hands.

There was a broad streak of crimson in the sky, reflected in the quiet sea, now gradually breaking up and floating off into fragments of light purple, and again into the delicate pink that makes the rare beauty of the sea shell. The blue smoke from the scattered chimneys was rising upwards like thin veils, and, catching the tint of the rosy clouds, seemed as incense from earth to sky; and then like a giant, refreshed from his slumber, came to the broad glory of the sun.

Sun, ocean, earth, sky! Involuntarily I took off my hat and bowed my head before their splendors, as one would do before the gates of the Beautiful City; but before I could replace it, the wheels stopped close beside me, and throwing my valise to the driver, I entered the close, dark wagon, with my rifled treasures in my hand. I sat for some time arranging them, and admiring their drooping clusters, paying but little attention to my fellow-passengers, of whom there were two or three, all closely wrapped and veiled; one of them was sleeping too, if I might judge by the heavy breathing that came to my ear from the farthest corner of the vehicle. Sleeping, with this glory of the rising sun! No doubt this man had walked miles, at some time in his life, to witness the mimic splendors of pyrotechnic art; but the grand spectacle which God prepares afresh each morning, had no charm for his dull eye.

By his side sat a lady, through whose thick veil I could distinguish nothing but the subdued sparkle of an eye which I felt bound to believe was beautiful, until I should find it otherwise. She was closely wrapped in soft furs, and only one hand was visible, peeping from the large sable cuff. The hand was far from being so small as the hands of heroines invariably are described. On the contrary, it was somewhat larger than the average size, but it was fair and white, and the nails were beautifully pink-hued, and almond shaped. I might have passed by a thousand hands, smaller, and as beautiful as this, without noticing them in the least; but as this was the most agreeable object inside the coach, and as the glare of the sunlight on the snow-covered hills rendered it unpleasant to look

out of the dust-stained windows of the stage, I preferred to keep on gazing.

It was the left hand, and it bore no ring, so I inferred that the lady was unmarried; and her pure white hand told me too that she was young. No delicacy of treatment can preserve or bring back the fresh young whiteness of the youthful skin, any more than the bloom can be brought back to that shining bunch of grapes, from which you, my unwise friend, have just rubbed the crowning beauty which God's own hand scattered on their purple glory. Quietly, through our long, dusty ride, the lady sat, with the delicate hand half buried in the soft fur that warmed her. Not a word was spoken, nor did her next neighbor awake from his slumber until the stage drew up at Edgecombe, where I had business to perform which would probably detain me some days. I hoped that the unknown would remain there too; but when I crossed the tavern yard, I saw that she had not alighted. I was half tempted to get in, and see her to the end of her journey; but I could not work up to that pitch of enthusiasm for a lady of whom I had yet seen nothing but her hand, lovely, and happily unjewelled as it was.

So I went straight to the merchant whom I wished to see at Edgecombe. He was a man, who, in former days had had some experience in commercial affairs, but who, in the terrible crash of 1837, was stripped of all his possessions, and since confined himself wholly to the smaller gains which he could reap from the coasting and fishing trade. Through these he had gradually worked up again, with some loss of ambition, but none of self-respect, to a comfortable business, and I had supposed he would never venture upon anything more full of risk. I was therefore surprised when he met me with a more cordial grasp than his usually quiet one, and said:

"I have bought a ship, Mr. Crawford."

"Indeed, sir," I said, "I am glad to hear it, as it is a token of increased prosperity."

"Perhaps not; but at any rate I am going to try it, and what is more, I am about to offer you the situation of supercargo to London and Havre; while I place my own son in the rank of captain, which is a sufficient responsibility for one of his youth. I will not burden him too greatly on his first voyage as commander. Will you go?"

"Certainly, Mr. Grainger, and with a grateful heart too, for times are dull with me now, and I am not willing, at my age, to be unemployed a moment. When do we sail?"

"As soon as the cargo is all stowed. Probably in three days. You, however, will have

time to arrange everything, as you are so methodical; and you will come to me on Thursday evening, and I will give you full instructions, and explain them verbally. It is short notice, I know, but the voyage was planned, and the ship half loaded when I bought her. It was a forced sale, to pay up debts of an enormous amount. I pitied the poor merchant, for I have been there myself. Come on board with me."

I went. It was a noble vessel, nearly new; had been at sea just long enough to get well bent, and was in fine trim in every part.

"There will be a passenger for this stateroom," said Mr. Grainger, throwing open a door which showed a fine, airy berth, and appointments of the nicest order. In fact, the whole ship exhibited a degree of neatness quite equal to that of a first class government vessel.

I had some little acquaintance with young Henry Grainger, who was to command the ship, and at dinner we improved it into a mutual liking; and greatly pleased at the transactions of the day, I cheerfully entered the stage, and returned to Rockcastle that night.

My sister Emma cried, and my mother looked grave, and both declared that they could not get my "traps" ready; but I soon lectured them into a sense of the good fortune which awaited me. Parting would be parting, and nothing else, if we waited longer for it; and the sooner I was afloat, the sooner I would see them again.

They could not gainsay this magnificent display of my logic, and they contented themselves with getting together an unheard of quantity of cake, and preserves, and all those little niceties with which careful mothers and sisters seek to pamper the incipient sailor. And on Thursday, as I had agreed with Mr. Grainger, I set off for Edgecomb, bidding the dear ones at home an affectionate good-by. As we wound the hill at Rockcastle, I saw Emma's green dress, as she stood looking after the stage which held her only brother; and I sighed to think how unprotected the poor girl would be, if the uncertain fortunes of the sea should find me a grave beneath its waters. The good and manly face of Henry Grainger arose to my mind, and I could not help wishing that such a protector as he, strong and upright in his noble manhood, could be her stay in life. Dear Emma, my wish was a prophetic one, after all; and to wish thee Henry Grainger's wife, was only another name for happiness.

We sailed on the 10th of March. The weather was beautiful. We had moonlight nights; and when once off from the coast, were in comparatively warm waters. The change from our

proverbially trying winds, was pleasant to us all. All, I mean, who met together, for there was one whose face we had not yet seen, and who lay in the best stateroom, as was reported to us, in all the horrors of sea sickness.

"He ought to be brought on deck," said I. "This beautiful sea air would restore him, I have no doubt."

Captain Grainger showed his white teeth, and that irresistible smile which made him at those times the handsomest of men.

"He," said he, emphasising the pronoun, "is wholly unable to be removed."

I was called away by an observation from the first mate, and the thought of the sick passenger, I take shame to myself for forgetting him, did not occur to me for some days. I caught a glance after that, of a figure lying on a rude litter which the sailors had brought on deck, and imagining that it was the sick man, I considered that he would be too weak to talk, and purposely avoided going near him. When I went on deck after dinner, the litter and passenger had alike disappeared.

One day the strong air from the stateroom window forced open the door. I was passing at the time, and saw, as I supposed, our hitherto invisible passenger, absolutely covered up from head to foot in bed, with the exception of one hand which lay outside the quilt, and vied with its snowy folds in whiteness.

"He must be very young—a mere boy," I said to myself. And I approached the bed to give him some assurance of my good will.

A dark blue gauze, which had been suspended over the bed, had been drawn around his head and face, and by the breathing, I thought he must be sleeping. Again I glanced at the hand. There it lay in its unsunned whiteness, and I could have sworn that it was the same hand that I saw in the stage between Rockcastle and Edgecomb, three weeks before. That hand could belong to no one but a lady; and I escaped from the state-room, and shut to the door with a feeling as if I had committed sacrilege. I encountered Captain Grainger in the passage way; and he rallied me on the startled look which I gave when coming unexpectedly against him.

"Have you seen a ghost, Mr. Crawford? The sailors have a notion that this ship is a haunted one, but I did not know that the superstition extended to you."

"I believe it is haunted," I replied, "and I am going to write it in my log-book, that the good ship *Metamora* was haunted by a human hand."

"What on earth do you mean, Mr. Craw-

ford?" asked Captain Grainger, looking at me anxiously, as if to ascertain whether I were quite right in my upper regions.

"I mean that I am haunted here on board this ship at noon-day, on the broad bosom of the Atlantic, by a human hand; and moreover, it is the same hand that haunted me through an entire half day in the Rockcastle stage, at the very time of my engagement to sail in this ship. Put those two things together, captain, and see if you can bring them into your reckoning."

The captain smiled again, the rich, open smile that lighted up his dark, sea-browed visage like a sunbeam, and said:

"I was just going in to see my passenger; perhaps you would like to accompany me?"

"Not until I know who or what it is. Besides, captain, it is hardly fair to wake up the deep sleep which the ghost is at present enjoying."

"Ah, I see; this is your ghost, is it, Crawford? Well, I am happy to be able to state for your comfort, that it is one of the most harmless little spirits in the world; and when this trance is off, it will be up, and in the highest animation possible."

"You really believe so?"

"I do, indeed, Mr. Crawford. And now, spite of your feeling that it is unfair or indecorous, I am going in to wake up the ghost, and ask it to join us at tea."

"Heavens! do sea-ghosts drink tea?"

"This one does, for I have seen it."

But tea came, and no one but myself, the captain, and Mr. Richards, the mate, and young Fred Spanlding, the second officer. Captain Grainger made no allusion to our conversation, and so neither did I venture upon it. I knew no more during the entire passage to London, than I did that night. A figure in a variety of endless wrappings and muffings, was carried on shore and placed in a carriage, and as it was chiefly done when I was engaged, I had no chance to renew the brief glance which I had of it at the beginning of its removal.

But one thing was certain, I heard the direction to the cab-driver, and kept it in my mind. There was growing up within me an instinctive aversion to mentioning anything of the mysterious stranger, whom our ship was thus carrying to English shores, in the presence of Captain Grainger, in whose eyes there was a lurking fun that I believed grew out of the ghost story. I know not what there was to make me feel embarrassed about it, but there was really a sensation of vexedness about it that disturbed my self-complacency. I am not sure that I did not feel somewhat defrauded out of my share of the

mysterious passenger's society during the voyage, and that I had not a bit of a grudge against Captain Grainger, for abetting therein.

Our ship was quickly unloaded, and our freight beginning to come in for Havre. Everything so far had gone off admirably during the voyage. Captain Grainger was a model commander, and I flattered myself that Mr. Crawford was his equal as a supercargo. I could fancy Mr. Grainger's pride in his son and in his ship, and I believed that he would also have some pride in his judgment for selecting me. At any rate he should have reason.

In London, I chanced to meet a friend—the son of an old neighbor at Rockcastle—and he volunteered to conduct me round the city. We crossed innumerable squares, lighted by a splendid moon, which shone brightly even in the smoky and dingy atmosphere of London; and at last, when our steps began to lag, my companion said:

"We are almost at the very house where a cousin of mine is staying; I would like much to stop there awhile, if you do not object."

I did not know the street, but permitted myself to be guided wholly by him; and he led me to the door of a handsome house, and soon found ourselves admitted, and shown into a pleasant and handsomely furnished parlor, where several ladies were employed in sewing. I was presented to the mother, a fine, cheerful old lady, her two married and one unmarried daughters, and to another lady who sat with a fire-screen before her face, and a short, black veil falling also around it.

She did not remove the screen sufficiently to give me a glance at her face; but I saw her hand as it held the screen, and it was the ghost's hand—to make an Irish blunder—the ghost's hand to the life! We passed half an hour in this bright, cheerful English room, and then took our leave—I, impatient to question Austin about her.

"That lady is the very cousin whom I called to see, Crawford," said Austin, "and only a glance from her eye, imploring me to take no notice of her, kept me from keeping you close at her side; for I think you would enjoy her society, as she is eminently intelligent and interesting."

"Is she an English woman?"

"No; and by the by, you must have known her at home."

"I did not catch the name."

"Rochdale. Why, she visits often in Rockcastle, and Edgcombe also."

"Is she handsome?"

"She is under a cloud just now, which has threatened to destroy her beauty altogether. I

may as well tell you, Crawford, although she binds me to silence. She unfortunately caught the small pox in going from Rockcastle to New York. She was miserably disfigured, as she tells me, and has never shown her face since. She is young, wealthy, talented, and this misfortune has given her much pain. She thinks her friends will be disgusted with her, and will not unveil to any one."

"How did she come here?"

"In the ship *Metamora*."

"I thought so. I came with her."

"You, Crawford?"

"I did, but my only recognition of her was of her hand."

"Ay, that is a study, is it not?"

"It is, and I regret that I cannot see her face."

"Well she goes to Havre with you, and she may possibly get over her sensitiveness about it before you arrive home. It is a whim which she is rich enough and independent enough to gratify, and she will probably carry it out. She says that she is glad of it on one account, that now she will be able to know her true friends."

"I suppose she means those of our sex. Those of the other will be more likely to value her higher than before, if she has lost her beauty."

"Perhaps so. When do you sail?"

"On Tuesday. Come on board to dinner with us."

"Thank you, I will do so; and moreover, I will try to effect an acquaintance between you and Delphine. I cannot help thinking that you will be mutually pleased with each other."

He kept his word—and between London and Havre, I learned what a truly noble and gifted being was Delphine Rochdale, although during that time I never saw her face. I implored her to let me look at her, but her pain was so evident that I forbore asking her again. But whatever were the incidental defects of her face, her mind was brilliant "beyond compare." With an intellect so highly cultivated, a heart full of the noblest and tenderest emotions, a grace and dignity which only fell short of being regal because it was so surpassingly sweet and gentle, Delphine could not have failed of being loved, even if her face were disfigured.

We were going into Havre, and Delphine and myself stood together on the deck. You may not believe that I was so infatuated as to offer my heart and hand thus blindly; but indeed I had done so, and she had accepted, on conditions that on our arrival home, she should allow me to behold her face, and if I were not irremediably shocked, she would consent to become Mrs. Crawford, the wife of a poor fellow like myself,

with a mother and sister on his hands, whom he would never desert, not even for a wife.

The ship was rapidly nearing the port, and we were admiring the city from that point of view, when the wind which had been still until now, suddenly sprang up to a fresh, free breeze, carrying all loose, unprotected articles sweeping past the deck into the water, and among these, was Delphine's veil. I expected she would faint, but she turned her calm, meek eyes upward to my face, as if to deprecate any criticism of her own. I gazed at her in amazement. A few, a very few scars, already whitened and beginning to be smooth, were slightly visible on a countenance which, for shape and nobleness of brow, could be rarely surpassed. The complexion, it is true, was slightly injured; but what variation of color or of texture could destroy the beautiful expression?

"And this is the face which you have withheld from my gaze?" I said reproachfully, as a blush rose to its pale surface, and the eyes, so full of tenderness, absolutely sparkled with joy.

"Forgive me if I taxed you too severely," she said, at last. "From my earliest years, I have heard nothing but praises of my beauty, until I was absolutely glad when the disorder that spoiled it, attacked me. I wished to be loved for other qualities than the mere 'tincture of a skin;' and yet—and yet, I was a woman, and when I first looked at myself in the mirror, I confess to a certain degree of horror which I have not yet been quite able to quell."

We were married on board ship, by the only Protestant clergyman whom we could muster, and I carried home a new daughter and sister to my mother and Emma; and it was not long before Henry Grainger came to believe also in the attraction of souls, and straightway his own and Emma's were bleomed in one.

My own Delphine, won without being seen, but still more truly known and loved without the intervention of the visible! There is no shadow between us now, no darkness, no mystery. Our love came unsought, unmet, and it abides with us still. Loving, hoping, trusting, we shall walk together to the shores of that vast ocean, where we must separate for a little while, only to meet again in perfect, immortal, undying love.

As long as a man has six dollars a week, he can live and get along rather quietly and contented; but as soon as his wages reach twelve dollars a week, he needs twenty-four, runs in debt, and "busts up" at that. Man is a high-pressure engine, vanity is the steam, money the fuel; apply the principle, and you have the facts. Make a note on't.

MY FRIEND.

BY JAMES W. HILFURN.

A youth, graceful and fair,
 With lovely brown hair,
 And eyes of heaven's own blue;
 A dimpled chin,
 A clear white skin,
 And teeth of a pearly hue—
 Such is the friend
 At whose shrine I bend,
 Offering bright friendship true.

STORY OF A SCULPTOR.

BY ARTHUR C. BLISS.

Just where the hills of Asolano sink into the plains of Treviso, lying on the lowest slope, and nestling in under the shadow of the higher hillsides, is the pretty town of Passagno. Just one hundred years ago, the first of November, there was joy and gladness in one of the picturesque and romantic old houses that gem that beautiful region. A child was born to the humble family which inhabited its quaint and homely apartments. It was the child of a simple stone-cutter, poor in the wealth of gold, but rich in that of honor and integrity.

Time passes on, unfeeling old wretch that he is! (it is a comfort that we can call him old, though he shakes his hour-glass in our faces the next minute.) He passes on, and in the short space of three years, that good and kind father who sang peans of praise and thanksgiving to Him who gave him this one little child, was suddenly taken away from the life which its music was making so beautiful to him, and, sadder still, the mother—she who had borne the infant on her bosom, and had seen how the father's heart was bound up in the new love which had thrilled through his whole being—she had gone away too. Not as the father had gone—but to the home of a new husband; and the only pledge of Pietro's love for her was thrown upon the care of his grandmother.

That grandmother—blessed be her memory!—was Caterina Cecatto; and the child, who but for her would have been doubly orphaned, was one whose name the world has since learned to speak only with veneration—Antonio Canova!

But Heaven was kind to the little Tonin; and in the full measure of love which the good grandmother bestowed upon him, he missed neither father nor mother. Even in infancy, before he could fully make them understand what he wanted, the little hands would eagerly catch

at the fragments of wet clay which his grandfather, Pasino Canova, dropped from his modellings; and the slender fingers would mould them into actual forms, rude enough, of course, but still showing the genius that lay within the baby brain, waiting for that same old time (sometimes beneficent!) to develop it into maturity. So the boy grew up to his ninth year, every day working in the fragments of clay; every day learning something of the elements of that noble art which astonished the world in its grand creations of the Saint John, of the recumbent Magdalen, and of our own Washington; with others worthy to bear them company.

Soon the boy begins to work in marble—sculpturing a bust or figure—I am writing from memory, and cannot tell which—of his venerable grandmother, in the dress of the province; and in the very height of his after fame, this childish effort was affectionately preserved by him as a dear memorial of her who took such care of his infancy.

"What has Tonin been hiding himself away for, whenever I come into the house?" asked his grandfather one day, as the cheery old housewife spread the table for his dinner.

"Ah, thou wilt know sometime, Pasino; but at present it is a secret between him and me."

The old man looked fondly at her, as she moved briskly round, still graceful and beautiful in her green old age.

"A secret, my old Caterina! Well then, I may be sure that thou wilt tell me before long. Thy sex cannot keep them long."

But Caterina kept Tonin's mystery, until one day, with pride and satisfaction in her good, honest face, she beckoned her husband into a small room, which was called Tonin's work-room, and, drawing a curtain, she exhibited two shrines of Carrara marble, as the work of the nine year old artist. Surprise and delight kept the aged father silent, and Caterina stood by, thoroughly enjoying his eager gaze.

"God's blessing on the child!" he at length exclaimed, "he will be a great man."

"If our poor Pietro could but have seen this proof of his child's genius!" said Caterina, weeping.

"He does! depend on that," replied her husband, reverently. "Do you suppose that spirits cannot look down upon those they have loved on earth?"

"Ah, my God! I trust so!" was her fervent ejaculation, as she went to call Tonin to hear his grandfather's praises.

"Do you know that the Seigneur Falleri is to have a grand supper at his castle?" asked

tonio of his grandfather, one morning, when the boy was busily engaged in moulding the figure of a lion, in the clay which was falling from the old man's bench.

"No, my son; I had not heard it before."

"Well, then, just look here, father. See this lion. Is it not a good one? Ah, you don't say, but you smile. That says it is very well for a little boy."

"Nay, it would be good in any one, Tonin. It is a real lion—well-proportioned, and very finely formed. What are you going to do with it?"

"I—I thought if mother would give me—what do you think?" asked the boy. "Some of the butter which she has been churning to-day from the goat's milk?"

"Butter? For what?"

"To make this figure for his table to-night. Wouldn't he like it?"

"You can try him. I will engage that you have the fresh butter."

The lion appeared at Seigneur Falieri's grand feast, and was much admired. The next day, the two Falieris, father and son, alighted at the door of Pasino Canova, and asked for Antonio.

"Should you like to have me send you to a person who would teach you an art you have begun so well, my boy?"

"I should, indeed," murmured Tonin.

"Well, if your grandparents do not object, I will engage him to take you immediately, and have no doubt you will do him credit."

This settled the fortunes of Antonio Canova. Next to Michael Angelo and Bernini, he ranks as forming a new epoch in Italian statuary; and of this fame, Falieri laid the first stone.

From that time he progressed rapidly, and statue after statue, group after group, came from his hands with that facility which can only be attained, when the works are appreciated, and the artist encouraged. If the good Caterina exulted when she saw her grandson's childish efforts, with what delight would she have gazed on those of his after life, when he challenged world-wide admiration. How her old heart would have beat at sight of the lovely *Hebes* and *Pachyes*, that softened the rage of the Jacobin mob, searching for his colossal statue of the king of Naples! Still more, perhaps, would she have loved to dwell with woman's tenderness, on that divine altar piece, painted (for Antonio was painter as well as sculptor) for his own village church in Passagno, where the dead Christ lies under the gaze of the mother, and the weeping *Marys* by her side.

Kind, good and benevolent, still Antonio had not felt the gentle influence of a warmer love

than that of filial affection to the beloved woman who watched over his childhood. He, whose cunning hand wrought *Pachye* from the cold marble, held no warm, living *Pachye* in his heart. Loving all forms of beauty in the abstract, transferring them to canvass with all a lover's ardent heart, there was yet no tangible, living love, that could be said to rival his art. This was his mistress—his world.

At the time of his return to Passagno, he had been travelling in Germany with a Venetian prince. He was now forty-two years old, and from his calm temper and temperate life looking much younger. The mild benevolence of his nature shone through and irradiated his countenance; and the serenity of his features was such that he might have sat for the picture of the beloved disciple.

While painting in the Passagno church, whose romantic situation on the hillside of one of the Asolano group—the Venetian Alps, as they are called—he often prolonged his work, until the shadows of evening were fast shutting out even the subdued light by which he brought out the figures on the canvass. Here and there, a solitary image of a saint filled up its appropriate niche, showing ghastly and white in the approaching darkness. The short wintry twilight had faded too soon. A few moments more of light would have fixed an expression, which he might vainly seek for the next day.

He had seized a taper from the altar, and was about to put the brush to his work, when a deep sigh, which, in the stillness of the church, struck on his ear, that seemed to come from the recesses of a wounded heart. Believing it to be some poor penitent, who had chosen this silent hour to pray for pardon and acceptance, he abstained from looking round, or even moving, so that he might not interrupt the solemn service, which he imagined was being offered. But as he stood, silently awaiting the close of the service, a shadow projected on the wall by the altar, caught his eye, and he turned to see who thus intruded on his labors, and broken the spell which bound him to the painting so much longer than usual. It was a slight, frail figure that stood before him, and as the light flashed upon the face, he thought he had seen it before. Memory was busy with a scene in Florence, where he faintly remembered, some such face as this might have been, when not worn by suffering as now.

Gradually all the events of that night came back to him. A memory of a frantic father, a dying mother, and a sweet, suffering daughter, rose up before him. It was his own hand that had closed that mother's eyes, his own hand that

had led away the maniac, and wiped the tears of the daughter. Afterwards, it was by his exertions that Armida Villetti, the last of a noble Florentine family, was admitted into a convent,—not as a nun—for that she refused to be, inexplicably to Antonio, who thought that one so desolate, might well become the bride of Heaven—but as a teacher of harp-music, in which she excelled. Satisfied that he had done well in thus placing her in safety, and absorbed in his art, Armida had passed out of his mind, except for some occasional likeness that he encountered sometimes, in the beautiful faces which he painted, or the heads that he sculptured, reminding him of the grace and loveliness of hers.

His first glance showed him now, a pale, worn face, with large, sorrowful eyes—so large indeed, that they seemed preternatural; a wasted figure, and hands, through which it seemed as if light would be visible, so thin and transparent they looked as she meekly crossed them on her bosom. He forgot the years that had elapsed since he left her in the convent—forgot that she had grown older, just as he had done; and with almost a paternal salutation, he said:

“My poor child! My little Armida! what have they done to you, that you look so desolate?”

The checked fountain of her tears flowed fast at the words of kindness. He took her hand, and led her out of the church, where the cold, bracing air revived her. The old sacristan came to close the doors of the church; and Antonio asked shelter for the stranger, in his dwelling near by, and after the evening refreshment had been taken, she explained why she was here. A continued series of threats and persecutions had been employed to press her into becoming a nun; her peculiar talent being very desirable to be retained in the convent permanently. Her repugnance to a religious life had been so strong, as to make this attempt at compulsion very hateful and abhorrent to her; while at the same time, the thought of her friendless and desolate state had made her almost frantic. She had heard nothing of her father for a long time, but had hoped that he would sometime recover, and return to her. Every ray of hope was however shut out by the news of his death; and, sick at heart, and feeble in frame, she had managed to escape, by snatching up the hooded cloak of one of her day pupils, and thus passing out without suspicion.

Probably there had not been much search for her, lest her disclosures might prejudice the public; so that she travelled at last, slowly and without fear. One man's fame had penetrated

to the interior of that gloomy convent. His paintings hung on its walls; his statues adorned its gardens, and filled the niches in its chapel; and added to all this, he had once saved her from utter misery. To whom could she flee? Knowing nothing of the world, its forms or conventionalities, she saw no impropriety in seeking him; and step by step she had traced him hither; her own innocence, and his name upon her lips, equally protecting her from insult; and her sorrowful look engaging the compassion of the peasants, who readily supplied her with bread, wine and milk, and a night's rest, as she journeyed towards the Venetian territory.

Had Antonio possessed a romantic spirit, it might be recorded that he took the signorina for his bride; but such was his calm, gentle benevolence, that he seemed not to know that any emotion, save perhaps of gratitude, could be hidden beneath that fast restoring color, which he soon joyfully beheld tinging the cheeks of his “little nun,” as he called her. While he painted, she was almost constantly playing on the great organ in the church—sometimes softly, sometimes grandly, as suited her mood; his gentle, paternal manner towards her unconsciously tempering her ardent love for him, and subduing it to a deep reverence.

There was a marriage in the church one day, and Armida shrunk from the crowd, and took refuge beside her benefactor. The bride was young and pretty; the groom, at least, seventy. She looked at her diamonds—the baubles with which she was purchased—seemingly unconscious of the giver. It was the old story—so long known, and so often repeated, but still new and fresh as ever—of frozen winter and smiling spring—of December and May. Antonio turned his eyes away, and saw Armida's cheeks crimsoning with the flush of restored health. It seemed to him as if her lost youth had come back to her, so purely lovely had she become, since she had sheltered herself under his smile.

The crowd were just passing out of the church, and when the last footstep crossed the threshold, the painter took up his brush again.

“What a desecration!” he said at last, to Armida, who was musing thoughtfully. “I shall never marry,” he continued, softly speaking, as if to himself. “There are so many weddings, but so few marriages. I shall find mine in the other sphere, perhaps, but not here.”

Armida's sentence was contained in the above words; and she bore it nobly. If her love and grief did not all subside at once, it was soon mellowed into a tranquil peace, that made her worthy to become his bride in heaven.

When, fifteen years later, Pius VII. inscribed the name of Antonio Canova in the golden book of the capitol, declaring him to have "deserved well of the city of Rome," and bestowing upon him the marquisate of Ischia, and a pension of three thousand scudi, for restoring the works of art to Rome, there was one heart that beat with gladness that he was entering upon the last year of his threescore, with new honors and new prosperity. And when in a few more years, Venice mourned him, and both continents took up the wail for a great and good man departed, a woman—not sad or weeping, but with a look of inspiration upon the face that showed, as yet, no sign of age, entered the ivy-covered church at Passagno, cast a single glance at the altarpiece, and then turning to the organ, she waked its grand, triumphant chords, and sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

Who knoweth that she is not the bride which he expected to find in another world? Who knoweth that the unselfish, sacrificing love of true hearts, shall not meet with the reward it never knew below?

HAPPINESS.

Is pleasure willing to keep her assignation with thee equally in an open cow-house and a decorated parlor? says John Forster. Thou art a happy man. Dost thou behold goodness, though accompanied with vulgarity, with complacency? and baseness, though arrayed in elegance, with disgust? Thou art a happy man. Dost thou behold inferior talents without vanity, and superior ones without envy? Thou art a happy man. While thou art diffusing gay pleasure through thy social circle, and receiving pleasure from it, is thy cheerfulness undamped when thou observest Death drawing a chair, and taking a place among the company? Thou art a happy man. Dost thou pray, not because thou darest curses, but because thou hopest blessings? Thou art a happy man. Does not thy retrospect of regret cast a shade over thy prospect of hope? Thou art a happy man. Amidst prosperity, canst thou detect the futility of means which may have gained thee pleasure?—in misfortune, canst thou triumph in the rectitude of those measures of wisdom to which yet success may have been denied? Thou art a happy man. Let the windows of thy soul, like the windows of a house, not disclose everything *within*; but at the same time, admit notices of everything from *without*.

SPRING.

So forth issued the seasons of the year;
First lusty spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
That freshly budded, and new blossoms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And on his head (as fit for warlike stores)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear,
That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

SPENSER.

LINES FOR LIZZIE'S ALBUM.

BY W. FELIX TIMBER.

Sweet, artless maid! thy sparkling eye—
Whence all the darts of Cupid fly;
Where all the silvery moonbeams seem
To nestle in a twilight dream,
Hath wove around my heart a spell
No living tongue can ever tell.

But I shall sing to every flower
The rapture of that blissful hour,
When thy sweet spirit flew to me
Like a soft strain from "memory's sea;"
I'd loved in childhood's ruby morn,
E'er Passion had revealed his thorn,
And poured within my melting soul,
A stream of rapture, that shall roll
Through flowery fields and vine-clad hills,
Chiming its joy in all the rills;
By day, reflect yon glorious blue;
By night, the stars that wander through,
And glow in life's tempestuous stream,
A holy, bright, and glorious beam;
In which I'd guide my light canoe,
And pray that Heaven may smile on you,
Till nearer, clearer, comes the toll
Of the dark bell, whose solemn roll
Flings a bleak shadow o'er my soul;
Ever and onward, till that sea,
Still unexplored, shall chime to me
Its unrecorded melody.

FLOWERS IN THE WINDOW.

BY RACHEL MOORE.

For the first time since its completion, Harry Walden and his new male bride went over their new house together, one lovely morning early in June. And a charming little new house it was—with the brightest, neatest, best arranged kitchen a young housekeeper like Amy could ask; with the cosiest sitting-room, the prettiest and most tasteful parlor, the airiest and pleasantest of sleeping-apartments.

And when they had been all over the house together, they came back once more to the neat, cool, airy sitting-room, with its pretty carpet of green and oak, its pure, light-painted walls hung here and there with beautiful engravings; its simple cottage furniture, where Amy's pleased glance fell upon pretty cane chairs of her own favorite pattern, a beautiful little *escritoire* for her books and papers, her tiny work-table standing between the windows, and the low sewing chair for her own especial use, drawn up beside it; and then her smiling eyes turned to the windows themselves, which were open, with their snowy linen shades half raised, and letting in the soft June sunlight, and the lovely June air, fragrant with the odor of flowers in the window.

Harry's hand—the careful hand of a young and loving husband—had had the arrangement of everything in and about this pretty little household; and with a happy heart, he watched his wife's pleased eyes glancing so bright, so satisfied, from one thing to another about her.

"You like it all, Amy?" he said, with a smile.

"Like it? O, yes, Harry! How pretty, how tasteful everything is! this room that I shall sit in has everything so convenient and pleasant—and the flowers in the window! how beautiful they are! and so fragrant—so full of bloom!"

Smiling, he led her to the windows to inhale their perfume.

"Yes—I knew your love of flowers; and I had so much pleasure in arranging them! They make the room so pleasant, do they not?"

"Yes, pleasant and homelike. Ah, how delicious!" smiled the young wife, lingering to breathe their odors again and again.

"And not only are they pleasant to us, Amy, but the sight of flowers blooming in a window is sweet to many and many a passer-by who sees such things rarely. I thought of it while I was putting them there."

Tenderly Amy kissed the kind hand that held her own. "Dear Harry," she said, lovingly, "you think of every one!"

"And I thought, Amy," he went on, "that whenever, as you sit in this room, you see little children, or poor people such as may often pass, going by and looking up at the flowers in the window, you could cut off for them some of the blossoms they may covet. So that perhaps our flowers may make some other hearts as happy as ours."

Treasuring in her loving heart the words of her kind and thoughtful husband, Amy turned with him at last from the window. She remembered them the next day, when Harry was gone away for the day, and she came into the sitting-room to water her plants. Standing behind their blossoming screen, she showered the bright drops upon them till their leaves hung wet and glistening; and while she watched the colored rays of light glancing through the dripping water, a party of merry school children came running gaily by.

"What pretty flowers!" said one of them—a gay little girl of ten, who made Amy think of her favorite little sister Sarah, whom she had left behind when she came from the country.

And the children half-stopped, looking partly at the flowers, and partly at Amy's pretty face behind their thick-clustering leaves. Smilingly, Amy clipped off a knot of gay blossoms and

scattered them suddenly among the childish group. There was an eager scrambling, a merry laugh, in which Amy's was not the least merry or sweet—a chorus of thanks, and the children with their fragrant treasures divided among them ran on to school. Later a little pale, ragged boy came by selling matches.

"Matches—matches! buy some matches, please, ma'am?" he cried, looking at Amy through the window where she sat sewing.

Amy's purse came out—a tiny piece of silver was drawn from it, and she placed it on the sill outside, while the boy drew from his basket half-a dozen bundles of his wares, and passed them up to her. As he took the silver and put it in his pocket, a little knot of roses and heliotropes fell into his basket.

"For me, ma'am?" he said, looking up wonderingly.

"Yes," was Amy's pleasant answer; and the surprised look, the smile, and the grateful "thank you, ma'am," did her very heart good.

And after this, many a little cluster of blossoms was bestowed by Amy's kindly fingers; now on a lame child who came limping by on crutches; now on a poor woman, going along with her baby, that cowered and clapped its little pale hands at the sight of the blooming treasures; and again, when a wan-looking milliner's girl, half pausing at the window, looked with longing eyes at the flowers upon the sill. Flowers that she never hoped to raise in the dreary back attic where she lodged; that she never beheld, in the half twilight of the sunless, silent work-room, where day after day, she was drudging her life away for a mean pittance to buy her scanty portion of daily bread.

The poor little milliner carried her precious flowers with her as she went to her day's labor, and dreamed over them all day long of green country lanes, and broad blue skies, and free sunshine that she might only see in dreams—and the baby played with its nosegay, with the delight with which a petted child of fortune would have welcomed its gilded and costly toys; the little lame child forgot that he was lame, while sitting down on a doorstep, he leaned his head upon his hand, and with curious eyes studied the mysteries of every silken leaf and bud, thinking how wonderful they were, and remembering something he had heard of a kind hand that made flowers alike for poor and rich.

And thus, while Amy scattered flowers, she was also sowing seed. Among her childish "pensioners," as Amy half-playfully, half-affectionately called them; there was one who passed her window nearly every day; a pretty, delicate,

almost frail-looking child of some eleven or twelve years of age; a child for whose daily approach Amy gradually found herself watching with interest. She was poorly, plainly dressed, yet neat and tidy-looking; the faded hues and worn texture of her garments being only equalled by their fresh and cleanly look.

Every day she came by the window; and every day she received from Amy's gentle fingers, a knot of fragrant blossoms.

Amy only smiled as she gave them; and this smile, with the little girl's grateful look, and low-spoken, earnest thanks, were all that passed between them on these occasions. There was not a day in which this child failed to pass the windows, not one day, let the sun shine, or the rain fall, she came regularly, and never failed to receive her accustomed gift of flowers.

Amy often mentioned this child in her evening talks with Harry; so that he came at last to make a point of asking each evening, if she had been during the day to receive her flowers.

"Do you not know her name, Amy?" he asked thoughtfully, once.

No, Amy did not. "It is odd—but I never thought of asking her," she said. "I suppose it is because there are so many others who come in the same way, and I should never think of asking their names, so many, you know. But I mean to ask her to-morrow, Harry. Perhaps we may be of use to her, or to the family if they need help."

Another morning saw the pale little girl coming along earlier than usual—paler than ever before, and her large, blue eyes heavy and dim with tears. Harry had not yet gone away, Amy was sewing a button on his sleeve as he sat by her at the work-table, and neither of them knew the child was so near, till the door-bell rang, and Amy answering its summons, beheld the little girl standing there.

"Why, poor child! what is the matter?" she said, kindly, taking one of the tiny hands in her own and drawing her into the passage-way—"what is the matter?"

The child's face flushed painfully, and Amy's tender words brought a burst of sorrowful tears.

"O, ma'am, he's dead!"

"My dear little girl—who is dead?"

"O, ma'am, my brother—my dear brother Charley! him that the flowers were always for! O, he loved them so much—and he wont need them any more now!"

The tears were streaming over the child's face like rain; and Amy's own eyes were overflowing as she lifted them to those of her husband, who had come out to the door.

"O, Harry—Harry!" she said, tremulously—"Harry, hear her!"

"My dear," he said, gently, "bring her in." And each holding a hand of the child, they led her into the sitting-room.

There, with the rapid tears rendering her words broken and painful, she told the simple story over, that needed so little time to tell. It was her brother Charley, who had been sick for so long, and had died this morning; and she had come to let the lady who had been so kind to him know about it.

"My child," said Harry, gently, "where do you live? we will go home with you."

And soon the husband and wife were on their way to the dwelling of the child. It was not far distant; they had only the length of a few streets to walk, and in an humble tenement, the home of respectable and honest poverty, they found what they were seeking. A plainly, poorly-furnished, yet clean and tidy room, with a pale, sorrow-bowed woman weeping by the hearth for the treasure she had lost; and lying upon a narrow couch in the corner, that ere long he would exchange for one narrower yet, the rigid form of the young man—the child's dead brother—the widow's only son.

The sheet that covered him, was folded aside, discovering a pale and wasted, but beautiful and serene face, bearing the traces of a long illness, patiently borne; the heavy, gold-fringed lids were closed calmly over the full eyes—the fair hair smoothed away from the pleasant brow that seemed yet to wear the smile it had known in life. It was already arranged for its last resting-place. The thin, white hands, were crossed upon the breast, and one of them held a little bunch of faded flowers—Amy's flowers. Their perfume lingered yet around the dead. He had died with them in his hand, asking that they might go with him to his grave—with the blessing of the dying breathing over the last of *THE FLOWERS IN THE WINDOW*.

BEAUTY.

What greater torment ever could have been
Than to enforce the fair to live retired!
For what is beauty if it be not seen?
Or what is't to be seen—if not admired?
And though admired, unless in love desired?
Never were cheeks of roses, locks of amber,
Ordained to live imprisoned in a chamber.

Nature created beauty for a view,
(Like as the fire for heat, the sun for light:)
The fair do hold this privilege as due,
By ancient charter, to live met in sight,
And she that is debarred it hath not right
In vain our friends from this do us dehort,
For beauty will be where is meet resort.—DANIEL.

Calumny may be defined, a mixture of truth and falsehood blended with malice.

A BIRD GOING OVER THE FALLS.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

On the giddy verge of a cliff I stood,
And heard Niagara's thunders roar,
And watched the mist that from the flood
Ascended like an incense forever more.

I saw the billows madly bound,
Like living things in frantic play,
Flinging their feathery spray around,
And dashing madly on their way.

And onward still, they fiercely urged,
Wave o'erleaping wave, until
Upon the cataract's very verge
The tumbling flood grew smooth and still.

Then swifter than the stream of thought,
The mighty torrent swept along,
Till foaming, thundering down, it sought
The depths earth's central caves among.

Each sense absorbed in that of night,
Long silent, gazing there I stood,
Awe'd by a feeling of His might,
Who piled the rocks and poured the flood.

And as I gazed a bird flew by—
A tiny, bright-hued, joyous thing,
New soaring aloft through the azure sky,
Now skimming the wave on extended wing.

I watched it wheel o'er the rushing stream,
Till it stooped its pinions bright to lave,
Then quick as the lightning's arrowy gleam,
It vanished beneath the hurrying wave.

'Twas only a bird, and no frightened call
Told that its nest was desolate,
And save His who notes the sparrow's fall,
Few eyes there were that beheld its fate.

But its little mate, where the nestlings rest,
Shall wait in the greensward long;
He comes no more to the lonely nest—
Though she pours to recall him her sweetest song

THE LAST OF THE SAVELLI.

AN HISTORICAL FACT.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

IN the very shadow of the Appenines, lies a little village whose name is too insignificant to be traced on any map, and is only remarkable for being the site of one or two summer castles belonging to the Roman nobility. The other dwellings are those of peasants, with here and there a habitation of a somewhat higher order, belonging to decayed families; and these have, mostly, a look of the past stamped upon them that heralds the "unsubstantial vision" that will soon be all that is left of them.

Somewhere about the middle of the sixteenth century, there stood one of those summer palaces

whose beauty was equal to its fragility. Taste and skill had presided over its erection, giving it fair and beautiful proportions, and adorning it, without and within, with all that could please the eye—but lacking the solid and imperishable look that distinguishes the buildings in cities.

This belonged to the Duke of Savelli. Some of the people living here, were his vassals; and the castle, when the duke's family were absent at Rome, which was nearly the whole year, was the object of their care and attention.

One of these persons, Michello Roberti, had a very beautiful daughter, Arvia, whose talents and accomplishments were far beyond her station. The library and picture-gallery of the duke were consigned to her especial oversight; and she would shut herself up in them whole days, eagerly appropriating their treasures to her own improvement.

She had been betrothed, when scarcely more than a child, to a young man of her own rank in life, but with far less intelligence. Christoforo was handsome, but scarcely intellectual enough to be a companion for the daughter of Roberti, who was, himself, a man of strong natural abilities.

Still Arvia liked the strong, healthful and handsome peasant, whose whole life was devoted to her, and whose only care was to gather all the wealth which an Italian peasant might ever hope for, to shower it upon her. Already the pretty cottage was built, and the vines planted around it. Already a little olive grove was obtained by his untiring labor, and even the wine was purchased for the bridal.

Christoforo wondered, and was sometimes chagrined at Arvia's preference of the duke's library, when he asked her to come and see some new invention which he had made for her comfort and convenience; for the youth, although not much given to book-learning, was both skilful and inventive in mechanical labor. His own hands had performed almost the entire work of building his cottage; and when finished, it was, indisputably, a sweet, picturesque casket for the jewel he intended to place in it.

He spoke almost testily to Arvia about this preference; and she, looking up at him with her soft, liquid eyes, only answered:

"It will be only for a few days. Spring has advanced so suddenly that the Savelli will soon come to the castle. Then no more reading nor painting for me!"

"No; but there will be work in our cottage, love, for which I trust all these fine studies of yours will not give you a distaste. Remember, Arvia, a peasant's wife must do many things

that her husband would willingly, nay joyfully, spare her from doing, did not poverty forbid."

"Nor shall I be unwilling to perform them—believe me, Christo! But as you have tried so hard to embellish your cottage outwardly, surely I may be pardoned for wishing to have some of my own within it. You will be pleased, I know, when I show you the paintings I have executed, and with which I intend to adorn the walls; that is, if you approve my wish."

"Who has taught you these things?" asked Christoforo, suddenly, and with a singular expression on his countenance.

"No one, Christo. I am self-taught, as far as I am taught at all. I have a natural taste for drawing, and the rest comes easily enough, with the aids I find in the castle."

Her lover was satisfied; and Arvia devoted herself, with redoubled earnestness, to finish a picture which she had copied from one in the Savelli collection, and which, if it did not reach, did not, at least, shame the original.

On the very day on which she hoped to complete it, the family was to arrive. Her hurry to get through with her task, and to remove the evidences of it from the room where she had painted, did but retard her efforts; and she had the vexation of seeing the carriages driven into the courtyard before she had given the last touches to her picture.

She consoled herself with thinking that the family would not dream of coming into that remote part of the castle that evening. It was near sunset, and she believed herself safe, as already she heard preparations going on for an early supper. She had finished at last, and the picture was standing on the easel, too freshly painted to remove. How she should get it away, was the question; but she thought her father might be able to take it away in the morning, before the family should have risen.

One last look, and then she would leave it. She placed it exactly in the right light, and stood gazing at it with a pardonable pride; and a pleasant feeling came over her, at the thought of seeing it in Christoforo's beautiful little home. And then the subject, too, was so fitting!—a merry gathering of Italian peasants in their picturesque costume, enjoying a gala day in the woods; a pair of lovers wandering off by themselves, and a roguish boy pointing the attention of the whole party to the tree behind which they stood, but which did not hide the girl's white dress. It was a simple picture, and Arvia had the good taste to feel that it was more appropriate for her future home, than those where lords and knights were depicted.

She stood thus until the twilight came on, in which she hoped to get home unnoticed, when the door gently opened, and one of the Savelli, as she knew by the strong family resemblance, entered the room. She judged him to be Romano, a son of the duke, who had been absent on his travels for several years, but who, she had heard, had now returned. She stood in the shadow, trembling at what he might consider her presumption, and not daring to move. Once she thought he was about to leave without noticing her, in the dim twilight of the room; but just as her hope was highest, and he was at the door, he caught a glimpse of her figure and returned.

It may be that Arvia's surroundings, of late, had given a perceptible air of dignity and grace to her appearance. Certainly Romano Savelli had no mocking look, when he addressed her as "Lady," and greeted her as he would a princess.

She made her excuses in a modest and tremulous voice, which, however, resumed its clear, silvery tone before she finished speaking. He listened, as if spell-bound, and again addressed her as before.

"Indeed, my lord prince," she said, "I am no visitor, as you seem to think, but only the daughter of Roberti, the duke's servant. I have to ask pardon for intruding here; but my desire to copy this picture, made me bold. Forgive me, and I will take it away directly!"

He scarcely comprehended her. The daughter of his father's servant, and making not only very tolerable, but really admirable copies of some of his best paintings! It mystified him completely; and while he was pondering upon it, Arvia made her way to the door. Of course, he could not impede her exit; but he threw himself into a chair, after the vision had departed, and wondered if indeed he had been awake or dreaming.

Romano Savelli was one of the most gifted sons of Rome. He had hardly attained his twenty-first year, and already he had exhausted the stores of learning. The hope and pride of his family, they had already negotiated a marriage for him with the young and lovely daughter of a noble Neapolitan, and only the extreme youth of the lady prevented it from taking place. Eight hundred thousand scudi was the sum named for the bride's dowry. Romano had never yet seen her; but the fortune was a temptation to the duke, his father, and hitherto the young prince had been obedient to his wishes.

He was, in person and manners, the perfection of nobleness and dignity—causing him to be worshipped by the class of patricians to which he belonged, as much as he was loved and cher-

ished by his own family. Altogether, Romano Savelli was an idol which all would have been shocked to see descend from the pedestal on which it was placed; and hitherto he had shown no disposition to abandon it. He lived in an atmosphere of love and adulation, and if it had been withdrawn, he would have died.

No one had suspected that under the calm, self-possessed, dignified exterior of the prince, a passionate nature existed, which, once roused, would never be subdued until a great wrong had been done, to either himself or others. True, the demon had seldom or never been awakened; but woe to him or to her who should awaken it!

Such was the being whom Arvia had met for the first time. She had been struck by the beauty of his countenance, and the inexpressible sweetness of his voice; but further than that, she thought of nothing but the intrusion of which she had been guilty.

On the morning succeeding her strange interview, she besought her father to go for her pictures and materials as early as possible. He did so, and returned with the news that the duke's son was there in the room, and was pleased to admire the paintings and to ask many questions respecting the artist.

Arvia said not a word. She helped her father to frame the paintings, and to carry them to Christoforo's cottage, where already he had removed the simple furniture they would require. Christoforo was there, when they arrived. He had never seen any specimen of Arvia's genius, and he received them with surprise and delight.

"They are too beautiful for the rest of our surroundings," he said; but Arvia thought otherwise, and told him that if she could only have plenty of flowers, her rooms would be quite splendid enough for her.

They talked long and pleasantly of their future, and parted with kind words and looks, such as linger fondly in the memory of lovers.

As the maiden turned from the little home so soon to be hers, she encountered the prince; and, much to her annoyance, he turned and walked by her side. She was embarrassed, thinking only of her intrusion at the castle. Before parting, the infatuated prince declared her love for her in such terms as made it plain to her that he would never give her up, until she should be safe under Christoforo's protection. She determined, in this view of the case, no longer to delay the marriage which Christoforo was constantly wishing to take place.

She tried to get rid of the prince, on plea of an engagement at home; but he insisted on accompanying her thither, and her father was too

dependent on the duke to allow her to affront his son by refusing so simple a request, even though she constantly felt the discrepancy of the prince and herself walking together, and trembled lest she should be seen with him. Christoforo, she knew, would be racked with jealousy; and, altogether, the poor girl entered her home as miserable and wretched as she had hitherto been happy and cheerful.

Importuned constantly, as she was, to dismiss her affianced husband, and annoyed by the rich presents which Romano was always sending her, but which she scrupulously refused to accept, she was driven almost to desperation—the more, because her father, to whom she had confided the persecutions of the prince, feared to acquaint the duke with his son's passion for one so far beneath his own rank.

One thing, however, he could do; and that was, to keep his daughter out of his way until she was Christoforo's wife. Arvia's mother, a sensible, good woman, hastened on the marriage as much as possible, to prevent the ill effects of close confinement within doors on her daughter's health. In fact, everything was conducted with as much prudence and delicacy as possible—their dread being, chiefly, that the affair should transpire at the castle.

The marriage day arrived, and the bridal train proceeded to the church. Never had Arvia looked so lovely as on this day. Her thoughts were all concentrated in the solemn ceremony which was taking place, and an expression of calm happiness rested on her beautiful features. She forgot the prince and his persecutions, and gave up her whole soul to the words of the priest who was the friend and adviser of the Roberti family, and had known her from childhood.

Christoforo, too, was manly and self-possessed on this day; and every one thought it was a pleasant bridal to witness, of two so handsome and equally matched. Not every one—for behind a pillar, in the darkest corner of the church, stood Romano Savelli, the picture of despair and rage. To see the only woman whom he had ever loved, torn from him in this way, was death to his pride, as well as bitter for his affectionate and loving heart. It made a madman of him; and, peaceful as his outer life had ever been, he now swore revenge.

In coming out, the bridal train passed the very angle where he stood. He came forward a few steps, so that her garments touched him. He leaned towards her, and whispered in her ear. Till then, she had not seen him. She grew pale as death, and leaned heavily on Christoforo's arm; but the bridegroom saw

nothing, and joyfully clasped her nearer—and then Romano disappeared.

The few days devoted to wedding festivities and company were over, and Arvia had settled down in her little home, and Christoforo had gone to the duke's vineyard, to his labor. She was happy in that home, save for one thought. The whispered words on her marriage day still rung in her ears. She busied herself about her house, which was like a little paradise, with its olive grove and vines without, and the flowers and pictures within.

She had prepared Christoforo's simple dinner, carried it with her own hands to the vineyard, and sat down at her window to read. It was the first time she had taken a book, since the Savelli had arrived; and absorbed in its contents, she heeded not that there was an eye at the window opposite, watching her. She was on the garden side of the house. A light railing separated the possessions of Christoforo from another's, and Romano had hired the room of their neighbor, to watch Arvia's movements. When, at length, she raised her eyes and saw that he was in her own garden, having leaped the railing, and stood before the window, she almost shrieked aloud; but at that moment, Christoforo opened the door at the other side of the cottage, and she ran eagerly to meet him.

It is useless to record the persecutions of that summer. Romano was constantly writing to her—constantly sending costly and beautiful presents. She showed the letters to her husband, and returned the presents. At length, Christoforo declared that he would give the prince a lesson which he should never forget, and which should leave her in peace from his absurd and annoying attentions. He compelled Arvia to answer a passionate letter from the prince, appointing an interview; and Christoforo, dressed as a woman, was to receive him. The absurdity of such an affair, and the dread of its being known, would, he assured his wife, be the means of driving Savelli back to Rome, where the family had already taken up their abode—the summer being now over.

Arvia, knowing the jealous temper of her husband, dared not resist the plan, although she had an indefinite dread of its result. She wrote to Christoforo's dictation; and shutting herself in her chamber, she left him to await the prince, in the disguise of a woman. She heard Romano when he came—a dead silence succeeded, and then, the sharp ringing sound of a pistol echoed through the house. The presentiment was only too true!

Arvia awoke from her long, low swoon to find

herself in the prison-house at Borgo Castello. Her husband had fled, as soon as the deed was committed which destroyed the prince; and she was awaiting examination as a witness, or perhaps accomplice. Her asseverations of innocence were unheeded; and the Savelli family were determined that she should die. Even the rack was applied to make her confess; but she remained true to her first statement, and declared her ignorance of her husband's intentions. Great efforts were made to find Christoforo, upon whose head a price of thirty thousand scudi was set, and leaders of banditti were negotiated with to find and deliver him, but without success.

Margaret of Austria, daughter of Charles V., and wife of Octavio Farnese, the Pope's grandson, was then residing in Rome. The fame of Arvia's beauty reached her, and she visited her in prison. To the prisoner, debarred for months from any of her own sex, this visit was like that of an angel.

She related every particular to the princess, who, struck by the intelligence and beauty of the youthful prisoner, applied to Paul III. for her release. The Pope was ready to consent, if she could win the Duke of Savelli, and the broken-hearted father listened to her words, and withdrew the persecution of the unfortunate Arvia, who was now set at liberty.

The poor duke was soon after seized with a fever, resulting in madness; and, dying in a lunatic asylum, the title ended with his life. Arvia returned to her solitary home; but the loneliness and gloom connected with the fatal remembrance of her brief period of happiness there, made it insupportable. She entered into service in the household of Margaret of Austria, to whose solicitations alone she owed her life. The princess was much attached to her unfortunate attendant, and kept her constantly about her person; and by her tender solicitude, she partly weaned her from her deep grief.

Of her husband, she never heard again, except from unreliable sources. Some persons said that he had been seen in Aleppo; but nothing certain was known of his fate, from the moment in which he avenged the persecution of his wife so fearfully.

Fiery Wine.

The employment of sulphur in the treatment of the vine disease, has had a very singular and a very awkward effect. The wine made from grapes which have grown on vines so treated, has an unmistakable brimstone flavor. Those who are singular enough to like a fiery wine, may now have it in the highest degree; but the flavor is described by those who have experienced it, as being abominable.

THE OWL.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

I love to hear, when trees are bare,
And woodland paths knee-deep with snow,
The long halloo fill all the air,
Where flits the great owl to and fro.

Strange visions then the mind recalls,
Of things Minerva's bird has seen;
Old crumbling towers and ghostly halls,
Wherein the round-eyed owl has been.

I've listened pensively, and felt
My soul return to days gone by;
To seasons when the old owl dwelt
With grander folks than you and I.

In days when want's remorseless frown
Made poets seek the attic too,
He watched them under shadows brown
As the brown wing wherewith he flew.

That noiseless wing, methinks, indeed,
May once have waved o'er Otway's head,
While paused the bard in woful need
Twixt love of fame and want of bread.

And while the poet's lamp grew dim,
And dimmer still his hoped-for prize,
The great owl through the garret grim
Stared on his work with curious eyes.

"Mayhap," he mused, "I'll live like you;
Brief fashion dies, whate'er its cost,
But nature's own creations, true
To nature's self, can ne'er be lost."

And when as now his voice is heard,
Or when I mark his ghostly flight,
I can but love the solemn bird,
That with old bards out-watched the night.

THE MYSTERY.

BY HARRY MCMAHON.

THERE was not a spot—no, not a foot of ground about Merton Woods, that I had not explored thoroughly; not a pond or lake in their vicinity where I had not bathed and fished. I knew the history of all the old houses and people, just as well as if I had been born amongst them—which I had not. I spent every summer there,—and all summer, too—not the miserable, foggy dog-days—and I can truly say that I relished it. No matter if that little town in New Hampshire, on the borders of the Ammonoosuc, did boast of but one church, and if that one stood for all practical purposes of lecture-room, town hall and "meetin' us." No matter if all the people did not understand all that the minister said. They were good, hospitable, kindly people, with a deal of plain, sound sense, and very little nonsense.

There is ever, in these out-of-the-way places, some one or two families who seem scarcely to belong to the rest of the inhabitants, and yet are part and parcel of the village, and bound to the others by certain cords which would pain both parties to sever. My connections lay equally with the highest and lowest of the village of Clydeville. I had my home with an old couple who lived at the end of the village, apart from every other family—a sweet, quiet place, where the stillness was almost unbroken through the long summer day, save by the rustling of the leaves, and the voice of the Ammonoosuc.

Merton Woods formed the boundary to Clydeville, separating it from another and a busier town; to which, however, I seldom bent my way, satisfied, as I was, with the waving cornfields, the rich meadows, and all the delightful scenery which rendered Clydeville so pleasant a retreat. My home was in an old farm-house, with wide, low rooms, and standing almost in the midst of a locust grove, of my host's own planting, which effectually hid all the unsightly accompaniments of the farm-yard. Two very high elms shaded the front of the house, and the orchard lay on the southern slope, displaying its thick blooms, or its crimson and golden fruit to the full gaze of those who sailed on the pretty river. Altogether this was as comfortable and pleasant a home as I could have found. My hostess was the best and dearest of old ladies, and her husband, although somewhat authoritative and dictatorial, was in the main, a good-hearted, kind man. There were three or four hired men, a stout country lassie, a thin, pale maiden, not over young, the niece of Mr. Fielding; and the pretty, rosy grandchild of eight years, whose father and mother had left her to the care of the two old people when they died.

Miss Sophronia Fielding was, as I have hinted, an old maid; but a meek and mild one, with not a drop of acid in her whole composition. Little Maud—where did they get that quaint old English name?—was a rare little playmate, full of mirth and laughter, yet with a wisdom occasionally, beyond her years, as children are apt to have who live only with their elders. At the other extreme of the village, a loftier house than the farm could boast of, reared its tall chimneys above the rest of the dwellings. This was the abode of a gentleman named Clyde, the last representative of the family from which the town took its name. He lived alone, excepting that he employed an old woman to cook his meals, and keep the house in order; after doing which, she retired to a small cottage near by, never staying at her employer's excepting when actu-

ally at work. That Mr. Clyde was an intense student, I inferred from the fact, that his light was streaming at nearly all hours of the night, from what I had been told were his library windows. That he was a solitary, perhaps misanthropic man, I also inferred, from his lonely walks, his sails upon the river without a companion, and an occasional shooting excursion on which I had met him in the woods.

He interested me—this lonely being—lonely amidst a peculiarly social and companionable people. I longed to know something of the inner life of one whose outer was mingled so little with that of others. There were times when I thirsted for more of intellectual life than I could find at the farm-house. Pleasant and good as they were, there was not sufficient of the intellectual for a rainy day, when neither sporting nor sailing could be accomplished. Then I would have given much to have stepped quietly into Mr. Clyde's library, and discuss with the close student some literary point, or wage with him the war of criticism.

Moreover, his home had the reputation of being haunted. Some had seen the figure of a white lady, who was supposed to be a former Mrs. Clyde, at the window of the north chamber, by moonlight: and others had seen a boat, with a white figure in it, land close under the garden wall which was built on the river bank. A haunted house in the country is an object of no mean interest to visitors; and I longed to become acquainted with a man who had such a desirable curiosity in possession. But, strange to say, the name of Clyde was never mentioned by any one at the farm, and the only question I ever asked respecting him was met with such decided coolness, that I was prevented from ever renewing any conversation leading to the subject. I said I was intimate with the highest and lowest of the Clydevillers. Sim Jackson, a poor, half crazed, half idiotic lad, was my helper in all excursions, whether of boating or shooting; and although I ran some risk of his bringing me into a scrape, and both of us into danger, by his witless carelessness in handling fire-arms and oars. But he seemed so genuinely happy to be employed, and I was spending so pleasant a summer myself, that I could afford to give pleasure to one being, at least. I was rewarded by the intense satisfaction he displayed on these occasions; his gentle, feminine face lighting up with a smile which would have been very beautiful, had it not been so soulless. Poor Sim! He saw the pained look which I wore, and immediately looked as grave and sorry, as if he knew all my speculations about his deficiencies.

We rowed almost under the wall of Mr. Clyde's possessions one day, and Sim put on a wonderfully wise look, as he glanced up at the windows of the chamber reputed haunted. A sight of the master of the house, walking up and down the garden paths, stopped the words he was about to speak, and he shrank down in the boat. Carelessly enough, I gave Sim the oars, because I could better gaze at the man I had so much wanted to know; and resigning myself to a half lying posture, I marked every motion and look of the person in the garden. He was handsome, well formed, and with a certain air of dignity which impressed me. Sim was handling the oars with rather too much of a flourish, and I leaned towards him to check him. He was muttering something about Mr. Clyde and "Miss Sophrone," as he called her, and seeing that he was in one of his strange moods, I attempted to take the oar from his hands. I knew no more until I was lying under an apple-tree in that same garden, and Mr. Clyde bathing my head, which ached horribly. Sim was crying a little way off. I put my hand to my head, and when I withdrew it, I saw it was covered with blood.

"You have had an ugly blow, sir," said the sweetest, yet most powerful voice that I had ever heard. There was music in every tone.

I began to apologize for the trouble I was giving, and attempted to rise, but found myself incapable.

"Lie still, sir," said the voice, "I am something of a surgeon, and will attend to your wound as soon as you have taken this powder, which will prevent any ill effects from it."

Bandages, sticking plaster and a pail of water were near him, and a case of minute bottles lay on the ground, from one of which he took an atom of white powder, and laid it on my lip. He then bound up the wound, and signing to poor Sim who was yet weeping, he assisted him to carry me to the house, where a shaded room, and a cool, white couch received me and my aching head, and I was left to the care of the poor fellow who had so innocently injured me.

"How was it, my good lad?" I asked.

"O, that oar—that oar," he began, but broke down at once.

"Don't cry, Sim. I shall be well in a day. I have had twenty worse blows than this."

"Have you?" he asked eagerly. "Then I shan't have to be hung, shall I?"

"Of course not, Sim. What put that into your head?"

"Why, Master Robert, you know Fessor

Webster is hung, don't you?" He said this with a shiver that was painful to see.

"Well, that was quite another thing. You did not mean to strike me, my poor lad, and you are quite sorry, are you not?"

"Sartin, sartin, master Robert."

"Well, no one can touch you, and we will have many a sail yet together."

He curled himself down upon the floor, when I signified that talking hurt my head, and when I awoke after a quiet sleep, he still lay there.

"I shall be able to go home to-night," I said to Mr. Clyde, who came in about sunset, with a cup of tea.

"No, sir! I am responsible for your cure, and I shall not permit it. I have sent old Betty down to the farm, and they will not expect you."

I submitted only because I thought I should know more of my host if I staid. Betty returned, and brought word that "Miss Sophronia" would be up to see me. Mr. Clyde turned pale.

"He does not like intrusion," thought I, and again I entreated to go home. He refused: and then I would have sent Sim to prevent any one from coming. He would not permit it however, and I had no power to resist his will.

I lay quite still until the room was perfectly dark. Then I heard a quiet and familiar step beneath the windows. Mr. Clyde sat in the porch. I had been so quiet that he probably thought me asleep, for he said, in clear, musical tones: "Love, do I see you once more?"

Her answer was low and indistinct, and I knew she was weeping. I supposed she asked for me, for he answered:

"He is in no danger, and could have gone home; but I knew that you would come if you thought him injured. He sleeps now, and this hour must be mine. Sophronia, do you love me still?"

"How can you doubt it? Does not my wasted figure tell you how I have suffered?"

"Do you believe my innocence in regard to your brother?"

"God knows I do. But my uncle will not hear a word in your defence, and although you were so justly cleared at the trial, he still believes that you killed poor Edwin."

"Edwin! I would have given my life to save him. I tried hard to do so, and did as I would have desired another to act by me. He was imprudent, and I tried to check him. He grew angry, and then—why, you know the rest, Sophronia. After that terrible storm of anger, he still threatened me, still sought my life. He drank deeply, and then he came and insulted

me, so that I might strike him. I thank God I never did! Had I given him a single blow, it would have lain on my heart like murder. In his mad attempt to draw me down stairs, he fell backward, and that blow killed him." He made a pause, and then resumed. "Does your uncle know—did he, or his wife ever suspect that we were married?"

I started up in bed. Miss Sophronia—that pattern of maiden ladies—that quiet, good, amiable old maid, as I had thought her, married! and to Mr. Clyde, too! I did not hear her answer, but suppose it was in the negative.

"No!" he said, bitterly, "they would turn you from their door. I wish they would. Love, will you never come to live with me?"

"Never, until I convince them of your innocence. They were softer than usual to-night, and did not object to my coming up to see Mr. Merrifield. Let me go and see him, Richard."

He came into the room with her. I pretended to awake, when they brought in the light. Miss Sophronia was full of compassion for my injury, and of pity for poor Sim, who had fairly cried himself to sleep, as he lay curled up like a dog, at the foot of my couch. I looked at the two, as they stood beside me. Mr. Clyde was very pale; but Sophronia was absolutely radiant. I could hardly believe that she was the pale, haggard woman, who walked so silently about the old farm-house. As they left me, and went back again to the porch, where they sat until midnight, I found by their conversation, that she had once or twice visited him in his lonely home, at night, and that this had given rise to the story of the White Lady. A few interviews had alone been practicable. The marriage took place just before Sophronia's brother died, while she was away from the farm-house, and being naturally timid, and much afraid of her uncle, she dared not tell him that Clyde was her husband. It may be thought strange that he consented to her silence; but he had promised her that he would not claim her, until her relatives believed him innocent; and as no one but Edwin knew of her marriage, it could easily be concealed. That year she had spent with her brother, but all the rest of her life, she had been with her uncle, and her obligations to him, and the thought that she had not consulted him about her marriage with Richard Clyde, kept her silent. Richard himself was too proud to insist upon it. In fact, the strange occurrences that broke in upon Miss Sophronia's quiet life that year, so wrought upon her frame, and disturbed her mind, that the rest and silence of the farm house were more desirable for her state than anything else.

Part of this history came out on the evening I lay in Richard's house. The rest I soon learned ; for Miss Sophronia told Richard to let me know how they were connected. I returned home in the morning with her, and spent a week in idleness, only that I was revolving in my mind some incidents which had come to my knowledge, respecting this affair, just before I came away.

On my bed, that evening, the whole story of Edwin Fielding's death came back to me. A friend of mine had witnessed a death very similar, but had not mentioned the names. He did not speak of it at the time, because he wished much to go in the steamer, the next day, and when he returned home, there was nothing more to hear, only that somebody had been accused, tried and cleared. He knew that the dead man had come to his end by his own hasty and ungovernable temper. I wrote him immediately to meet me at Clydeville, without delay. I longed to see Sophronia in that now lonely house, and to see the color permanent in her cheek, that had flushed up so brightly on that night.

My friend came. The Fieldings thought he came because I was somewhat unwell still from my injury, and they showed him the kindest attentions. I made him recall every word of his former narration to me. It was the very scene, names and all, fresh in his memory. I got him to relate it as if incidentally, one evening, when we sat by moonlight in the old porch, without mentioning the name. The farmer started from his chair, and made him repeat it, and after he had done so, and my friend had said, "by the by, Mr. Fielding, the man's name was the same as yours," the old man turned to his wife, and said :

"Becky, we have done great wrong to Mr. Clyde, I believe after all that he is innocent."

What words were these for the meek, patient woman who was sitting behind the old couple, and from whose heart I heard a deep, deep sob ! It was one of thankfulness, I knew.

The next morning, quite early, I saw the old farmer take his oaken stick, and calling to little Maud, who went every where with him, he ascended the hill which led to Mr. Clyde's house. He was there long, and when he returned, he went up to poor Sophronia, who was trembling like a leaf, and said simply :

"I am sorry to part with you, niece, but you will be wanted at home ; and before he had well got the words from his lips, Richard Clyde entered.

I never saw a man look so much a man, as he did, when he went up to Mrs. Fielding's chair, shook hands with her cordially, and said a few words in reply to her petition for his pardon. It

was all that one could ask of a man who, for so long a time, had lain under unjust suspicions.

"My brother Edwin was rash and inexcusable," he said, "but he was my brother still. I never harmed him."

Sophronia's dewy eyes looked tenderly upon him as he called her brother his own ; and the old people to whom Edwin had been very dear, wondered how they could ever have been so hard hearted, as to doubt him. The old farmhouse looked lonely after the light step and soft voice of Sophronia had left it. She had a queer successor there, too ; none other than poor Sim ! He grew somewhat more rational after leaving his wild and idle life, for a real home, which Mr. Fielding said he deserved, for being the real cause of Sophronia's happiness.

And very happy she was ; and very cheerful now was the haunted house, with the White Lady flitting about its rooms, and the windows all open to the sun and air. Old Betty gave place to two fresh country maid servants ; but she is amply provided for by the Clydes. My friend and myself are invited to pass the whole of next summer at the house on the hill ; and if they will find room for two ladies also, we shall certainly do so, both of us entertaining serious thoughts of marrying.

While I write, Sim is continually coming up to me, pushing the hair from a great scar on my forehead, and meaning as if in pain ; and although it annoys me, still, I cannot bear to send the poor lout out of the room. If I were only to speak of getting out the boat for a sail, he would weep for an hour, so sensitive he is to the remembered dangers of that day.

NOT IN TUNE.

When those aids to singing, called musical pitchforks, were first introduced, the precentor of Carnock parish, a few miles from Dunfermline, Scotland, thought he might not be the worse of one, and accordingly ordered the Edinburgh carrier to bring it over. The honest carrier, who never heard of any other pitchfork but that used in the barnyard, purchased one at least ten feet long. It was late in the Saturday evening before he came home, and as a message had been left to bring it up when he came to church next day, he marched into the churchyard before the bell rang, where the master of song was standing amid a group of villagers. "Aweel, John, here's the pitchfork you wanted ; but I can tell you, I ne'er thought muckle o' your singing before, and I'm sair mista'en if ye'll sing ony better now.—*Scottish Guardian.*"

Many men want wealth—not a competence alone, but a *five-story competence*. Every thing subserves this ; and religion they would like as a sort of lightning rod to their houses, to ward off by-and-by the bolts of divine wrath.

THEY'LL NE'ER RETURN AGAIN.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

Youth's flowers, though falling, still do cast
 Perennial perfume,
 And, through the vista of the past,
 In pensive beauty bloom.
 Bright visions oft unbidden start,
 And o'er the spirit reign,
 Until a voice swells through the heart—
 "They'll ne'er return again!"

How strange and sad that echo beats
 The prison bars of joy!
 How true the lesson it repeats—
 How soon it doth destroy.
 Alas! 'tis o'er—we now must tread
 The pathway proud of man.
 Farewell! my dearest dreams are dead—
 "They'll ne'er return again!"

The rarest gems on hope's high throne
 Are scattered now and gone,
 While on life's ravished altar stone
 A weary heart lives on—
 A heart that cannot all forget,
 Though close akin to pain—
 The loved and lost, and feel regret
 "They'll ne'er return again!"

Fond fancy often brings the glow
 Of childhood's pleasant years,
 And seals awhile the fount whence flow
 Wan recollection's tears;
 'Tis then in memory's brimming bowl
 I steep my world-worn brain,
 Till, ah! an echo strikes the soul—
 "They'll ne'er return again!"

THE SURPRISE PARTY.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

"This is preposterous!" exclaimed Mr. William Loring, as he glanced over the newspaper, while seated at the breakfast table, one cold winter morning.

It was a cosy room, with a bright coal fire sparkling in the handsome grate, making the view from the large French window look infinitely colder, with its white, snow-covered fields. Mr. William Loring was a widower, handsome, rich and jovial; opposite to him sat his handsome, buxom sister, Marianne Harland, a widow with a small jointure, and by his side was his niece, Alice Harland, a very beautiful, self-willed girl of nineteen. Six years ago, when his brother-in-law, George Harland, a poor clergyman died, William Loring offered his sister and her daughter a home, which they had thankfully accepted. The brother and sister were very fond of each other, and the three formed a very happy household, their only point of difference

being the aforesaid Alice, whom her mother petted injudiciously. This her brother William saw and gently remonstrated about, but all to no effect. When Mr. Loring made the exclamation, both sister and niece looked up, though neither spoke, waiting some further remark, which was not long in coming:

"This is equally preposterous! In my opinion, the people of Ashton are going crazy!"

"About what, William?"

"About surprise parties!"

"What; delightful surprise parties, uncle William?"

"Do you think them delightful, Alice?"

"Yes, indeed, uncle. Only think, without any of the trouble of writing and sending invitations, ordering supper or music, you have a splendid party. Your friends come without any notice, and there is not the slightest trouble. I wish the people would take it into their heads to give us a surprise."

"Pooh! pooh! Alice. I think it is a barbarous custom; perfectly piratical. You look at only the bright side of things, dear Alice. Look at my picture. I'm in my library, smoking a quiet cigar, listening to the distant sound of your voice, as you sing some of your pretty songs; your mother sits near you, quietly embroidering, when a ring is heard—the servant goes to the door, expecting to usher in some of our pleasant friends, when in rushes, perhaps forty people, followed by servants carrying baskets, boxes, tubs of ice cream, kegs of oysters, and nobody knows what. Like a horde of Cossacks they come in, disturbing all your quiet—take possession of your domicile, pull up the carpets, upset your China closet and pantry, and half craze the cook. Then comes dancing and feasting, and about two o'clock in the morning, they take their leave, and your house is a perfect scene of confusion."

"Ha! ha! ha! uncle William, you have presented a very dreadful picture to my eyes, but I still keep to my own view of the affair," and whistling to her canary, Alice put a piece of sugar between the bars of his cage. As she stood on a cricket, in her pretty, rich, carmine, merino morning-robe, she looked very charming, and her uncle could not help glancing admiringly at her.

"Suppose, uncle," and the girl smiled maliciously, "the Ashtonites were to give us a splendid surprise party?"

"I believe I should be tempted to shoot the first intruder."

"Oh, fie! You are a very wicked man, uncle William. I should be delighted with one, but,

if they are so very disagreeable to you, I shall take care to spread abroad the news, so that any evil-disposed persons may be deterred from making the attempt."

As she spoke, Alice jumped down from the cricket, and ran to get her uncle's overcoat, hat and cane, for he had risen from the table, and was preparing to go out.

"William, what put the notion of surprise parties into your head, this morning," asked his sister, Mrs. Harland.

"Seeing an account of one in this morning's paper—the seventh this month, and it is only the twentieth to day. It is a perfect mania with the inhabitants of this hitherto sane, quiet village. Good morning." And so speaking, Mr. William Loring left the house.

His sister Marianne watched him, as with a quick, firm tread, he walked down the avenue, leading from the house. Her eyes grew moist, for she thought of his unvarying kindness to her all her life, and especially, since she had been a member of his household. Mrs. Harland was fast losing herself in tender, grateful recollections, when the clear voice of her daughter brought her to her senses.

"Mother, what are we to do?"

"Why? What has happened?"

"O, nothing has happened yet, but will. I have a suspicion that we are to be surprised as well as the rest of the villagers, and this very evening."

"What has put that notion into your head, child?"

Alice blushed, hesitated, and at last spoke as if in sort of desperation:

"John Marshall said—"

"You have not been associating with him again, against your uncle's express wishes, have you?"

Alice blushed still deeper, and she panted as she answered: "Yes, I have too. I don't see why I should give him up, just because uncle happens to have a prejudice against the poor fellow. You, yourself, say you see nothing objectionable in him, and rather like him."

"So I do, Alice, but your uncle has more means than either you or I of knowing the character of the young man, and he says, that although he seems gentlemanly and refined, his tastes and habits are low."

"That's my uncle's nonsense. He dislikes him, because I don't, and then he wants me to have that stupid, old-fashioned, prosy, bookish partner of his, Sydney Ellis, who has only his handsome eyes and aristocratic name to recommend him. I can tell him he'll never be my

husband, if I stay an old maid all the days of my life!"

"Alice Alice!" exclaimed her mother, as she listened to her daughter's petulant exclamations. "Don't speak so decidedly. If you love John Marshall I am sorry; yet, unless there are proofs of his unworthiness, I cannot counsel you wholly to discard him, but you can treat him rather coolly, and not meet him so frequently. I have an idea that the next time he calls here, your uncle will forbid him the house—so be very careful how you behave. I'll do all I can to make your uncle look with favorable eyes on his suit."

"You are a dear, good mother. Now just listen to what he said. He did not say anything very particular—yet it was too. 'The first night the moon is full, your house may be too.' Wasn't it prettily said? Just like him."

"Really, Alice, I see no way of avoiding the calamity, for I agree with your uncle, in thinking surprise parties a perfectly absurd custom. The only way to escape, will be to get your uncle to take us to the theatre to-night. That will fix everything nicely. We'll stay in the city over night, and I will give the servants a holiday. The party will come, find the house shut up, and be obliged to go away. A capital idea, is it not, Alice?"

"No, mama. It would be very mean to serve people so. It has become the fashion to have these parties in the village, and uncle must abide by it; for my part, I think they are delightful."

"They may seem so to you, having only attended them, but only wait till they come here, into your own house, and you will see the difference."

"I shan't have long to wait, mama, only till evening."

"Then you will not agree to my plan of going to the city?"

"No, indeed. I'd rather stay here."

"Well, do as you like, but I hope your uncle will not be very angry, or that the house will not be turned topsy-turvy."

The day seemed endless to Alice. She practised some of her most brilliant pieces and sweetest songs; sewed diligently, and yet, when she looked at the mantel clock, it was only two—time for her uncle to come home. She stood at the drawing room window, idly drumming with her fingers on the pane, and gazing dreamily down the avenue. Suddenly she walked away, and taking a seat at the farthest end of the room, began to work, as if against time.

"Most time for your uncle, Alice."

"Yes, he'll be here in a few seconds; I saw him coming up the avenue with that bore, Sydney Ellis. I don't see what possessed uncle to bring him home to-day, of all days. I won't have much to say to him, that he'll find out."

"You will try and please your uncle, Alice, and behave like a lady," gravely spoke Mrs. Harland; for although she too often weakly yielded to her daughter, she wished always to have Alice please her uncle.

A stamping in the hall and the cheery voice of Mr. Loring, then a little pause, and the door opened, and the two gentlemen entered the cheerful, elegant room, their faces glowing with their walk in the cold air. Mrs. Harland came forward to welcome the comers, but Alice only rose, bowing stiffly and shyly, almost without raising her eyes. Sydney Ellis came up to her, shaking her extended hand very cordially.

"Ah, Miss Alice, I am glad to see you looking so well," and the voice was very rich and musical, and fraught with a mournful cadence, as he turned to Mrs. Harland, and said:

"I would gladly give my own excellent health, if I could but see my sister Annie looking as fresh as your daughter."

"How is your sister this winter?" hurriedly asked Mrs. Harland.

"She looks about the same as usual in flesh, she is no thinner, but much paler and weaker. She fades daily."

Just then the dinner bell sounded, and for a moment put an end to their conversation. But there had been that in Sydney Ellis's voice, which had made the heart of Alice thrill, and she took his arm with gentler feelings than ever before, and seated opposite to him at the table, she found herself looking at the face before her very often.

Sydney Ellis could scarcely be called handsome, for his features were irregular, and when the face was at rest, the eyes lowered, he might be termed actually homely, but call up a smile and glance of the eyes, and the face was transformed. The smile was rare, but when it came was like a gush of sunshine, spreading over the face, and lighting up the dark, soul-full eyes. More than once during the pleasant meal, Alice saw the wondrous beauty of the smile, and felt the deep, penetrating glance of the eyes. Every time she looked at the speaking face, she felt a strange thrill, a great softening of her feelings towards him. When the dinner was over, and they all had adjourned to the drawing-room, Alice felt to a greater degree the fascination Sydney unconsciously exerted over her. In vain she called to her mind the handsome, reg-

ular features of John Marshall, to whom she had all but pledged her faith, a shudder almost passed over her as she thought of him. At last she gave up the attempt, and entered with her whole heart into the conversation of her gifted companion. Just before six o'clock, Sydney rose. He must go, for his mother was going out, and his sister Annie needed his company. It was with a sigh of regret that Alice saw him rise, and as he stood speaking to her uncle, she glided from the room. Sydney Ellis lingered, hoping she would return, but as she did not, he took his leave. As he opened the front door, and made his parting salutation to Mr. Loring, Alice glided up, and putting a box into his hand, said:

"A few flowers for your sister Annie, Mr. Ellis. Good-by." And before he could return any thanks she was gone.

Mr. Loring walked into the conservatory which was filled with flowers in full bloom. In one corner stood a beautiful tea-rose, the especial pet of Alice. A smile spread over the handsome face of the old man as he looked at it. Its only blossom was gone. As the hours flew by, Alice grew restless and sad. With her whole heart she dreaded what a few hours before she had so longed for—the surprise party. About half past seven o'clock, to the utmost consternation of Mr. Loring, his house was filled with guests, and in a little while the parlor carpet was covered with a white cloth, and people were gaily dancing, and a few hours later, the dining-room presented a festive scene. In the middle of it stood a large table covered with a snowy cloth, and glittering with cut glass and silver, and loaded with all the delicacies of the season. With perfect politeness and good nature, Mr. Loring treated his unwelcome guests, though his face flushed slightly, and his bow was very stiff, as he received the dashing John Marshall. Alice was vexed and uncomfortable, for the assiduous attentions of her admirer had become very distasteful. The face she had always thought handsome was rapid and bold, the conversation soulless and shallow, and the manners she had always liked as spirited and gay, now struck her as bold and presuming. In vain she endeavored to shake Mr. Marshall off, but she had permitted his attentions too long to get rid of him so easily, so she had to resign herself to her fate, inwardly blaming herself for the self-will which made her reject her uncle's affectionate advice. After supper Alice was seated at the piano singing, for she had a beautiful voice, and sang with taste and feeling. By her side, stood John Marshall, in a devoted attitude, ready to turn

over the leaves of the music-book, or murmur soft nothings in the no longer infatuated ear. As Alice sung, she raised her eyes, and beheld reflected in the mirror opposite to her the form of Sydney Ellis. His eyes were fastened with a look of infinite contempt upon her companion, and Alice's voice trembled in spite of herself, as she saw that contemptuous smile change to a look of mournfulness, as his eyes rested upon her for a moment. One glance, and Sydney turned and left the room. The song finished, Alice rose, and with a weary, heavy heart sought the solitude of the conservatory, there to shake off the weight upon her mind—to analyze her feelings. With a deep sigh, she seated herself upon a little rustic seat, and unconsciously her eyes filled with tears. A voice, which caused her heart to thrill, sounded close beside her.

"A few minutes since, I saw Miss Alice the centre of a gay, admiring circle, who listened almost breathlessly to her sweet singing—now, I find her alone, a sigh on her lips and tears in her eyes. What is the cause of your trouble?" asked Sydney Ellis, while almost unconsciously his voice grew low and tender.

"A common and not very gracious cause for trouble," answered Alice, the sadness fading away from her sweet face—"only dissatisfaction with myself and two-thirds of the world. But how is it that I find you here?"

"My mother returned early, and I wanted to thank you for the beautiful flowers you sent my sister. You were gone, before I could do so, this afternoon. I didn't expect such a company. One of your uncle's hated surprise parties."

Alice laughed gently, then said: "I have always liked them—that is, those that I attended, but when they are brought home to you they are less pleasant. I can now fully agree with my uncle. But I must return to the drawing-room—I shall be missed."

"One moment, Miss Alice. I must ask you one question, and believe me, if it seems impertinent, I can give you a reason for my boldness, which shall excuse me."

"You may ask the question, while I reserve to myself the liberty of refusing to answer it, if it is too impertinent."

"Will you tell me, Alice—if—if—Mr. Marshall is, or ever will be, to be caught to you?"

"No, he never will be. I must go now—your question is answered."

"God bless you!" and Alice felt her hand seized, and a warm kiss imprinted on it. "I must speak to you, Alice, now. I love you—love you dearly. Can I hope you will ever love me in return."

"Yes, Sydney, yes," and with a sudden bound Alice sprang from him, and in a moment more was in the drawing-room. She had been in the room but a few minutes, when Mr. Marshall came to her side.

"Your pardon, fair Alice, but I am unexpectedly called away. Have I your gracious permission to depart?"

"Yes."

The answer was courteous, though cold. A moment more, and she was rid of her persecutor, and in his stead, stood the man she loved. Some of the company were dancing, others looking at collections of engravings, others were conversing, when a servant burst into the room—

"Mr. Loring! Mr. Loring! Mr. Marshall has taken all the silver, and your best horse and buggy, and gone off! The coachman has gone after him, but the rascal has got the best horse, and ten minutes start!"

The whole room was in confusion. The young men of the party, who came in carriages set off in pursuit of the villain. Alice sat motionless, covered with confusion, for she thought of her own willfulness, and her uncle's words. A few minutes, and the house was empty of all its guests, save Sydney Ellis, who, stepping up to Mr. Loring, asked the hand of his niece. Alice stood before her uncle covered with blushes, knowing he would give his consent to the match, but dreading what he would have to say about the surprise party.

"Take her, Sydney, she is a good girl, and you are worthy of her. Ha! ha! ha! I laugh to think that the hated party has done me such a good turn. It has rid the village of a great scamp, and I hope frightened the good people of Ashton out of the notion of having any more SURPRISE PARTIES."

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

It is pleasant to see a green old age, like a Christmas tree, comfortably boxed in at home. It is pleasant to see its trunk, bent beneath the weight of riches, surrounded by a host of happy children. It is pleasant to see it stretching out its hospitable arms to all, as though it were anxious to embrace the entire party. It is pleasant to see it blossoming with generous things, and shedding a cheerful light on the gay circle it delights in drawing round it. And it is pleasant to see it distributing, with a lavish hand, the treasures it has accumulated on all branches, and to notice its head rising higher every time it parts with a fresh gift!—*Irving.*

The sunshine lies upon the mountain-top all day, and lingers there latest and longest at eventide; yet is the valley green and fertile, and the mountain-top barren and unfruitful.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

"A song for our banner?"—The watchword recall

Which gave the Republic her station;

"United we stand—divided we fall!"

It made and preserves us a nation!

The union of lakes—the union of lands—

The union of States none can sever—

The union of hearts—the union of hands—

And the Flag of the Union forever

And ever!

The Flag of our Union forever!

What God in his wisdom and mercy designed,

And armed with his weapons of thunder,

Not all the earth's despots and factions combined,

Have the power to conquer or sunder!

The union of lakes—the union of lands—

The union of States none can sever—

The union of hearts—the union of hands—

And the Flag of the Union forever

And ever!

The Flag of our Union forever!

O keep that flag flying!—The pride of the van!

To all other nations display it;

The ladies for union are all to a—man!

But not to the man who'd betray it.

Then the union of lakes—the union of lands—

The union of States none can sever—

The union of hearts—the union of hands—

And the Flag of the Union forever

And ever!

The Flag of our Union forever!

A GLANCE AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BY E. H. GOULD.

"I'm almost home. How glad dear Mary will be to see me, and the children too; but perhaps they'll not know me. It's all a dream, that I've been gone these three long years; have toiled early and late beneath a burning sun for a little gold: little enough I've got, too. I almost wish I had never thought of repairing my fortune."

With these words, Mr. Hopewell sat down upon the deck of the vessel, where he had been standing quite in despair. The moon was shining brightly in an unclouded sky, which seemed only to laugh at him, and the stars winked at each other, and looked coldly down upon the discouraged man.

"But why am I now murmuring because I have not made a fortune?" at length thought Mr. Hopewell. "I have health, strength, a resolute heart, and willing hands; with these, no one need beg or starve. I ought to feel rich with such possessions, and only one year since, when sick, lonely and sad among strangers, I

should have felt richer, happier far, to have been presented with these, and placed where I now am, than to have had all the wealth of California laid at my feet. I needn't tell everybody that I have but a few hundreds, nor shall I, and if I feel rich, it will be just as well as if I were so." Thus reasoned Mr. Hopewell with himself, and with quite a happy heart he left the vessel at the dawn of day, and soon procured a carriage to convey him home.

The stillness and beauty of a Sabbath morning was resting over the quiet village of M—. The bells chimed out the hour for church, which opened at once every door; and immediately the streets were filled with neatly clad, sober-looking men and women moving towards the church, among whom was Mrs. Hopewell and her two children.

Mr. Stone, the village lawyer, and Mr. Frost, the chief merchant, came along.

"I wonder if Hopewell is doing anything at California now?" inquired Mr. Stone.

"I don't think he is," replied Mr. Frost, "at least, he doesn't send anything home, I judge, for she doesn't purchase any goods compared with what she did when he was at home. I didn't believe he would do anything when he went," added Mr. Frost.

"No; there's no business in him," continued Mr. Stone. "He signed paper for that miserable brother of his, and went down once, and just as he was climbing up nicely again, bought railroad stock, which was soon of little value, and then he left us."

They had now arrived at the church, which put an end to their conversation, and they sat down, whether to worship God, or to think of bargains and gain, He who readeth the thoughts best knows.

Mr. Hopewell reached his residence at M—, soon after his wife left it and was on her way to church, as we have seen. But no sooner did he express a regret that she was not at home, than Jim, his father's hired servant, offered to go for her, assuring them that he could reach the church before the parson. But to his dismay, when he arrived at the door of the church, all out of breath, he heard the parson giving his text. The sight of so many people, and the loud tones of the parson quite confounded poor Jim, who had not for years found himself within the door of a church. The extreme pleasure he had anticipated in telling Mrs. Hopewell her husband's arrival, now left him. He stood for a moment hesitating, whether to return, or attempt to proceed, when moving forward a few

steps, he became convinced that ere he could reach the pew in which she sat, the floor would come up, and give him an unpleasant meeting, and as there was no other alternative, he made known his errand to Peter Dowd, the wood-sawyer, who sat in a free pew near the door.

The man who dwells in a crowded city may go and come, be sick and get well again, be rich and become poor, may live and die, and those at his very door scarce know of his existence; but not so with him who has his home in the little village, where all are neighbors, all are friends, and each feels an interest in the other. When Mrs. Hopewell went out of the church, there was such a rustling and whispering all over it, that the parson could scarce proceed with his sermon. All felt quite sure Hopewell had returned, and each felt anxious to see him, but the main question was, whether he had made anything, and anxiously many waited for the sermon to be o'er that it might be answered; but the parson was preaching on total depravity and predestination, which took him a great while to "clear up," and apply to his mind. Dolly Jenkins left while they were singing the doxology, in order to be the first to greet Mr. Hopewell, and learn the success of his three years at the gold regions. Just as she passed by the window, which was open, she heard Mr. Hopewell say to his wife, "I feel I'm a rich man, but I shall not tell every one just how much I've got."

Dolly on her way home from Mr. Hopewell's called at old Mr. Dane's, to tell them what an excellent sermon they had in the morning, and also of Mr. Hopewell's return.

"Lord a' massy!" said the old lady, "then that was he I saw going by in that nice carriage, which I took to be the new doctor that has just come to the upper village."

"Do tell, if Hopewell has really got back?" asked the old gentleman, as he laid aside Baxter's Saint's Rest, in which he had been reading. "I suppose he's got a lot o' gold."

"I guess so," said Dolly, with a significant nod of the head.

"I hope he has," said Mrs. Dane, drawing down the corners of her mouth; for it's too bad for his poor father to have to support his wife and two children for nothing."

"Hush up," said Mr. Dane, "Hopewell has sent home money. I don't know how much, but this is certain she had two hundred dollars about six months after he left."

"O, Mr. Dane, it can't be so," said two female voices together. "I should have heard of it before now," repeated Dolly; "then, if it

were true, why didn't she buy herself a new shawl, a better bonnet, or a new silk? And Charlie a hat with a feather in it, like Esq. Belton's boy, and Susan a better tunic, and some pretty ankle-ties?"

"But they will have these things now, I assure you," said Dolly, looking very wise again. "Now I'll tell you just what I know about it," said she, lowering her voice.

Mr. Dane raised his spectacles on his forehead, and the old lady drew her chair close to Dolly as possible, so as not to lose a word.

"I hurried out of church," said Dolly, "and went right down there. You know, of course, I don't approve of making calls Sunday, but still there can be no harm in just dropping in to see a neighbor who has been gone so long. Well, as I was going to say, just as I passed the front window, which was open, I heard him say to his wife, that he was a rich man, but he shouldn't tell everybody just how much he was worth. Now what do you think of that?" said she, and all exchanged meaning glances.

"Before I left," added Dolly, "Mr. Frost and Mr. Bates came in, and they asked him if he had been successful, and he merely replied that he wasn't sorry he went to California, that it was a good place to make money, and so forth; but he didn't say right off how many thousands he had, just as I wanted him to. Now," said Dolly, putting on a serious face, "you must not mention what I first told you, for the world, as I overheard it, and you know the Hopewells and I have always been on the best of terms, and I should be sorry to offend them by repeating anything they wished to keep a secret, but I should like to know his reasons," said Dolly, and she closed her eyes and shook her head, as if some terrible thought haunted her brain. "But then, I suppose it's his oddity—I always thought him odd," added she, as she closed the door, and started on her way home.

Mr. Hopewell was not a little surprised when he went into the street next morning, to receive congratulations from all on his wonderful success at California, and on his return asked his wife, if she could conjecture from whence they gained such an impression.

"Most assuredly, I cannot," replied Mrs. Hopewell, after a moment's thought, "unless Dolly Jenkins heard what you were saying to me as she entered yesterday."

"I was saying that with health and strength, I was a rich man, but I shouldn't tell everybody just how much I was worth. That is it, she heard the latter clause, and thinking she had some secret, has got the whole village to help her keep it."

"I suppose you contradicted the report," said Mrs. Hopewell.

"Contradicted such a report? No, not I," said Mr. Hopewell.

"But what benefit can arise from the whole village believing such a report now, which they must learn to be false by-and-by?" said Mrs. Hopewell, looking a little troubled.

"I don't know what benefit may arise from it, but of this, I am sure, that if it should be known that I have brought home but a few hundreds, no more than I carried away with me, I should be scorned for my stupidity and want of talent to do business. And if I wished to do business here, who would help me? Who would patronize me? There is nothing, Mary, men forget so soon, as the struggle they were obliged to make to get established in business; the many times they were ready to give up in despair, when a little assistance from some one, timely given, would have removed all difficulty; for no sooner does one reach the top round of the ladder, than he looks with astonishment upon the many that are striving to reach the same; wonders that they are obliged to do this or that, to retain their position, and still more at the slow progress they make."

The village of M— nestled closely down upon the banks of a little stream, and was pleasant and flourishing, with its two physicians, two lawyers, three merchants, the judge and county officers. Most of these were related by marriage or otherwise, and boasted with great pride (yes, greater than Mary, Queen of Scots, that she descended from a hundred kings) that they were descended from Col. Ezra Gardner, who had owned the spot on which the village was built.

During the session of court, which was held at this village, some one or more of these gave a party in compliment to the brother lawyers, and others that chanced to be in town, to which few, except the royal family of Gardner were invited. About two weeks after Mr. Hopewell's return, he and his very charming wife, were present at one of these parties at Esq. Belton's, where unexpectedly they found themselves the centre of attraction, and the great theme of conversation, the far-famed gold region.

"How beautiful Mrs. Hopewell looks to-night. Have you called on her since her husband's return?" inquired Mrs. Frost of her cousin Mrs. Wilson.

"No, I have not," replied Mrs. Wilson, "and I feel quite diffident about calling now, I have neglected so long to do so; but you know, Mrs. Frost, it has not been because I didn't wish to,

but owing to my poor health. I have made few calls, except among our own relatives. I suppose you have called on her," added Mrs. Wilson.

"No, not since his return; but shall do so at the earliest opportunity," replied Mrs. Frost. "I was very intimate with her a few years ago, but somehow I've not seen her so frequently of late. I entertain the most exalted opinion of her," added Mrs. Frost.

"She is a lovely woman—a model wife," said Mrs. Sprague, the judge's wife, now joining in the conversation, "but I fear we shall lose her soon, for I heard yesterday her husband thought of leaving the village."

"Indeed," said the judge, who caught these last words, "but we must persuade him to remain, he is too valuable a citizen for us to part with."

Many remarks were made to Mr. Hopewell in order to ascertain the amount of his possessions, but in vain.

"I'm glad you've been so fortunate," said Mr. Wilson. "I wish I had money enough, that I might retire from business."

"It's no more than we might expect from one of his abilities and energy," said Judge Sprague, addressing Mr. Wilson.

"I hope Mr. Hopewell will not despise our little village, and seek some other place in which to enjoy his wealth," said Dr. Gray, "and thus we be the losers in the matter."

"I would ask for no lovelier spot than this, in which to enjoy wealth," replied Mr. Hopewell, "but I must do business of some kind; I am far happier when my hands and mind are employed."

"Sure enough, what benefit will it be to me, that the whole village suppose I am rich?" thought Mr. Hopewell, as he returned home, after an hour spent in Judge Sprague's office. "But if I only had a thousand now (yes, that thousand so many wish for in vain), just to start with."

"Why are you looking so serious and thoughtful?" inquired Mrs. Hopewell, not a little troubled.

"Because," replied Mr. Hopewell, "if I had a thousand dollars my fortune would be made, and now, I know not what to do, nor where to go."

"If that is all you want," replied Mrs. Hopewell, her countenance lighting up, "I can let you have it."

"You?" inquired Mr. Hopewell, looking quite surprised; "how came you in possession of a thousand dollars?"

"It is what I have left of the amount you

sent me during your absence," replied Mrs. Hopewell, smiling.

"How, and upon what have you lived then, as I have sent you nothing the past year?"

"I have lived as economically as possible, spending not a cent I was not obliged to; for I thought of the toil that won it, and that if you were unfortunate, what I might save would be of some benefit to us, and if you were successful, it could still be applied to use. I let Hannah go soon after you left, and have let rooms in our house till within a short time."

The next week found the returned Californian commencing business with Judge Sprague's son, with the custom and influence of the best half of the town; and as the business was soon doubled by the building of several mills, he soon found himself upon a firm foundation, with nearly as much as he was supposed to start with. He has never regretted that in the village of M— there once lived an old maid, who, having no business of her own to attend to, very generously interested herself in her neighbor's affairs; nor forgotten that a prudent, loving wife is a treasure.

THE GREEKS.

Next to the pleasure enjoyed by the traveller in contemplating the ruins of Greece, must be ranked that of comparing the singularity of the manners of the present inhabitants with those of the ancients. In many of the ordinary practices of life, this resemblance is striking. The hottest hours of the day are still devoted to sleep, as they were in the times recorded by Xenophon, when Conon attempted to escape from the Lacedæmonians at Lesbos, and when Phœbidas surprised the citadel of Thebes. The Greeks still feed chiefly on vegetables, and salted or pickled provisions. The eyebrows of the Greek women are still blackened by art, and their cheeks painted occasionally with red and white, as described by Xenophon. This latter custom, in particular, is universal in Zante among the upper classes. The laver from which water is poured from the hand, previous to eating, appears by many passages in the *Odyssey* to have been a common utensil in the time of Homer; and something like the small, movable table universally used in the Levant, seems to have been common amongst the ancient Greeks. According to Herodotus, in his description of the banquet given by the Theban Antigonus to Mardonius and the chiefs of the Persian army, there were two men, a Persian and a Theban, placed at each table, which circumstance, being so particularly remarked, was probably a deviation from the custom of each person having a table to himself.—*Turner's Tour in the Levant.*

If rich, it is easy enough to conceal our wealth but, if poor, it is not quite so easy to conceal our poverty. We shall find that it is less difficult to hide a thousand guineas, than one hole in our coat.

CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

"Friend Broadbrim," said Zephaniah Straight-lace to his master, a rich Quaker in the city of Brotherly Love, "thou canst not eat of mutton at the noon-tide meal to day."

"Wherefore not?" asked the good Quaker.

"Because the dog that appertaineth to that son of Belial, whom the world calleth Foxcraft, hath come into my pantry and stolen it, yea, eaten it up."

"Beware, friend Zephaniah, of bearing false witness against thy neighbor. Art thou sure it was friend Foxcraft's domestic animal?"

"Yea, verily, I saw it with my own eyes, and it was lawyer Foxcraft's large dog, even Pinch'em."

"Upon what evil times we have fallen," sighed the harmless Quaker, as he wended his way to the office of his neighbor.

"Friend Gripus," said he, "I want to ask thy opinion."

"I am all attention," replied the scribe, laying down his pen.

"Supposing, friend Foxcraft, that my dog had gone into my neighbor's pantry and stolen therefrom a leg of mutton, and I saw him, and I could call him by name, what ought I to do?"

"Pay for the mutton; nothing can be more clear."

"Know then, friend Foxcraft, thy dog, even that men denominate Pinch'em, hath stolen from my pantry a leg of mutton, of the just value of four shillings and sixpence, which I paid for it in the market this morning."

"O, well, then it is my opinion that I must pay for it." And having received the amount, the worthy friend turned to depart.

"Tarry a little, friend Broadbrim," said the lawyer. "Of a verity I have yet further to say unto thee. Thou owest me nine shillings for advice."

"Then verily, I must pay thee, and it is my opinion that I have touched pitch and been defiled."—*Christian Freeman.*

A LIFE OF ROMANCE.

The Breton, of Nantes, France, gives an account of the recent death in that city, of an old woman, named Juliette Davy, who for more than half her life wore men's clothes, and was not known to be a female. During the great revolution she embraced the Royalist cause with fervor, and being captured by the Republicans, was condemned to deportation, which in those days meant death, but was pardoned on her declaring her sex, and reassuming female attire. Some time afterwards, she entered as a seaman on board a French merchant vessel, and being taken prisoner by the English, she was eight years confined at the hulks at Portsmouth. On her sex being discovered, she was released, and returned to France with an exchange of prisoners. On her arrival at Nantes, near which she was born, she entered into service as a laborer, but was eventually induced to resume the dress of her sex, and to take a place as a servant in a religious community, where she remained fifteen years. After that period, however, she again resumed the occupations to which she had been accustomed as a laborer, alternately wearing male or female attire.

THE BRIGHTEST SIDE.

BY BELL BRANDON.

Behind yon canopy of cloud
 The monarch of the day is sinking,
 And as he fades, I think aloud
 Of what I have all day been thinking;
 A voice, not loud, but plain to all,
 Is breathed all day from that bright ball,
 "Like me, in poverty or pride,
 Look always on the brightest side."

See how, his daily labor done,
 He glides the blackest clouds with light,
 O, may you always, like the sun,
 Shed golden hues on sorrow's night;
 For life is but a cloud at best,
 Though bright the robes with which 'tis dressed,
 Remember, then, what'er betide,
 Look always on the brightest side.

O, learn to imitate the sun,
 To gild, like him, the clouds of sorrow,
 And when at eve your labor's done,
 You'll think with joy upon to-morrow;
 And were that eve the eve of life,
 The sleep of death will end the strife,
 And then you'll cross the chasm wide,
 And be upon the brightest side.

EVELYN'S TRIAL.

BY ELLA A. WELTON.

"Now tell me how it happened, Milly, for mama will never let me know; and what hurt can it possibly do, now that the mischief is done?"

"Please, Miss Evelyn, I don't dare. Mistresses would not like it, if I told you."

"She shall never know it, Milly. Nobody will hear you tell me, and I promise—see, I cross my two little fingers, and say I will never let anybody know that I have heard anything about it."

"Well, then—you know I can't refuse you anything, my darling, and Miss Maria won't be home very soon, and perhaps I will tell you some things that happened about that time."

"Milly, tell me *all*. I don't want half a story, and have to guess the other half. Tell me the whole truth. Tell me, Milly," I continued, bursting into tears, "how I came to be such a frightful looking child."

"Don't say so, Miss Evelyn. It is wicked. It was God's will, and you must not murmur at it."

I covered my face, and wept bitterly. Was it God's will, that I should be so repulsive to all around me—that the poor, mutilated cheek and

eye should so repulse all loving hearts from me—that while others, who had no beauty in their hearts, no intellect comparable with mine, none of the strong, imperishable, passionate love which I knew was in my heart, they would be petted, caressed, fondled, while I must stand aloof, with my strange, sad look, longing, dying for that which was bestowed upon them, yet not daring to approach? Was it God's will?

Milly Carr had been my mother's head servant before I was born—a sort of upper woman—a housekeeper if you will, and the confidant of the whole household. Nothing was ever done without Milly's advice and consent. She ruled my mother, people said. At any rate, she never resisted Milly. I had known my mother to promise a thing, and Milly to prevent the performance, just by a look of warning.

Milly's story was short and hurried. She looked frequently to the door, shut down the window, and sat upon the edge of her chair, with her hand on her knee, ready to start in a moment, all the time she was telling me. Tyrant as she was, she yet feared to commit the breach of trust to which I had been urging her.

The story was short, as I said. It was a wild tale of miserable weakness, of passionate temper, of long, long repentance, and the crushing down of a noble heart. As it unfolded, I learned my mother's causeless jealousy of my father, who, on discovering that she cherished it, went away from his home, and had never returned—that on the night when he left her, nearly distracted with her feelings, she had taken glass after glass of wine, until she was perfectly stupefied, and had been put to bed—that after Milly, who slept with her, was asleep, she rose, took me from my cradle, and sat as they supposed, rocking me by the fire.

"I woke up," said Milly, "with a great start, hearing you cry out. I sprang out of bed, and ran to the fire. There you lay with the red-hot andiron against your little head. I took you up, and saw that it had burned deep into your neck and cheek, and injured your eye. I thought you were dead, but you revived, and I covered the burns as well as I could, but they were too deep to heal without terrible scars."

"If I had only died, Milly!"

"Hush, child! Was not your poor mother punished enough by seeing that frightful mark upon the face of her delicate baby, without the feeling of having killed it? Besides, have you no thankfulness that lips and forehead and nose were not destroyed? Is it not something, that the scars were just where they were?"

"O, Milly, you are too hard upon me. I do

feel thankful for what was not done—but is it not hard that I am so frightful as I am?"

"You are not frightful, Miss Evelyn. Your skin was so fair, that it was impossible to mar it one atom without showing it a great deal. It is only when you are angry that the spots look crimson, and at other times your eye shows but very little difference to the other, and your hair covers the worst scars in your neck. No, indeed, Miss Evelyn, you are not so terrible as you think; neither are people so much repulsed by you. It is only because you seem so shy and conscious, that it makes every one avoid you, just so as not to hurt your feelings."

"Well, dear Milly, would you have me go up to strangers, and say, 'Look at these scars, see how they deform me!'"

"No need of that, dear. People see it fast enough. All people notice it; I won't deceive you about that—but all people do not think so much of it. I often hear it said of you, 'how beautiful Evelyn would be, if it were not for that unfortunate scar.' Often too, they say how much you resemble your father, and he was a man of very noble presence, and very sensitive, too, like yourself. So don't be so very, very sensitive, for it has been the cause of very great unhappiness already in this family."

"Where is my father, Milly?" said I, suddenly.

"At New Orleans. He supports the family, but will not probably return. Your mother has long ago retracted what she said, but it seems that he cannot get over it. She has thought of sending Maria out to him. She will not tell me if she wants her to go in order to be reconciled to him or not, but I have no doubt that that is her sole reason."

Milly's evident sympathy cheered me under what I called my terrible trial. She grew eloquent under the story she was relating to me. Milly had not always been a servant, but sorrow and affliction had come early upon her, and she was glad to accept the situation my mother had offered her. At least, I had thought always that my mother offered it, but now that she had begun to talk of my father, she told me that he had asked her to stay in his house, and watch over his family as long as she lived.

I knew then that there was love in my father's heart, that no earthly power could drive out, and I put my childish wits to work at once. I determined, if possible, to make my mother substitute me for Maria. Maria was two years older than I, but not half so brave and courageous. I had acquired strength and self-dependence by my strolls in the forest path, and on

the tops of high mountains. My loneliness had taught me courage, and my personal misfortunes had brought me fortitude, notwithstanding my occasional murmurings. I had also become acquainted with a child a year or two older than myself, whose father went on repeated voyages to New Orleans; and only the night before she had told me that she was going with him on his next voyage, and her mother also. What an opportunity this would be. Nobody would miss me, for my rambling, out-of-doors life, prescribed by the physicians, precluded me from much indoor conversation with the family, and Maria was far too lady-like to share what she called my wandering and vagrant habits.

My course was soon taken. I went to our good family attendant, Dr. Blair, and laid the case before him—told him my whole soul, my weariness of life, my disappointments already experienced, so sad for a child to feel—and then begged his intercession with my mother to allow me to accompany Capt. Freeland. From an infant Doctor Blair had shown me a consideration which no one else had ever done. He remembered my early misfortune, and had always told Maria, that she was not nearly equal to me in understanding and intellect, and under all circumstances, had stood my fast friend. The plan which I unfolded, tickled his fancy wonderfully, and after making me detail all that I had thought of doing, he promised to use his influence with my mother.

The result was, that I was got ready by Milly's active hands, and my mother had drilled me thoroughly into an understanding of what I must do, when I arrived at New Orleans. Mrs. Freeland was taken into confidence as well as the captain, and as to Maria, she was only too glad to get rid of the responsibility which was about to have been thrown upon her.

And now I was upon the ocean, and the large ship bearing me towards a father, whom, only three weeks before I had not known existed. It was a bright experience for me; for now, for the first time in my life, I began to find myself appreciated. I felt myself actually beloved by the kind friends who had taken me in charge, and a new world was opened to me in the respectful admiration which the mates and the whole crew exhibited at my courage and daring, while the caresses and love of Sophia Freeland made me feel that I was worthy to be loved for myself. I had not known my power until now. My mother had always neglected me, and Milly had made only a baby of me. I was a young lady voyaging now, and quite adequate to meet any emergency likely to occur on the voyage!

As we neared New Orleans, I did not tremble, nor grow faint for a moment, when I thought of meeting my father. Indeed, I enjoyed the thought of being with him, and anticipated a great deal of satisfaction in discharging my commission to him from my mother.

"How well you look this morning," said Sophia, as I put on my bonnet to go on shore. I looked in the glass, and appropriated her compliment without any remorse whatever. I was looking better than ever before. The slight brown which the salt water had bestowed upon me, was more than compensated by the accession of bright, rosy color, and the happiness I had enjoyed had given brightness to my eyes. I had the unspeakable satisfaction of knowing that I was no longer repulsive to myself nor my friends. How it gladdened my heart! I felt that Milly would have rejoiced to see me looking so well and happy. Captain Freeland was waiting for me, or my thoughts would have run into a long train of probabilities for the future. A carriage conveyed us to the street in which my father's business was located. Over the door of the immense warehouse before which it stopped, was a large sign, bearing my father's name—Theodore Van Horn. A moment after, we were making our way through bales and boxes to the door of the counting-room, where sat a gentleman whom I was afraid to think was my father. Captain Freeland led me up to him, however, and said simply:

"Mr. Van Horn, I have the pleasure of presenting your daughter."

I looked earnestly into his face for a few seconds, and he held me at arm's length, as if to examine me closely. Then he drew me to his bosom, and I saw tears in the mild blue eyes. I could not speak, for I feared he did not like me; but as to me, my heart went out to him instantly. It seemed as if here, at last, I should find the love which had been denied me at home.

It was my father, then! I, who had so longed, so yearned for a father's love, had now come to the full measure of my hopes, and was beloved by him! That I could see at once. This handsome, noble, intelligent looking man, whose dark locks had but the slightest sprinkling of snow, and whose soul looked out in the fulness of all generous emotions from the blue eyes, was my father! How I blessed Maria's indolent and unadventurous spirit for giving me this unspeakable pleasure. Captain Freeland had generously left us together, and we talked long and earnestly. I found that my father still loved his wife devotedly, notwithstanding the breach between them. Young as I was, I promised to

my own soul, that I would yet reconcile my parents, and that ours should no longer be a divided family. I told him of the severely secluded life which my mother had always led—of the pain with which she shrank from any questioning of her former life on which my childish curiosity had ever ventured, and of my finally only obtaining the scanty information that Milly had given me.

"And on these grounds you—a slight little girl of fourteen, braved all this to find me?"

I looked laughingly in his face, and said: "Indeed, papa, you are quite worth the trouble."

It was the happiest day I had ever known, and my happiness extended into days and weeks. My father's love shone upon my hitherto desolate heart like a great flood of sunshine, warming it into happiness, and reflecting a light almost beautiful upon my face. The cold winds of the North had always made my scars of a bluish tinge, which showed frightfully conspicuous, as I thought. Here, the warm air had equalized the current of blood, and they showed but little in comparison.

"Captain Freeland sails to-morrow, Evelyn? Have you any commands for home?" said my father, as we walked out early one morning.

"Commands for home! Why, am I not going home with him? I thought I was to bear the news of your forgiveness and love to my poor mother! Indeed, sir, you must, you will send her that consolation."

"I will, child, but not by you. You shall remain, and I will send for the family. You have done your mission well, and henceforth, I will be a husband and a father, while all that is past shall be buried in oblivion."

I clasped my hands in silent thankfulness. Once more then, our roof-tree should echo sounds of gladness, which the long, weary term of separation had never heard. How glad I was.

My father wrote immediately. Captain Freeland was to bring them all, when he came again; and meantime, my father busied himself in preparing an elegant and luxurious home, of which I was to be the mistress until my mother's arrival. It was so strange to me, to have my taste consulted, and my opinions asked—I who had never been allowed at home the privilege of a single thought—I now sat at my father's table, and entertained company with a grace that pleased him, and drew forth praises all the sweeter because hitherto unknown by me.

I amused myself by thinking what Maria would say to see me thus—Maria, whose opinion of her sister was founded entirely on the principle that I was not fit to be seen. How grate-

ful I was to my father for thus giving me a sort of faith and confidence in myself. I was no longer shy, awkward and embarrassed. I became dignified and self-possessed with strangers, and what was more and better, playful and cheerful at home.

"Milly must come, father."

"Certainly. These servants must never know, however, that she has served us. Milly shall be a lady in our home. I owe her much for her steady good will towards me, at a time when the nearest and dearest turned against me."

So Milly's room was prepared, and as carefully decked as any other in the house; and I begged for the adjoining one. Maria's was on the other side of the house, and all of them evinced my father's taste and wealth. My own room was a large, square one with white and gilt furniture, straw matting of an excellent quality, white hangings, and with a dressing-room attached, in which was everything requisite to a complete toilet. I was in raptures with all. We had been ready for more than a week, and waiting anxiously for my mother to arrive, when one bright, glad morning, my father knocked loudly at my door, and bade me rise to receive her, as the ship had already been telegraphed. I rose, dressed myself very carefully in one of the many dresses which my father had bought for me, had my hair arranged so as to hide my disfigured cheek, and sat down in our coolest room to await her. My father went out, and was gone several hours. When he came in, she from whom he had been absent so many years was hanging on his arm, and Maria followed them with Milly. The joy of that meeting was chastened and subdued by the remembrance of the weary years that had gone by since they met before; but it was very pleasant to see the confiding smile which my mother turned towards her husband, whom notwithstanding her causeless jealousy, she had never ceased to love. It was pleasant to see how fondly he regarded her, and how little he noticed the ravages which age was making in her pale face.

"We will have that pale face looking brighter, Evelyn," he said to me, as I stopped before my mother, a little proud I think, to show her what I had become, since I left her.

"Can this be Evelyn?" said she, "so improved—so handsome, even?"

Did I ever expect my mother to utter words like that?

"Yes," said my father, "Evelyn is called very beautiful. My little Maria, too—pretty, very pretty, but not at all comparable to Evelyn."

I could hardly believe what he said, and should

have thought it irony, had my father ever talked ironically. He did not.

We settled into a quiet family, Milly bearing rule and sway as of old. I saw my mother's cheek brighten daily into light and beauty, until she recovered her good looks entirely. Discord never again entered our household. Seeing me such a favorite with my father, and adopting, as the whole family did, his opinions, they came to think of me as truly lovable; and after a regular course of visiting the house, as performed by young Carlos Hazlewood, they were all content to think that it was not Maria, but poor, homely Evelyn herself, that he waited for so patiently to grow old enough to wed.

That Maria, too, has had her conquests, is sufficiently substantiated by the fact that there is an elderly man, not quite so handsome, and a very little older than my father, who is very apt to call her wife in speaking of her; and that his two sons, fine, manly, interesting youths, are ways addressing her as mother.

Truly life is strange. One would have thought three years ago that Carlos would be just the right match for a delicate creature like Maria—while it would hardly have been deemed possible that I could have hoped for a husband even so old and homely as Maria's Mr. Heathfield.

There is an inexpressible satisfaction to me in the re-union of my parents. One would never suppose that they had been separated for a moment. If my mother's heart ever swells with the remembrance of the past, my father's beautiful devotion to her overcomes her regrets.

She sometimes looks at me with a sad, remorseful look, but I gaily turn the other side of my face towards her, and bid her to look at my perfections instead of my deformities. Long ago Milly told her that I knew all, and that she was forgiven.

Strange to say, I have suddenly risen to be the most important person in the family. Who would have thought it—that poor, plain little Evelyn would have grown into such estimation?

Carlos has just come in, and with a high-headed insolence very unbecoming in him, is actually looking over my pages, and smiling ironically at my self-praise. I am explaining to him, that as my childhood did not receive its meed of approbation, I must do what I can to remedy the deficiency. If my experience will teach those who have children who are unusually susceptible to neglect or carelessness from those who are with them, and peculiarly sensitive from any personal defect or misfortune, to grow tender and patient, and loving to them all the more, I shall not regret having written it out.

MAY.

BY MARTHA T. MENDON.

Bright May is here, her lap brimful of treasures,
 And half-made wreaths are strewn upon the ground;
 Sweet, merry children revel in her pleasures,
 And dimpled arms e'en now are bare and brown;
 Health bids defiance to the cooling zephyr,
 That lifts the sleeve above the shoulder fair;
 And nimble feet fly lightly o'er the heather;
 O, laughing childhood! ever bright and fair.

Is there one heart so careworn and so weary,
 That cannot feel the witching smiles of May?
 Is there one hearth so desolate and dreary,
 That her soft sunbeams dare not round it play?
 If so, 'twere vain to picture forth her beauties,
 And write of birds, and flowers, and pleasant things;
 O, let us pause amid our daily duties,
 And feel the freshness May's sweet presence brings.

Bright month of beauties! modest, graceful May,
 Sweeter and fairer than thy sister June;
 Dear, favorite month, O couldst thou longer stay!
 Thou'rt forced to yield thy charms, alas, too soon!
 Thy prouder sister in her rich attire
 Will soon be here to take the place of spring;
 Although June's blushing beauties all admire,
 To the sweet freshness of May's charms I'll cling.

What is it makes me hold sweet May the dearest—
 The best of months—the rival and the belle?
 What is it makes me feel to heaven the nearest,
 When the blue violets open in the dell?
 Is it because fond, tender recollections
 Cling round the lovely May-time of my life?
 Ere the young flower-buds of my heart's affection
 Had withered 'neath the hand of care and strife?

O, there are faces pleasant to remember,
 Bright, love-lit eyes, now closed in death's long sleep;
 In May the memories of the past seem tender,
 So tender that I sometimes sit and weep.
 How oft I see young children with May-baskets,
 Filled with sweet flowers they've gathered o'er the
 heather;
 O, there is room in memory's jewelled casket
 To hold the flower-gems that I shrine forever.

THE OLD MAN'S SECRET.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

It was a wild sky that bent over the Highlands of the Hudson, but wilder yet was the face of old Richard Duncroft, as he paced to and fro in front of his great, rambling, half-ruined farmhouse. His pale, thin cheek burned as if with a plague-spot, his features worked convulsively, his keen, gray eyes flashed with a strange fire.

"Grandfather, grandfather, do come in out of the storm," murmured a sweet, low voice, and a young and matchlessly beautiful girl moved to his side, and tossing back a wealth of rich curls, looked beseechingly up at his troubled countenance.

"No, no," growled the restless old man; "I can't sit moping over the fire the whole evening. Get into the house, I say! and, Jessie Gray, don't disturb me again!"

Thus repulsed, the girl stole silently back to the dwelling, and Duncroft resumed his hasty walk.

"Richard, my husband," said his wife, brokenly, "don't leave me alone in my old age. I know not what evil genius has taken possession of you, but I must beg you to go no more on these strange errands! O, Richard, if you have any pleasant memories of the old times, you will not break my poor heart," and the hand which had been given him at the altar, trembled on his arm. But he shook it off with a rude gesture, muttering between his teeth:

"What meddlers women are! Rachel, not another word of this nonsense! I'll not have my footsteps dogged like a school-boy's—I'll have you understand that I shall come and go as my will dictates!"

The injured wife shrank sobbing away, and scarcely had the door closed after her, ere a triumphant laugh rang out on the fierce blast, and a third female figure confronted the old man.

"Richard, Richard Duncroft," she said hoarsely, and her long, bony fingers tightened around his like bird's claws; "you have had your day—my hour has come now!"

"Meg Marston!" were the only words that dropped from Duncroft's lips.

"Yes, Meg Marston—Meg Reed once! Old man, when you and I were young, I loved you—ay, madly loved! For a time you seemed to like me, but by-and-by you turned from what you used to call my gipsyish beauty, to that pale, blue-eyed woman whom you have just sent from you in a passion of tears. I wrestled with my disappointment—I grew sullen at first, then reckless; I have hated both you and your wife, for years and years! Is it strange, that every grief of hers now is sweet to me?"

She paused, and with a mocking smile, Duncroft retorted:

"But what is that to me, since you are powerless to avenge yourself?"

"Powerless! We shall see, Richard Duncroft." And as she spoke, she drew up her slight figure, and stood erect before him—her thin lips rigid with determination, her dark, basilisk eyes burning with a fiercer light, her tangled gray hair floating about a face stormy with conflicting passions. With bitter emphasis she went on:

"Men say a fearful shadow has fallen on Dick Duncroft's life, and even they of his own house—

hold have learned to tremble at his approach. Night after night he goes on a mysterious mission; that mission is the cause of the change which has come over him—Duncroft, I know the old man's secret." And bending down she whispered a few words in his ear.

Richard Duncroft started, as if a pen of fire had written out before him, as the mystic hand wrote on Belshazzar's palace-walls—"Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting." His frame shook from head to foot, every trace of color left his face, and though his white lips parted nervously, he could not speak.

"This blow strikes home, does it?" continued the woman, tauntingly, "you didn't dream that anybody knew; you thought yourself secure. But you are in the power of one whose tender mercies are cruelties; in the course of two hours, the whole of the town authorities shall be made acquainted with your guilt."

She gathered her red cloak around her, drew on her close hood, and was turning away, when Duncroft sprang forward.

"Stay, stay, Meg Marston, stay!" he gasped; "if you leave me in this mood, I am a lost man."

The woman stopped, but her sole answer was a savage laugh.

"Can nothing be done to induce you to keep my secret? I have gold enough—name your price, and I will pay it, even to the uttermost farthing."

Meg Marston shook her head.

"Price?" she echoed. "It is hard to set a price on such knowledge as mine. Besides, I am rich—the wealthiest woman in the county. Do you think you can offer me anything that will bribe me to hold my tongue?"

Duncroft looked at her hard face, and a long shudder crept over him, while Meg again made a movement to go.

"Stop!" he cried; "before you and I part, we must come to terms. Detection—trial—imprisonment—I can't meet them. Speak out, Meg Marston. What shall I give you to consent to silence?"

The woman hesitated; then, as if a sudden thought had struck her, she rejoined:

"You have a granddaughter, an inmate of your household. She's young, and beautiful, and romantic, and don't fancy my son, but, Richard Duncroft, if you would conciliate me, give Jessie Gray to him."

"What! to Paul Marston, the pest of the Highlands?"

"The same," was the cool reply.

"He's old enough to be her father; she de-

spises him, and so does everybody else. O, Meg, I am not totally lost to a sense of justice—I can't bid my fair, pure Jessie marry your villainous son."

"Very well. It matters not to me. Good-night; we shall not meet again, till I stand up in court to accuse you."

A bitter groan broke from the old man's lips.

"Is there no other door to your heart, Meg?" He faltered.

"None;" and now a grim smile flickered over her features; "they were all shut to you forty years ago."

"But I love the girl. She is an orphan, my dead Marion's only child, her last legacy to me—she would rise from the grave to haunt me, if I should do such a wrong."

"I cannot help it—I am inexorable. The bride for my son, or the revelation of the old man's secret—what say you?"

"Meg Marston, you almost drive me mad," cried Duncroft, wildly smiting his forehead; "I cannot think clearly in your presence. Give me some time to reflect."

"Be it as you wish. At eleven o'clock you usually leave the farm house for the valley below. Meet me by the stump of the blasted chestnut, as you go to your task."

"I will."

The strange woman glided away, and again Richard Duncroft was alone with his own thoughts. The storm still raged; the rain beat down in torrents, the wind swept up in fitful gusts from the turbulent waters of the Hudson, and heavy clouds surged across the sky, like the billows of an unknown sea, drifting on, on, on to the "night's Plutonian shore." For a while Duncroft did not seem to heed the tempest, but at length, when a great hickory close by came crashing to the earth, he started, gazed half-bewildered around him, and then moved into the house.

There had been a time when the family sitting-room at Duncroft Farm was a cheerful place, but now it was very dismal there. The shadow which had settled on the old man's heart, had fallen on his home. The fire burned low on the hearth-stone, and two silent figures sat rocking to and fro in the pale light—one was his wife, the other his grandchild. Both looked wistfully at him, as he sank into his high-backed chair, but neither dared speak. By-and-by, however, the girl rose to stir the dying embers, and stealing towards him, crept to her old place at his feet. Ah! what an hour was that for Richard Duncroft. He marked the faultless contour of her face and figure, the rich ripples of her shining, golden

hair, the graceful bend of her white neck, the flexible sweetness of the small, delicately-chiselled mouth, the mournful, yet tender light of the soft, blue eyes, through which the eyes of the dead Marion seemed gazing at him in stern reproach; and the conflict between good and evil grew strong within him. Should he doom that girl in the dew of her youth, with all the generous impulses of her nature—should he doom her to marry Paul Marston, the terror of the neighborhood? While Duncroft sat thus, absorbed in his painful reverie, a quick, firm step sounded on the gravel walk outside, and then came a knock at the hall door. Jessie hurried to open it, and her grandfather heard her say in a tone of sweet surprise:

"Why, Arthur! What can have brought you here in this pouring rain?"

"I will tell you," replied the new-comer, in a deep, musical voice; "I could not sleep till I had seen you. I watched you at church yesterday, and it seemed to me as if you had grown thin and pale, since our last meeting. Are you ill, Jessie?"

"No," murmured the girl.

"But you are unhappy—am I in any way connected with your sorrow?"

"O, no, no, no, Arthur! You are all that is good, and noble, and true."

"Thank God, that you think so! I would rather die, than give your young heart a single pang." There was a moment's silence, ere Arthur Minot added: "If you have a new grief, Jessie, I am sure you will not hesitate to speak of it to me."

"I have not."

"Then it must be you are still anxious about your grandfather—"

"Hush!" interposed the girl; "he is in the sitting-room now."

The old man heard no more, and soon afterward the door was closed, and Jessie came back with a soft flush on her cheek, and the smile with which she had listened to Arthur Minot's parting words yet hovering about her lips. But her presence, and that of his wretched wife, only made the warfare in his soul more terrible, and with a gruff command, he sent them away.

Time wore wearily on, and at last Richard Duncroft was aroused from his troubled musings by the striking of the old-fashioned clock. It was eleven—a decisive hour in his destiny. Meg Marston was awaiting him at the trysting-place—what would his answer be? A skilful physiognomist would have told from the resolute expression of his face, as he buttoned his coat, and

went hastily out. While he had been in the house, the thick clouds had parted here and there, and through their rifts the moon shed a ghastly glimmer over the well-trodden path to the valley. In a few moments, he had reached the blackened stump of the old chestnut. Meg stood beneath it stern as ever, and as repulsive as those weird women whom Macbeth met on the lonesome heath.

"So, you've come;" croaked she, as he drew near, "well, what will you do?"

"I have loved Jessie fondly," replied Duncroft; "but I have begun a dangerous game—I must play it out, though a legion of fiends stand at my heels. I can never consent to have this hoarded secret blazoned to the world. Your Paul, villain as he is, shall be my son-in-law."

"Agreed—there's my hand on it," said Meg, and her hard, brown hand fastened upon his in a vice-like grasp.

"You promise solemnly not to betray me," added Duncroft.

"I promise. I'll be as dumb as a stone with regard to your secret. And you will let Jessie Gray know at once for whom she is destined."

"Most assuredly."

Thus they parted—Meg Marston to seek her home, and Richard Duncroft to re-commence his mysterious work. It was in the dull, gray dawn that he reached his house, but early as it was, Jessie was up, and making his coffee by the kitchen fire. It was evident that she had not slept at all, for her face looked haggard in the morning light, and her eyes were red and heavy. But his purpose did not falter.

"Jessie," said he, sternly, "Arthur Minot was here last night—why does he come to see you so often?"

The rich blood mounted even to the girl's pale brow, but she was silent.

"He professes to love you, don't he?" continued her grandfather.

"He does, sir."

"And you—you fancy you love him, I suppose from your blushes."

"I love him with all my heart," was the straight-forward reply.

"And perhaps you have hoped some day to be his wife," added the old man.

"Yes, grandfather, we are already betrothed, and Arthur will be over to-night to beg your sanction."

"Girl, hear me," rejoined Richard Duncroft, bringing his clenched fist down on the deal table to enforce his words; "you shall never marry that young Minot—never, never. I have another match for you. There is one who has

long loved you, and sought to win you—Jessie Gray, you shall be his wife before you are three months older."

"And who is he?" faltered the girl.

"A man who need not depend on his daily toil to keep you from starving—Paul Marston!"

Poor Jessie lifted her blue eyes to his with a gaze that would have melted a heart that had not grown hard in sin.

"God help me!" she gasped, and staggering back, she leaned against the dark oaken wainscot trembling in every limb. "Paul Marston," she went on, "an Ishmaelite in the earth—a villain, who would have been in the penitentiary ere this time, if by his craft he had not eluded the eye of the law. O, grandfather, you will not bind me to him for life! You will not doom me to a living death!"

"My resolution is taken. It will do no good to whimper and fret; submission is the only way for you. Prepare to receive Paul Marston as your accepted lover."

For a time there was profound silence within the low kitchen, but outside the wind broke into a sob, and the old pear-tree which swept over the quaint, diamond-shaped panes, writhed as if a tortured human heart were throbbing at its roots. Then the girl flung herself at Richard Duncroft's feet, and poured forth a wild appeal, which would have deeply moved him in his better days, but through it all he stood there, unbending as a statue. The Rubicon of his fate had been crossed when he met Meg Marston in the valley, and now he was strong in his evil resolves.

"Jessie, you would make a good actress," he said in a tone of cutting irony, when she paused in her passionate plea; "such a scene as that just enacted would win you fame and fortune on the stage, but it is quite lost on me. Again I say you shall be Paul Marston's wife, and that too, at any time he may set."

With these words he left her, slamming the door after him in his rage, and a half hour later, when Jessie's grandmother came in, she found her sitting on the rough tiles of the hearth, like one turned into stone. But Dame Duncroft's soft touch on her forehead, together with her gentle voice, awakened her from her strange lethargy, and bursting into tears, she sobbed out the story of her last trial.

That night, just as the candles were lighted in the lonesome sitting-room at Duncroft Farm, there was a loud rap at the front door. The old man answered the summons, and the next moment ushered in Paul Marston. He was a short, thick-set man, with a bold, black eye, a sinister

and thickly-bearded lip, and a swaggering air. Villain was stamped as plainly on every feature as though it had been written there with the point of a diamond, and it was no wonder that Jessie Gray shrank into a window-recess as he approached.

"'Tis Jessie I've come to see," he began, with a knowing look at Duncroft; "Jessie, you know—not you, nor her grandmother."

"She was in the room when I went to the door," replied his host; "I will call her."

"O, there she is!" cried Marston, whose keen glance, after roving around, had espied the slight figure which had crept into the shadows; and he sauntered to her side.

"Good evening, Jessie," he said familiarly; "I suppose I need not trouble myself to put on the Miss now, as things have gone so far. No doubt you know why I've come here to night."

"Yes," replied Jessie, "and I have told my grandfather how utterly repulsive the idea of such a marriage is to me. He knows my whole being rebels, but he is odurate; so I must try an appeal to you. Mr. Marston, would you drag to the altar a bride, who went there like a victim to a sacrifice?"

Paul Marston burst into a coarse laugh.

"I'll tell ye what, Jessie Gray," he resumed, "all these fine speeches are wasted on a man of my make; they'd do better for a learned collegian, like Arthur Minot. But one thing is certain, I shall not give up my promised wife—no, no, no!" and by the expression of his countenance, poor Jessie knew that he cared not to win a willing bride—that he deemed it more of a triumph to carry off, in spite of herself, a lady who had thrice refused him.

"You needn't look so grim about it," he continued; "you won't have a bad bargain after all. I am going to fit up my old mansion in a style that will make the Highlanders stare. You can ride in your carriage, and be a lady in every respect. And now for the wedding-day; it is customary for the bride to set that, so I leave it to you. Name it, and put a man out of suspense;" and the rich boor imprisoned the fingers which were drumming hard against the casement.

"Never!" said Jessie, with a firmness which for a moment astonished him. Then he laughed again, and replied:

"Aha! I like your spirit, little girl. Well, as you won't fix the day, I will. Let me see—how long will it take to get ready? If we make haste, we can crowd the preparations into six weeks. Yes, that will do—six weeks from to-night then, Miss Jessie Gray shall be transformed into Mrs. Paul Marston."

Jessie made no answer, and after several attempts to arouse her to some alight degree of animation, he left her.

Hours afterward, when she had gone to her own little chamber, the only man-servant at Duncroft Farm brought her a note which ran thus :

"DEAREST JESSIE :—A terrible rumor has reached me, but I cannot believe it, until I have the confirmation from your own lips. Come out to the stile, where we have sometimes met—there I shall wait for you in the wild hope that you can set my heart at rest. ARTHUR."

Tears sprang to Jessie's blue eyes as she read this, and hurrying on her shawl and gipsy hat, she stole down the back stair-case, and glided through a door, which had been carelessly left half open. She had crossed the garden, when a heavy hand fell upon her shoulder, and her grandfather cried sneeringly :

"Going to meet that young Minot, weren't ye? Well, well, I've outwitted ye both. I saw him lurking about, and kept watch. Jessie Gray, your interviews with him are at an end."

Rudely he hurried her back to the house, and thrusting her into her own chamber, locked the door upon her, while Arthur Minot, after looking long and vainly for Jessie, rode homeward with a heavy heart.

Six weeks had gone by, since the events which have just been narrated, yet they had brought little but gloom to the old house at Duncroft Farm. Richard Duncroft was yet wrapt in the mystery which had enshrouded him for the last three months ; every night he went out on his strange mission, every passing day found him paler, and thinner, and fiercer in his mood. It was apparent enough that the old man's secret, like the vulture of the Caucasus, was eating away at the heart's core. His poor wife looked wan and wasted, and Jessie, once the light and joy of the household, came and went, pale and listless. A strict watch was kept upon her movements, and so she had not seen Arthur Minot ; but once he had managed to convey to her a brief note, which shed some balm on her wounded spirit.

"Jessie," he wrote, "I waited for you till midnight, by the stile that leads to the rye-field, and for the first time since you learned to love me, waited in vain. I do not believe you stood aloof from your own choice—I no more doubt you, than I should an angel in heaven. The thought of seeing you the wife of Paul Marston is madness. I must save you from such a fate. Take courage, dearest—a brighter day will yet

dawn for us. Meanwhile, Arthur Minot will be on the alert."

This assurance threw a transient gleam of light across the poor girl's path, but the next news with regard to her gallant lover, sent a chill through every vein—he had been shot at by some unknown foe, while riding through a lonely forest, and been carried to a woodman's hut by a traveller who chanced to be near ; there he still lay in a high fever and delirious. When Jessie heard that, her last hope fled, and she moved about like an automaton.

It was on a sultry, September day, that she was riding along one of the most romantic of the Highland roads. Fleecy clouds sailed like white swans over the sky ; some of the trees were already beginning to grow gay with autumnal tints ; the wayside was all aflame with golden and scarlet blossoms, and the merry songs of the laborers, who were gathering in the rich harvest, rang out on every hand. But scenes which had once charmed the young girl, now brought no lustre to her eye, no bloom to her cheek. It mattered not to her that she was seated in a carriage fit for a duchess, and drawn by a pair of superb blood-horses. Beside her sat Paul Marston, and she was returning from a visit she had been compelled to make—a visit to the home destined for her. Marston Hall had long been a stately structure, but now the rooms once so bare, were gorgeous with tall mirrors, splendid carpets, rich drapery and glittering *bijouerie*. And yet, to her it was only a prison-house, and more and more deeply she loathed it, and the idea of a life there with Paul Marston. Twilight was coming on, ere she reached Duncroft Farm.

"To-morrow night, Jessie," said her betrothed husband, as he lifted her from the carriage, "I shall take you for better or worse. Only twenty-four hours more, and the bride I have so long coveted, will be mine," and bending down, he kissed her in his rough, boorish fashion.

Jessie shrank from the touch of his lips, and with a hasty "good evening," hurried to her room. Just as she entered it, she heard Marston's carriage wheels rumbling down the steep road to the valley. Her bridal dress, rich as costly satin and gossamer lace could make it, lay on a chair, but to her excited fancy it seemed to take the shape of a shroud. She flung herself down on the bed, and buried her face in the soft pillow, to shut out the hated paraphernalia, but she could not sleep. Hour after hour dragged by, and still she lay wakeful and anxious. It was midnight when she heard a hurried tap at her door. She flew to open it. A man stood

there, a neighbor, and it needed only one glance at his haggard face to tell that he had some startling disclosure to make.

"Miss Jessie," said he, "I dared not speak to the old lady first—"

"My grandfather—has anything happened to him?" gasped the girl.

"Yes. Come down into the valley as quick as you can."

It was the work of one moment for Jessie to fold a shawl around her, and descend the stairs; the next, she was in the open air, following the neighbor as fast as her feet could carry her.

"Prepare yourself for the worst," said her companion, as they hurried down the path; "there has been dreadful work in the valley."

In less than a half-hour they had reached the blasted chestnut, under which Meg Marston and Duncroft had met weeks before. To the latest day of her life Jessie Gray never forgot that scene. A dark lantern cast a flickering light over a broken spade, and a small excavation in the earth, and an iron casket. Close by lay Richard Duncroft, the blood welling in a crimson torrent from a gash in his forehead. For an instant Jessie's sight grew dim, and she seemed sinking to the ground, but then she rallied her almost exhausted energies.

"Take him home," she faltered; and while her companion and a friend he had called to the spot before leaving it, made preparations to bear him back to the place he had so darkened of late with his stern presence, Jessie hurried on to break the tidings to her grandmother. Two hours later, Richard Duncroft lay bolstered up in bed, in his own chamber. His aged wife sat near him, and Jessie bent over her grandfather with tenderest ministrations, while physicians and other attendants gathered around. Then—then the old man's secret was revealed.

"Rachel and Jessie," he said with solemn earnestness; "I've been a curse to you for three months past. Listen, and I'll tell you why. You remember the eccentric little man, who has lived in the valley for two or three years. He was a returned Australian, but none would have dreamed that he was rich. I however gained the knowledge. One dark night, as I was crossing his lands, I saw him bury a heavy iron casket, and heard him say, with a short laugh: 'Here my gold is safe—this bank won't break.' The next day he left for Europe, and then a temptation arose within me to make myself possessor of his treasure. I yielded, and from that hour was a miserable man. Every night I went out to dig, and when I had disinterred the casket, I dug a new grave for it. Meg Marston

became aware of my secret, and to bribe her to silence, I consented to give my poor Jessie to her villainous son. Last evening, when he came to bring you home, Jessie, I was not here, but I met him in the valley. He grew exacting, and declared that I should give him half of the gold I had found, or have my secret made known; and at length he challenged me to mortal combat. In darkness we met and fought; he left me fearfully wounded, and fled. There now—forgive me for the wrong I have done you both—God forgive me, too. My strength fails—Rachel, my wife, pray for the dying man." His breath came in short and sudden gasps, the blood-shot eyes closed—poor, old Richard Duncroft was dead. Paul Marston never dared return to the Highlands, and his vile mother followed him to his hiding-place. But after Arthur Minot had recovered from his illness, he and Jessie were married in the rustic church, and when a year later the Australian came back to the neighborhood, Jessie restored the iron casket, and tearfully told him THE OLD MAN'S SECRET.

CHURCHES OF NEW YORK.

The various churches in the city of New York are thus defined: Fifty Protestant Episcopal; thirty-four Methodist Episcopal; forty-one Presbyterians; twenty-nine Baptist; twenty-three Dutch Reformed; seven Congregationalist; seven Lutheran; sixteen Jewish Synagogues; four Associate Presbyterian; three Associate Reformed Presbyterian; five Reformed Presbyterian; two Primitive Christians; twenty-five Roman Catholic; four Universalist; two Unitarian; two Second Advent; two Wesleyan Methodist; three Friends; one Methodist Protestant; one New Jerusalem; four African Methodist; and twenty-one miscellaneous.—*N. Y. Churchman.*

HAPPY MAN.

The happiest man in the city of Boston has an apple and candy stand on North Market Street, and has one wooden leg. He has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody that passes through the archway, and never has upon his countenance the slightest indication of care or anxiety. All the apples and oranges on his stand might decay and run away, to his utter loss, without disturbing the complacency of his features. In summer or winter, snow or rain, he is always the same, whistling or humming some old, bygone tune, never appearing to realize the fact of his wooden leg.—*Bunker Hill Aurora.*

A PRAYER.

But should my destiny be quest of wealth,
Kind Heaven, O, keep my tempted soul in health!
And shouldst thou bless my toil with ample store,
Keep back the madness that would seek for more!
THOMAS WARD.

MABEL'S EYES.

BY MRS. E. T. KILDREDGE.

Mabel's eyes are brighter far
Than the brightest evening star;
Mirrored in their depths of blue,
Love-thoughts glisten warm and true;
Brighter far are Mabel's eyes
Than the brightest noonday skies.

When she was a bonnie child,
Laughing, sporting, free and wild,
Bending down her golden head,
Till it touched the violet's bed,
Then, I ween, her eyes of blue
Caught the violet's azure hue.

Beauteous gems are Mabel's eyes,
Bluer than the fair blue skies;
Bluer than the deep blue sea;
And it always seems to me,
That they must have caught their hue
From the tender violet blue.

Like two sea-shells pure and white,
Mabel's lids will look at night;
They are beautiful to view,
Though they screen her eyes of blue;
All the more at morn we prize
Mabel's tender, violet eyes.

THE PRIDE OF VERSAILLES.*

BY DAVID A. HARRISON.

GABRIELLE DE COURCY was the most beautiful maiden in the whole city of Versailles. To say that her hair was a dark, rich brown, long and wavy, her eyes a deep blue, shaded by long dark eyelashes, a complexion displaying the lily and the rose, and a figure tall and graceful, is not to give any idea of her wondrous beauty—a beauty which consisted not in regularity of features and sparkling eyes, but in the expression which varied with every thought and feeling. Gabrielle was as good as she was beautiful. Some time previous to the opening of our story, she had plighted her faith to one Bertrand Montmorency, a young man, son of a neighbor, poor, but proud and of good family. Their faith had been plighted upon the eve of Bertrand's departure for the army—the army which left for Austerlitz.

Gabrielle was the only child of the immensely wealthy widow Madame Celeste de Courcy, a proud, ambitious, heartless woman. Few characters are found so weak, as that of Madame de Courcy. Unlike her daughter, she was not even

* Under Napoleon, the prefects had to make reports of the rich heiresses of their department, in order to afford an opportunity to the favorites to address them. Le-graverend has disclosed a number of abuses, by which the prefects invaded private property and the domestic relations of the citizens.

good looking; and her daughter's beauty was a constant source of annoyance and jealousy to her, save when she thought of it as a means of connecting herself with some grand family—a duke, count, or even prince. To her, the betrothal of her daughter to her neighbor Montmorency's son was a secret. She had suspected that the young people had an attachment for each other, and had immediately resorted to such measures as she thought had put an end to any such foolish nonsense.

Madame de Courcy had a formidable rival, an opposite neighbor, Madame St. Leon, a very beautiful widow, with two handsome daughters, Elinor and Isabel. True, the daughters were not to be compared, in beauty and accomplishments, with Gabrielle; but the mother, herself, was beautiful and very agreeable. The two lady mothers were outwardly very friendly; but each hated the other in her heart. Madame St. Leon hated her neighbor because, although not laying any claims to beauty, she was very wealthy. Thus the two women lived, each a spy upon the other.

Madame St. Leon was calling upon her "dear friend Celeste," as she called her when she was feeling particularly ill-natured: At last, after an hour spent in small talk, Annette St. Leon exclaimed:

"I nearly forgot, my dear Celeste, to tell you that I heard, from good authority, that Prefect Lacune visits the different houses in Versailles to-morrow, to make a list of the beautiful girls, which he gives to the emperor on the return of his army from Austerlitz."

"Aha! I am glad to hear that."

"You will of course place yourself upon the list," maliciously said Madame St. Leon, smiling and showing her beautiful pearly teeth; "you are so handsome!"

Madame de Courcy colored with vexation, though she answered coldly, while she arranged a superb diamond bracelet on her long, thin arm:

"You can do that, Annette—you are so wealthy!"

Both ladies looked at each other with an angry light in their eyes. But Madame St. Leon was not wealthy enough to be willing to quarrel with her more fortunate neighbor; so she hastened to say, in her most winning tones:

"No, no, Celeste; we are equals. The advantages are well divided between us, though you have the most available ~~list~~. I really envy you. We must not look now, so late in life, to grace the lists we did in youth; but I really envy you, for you are richer than I, and have only one

daughter to leave it to, while I, with less wealth, have more daughters."

"The beauty and wit of the mother increases each dowry by a thousand francs."

"You are a wicked flatterer!" exclaimed Annette St. Leon, laughing gaily and shaking her beautiful curls. "But I must away. Au revoir!"

And she tripped down stairs, glancing at herself in the superb mirror in the hall with a half pleased, half spiteful expression.

"Old crocodile! What a fright she is! I should think she'd shut her eyes, when she passed this mirror; I am sure I would, if I were so ugly. No I wouldn't either, when hateful as the reflection is, it sparkled with diamonds as her's does."

Thus soliloquizing, Madame St. Leon sought her own plainer, but still elegant home, where her two pretty daughters sat waiting to hear what had passed.

After Madame St. Leon left, Gabrielle was summoned into her mother's presence. With great triumph, Madame de Courcy told her daughter of the prefect's expected visit, and commanded her to make herself as elegant as possible.

"Put on your richest dresses, Gabrielle, and I am sure your name will head the list."

Instead of looking delighted, Gabrielle turned deadly pale, and her beautiful head sank despairingly upon her bosom. Madame de Courcy looked astonished and very angry, when at last her daughter ventured to say:

"Mother, I cannot see the prefect. I will not have my name on the list."

"Such language to me, child! You strangely forget yourself. You will be ready to see the prefect, when he comes."

Gabrielle said nothing, but bent her head upon her hands—thinking deeply. Suddenly she raised her head, and spoke.

"I will see Monsieur Lacune on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That I shall be wholly alone—that I shall enter the room and speak with him alone, and when I have spoken with him, he shall be asked no questions concerning me."

"You will, I suppose, implore—will bribe him, perhaps, not to place your name upon the list?"

"No, my name shall be on his list. Before I see him, you must speak to him, and inform him what shall be my dowry."

Madame de Courcy reflected awhile, then consented to the strange request of her daughter.

About three o'clock, the next afternoon, Prefect Lacune made his appearance—a pompous,

consequential, and rather bold man. He rubbed his hands in glee, when he saw the elegant saloon, with mirrors to the floor, marble busts, exquisite paintings, and costly ornaments; but he slightly frowned as Madame de Courcy, dressed in her most elegant robes, and blazing with diamonds, glided into the room. A long conversation passed between the two, and the prefect's eyes danced, as Madame de Courcy named the princely dowry of her daughter; for he knew by reputation that the daughter, unlike the mother, was beautiful.

"I must see your daughter, madame; and with my own eyes, be able to judge of the beauty which turns the heads of all the young men in the city."

"You shall see her instantly." And Madame de Courcy left the room.

In a few minutes the door opened, and Gabrielle de Courcy entered the room. She was dressed in a robe of rich dark blue silk, and her hair was bratted elegantly and twisted round her head, like a crown. But great Heaven! what is the matter? The figure and step is that of Gabrielle; and so are the delicate, rounded arms and tiny white hands. But the face—that is not Gabrielle's!

The prefect raised his eyes, and beheld before him a young girl of a tall, elegant figure, but plain face! The complexion was dark, lips rather pale, heavy dark eyebrows meeting on the nose, and dark circles round the eyes. Can this be the beauty of Versailles? He thought there must be some mistake; so he questioned the lady.

"I wished to see Mademoiselle Gabrielle de Courcy?"

"I am that person."

"Your pardon; I thought she was the most beautiful maiden in Versailles," bluntly replied the prefect.

"I have heard that term addressed to me. As proof of it, I will show you a collection of sonnets, madrigals and letters, I have received."

"It is unnecessary, mademoiselle. I must take a lady's word and my own eyes as sufficient proof. *Don jour.*" And with a polite bow, Monsieur Lacune left the room.

At the foot of the stairs, contrary to her promise, stood Madame de Courcy, who eagerly questioned the prefect concerning her daughter's beauty. Anxious to get away, he replied:

"I think the inhabitants of this good city have gone crazy; and I, who have seen so many beauties, am filled with wonder."

The politic answer filled the heart of Madame

de Courcy with joy. As she walked up the broad, marble staircase, she built princely castles in the air.

A number of young officers were lounging idly in an anteroom of the palace. They were talking of the war through which they had passed; and upon the breasts of several flashed the cross of the Legion of Honor.

"Room—room, there!" cried the seneschal. "The emperor!"

The young men doffed their caps and stood awaiting the coming of Napoleon in respectful attitude.

"Aha! all here, I see. That is well. I have in my hands a paper containing a list of all the handsome young heiresses in Versailles. I knew not there were so many dowried beauties in the city. I will read the names; if any of you have a preference for any of them, you may choose—in turn. Bertrand, you are first, because you were the first citizen of Versailles to whom I gave the cross. Elinor and Isabel St. Leon—small dowries, but beautiful girls; Leonide Lacour—the same dowry; Maria Descartes—very beautiful; Eulalie Lassalle—very beautiful, and very wealthy; Gabrielle de Courcy—good looking, and an immense dowry."

At the last name, Bertrand turned pale, and the others exclaimed:

"How, sire? Mademoiselle de Courcy there named as only good looking? She is the most beautiful girl in all Versailles?"

"That is strange. The Prefect Lacune is a judge of beauty. Be that as it is, you are to choose. Bertrand, whom choose you?"

"Mademoiselle de Courcy."

"Aha! the splendid dowry catches you—does it?"

"Your pardon, sire. The dowry is little to me, when I possess this," laying his hand on the cross of the Legion of Honor. "But I was betrothed to Mademoiselle de Courcy before I left with the army."

"Take her, then, Bertrand; and to-morrow you shall return to her."

To each of the other young men, he awarded some honor; for they were the five bravest officers in the army—young, faithful and brave. With a courteous bow, Napoleon returned the grateful acknowledgments of his young officers, then turned and left the saloon. On his return to Josephine, he found her quite perplexed.

"Ah, sire, you are just in time to aid me with your clear judgment and generous heart?"

"What puzzles you, Josephine?"

"While you were gone, a lady, Madame de

Courcy, craved permission to speak to me. I granted the request, and received a strange visitor—a woman nearly beside herself with rage, because the Prefect Lacune had traduced her daughter's beauty. She had seen the list of beautiful young heiresses destined for your majesty, and was incensed because her daughter, Gabrielle de Courcy, headed not that list—indeed, worse than that, was described as simply good looking. I promised to bring her complaint before you, sire; but I must add, of my own free will, that if the daughter resembles her mother, she can't lay claims to being even good looking—much less, beautiful."

"'Tis strange!" exclaimed Napoleon, rubbing his chin. "Even when I read the list to my officers, a general exclamation arose because Mademoiselle de Courcy was not styled the most beautiful of all! I must look into this matter."

Ringling a small hand-bell, an usher appeared, whom Napoleon commanded to summon to his presence the prefect, Monsieur Lacune. Meanwhile, he paced restlessly up and down the saloon, stroking his chin with one hand, while the other he held behind him. A short space, and in great trepidation Monsieur Lacune was shown into the august presence. He stood the very picture of fawning solicitude, patiently waiting to be addressed. His patience was not long tried; for in a quick, abrupt tone, Napoleon said:

"Monsieur Lacune, I wish to have a matter explained. You gave me a list containing the names of the heiresses of Versailles, and there I behold the name of Mademoiselle Gabrielle de Courcy, the wealthiest maiden in the city, but simply good looking; how is that?"

Monsieur Lacune, mistaking the cause of the emperor's question, hastened to reply.

"Your pardon, sire. I know I should not have placed her name upon the list, as she had no claim to beauty; but I thought her immense wealth would overbalance all else. So I added her name; and, if you were pleased to notice, it was the last on the list."

"Yes, yes; I know that. You did right; but I wish to know what spell was upon your eyes, that Mademoiselle de Courcy appeared so different to you? All the young men of Versailles swear she is the most beautiful maiden in all the empire; and a short space ago, her mother pleaded with the empress that her daughter's beauty should have justice done it. How can you account for the difference?"

"It is beyond my wit. If you will pardon my presumption, I would suggest that the

maiden be brought before you, that you may judge for yourself of her charms."

"Sage advice, monsieur, which shall be acted upon. Do you remain here till she arrive."

Madame de Courcy had hardly reached her home, after having sought and obtained an interview with the empress, when the royal carriage drew up to the door.

"The emperor wishes the company of Madame and Mademoiselle de Courcy. His carriage waits."

Madame de Courcy donned plumed hat and velvet mantle, her heart swelling with pride; but Gabrielle, her heart beating with despair, only threw over her head and shoulders a richly wrought lace mantle, which so fell as to conceal her features, and with faltering steps, followed her mother down stairs to the carriage. As Madame de Courcy stepped, with a haughty tread, into the imperial carriage, she could not refrain from glancing up to the house of her hated rival. Good! half shaded by the drapery, Madame St. Leon stood curiously gazing forth. A proud, exultant wave of the hand, and the carriage rolled away from the door.

Closely following the seneschal, Madame and Mademoiselle de Courcy entered the presence of their emperor. Napoleon smiled, as they approached, and said in his most gracious manner:

"The empress has reported to us your complaint. The prefect and citizens are at variance, and we decided to judge for ourselves of the famed beauty of Mademoiselle de Courcy. Be not ashamed, mademoiselle, that the eyes of your emperor and empress rest for once critically upon your face. Be pleased to draw aside your veil."

Gabrielle tremblingly stepped forward; then suddenly, as if in despair, pulled aside the veil. Neither Napoleon nor Josephine could repress an exclamation of surprise and admiration as their eyes rested upon the beautiful, pale face of Gabrielle, half shaded as it was by the rich veil. A moment only they looked, while the girl blushed deeply at being the object of such scrutiny. Napoleon turned to the trembling prefect.

"How is this, Monsieur Lacune? I behold before me the loveliest maiden mine eyes ever looked upon in any land. I can consider you as no longer competent to fill your office."

"Sire!"—and Gabrielle knelt at his feet—"Monsieur Prefect is blameless. On my head, alone, let your anger fall. I disguised myself—painted myself to look as plainly as possible. He judged rightly; for he knew not the sallow complexion and straggling eyebrows were false."

"What were your reasons for thus transfiguring yourself?"

Gabrielle blushed vividly, and lowered her beautiful eyes till the long lashes rested upon the glowing cheek, while she made answer in a perfectly steady, though low voice:

"I was betrothed to one, poor but of good family; and I thought if no personal inducements were offered, if I was ranked as plain, among a long list of beauties, I should remain unchosen—all would choose beauty and wealth!"

Napoleon smiled; then whispered some order to the seneschal, who left the hall. While he was gone, Napoleon spoke to the kneeling girl.

"I blame you for but one thing—that is, want of confidence in your emperor. I am not used to break hearts; it pleases me more to unite loved ones. I am sorry to say, mademoiselle, your scheme failed. Though called plain, there was one among my officers who overlooked that."

He paused a moment, and Gabrielle's head sank, while a deadly pallor spread over her delicate features.

"Yes, one young, handsome and gifted, chooses you. Here he comes!"

Raising his voice slightly, Napoleon said to the new comer:

"Lieutenant Bertrand Montmorency, behold the bride you have chosen! Kneel, to receive her."

A dead weight fell on the heart of the poor girl, as Napoleon announced the presence of her future husband, and she did not raise her eyes till he pronounced the name "Bertrand Montmorency!" With a cry of joy, Gabrielle raised her head; then with parted lips and sparkling eyes, she waited Napoleon's words, while Madame de Courcy stood by, grinding her teeth with rage. "Only a lieutenant!"

"Receive your bride from our hands, Bertrand! and may neither of you forget that Napoleon loves to witness the happiness of others. Rise up, General Montmorency; your new commission shall be made out to-morrow."

The assemblage broke up. Bertrand and his lovely bride returned to the house of Madame de Courcy, upon whom the new title, "General," worked a charm. As the lovely Gabrielle passed out of the saloon, Josephine looked after her, smiling:

"Mademoiselle entered the room beautiful, truly; but she leaves it perfectly bewildering, in her young loveliness. So much has happiness done!"

"Yes," replied Napoleon, looking back also. "Truly, rightfully, has she been called **THE PRIDE OF VERSAILLES.**"

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF BRAINTREE.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

In the ancient burial place of the quaint old town of Braintree, or Brantry, as it was once spelled, there is a small, dark headstone, over which the sunshine and dews have fallen for a century and a half; and round which the long grass and the wild brier folded as lovingly as now, when our great grandfathers were treading that consecrated ground, and their fathers had not yet descended to their final resting place. We can scarcely realize, while our feet are wandering among the ancient graves, that the beings who lie there, were once living, sentient actors, like ourselves, in the great drama which is not yet finished;—that they had the same hopes, wishes, joys and sorrows as ourselves; that they played with the same baubles of love, fame, ambition, that we do, and that they, like ourselves, saw bark after bark go down to the great deep, freighted deeply with the experiences of a human soul.

But to the headstone. On its dull, slate-stone face are inscribed, with much of the tedious prolixity of that day, the virtues, and a considerable portion of the histories of Reuben Morton and his wife. An Englishman, born and bred, he held the office of schoolmaster, with such patience, moderation and zeal for knowledge, that it would seem that the youth of Massachusetts—those at least whose means would permit, were all students with good and learned Master Morton.

Not only so, but that wise and prudent gentlewoman, Mistress Bella Morton, "hath her memorial" here also, as being the accomplished instructress of a large number of "young gentlewomen, especially many from Boston." Whether her spirit still walks abroad, in the persons of the innumerable multitude who walk Washington Street each day at high noon, is a problem which only our psychologic friends, who are posted up in such abstruse mysteries, can answer. Let us hope that gentle Mistress Morton has really transmitted some of her valuable qualities down even to this generation, more lastingly than the tent and satin stitch which accompanied them.

Reuben Morton was the younger son of a noble English family, and was, of course, destined for that convenient anchorage of all those little boats—younger sons—the church. Seriously inclined from his childhood, he made no especial objection, and the thing was already decided on; Lord John Bellingham, his father's

early friend, promising him a living in the gift of the Bellingham family.

There was a richer gift in the noble lord's possession, which Reuben Morton saw and coveted, on the single occasion of his admission into Bellingham House; a gift which had been designed for his own elder brother, Lord George; and this was the only daughter of that ancient house.

As soon would the noble owner have seen the ancient structure fall to the ground, a miserable, worthless ruin, without a single stone standing upon another, as to see the daughter of his heart throw herself away upon a younger son. He had planned her marriage with Lord George, a coarse, stag-hunting, disagreeable young man, who considered his portion sufficient without learning, and was almost as ignorant as one of his own horses, but possessed of a vast fortune—the grand desideratum with Lord John Bellingham.

The Lady Arabella thought differently from her noble father. She too, in that single interview, marked distinctly the odds between the two brothers, and when Reuben Morton—feeling that such a marriage as was projected for her was a desecration—modestly, yet nobly pressed his own suit, the lady listened with unreluctant ear. There were reproaches, and rage, and vindictiveness in store for him who had thus rashly brought down two houses upon his devoted head. But Arabella was firm, and that was all that was wanting to make him happy.

The small portion which descended to him from his grandmother, was hastily demanded, and paid promptly; and at a respectable country town, not six miles from Bellingham House, the wedding was privately performed by a young clergyman—his dearest friend. The next hour the newly married pair were on board a ship, bidding a tender, and as it proved, a last farewell to the white cliffs of Albion, on their way to the refuge of discontented or persecuted Englishmen—the American colonies.

Arriving in Boston, the pair set seriously to thinking to what practical purpose they could turn the slender income, and the rich and varied talents they possessed, to meet the exigencies of their life in the ungenial clime to which they had flown. Titles disappeared here, in the comparative wilderness they were now to inhabit; and plain Master Morton and Mistress Bella Morton were the only names by which they were known. Both agreed that nothing was so suited to their acquirements as teaching, and as many families wished to send their children away from Boston, already the resort of low roysterers, and the

scum of English society, they decided to settle in the pleasant town of Braintree, and receive pupils from a distance into their own house.

A modest house, differing but slightly from an English cottage, with a broad wing attached, was built from their small finances, and furnished with such plain and unostentatious arrangements as they could afford. It was situated on the brow of a hill, commanding a rich and extensive prospect: wide-spread forests, waving corn-fields, and the broad bosom of the ocean, across which lay the land of their birth. If sometimes a sigh floated towards it, the circumstances under which they must have remained rose before them, and the remembrance of what might have been stifled all expression of regret. Around them soon gathered a band of smiling youth, eager for instruction; and in the cares and pleasure of their new occupation, they forgot there were such things as lords and ladies. Sometimes the happy husband would address his wife as Lady Arabella, but she chided him for the unwelcome sound, and declared that no title could ever please her half so well as that of the schoolmaster's wife.

Once only, for a few brief months, a baby with fair, English complexion, soft blue eyes and golden hair, lay upon her bosom—a son, who in the event of one death, would be presumptive heir to the Morton estates; but, as if to stifle the wish before it was formed, the gift was recalled.

"But God gives patience—love learns strength,
And faith remembers promise,
And hope itself can smile at length,
On other hopes gone from us."

Once, too, they were surprised and shocked by a visit from one, between whom and them they had supposed that the waves of the Atlantic would forever intervene. With characteristic indecorum and indelicacy, Lord George, in wandering about the world to kill time, chanced to visit the English colonies in the New World. Chance led him to inquire, as he had done elsewhere, for his brother; and this time the inquiry was rewarded by finding one who knew his situation, and offered to conduct him to his home in Braintree.

It was a lovely summer evening, when the schoolmaster of Braintree and his wife, freed from the duties of a long day, wandered forth to catch the fresh ocean breeze, and talk of England. True, they did not often revert to that theme, but on that night the waves of memory rolled backward, and they conversed in a cheerful and happy mood, of all the events that had chanced to them in parting from their native soil. Before them lay the broad sea which they had crossed together; at the left, Boston was be-

ginning to rear its palaces; around, on every side, new towns and villages were slowly springing up, not with the railroad speed of our own times, but with a steady progress that denoted stability of purpose, and augured well for the future state of the colonies. At their feet, on the lowest slope of the hill, lay the burial ground where the dust of their child reposed. They grew sadder and more solemn, as the sun withdrew its last fading light, and descended the hill to watch for the remainder of the twilight beside the little grassy mound.

As they passed into the enclosure, a man accosted them with the inquiry, as to where he could find one Reuben Morton. Though nearly dusk, both knew the face that presented itself to their sight. Both too, recognized the voice, harsh and rudely speaking; and the roystering, swaggering air, which, if disagreeable and repulsive in the broad parks of Morton Hall, were perfectly insufferable amidst the peaceful quietude of this sequestered place. Unmistakably this man was none other than Lord George Morton himself.

Instinctively, Reuben and Bella moved away from the little turn stile which formed the entrance to the place of the dead, before the question could be answered; Bella holding fast by her husband's arm, as if already she feared the shadow which had fallen across their path.

"I am here, George," said the schoolmaster, not unkindly; "I cannot be so deceptive, as to say I am glad to see you, but if you will return home with us, I will show you such hospitality as I can."

"Faith! a cool reception, Reuben! Lady Arabella, have you no warmer welcome to give one who should have been your husband, instead of this meek, chicken-hearted parson? Where do you preach, most reverend sir? Methinks that old church yonder would hold fewer than my kennel at home would accommodate."

"Call me not by that name, George Morton," said Bella, coldly. "The proudest name I ever coveted, was that of the wife of Reuben Morton, the schoolmaster. He is no parson, either, but his life is such, that all good men respect him."

"Now, by the Lord, do you tell me that one of our family has stooped to be a common pedagogue? Are you fooling me, Lady Arabella?"

"She speaks truth," said Reuben, "and believe me, I am prouder far to be that, than I should to be Lord George Morton himself. Don't trouble yourself to pity or despise us. We are well enough as we are. But let us go to the house. We would not seem inhospitable."

When lights were brought, they saw with

shame how plainly the effects of a reckless and dissipated life had worn upon their guest. With little, or no appetite, he sat at the bountiful table, covered with good and wholesome fare until the wine appeared. He drank potation after potation, without any apparent effect, except a sleepiness, which he attributed, as he said, to the diabolical roads he had travelled over, since he landed in these cursed colonies; and he was soon desirous of being shown to his bedroom, where his servant to whom he had not revealed his connection with the host, was profuse in lamentations at the scantiness of his accommodations. The next day, Lord George departed in utter disgust at the situation and prospects of his brother, and scarcely envying him the wife which he had taxed him with stealing from himself. This was the only glimpse of their past life that crossed their quiet pathway; and they were thankful that it was not repeated—thankful, when they heard that there was no reason to fear a repetition.

One by one, as the English newspapers came at intervals to their hands, they knew of the dropping away of old friends and relatives, until all were gone, save Lord George himself, and he was now an old man, with only the dregs of that life, from which he had long since wasted the sparkle.

At last, when years had whitened the locks of the venerable schoolmaster, and faded the roses on his Bella's cheeks—when they were fast passing away to the better land, amidst the love and respect of the good and virtuous, whose opening years they had trained, there came one day to the Braintree post-office, a huge letter, bearing the English post-mark, and addressed to Lord Reuben Morton. There was much speculation in the coterie that assembled round the fire of the little grocery store, in one corner of which—smelling marvellously of salt fish, hams, pepper and coffee—the letters were weekly deposited, and as often called out by the little wrinkled postmaster, who, with spectacled nose, presided over that department.

"Bless us all! Have we a real lord among us?" was the cry from the loiterers, while each was eager to be the bearer, in order to gratify his individual curiosity, and retail the news, if there should be any, to the rest of the curious group.

"I shall trust it to nobody," said the little postmaster, swelling with conscious importance. "I think—nay, I know that Master Morton will wish to consult me in regard to this letter. Zeb-dee Stiles, come within here, and attend to delivering the letters," he continued, addressing a

tall, gawky lad, whom he kept as his assistant.

In a moment, he was walking up the hill, bearing the important despatch, which announced that the last barrier between Reuben and the title was broken down. Lord George Morton slept with his fathers.

If the aged schoolmaster had ever desired to succeed to the Morton title and estates, it was too late for him to feel a single pulse accelerated by the announcement. When the postmaster entered, he was lying upon the couch, with that patient and serene smile which marks the good man's approach to the better land, while the Bella of his youthful love, still beautiful in her calm old age, sat beside him, holding one thin hand in hers.

"We shall not long be separated, love," he whispered. His eye glanced at the large packet.

"Read it," he said faintly, to his wife. She did so, and as he listened to her tremulous voice, he closed his eyes, as if weary of hearing what was now of no interest to that parting hour.

When she had finished, she quietly laid aside the letter, as if it were but a common thing, and turned to the figure on the couch. Reuben Morton had passed away to that land where lords and kings are known no more.

Kind hands placed the stone beside the little child, who, had he lived, would have inherited these honors; and kind hearts dictated the quaint inscription, which speaks so truthfully of the aged pair, who were, indeed, not long separated. Opposite the old burial place, and beneath the pillars of the venerable stone church, the dust of the Adamases—father and son—reposes. Meet neighborhood for the revered Schoolmaster of Braintree.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

It is no uncommon thing for men to flatter themselves that God cannot be displeased with them because they have omitted to do a great many bad deeds, which they would have done, had they not been restrained by the fear of the law or of public opinion. The soundness of such morality is very well exhibited in Lessing's parable of "The Wolf on his Death-bed." A wolf lay at his last gasp, and was reviewing his past life. "It is true," said he, "that I am a sinner, but I hope not one of the greatest. I have done evil, but I have also done much good. Once I remember a bleating lamb that had strayed from its flock, came so near me that I might easily have throttled it, but I did it no harm." "I can testify to all that," said his friend, the fox, who was helping him to prepare for death; "I remember perfectly, all the circumstances. It was just at that time when you were so dreadfully choked with that bone in your throat."—*The Moralist*.

Curious Matters.

Singular Story of a Shark.

In an article on the curiosities contained in the Museum of the United Service Institution in London, the *Times* says:—The most singular objects perhaps, are the jaws of a large shark, placed side by side with a glass case of printed Spanish memoranda, between which, at first sight, no connexion seems possible. Their history, however, is briefly this: Her Majesty's ship, *Abergavenny*, chased off St. Domingo the *Nancy*, suspected slaver, which contrived to escape, though in the excitement of the chase, she threw overboard her real papers, which were swallowed at a gulp by a large shark. That same shark, soon recovering its appetite after this light diet, was caught by some of the crew of the *Abergavenny*. The papers, which he had not troubled himself to masticate, were found in this case intact; the *Nancy* was followed to her real destination, and overtaken, seized and condemned on the evidence of the pictures thus Jonah-like recovered.

A novel Monomania.

A cottage at the head of Newton, Scotland, occupied by two young ladies, has for several days past been besieged by a green linnet, who, the moment one of the inmates leaves the house, attacks her, and does everything in its power to annoy her, such as darting in her face, and striking her with its wings, all the while chirruping in its most enraged key. Although several times stunned by diving at the windows and doors, it has always got away from every attempt to capture it, and keeps its watch day and night on a tree at the rear of the house, whence its sallies are made at every opportunity. No cause can be assigned for this antipathy on the part of the little warbler, as no injury has been done to it, so far as is known, by any of those it seems to consider its enemies.

Strange Discovery.

A party lately made a partial exploration of Spring Cave, near Point Pleasant, Ky., on Green River. An entrance to the Cave was effected through a narrow passage, about thirty feet long, which opened into an egg-shaped room, thirty feet long, and fifteen high. The exploring party visited, through various passages, five other rooms, in one of which was a small set-off as if made by man, and on it were three books and several letters, none of which the gentlemen could make out. They also found in this room silvery looking metal that had been run into lumps. In another room they found human bones. It is the intention of the gentlemen engaged in this exploration, to make a more thorough examination of this cave.

Effect of sudden Grief.

Among others whose acquaintance Montaigne made in the bath-room, was the Seigneur d'Andelot, formerly in the service of Charles the Fifth, and Governor for him of St. Quentin. One side of his beard and one eyebrow were white; and he related that this change came to him in an instant one day as he was sitting at home, with his head leaning on his hand, in profound grief at the loss of a brother, executed by the Duke of Alba, as an accomplice of Counts Egmont and Horn. When he looked up, and uncovered the part which he had clutched in his agony, the people present thought that flour had been sprinkled over him.

To cut Glass with a Piece of Iron.

Draw with a pencil on paper any pattern to which you would have the glass conform; place the pattern under the glass, holding both together in the left hand (for the glass must not rest on any plain surface), then take a common spike, or some similar piece of iron, heat the point of it to redness and apply it to the edge of the glass; draw the iron slowly forward, and the edge of the glass will immediately crack; continue moving the iron slowly over the glass, tracing the pattern, and the clink in the glass will follow at the distance of about half an inch in every direction, according to the motion of the iron. It may sometimes be found requisite, however, especially in forming corners, to apply a wet finger to the opposite side of the glass. Tumblers and other glasses may be cut or divided very fancifully by similar means. The iron must be re-heated as often as the crevice in the glass ceases to flow.

A Novel Invention.

An invention for signalling on railway trains is described, the apparatus consisting of a gutta percha tube, extending through the whole length of the train. It is formed in sections—a joint for each car—and these are fastened together when in use. This tube is connected with an air-pump in the front and at the end of the train. By a stroke of this pump, the air is forced through the tube to the opposite end of the train, and produces a very loud and shrill whistle at the mouth-piece attached to the tube in each guard's van, and to a mouth-piece which extends also close to the engineer. Printed instructions are placed in the hands of each individual officially connected with the train, which states that one whistle means "look out," two whistles signify "caution," and three whistles denote "danger."

A Queer Bet.

A new work has recently been published in England, entitled "One Hundred Years Ago," which, by the following extract, shows that at least one person was even then sound on the goose question: "My lords of Rockingham and Orford made a match against each other for five hundred guineas, as to whether five turkeys or five geese would in the shortest time perform the journey from Norwich to London. The result vindicated Lord Orford's sagacity, for, though at first the turkeys had it all their own way, the geese waddled past them at night, while they were lazily roosting upon the trees beside the hedge row."

Remarkable Sight.

While the New York and Worcester train was passing Natick recently, a ball of lightning as large as the two fists of a man, descended, ran along the telegraph wire, and exploded with a report as loud as a cannon. The wire was consumed, and the posts within a space of half a mile were shivered from top to bottom. The passengers on the train were greatly alarmed, as the ball of fire was all the time in sight, and the explosion seemed as if beneath the cars.

Vaccination with a Magnetised Needle.

Professor Roek states that since 1856, hundreds of children have been thus vaccinated, with scarcely any failures occurring. The point of the needle is well saturated with the magnetic fluid before practising the vaccinations, which are then performed in the usual manner, a single magnetization serving for many vaccinations. It is quite surprising to observe the rapidity with which the vaccine virus is absorbed when the needle is thus prepared.

Costly Handkerchiefs.

The young Countess Marie Dorethee de Casteline has just been united to Prince Frederick de Radzivil, a Prussian officer. Portions of the lady's wedding equipment have been exposed in Paris. In this collection there were a number of costly handkerchiefs; so beautiful are they that one would think they had escaped from the slender weavings of fairies, and not from the mortal hands of sewing women. I counted in the window where they were displayed no less than sixty handkerchiefs, costing from two to three hundred dollars each. On some of them the embroidering of the arms of the houses Casteline and Radzivil were interwoven and surmounted by the crown of the prince; all this was in pure gold. The threads were metallic, malleable, pure, and so arranged as not to dim in washing. There were seven cashmere shawls, of seven different colors, one was of white, embroidered with gold and turquoise.

Recipe for Renewing the Skin.

There is a certain bean which grows in the East Indies, the outer pod of which has a quality very much prized by the women of those countries. On the lessening of their beauty of complexion, by sunburn or by the eruption of any disease, they gather this nut, take the rind or pod, and rub it well upon the face. The juice is first very corrosive, and the flesh swells and inflames under it, and then turns black. The patient is at this time a horrible object, and the universal custom is a most studious concealment till the process is past. In about two weeks, however, the old skin peels off, and the renewed one makes its appearance—as rosy, as delicate, and as fair as that of an infant. At the cost of five days of suffering and fifteen days of secret concealment from all mortal sight, the precious boon of a “bran new skin” can thus be secured to fading beauty.

Ancient Turquoise Mine in New Mexico.

A late number of the American Journal of Science contains an account by William P. Blake of an ancient excavation in New Mexico, made by the aborigines in search of a stone which they call “Chalchihuitl.” This excavation is about 800 feet wide, and 200 deep, and is 20 miles from Santa Fe. It is shown to be very ancient by a thick growth of pine trees in the bottom of the pit, and by numerous fragments of Indian pottery. The stone is green and bluish green, and is identical with turquoise in its composition. The Indians still set the most extravagant value upon beads and trinkets made of it, and obtain small quantities from thin seams in the vicinity of the great pit. The first present sent by Montezuma to Cortez, for the Spanish sovereign, consisted of four chalchihuitl stones, they being more highly prized than gold.

Action of the Sea.

In Clew Bay, on the western coast of Ireland, there was formerly an island, called Miniah, the surface of which, in the reign of Charles I., was twelve acres in extent, as is proved by several public documents of that period. On being measured in the year 1814, it was found to be only 420 feet long, and 30 broad. In 1816, it entirely disappeared. The island of Clare, in the immediate neighborhood, furnishes another example of the destructive action of the sea on those coasts. Bounded everywhere by cliffs of immense height, it is continually corroded by the ocean, which has worn deep caverns, into which, when agitated, it throws immense blocks of stone, detached from the cliffs, with an appalling noise.

A Bengal Prince.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says he has lately returned from a visit to the palaces and grounds of the Rajah of Bushwan. The estate of this petty prince, a fine-looking fellow, thirty-eight years old, gives an annual income of about \$4,000,000—over \$4 50 an hour. His residence is on an estate of seventy-five acres of gardens and parks, which is interspersed with a large number of tanks, one of them being a full mile around its four sides, with many stone stairways leading down to the water. The stud of the Rajah contains eight hundred of the best horses that can be procured in India, and he has, besides, about thirty fine elephants in his stables. He owns, in addition to his immense country estate, bazaars and considerable property in Calcutta. Twelve thousand men are employed on all his lands—four thousand in the immediate vicinity of his palaces. The monthly expenditures for the support of all this is only about \$4000—and the native labor is the cheapest part of it.

Geological Phenomenon.

The Ohio River is gradually destroying the soil on which Portsmouth, Ohio, is situated. It first worked off several acres of bottom land up to a steep bank. It has now commenced wearing off the bank and encroaching upon the streets of the city. A writer says, “six blocks containing twelve city lots, that originally fronted on Fifth Street, are now washed by the river, which is taking them off at the rate of a foot per day. It is a common thing to see a dozen square yards drop off at once.” One street, Fifth, is annihilated, and the river is advancing towards Fourth Street. Some large manufactories and the depot buildings are in danger of being swept off in a few months. At the present rate of progress in four months the channel of the river will be where the depot buildings now stand.

A Pleasant Surprise.

Two gentlemen took the cars at Portland for Boston, the other day, and entered into conversation on the route. When they reached the depot at Boston, they found they were both going to the same street in Charlestown. It proved, finally, that they were destined to the same house, and when they arrived there, they were introduced to each other as brothers, by the gentleman of the house, also a brother. Neither of the three had met the others for twenty-four years. They were Scotchmen. The one at Charlestown had been in this country nineteen years; one of the others had just arrived from Egypt, where he had been in the service of the pacha for twenty-two years; and the other had spent sixteen years in the East Indies.

Singular Arithmetical Fact.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2, a much quicker operation: but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2320; divide the same number by 2, and you have 232, and as there is no remainder, you add a cipher. Now, take 357, and multiply by 5, the answer is 1785. On dividing this by 2, there is 178 and a remainder; you, therefore, place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1785.

The Florist.

O, the flowers look upward in every place,
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And, dear as a smile on an old friend's face,
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!

Growing the Camellia by Cuttings.

The Camellia may be grown from cuttings, the single red and middlemist being the easiest to strike, and the double white and myrtle-leaved the most difficult; but the plants procured in this manner are much more beautiful in their shape, and prolific in their blossoms. The cuttings may be put in at any season of the year, when the plants are not in a growing state, but the best time is when the young wood is becoming ripe; and should be performed in the following manner: Cut them smoothly across at the joint, between the old and new wood, and plant them firmly in pots, well drained, of pure river sand, covering them with bell glasses, keeping them moderately moist, and placing them in the shade. In from four to six months, they usually commence taking root, at which time they will be materially assisted in their growth by being placed in a mild hot-bed. When it is considered that they have sufficient root, which will probably be in about one year, they may be repotted singly, into small pots, giving them the compost used for established plants.

Pergularia.

This flower has perhaps the sweetest fragrance of any other plant. The blossoms are green and of no peculiar beauty, but they are valuable for their delightful fragrance, which is chiefly perceptible at night. The Pergularia is a stove climber, which should be grown in a large pot with holes in the sides, which should be plunged into the centre pit of the stove and kept moist. It should be kept back every year when it is done flowering; and it will shoot out vigorously in spring. This plant fully repays any trouble expended upon it by the rich fragrance.

Ledum.

The Labrador Tea. American low shrubs with pretty white flowers. It is a compact growing little plant, with box-like leaves and clusters of white flowers, which have a pink tinge on the back of the petals. It is very suitable for beds in a geometric flower garden, or rock-work; but it requires a slight protection during severe frosts.

Ononis.

The Rest Harrow. Little herbaceous and shrubby plants, some of which are natives of Britain, and which generally have yellow or pink flowers. Most kinds should be grown in peat, or very sandy loam. Most of the kinds live in the open air, with a very slight protection during hard frosts.

Mignonette, Sweet.

This is especially mentioned as easily cultivated by drills in a garden, and is one of the finest and richest flowers in the world from which the honey-bee can extract its food.

Jacobaea Lily.

A splendid bulbous-rooted plant, formerly called by botanists *Amaryllis formosissima*, but the name is now changed to *Sprekelia*.

Sherardia.

Very pretty British weeds, which may be introduced with good effect on rockwork. Perfectly hardy.

Rockwork.

Rockwork may be divided into two kinds; that which is intended to imitate natural rocks, and that which is merely intended as a nidus for rock-plants. Imitations of nature should be formed of large blocks of stone, and should for the most part be disposed in imitation of some stratification. Rockwork, as a mere nidus for plants, should never be attempted on a large scale, without the introduction of large blocks of stone to prevent sinking. A mixture of brick, flint, granite and freestone, together with bits of marble and shells, form a pretty mass. These bits of stone are piled up in a picturesque manner, then fine, rich earth sifted among them.

Summer flowering Bulbs.

Now is the time to set out all summer flowering bulbs, such as *Ixias* and *Gladolius*. The ground in which the bulbs are to be planted, should be made very fine and rich, and not allowed at any time to become hardened. *Lobelias*, *Verbenias*, *Salvias* and *Petunias*, and other half-hardy annuals that are in pots, may be planted out. The hardy annuals sown in March or April, should be thinned out and transplanted, and the stems of the *Phloxes* and other coarse growing herbaceous plants may be cut, taking away about a third part.

Dahlia.

These beautiful, showy flowers can be produced the first season from the seed. It is only necessary to sow them in a hot-bed early in the season. The best soil for Dahlias is a compost of equal parts sand and loam, which may be enriched with part of an old hot-bed, or decayed leaves. The plants should always be tied to a stout stake.

Grevillea.

Australian plants with very curious flowers, which should be grown in a mixture of equal parts of sand, loam and peat. They are increased by seeds which ripen freely, or by cuttings of the old wood, struck in sand under a bell-glass.

Blitum.

Annuals of the easiest culture, of no beauty with respect to the flowers, but remarkable for the showy appearance of their spikes of succulent scarlet fruit. The common names for the species are Strawberry and Spinach Blite.

Chilidonium.

The common Celandine or Swallow-wort, is a hardy perennial, with yellow flowers, common on the seacoast and in churchyards in many parts of England. It grows in any common garden soil, and is readily increased by division of the roots.

Echites.

Two new species of this plant have been discovered. One of these new species has flowers of a beautiful rose color, and the other has dark crimson flowers.

Adesmia.

Herbaceous plants and shrubs, with yellow pea-like flowers, growing freely in the open air in any common garden soil. The blossoms have a slight fragrance.

Knautia.

One species is a very pretty flower, and requiring only the usual treatment of annuals, and will grow in common garden soil.

Flower Garden.

This the wife and daughters will superintend. How charming and delightful for us who entertain our country cousins in winter, to return their visits in summer, and enjoy with them the charming plants and flowers which their skill, industry and good taste have provided. Now is the time to get the ground in readiness to receive the seeds of the annuals, soon to be planted. Secure as good a variety and as choice a selection as possible. This mode of occupying your time will not only please yourself and gratify your friends, but will also improve your hearts and minds.

Crysanthemums.

On account of early frosts, chrysanthemum plants are frequently destroyed just as they show their blossom-buds, thus preventing a display of their flowers. They should, therefore, be planted in pots, and be transferred in the season of their flowering, to the parlor or greenhouse. Their splendid appearance in these situations during the winter months, is not surpassed by any other herbaceous flower—viewing in richness and magnificence with the tulip and dahlia.

Dahlias.

The variegated sort of dahlias should be grown in fine sandy loam or peat, nearly or wholly destitute of manure, according to their specific natures, or they will be liable to run too much, and exhibit self-colored flowers; and in the event of any such appearing, they should be taken off the plant as soon as ascertained. Three or four feet space each way should be allowed between the plants, by which their health and strength will be much improved.

Snake Gourd.

A very curious plant, with white flowers, every petal of which appears surrounded with long knotted fringes. The leaves and tendrils resemble those of the common cucumber; but the fruit is long, and curiously striped, so as to resemble a snake. It is of no use, only worth cultivating as an object of curiosity. The fruit grows twisted and curled like numerous snakes, and to one fearing them the sight would be startling.

Annuals.

Under favorable circumstances, annuals will produce their flower-buds within two months of the period of sowing the seed; some species, soon after exhibiting their brilliant blossoms and ripening their seed, disappear, while others afford a succession of flowers for two or three months. Annual plants will grow from one to four feet in height, in one uniform soil and situation.

Chrysocoma.

Goldy-Locks. Low, soft-wooded shrubs from the cape, with yellow flowers. They thrive well in a mixture of loam and peat, and are readily increased by cuttings. The herbaceous plants formerly included in this genus, are now removed to the genera *Loriosyris* *Euthamia* and *Bigelovia*.

Zygopetalum.

Showy, orchideous plants, which in their native state are found growing on branches of trees, and which should be grown on wood in a stove. They are very difficult of culture, but the beauty of the blossoms fully repays the florist for all time spent.

Care of Flowers.

Tender annual flower seeds may now be sown in hot-beds; use light rich soil, and cover the seeds very lightly; those sown last month should now be potted off into small pots. Dahlias may be plunged in the hot-bed to forward them, and afterwards potted in large pots, and placed in the green-house. Hyacinths narcissus, and other bulbs in glasses, should have the water changed every week, soft rain-water being the best; and if the points of the roots have any dirt attached to them, they should be taken out of the glass, and brushed very gently with a feather—the glasses, also, should be thoroughly washed every two or three weeks. Those who wish to flower tuberoes and tiger-flowers very early, should, about the middle of this month, plant them in small pots, and place them in a hot-bed. Calceolarias in small pots should be potted into a larger size, filled with a compost of rotten bones and light loam.

Culture of Tulips.

The beauty of the tulip flower draws the attention of even the most indifferent observer, and, as it were, makes itself familiarly known at once, because it is a kind of flower which, when taken notice of, is rarely or never forgotten. The Dutch have long been famed for their splendid collections of this plant, and some of their private ones have been valued at some thousands of pounds sterling. Those who are desirous of obtaining a good collection of tulips should regard it as the most important point at the commencement, to make a reliable selection; and having done this, they should be planted in a compost of mellow light earth, or leaf soil and well rotted stable manure.

The Damask Rose.

The damask rose, a native of the Levant, is powerfully and agreeably fragrant, and is the kind most used for making the attar, or essential oil of roses. The varieties are numerous, and exceedingly beautiful. In Turkey, the rose is regarded as a sacred flower, and millions of them are cultivated in some of the gardens of the Mussulmans; so sacred, indeed, do they hold this flower, from a belief that it first sprung from the perspiration of Mahomet, that they will not permit a leaf to lie upon the ground, or to be soiled by the tread of the foot. Upon the tombs of all ladies that die unmarried, is sculptured one of these fair flowers.

Weeping Roses.

Weeping roses, which are vigorous growing varieties, worked five to seven feet high, merely require the gross, unripe shoots and those which are over crowded, to be taken out, and the others left unpruned. These, for the first year or two, should be trained round a small iron hoop, placed underneath the head of the plant; in a short time, they will form most beautiful pendulous trees, requiring little or no pruning.

Answer to Miss C. D., Dorchester.—The language of the Sweet Pea, is departure. The Variegated Pea signifies refusal. Sage is intended to imply domestic virtue, and Spiderwort expresses esteem, not love. The Moss rosebud is a confession of love all the world over.

Acynos.

A perennial plant, somewhat resembling Thyme. It is pretty and fragrant, growing not above six inches high, easy of culture in any common garden soil.

The Housewife.

Apples in Syrup for immediate Use.

Pare and core some hard round apples, and throw them into a basin of water; as they are done, clarify as much loaf sugar as will cover them; put the apples in along with the juice and rind of a lemon, and let them simmer till they are quite clear; great care must be taken not to break them. Place them on the dish they are to appear upon at table, and pour the syrup over.

Rice Pancakes.

Boil half a pound of rice in a small quantity of water, until quite a jelly; as soon as it is cold, mix it with a pint of cream, eight eggs, a little salt and nutmeg; make eight ounces of butter just warm, and stir in with the rest, adding to the whole as much butter as will make the batter thick enough. They must be fried in as small a quantity of lard as possible.

Tincture of Roses.

Put into a bottle the petals of the common rose, and pour upon them spirits of wine; cork the bottle, and let it stand two or three months. It will then yield a perfume little inferior to otto of roses. Common vinegar is much improved by a very small quantity of this mixture being added to it.

To preserve Steel Pens.

Metalline pens may be preserved from rusting by throwing into the bottle containing the ink a few nails, or broken pieces of steel pens, if not varnished. The corrosive action of the acid which the ink contains is expended on the iron so introduced, and will not therefore affect the pen.

To make Yeast.

Take twelve common sized potatoes; boil them; mash them while hot; pour in one pint of boiling water; add one pint of cold water; put it in a colander; get all through you can; then add one teacupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt; a teacupful of yeast, and set it to rise in a warm place.

Macaroni dressed sweet.

Boil two ounces of macaroni in a pint of milk, with a bit of lemon peel, and a good bit of cinnamon, till the pipes are swelled to their utmost size without breaking. Lay them on a custard-dish, and pour a custard over them hot. Serve cold.

For cleaning Floor Boards.

Scrubbing them with a mixture made by dissolving unslaked lime in boiling water will have the desired effect. The proportions are, two table-spoonfuls to a quart of water. No soap need be used.

To prevent the smoking of a Lamp.

Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn both sweet and pleasant, and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble taken in preparing it.

To keep Lettuce.

If the tops of lettuce be cut off when it is becoming too old for use, it will grow up again fresh and tender, and may thus be kept good through the summer.

Moss Jelly.

Soak Carragua, or Irish moss, in cold water a few minutes, to extract the bitter taste; then drain off the water, and to half an ounce of moss put a quart of fresh water and a stick of cinnamon. Boil till it becomes a thick jelly; then strain it, and season it to the taste with white wine and white sugar. This is very nourishing, and recommended highly for consumptive complaints.

To preserve Eggs.

Take eggs fresh from the nest, place them in a tub, or pan, and pour boiling water over them; let them remain in it five seconds, take them out, and when perfectly dry pack them in boxes of bran; they will keep for months, and be perfectly fresh. They must all be perfectly fresh at first, for one stale egg will spoil a whole box.

Eau D'Ange.

Pound in a mortar fifteen cloves and one pound of cinnamon; put the whole into a quart of water, with four grains of anise-seed; let it stand over a charcoal fire twenty-four hours; then strain off the liquor and bottle it. The perfume is excellent, and will be useful for the hands, face and hair.

To purify Lemon Juice.

Add one ounce of pulverized, well burnt charcoal to a quart of lemon juice; after standing twelve hours, filter the juice through white blotting-paper; it will keep good several years in a cellar, in a bottle, well corked; a thick crust will form beneath the cork, and the mucilage will fall to the bottom.

Dried Apple Pie.

Stew the apples soft; turn them into a pan and mash them fine; add half the peel of a lemon cut fine, a little grated nutmeg, a sprinkle of salt, molasses or sugar, to make them quite sweet. Bake them in a rich paste, a little over half an hour. This will be quite as good as fresh fruit.

Simple Disinfectant.

Cut two or three good sized onions in halves, and place them on a plate on the floor; they absorb noxious effluvia, etc., in the sick-room, in an incredibly short space of time, and are greatly to be preferred to perfumery for the same purpose. They should be changed every six hours.

Ague.

M. Von Holsbeek draws attention to a mode of treatment he has found useful. Infuse an ounce of well roasted coffee in three ounces of boiling water, and having strained the fluid, acidulate it with lemon juice. The whole is given at one time, five hours before the paroxysm.

To cook Yams.

Place the yam in cold water, and boil till it is tender; then peel off the skin, and put it into the oven till it is baked a nice brown. When going to serve, cut it open, and, pressing the inside gently, butter it quite hot.

To prevent Mites in Cheese.

It is said that a cheese painted over with melted suet, so as to form a thin coat over the outside, never has mites.

To make superior Honey Soap.

Cut into thin shavings two pounds of common yellow or white soap; put it on the fire with just water enough to keep it from burning; when quite melted, add a quarter of a pound of honey, stirring it till it boils; then take it off, and add a few drops of any agreeable perfume: pour it into a deep dish to cool, and then cut it into squares. It improves by keeping. It will soften and whiten the skin.

Scalds and Burns.

A correspondent has sent us the following remedy: Mix milk of sulphur and common oil (seal oil is best) to the consistency of cream; then with a feather apply it to the affected parts as often as possible, until the pain is gone. The mixture will form a crust, and must not be washed or touched, but allowed to remain until it peels off, which it will do without leaving any scar.

Lord Olive's Curry.

Slice six onions, one green apple, and a clove of garlic; stew them in a little good stock until they will pulp, then add a teaspoonful of curry-powder, a few table-spoonfuls of stock, a little salt, and a little cayenne pepper, half a salt-spoonful of each; stew in this gravy any kind of meat cut into small pieces, adding a piece of butter, the size of a walnut, rolled in flour.

To make prime Vinegar.

A correspondent of the *Ohio Cultivator* vouches for the merit of the following receipt for making vinegar: Take and mix one quart of molasses, three gallons of (rain-) water, and one pint of yeast. Let it ferment and stand for four weeks, and you will have the best of vinegar.

Cure for Swellings.

Take a proper quantity of vinegar, and add saleratus to it, so long as it continues to foam. Apply this wash or solution to a swelled limb of a horse, or to a swelled bag of a cow; and in ordinary cases, two or three applications daily made, will remove the swelling.

Tincture of Allspice.

Bruised allspice one ounce and a half; brandy a pint. Steep a fortnight, occasionally shaking, then pour off the clear liquor. Excellent for many of the uses of allspice, for making a bishop, mulling wine, flavoring gravies, potted meats, etc.

To render Linen, etc., incombustible.

All linen, cotton, muslins, etc., when dipped in a solution of the pure vegetable alkali at a gravity of 124 to 130 (taking water at the gravity of 100), become incombustible.

Common Cup Cake.

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, and four eggs, well beaten together, and baked in pans or cups. Bake twenty minutes.

Charcoal Powder.

This will be found a very good thing to give knives a first-rate polish.

To cleanse Gold.

Wash the article in warm suds made of delicate soap and water, with ten or fifteen drops of sal-volatile.

Ginger Beer.

To three gallons of water take three pounds of sugar, one ounce and a quarter of cream of tartar, two and a quarter ounces of ginger, and three gills of sots. Mix the ingredients—except the sots—in one gallon and a half of boiling water; then thin the sots, add it in, and stir the whole well together. After this pour in the remaining one gallon and a half of water. Let it stand twelve hours, then pour it into a keg, and in the course of twenty-four hours it will be ready for use.

Cleansing the Hair.

Nothing but good can be derived from a due attention to cleansing the hair. Of course, an immoderate use of water is not beneficial. Once a week is perhaps desirable, but this will depend upon the individual; persons with light, thin, and dry hair will require it less than those with thick, strong hair, or who perspire very freely. Nothing is better than soap and water. The soap should be mild, and well and plentifully rubbed in the hair.

Blanco-Mange.

Weigh one ounce of isinglass to a quart of cream, one pint of new milk sweetened to your taste, the isinglass having been dissolved over night in boiling water; add to it your cream and milk; put all on the fire, and boil it fifteen or twenty minutes, stirring it all the time; take it off, and strain it through a cloth until it is nearly cold; season it with orange-flower water, or peach water, or any you may choose; then pour it into moulds.

To make green Pickles.

Put your pickles in a pot, and cover them with boiling salt and water; put a lid on the top of the pot and let it stand until the following morning; then pour off the water—boil it again, and cover the pickles as before. Do this until your pickles are a good green; then put them in plain cold vinegar, with some tumeric in it. At the end of a fortnight the pickles will be ready for use.

Dandelion Coffee.

Gather, and wash the roots, but do not scrape them; cut them up small, and roast them like coffee; pour hot water over a portion, and let it boil a few minutes. The roots are better gathered in the fall. They may be dried and kept for years.

To remove Mildew.

Take two ounces of chloride of lime, pour on it a quart of boiling water, then add three quarts of cold water; steep the linen twelve hours, when every spot will be extracted. This will be found to quite surpass the buttermilk and chalk receipt.

To make Perry.

Perry is made in the same way as cider, only from pears, which must be kept dry. The best pears for this purpose are those least fitted for eating. The redder they are, the better.

Rancid Butter.

This may be restored by melting it in a water bath, with some coarsely powdered animal charcoal (which has been thoroughly sifted from dust), and strained through flannel.

A Hint.

In making coffee, observe that the broader the bottom and the smaller the top of the vessel, the better it will be.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

BEGINNING OF THE VOLUME.

With the present number of **BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE**, we begin the eighth volume of the work. This offers a good opportunity for any one to subscribe anew. We can still supply the work complete from the commencement of the year, and persons sending in their subscriptions should mention at what date they desire to have the Magazine commence. We have steadily labored to improve **BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE** each month, until we have reached a degree of excellence that leads one and all to ask how can so much excellent and original matter be furnished for *one dollar* a year? We have still further improvements in view, and shall keep pace with the vast popularity and daily increasing circulation of our Magazine. Tens of thousands are now bound up in durable form each six months, and a valuable and wonderfully cheap work is thus obtained and preserved. Show it to your friends, and let them see what a fund of enjoyment and instruction can be laid before their family circle for one dollar a year! We charge but *thirty-eight cents* per volume for binding the work in gilt illuminated covers, neat, uniform and strong. Send in the past volume, to our office, and have it put in handsome and durable form, and returned in one week.

AN IRISH TOAST.—An Irishman in France was drinking with some company who proposed the toast, "The land we live in." "Ay, with all my soul, me dear," said he; "here's poor ould Ireland!"

PAINTED FACES.—No woman should paint, except she who has lost the power of blushing. "O," said a French woman, "that I could learn to blush, if it cost me a hundred francs a lesson."

A CUTE ANSWER.—"Aint you a disciple of Fourier's?" "Not exactly; but father has a tenant who goes on the Owen (owing) system."

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

This grand monument of Spanish power upon the American continent, built of massive stone, stands as firm and enduring to-day as though it were the work of the present age. Fortunate was it for posterity that the absence of timber in the Mexican valley compelled the builders to resort to stone, and thus insured the preservation of their work from century to century. There is little in the present city that is changed from ancient times, and that little is not for the better; for the present race of Mexicans have few of the qualities which distinguished their stern, persevering, and indefatigable predecessors. Modern art can do little for the Aztec city in the way of building; but Yankee ingenuity has recently been invoked to light its squares and streets with gas, and a railroad has been built between the city and the neighboring town of Tacubaya, by the same agency. The track terminates in the street beside the ancient cathedral, upon the famous altar-spot of the Aztec war-god; and the echoes that once resounded with the yell of immolated victims, and the tramp of an hundred thousand worshippers, are now awakened by the scream of the locomotive, and the thunder of the train.

SOVEREIGN REMEDIES.—For the gout, toast and water; whooping cough, ipecacuanha; bile, exercise; corns, easy shoes; blue devils, employment; rheumatism, new flannel and patience; tooth-ache, pluck it out; debts, retrenchment; love, matrimony.

TIT FOR TAT.—"Do you see how that fellow is cheating you?" said a spectator to a gamester. "Hush!" replied the latter; "don't concern yourself about the matter. I intend to pick his pocket as he goes home."

TO MERCHANTS.—Where would you consign a cargo of tortoise shell cats? To *Cape Horn*. Where would they be found, if overboard, in a storm? On the *comb* of a wave.

WONT DO FOR UTAH.—Lame men—for when they're ordered to march, they'll be sure to halt.

MINNESOTA.

This new State of our Union, destined to be the thirty-second on the catalogue, has recently been admitted as one of the glorious confederacy by the Congress of the United States. Minnesota is situated upon the upper waters of the Mississippi River, west of Wisconsin, and north of Iowa. The population there is mostly of New England, or other northern origin, and has increased by emigration with a rapidity almost unexampled even in the magic history of the Great West. The climate is most favorable for settlers from this part of the Union, it being somewhat milder than upon the Atlantic seaboard at the same latitude, and much less variable. The soil is of unsurpassed fertility for the growth of wheat, the supply of valuable timber is very abundant, and the water power for milling purposes is unsurpassed by that of any other State in the Union. These facts are of sufficient significance to account for the very rapid emigration which flows towards that new State, and to justify the prediction that Minnesota is destined to be one of the most wealthy and flourishing of all the Western States.

Our information from there pictures the natural advantages of Minnesota in the most glowing terms, and induces the belief that it is one of the best portions of the whole West for industrious emigrants to settle in. The face of the country is diversified with hills and valleys, and the scenery is represented to surpass anything which we have in the Atlantic States, for picturesque beauty. A striking feature is the great number of beautiful lakes with which the State abounds. There are hundreds of these lakes, varying in size from three to thirty miles in diameter, the greater portion of which are surrounded with well-wooded and beautiful hills; and the water of all that have been explored, is of great depth, pure and sweet. The shores of these lovely lakes will ere many years be crowned with beautiful residences and fertile fields and gardens, and the fame of Minnesota will be world-wide as the Paradise of the United States. Nor, judging by the rapid growth of the West, which has thus far taken place, is it a wild prediction to say that our children will yet journey from the Atlantic to the lakes of Minnesota, to visit the beautiful villas of their friends and relatives in that enchanting region.

THE ECLIPSE.—"What was the use of the eclipse?" asked a young lady. "O, it gave the sun time for reflection," replied a wag.

EDUCATIONAL.—Seven hundred thousand children attend school in the New England States.

WHISTLING SPIRITS.

In a letter from New York, published in a recent number of a Boston spiritual paper, it is stated that some remarkable manifestations "have recently occurred at the spiritual soirees of Mrs. Brown. There, it appears, during the past winter, spirits have manifested themselves in visible form. Not only have they exhibited the hand, and made themselves sensible to the touch, but they have stood out in proper bodily shape, so as to be obvious to all present, and recognized by their friends. But this is not all. They have spoken in audible voice, it is said, and have condescended, on some occasions, even to whistle a tune. Another of the remarkable phenomena which have occurred through Mrs. Brown's mediumship, is stated to be the production of phosphorus by the spirits. This, it is claimed, has been concentrated on the hands and arms of the medium, until it dripped from her fingers, and was capable of being gathered in a roll." Those of our readers who are mediums, and are disposed to embark in this cheap manufacture of phosphorus, should bear in mind that it is a very dangerous article, and will explode spontaneously after being dried in atmospheric air. Apothecaries keep it submerged in water. The phosphorus, therefore, on being stripped from the medium's arms, should be immediately dropped into a vessel of Cochinata.

TO YOUNG LADIES.—Beware how you accept an invitation from an industrious widow or an indefatigable old maid "to spend the day," especially if she should add, "Come early, love, and bring your work." Be assured very soon after you arrive, a heap of linen-drapery will be piled on the table, and you will be asked "just to run up a seam or two," and then to "fit on the boddice like a dear." When that is done, she will apologize for not having anything to amuse you.

CHINESE MORALITY.—Every man in China must pay up his debts at the beginning of the year, and also at the time of a religious festival, about the middle of the year. If unable to settle at these times, his business stops until his debts are paid.

TASTEFUL.—Red hair was once fashionable; not more than sixty years ago a red powder was used to give the hair the admired color.

A MINOR MISERY.—Toasting cheese, and when it is half done, letting it fall into the ashes.

THE COAL WE BURN.

There is imported into the port of Boston about half a million tons of coal per year, for the consumption of dwelling-houses, stores and manufactories. Of this quantity about six-sevenths is anthracite or hard coal, from Pennsylvania, and the balance is bituminous coal, chiefly from Nova Scotia. For the purpose of heating apartments the anthracite is used almost exclusively, on account of its greater cleanliness and economy; and where proper means are used to prevent the noxious gas from mingling with the air of the room, and a due supply of moisture ensured by artificial means, the anthracite furnishes a very agreeable and wholesome heat. Of the prominent varieties of this coal, known as red ash and white ash, the former is considered the best adapted for open combustion, it being softer and more inflammable, and the latter for burning in close furnaces, where a steady and powerful draft is practicable, and an intense heat is desirable. The white ash does not melt and run together, forming clinkers, and choking the draft, so readily as the other variety. As to the economy of expense, the red is held to be preferable to the white. Very carefully conducted experiments of burning the two kinds in open grates, show that the red is one sixth more productive of heat than the white, or in other words, that thirty pounds of the former will produce as much heat as thirty-six pounds of the latter. Consequently red ash is about as cheap at six dollars per ton as white ash is at five dollars.

All coal, whether hard or soft, anthracite or bituminous, is held by mineralogists and geologists to have a common vegetable origin, and to present the different appearances which we notice, in consequence of having been subjected to greater or less subterranean pressure and heat. The opinion also now obtains that the vegetable deposits of which coal has been formed, have been changed into coal in the localities where they grew, and have not been previously washed by floods into vast hollows; contrary to the opinions formerly held by naturalists, who hesitated to admit the possibility of such an almost infinite vegetable growth as the former hypothesis would imply. The enormous eras of time which must have been occupied in the growth and decay of the measureless mass of vegetable matter necessary to form the coal deposits of the globe, can scarcely be conceived by man, and the very attempt is appalling to the human mind. Is the atheist, in view of such revelations of endless creative power, still prepared to deny the Supreme Intelligence, and resort to the impious doctrine of an infinite chance?

Coal is a comparatively recent discovery in the United States, while it has been in use in England ever since the beginning of the thirteenth century. The first anthracite was brought to Philadelphia from Pottsville, Pa., in the year 1812, but merely for the purpose of experiment. The use of this coal as fuel does not date back more than thirty-five years. The existence of bituminous coal on this continent was known to the French missionaries, Father Henepin and others, who explored the western country in the seventeenth century. The coal of Nova Scotia has been an article of commerce for only about sixty years. Very many of our readers can remember when anthracite was first introduced among us as an article of fuel, some thirty years ago, and people looked with incredulity upon the apparently preposterous attempt to burn the black, shiny rocks of Lehigh which were dumped down before the doors of adventurous purchasers. It was no uncommon thing in those days to see heaps of the half-burned coal thrown out in waste places, in token that the "women folks" could do nothing with the stuff, and had rejected the new fuel in despair. All that is now changed. The improvements in stoves, grates, ranges, and furnaces, have been such that the anthracite is burned up all too fast, and our good housewives would as soon think of casting away a bushel of Shenango potatoes because they could not boil them, as to throw aside a hod of coal because it would not burn.

The principal known anthracite coal fields of the country are in Pennsylvania, on the eastern slope of the Alleghany mountain range, and with the exception of three or four detached basins or patches of very limited extent, the Keystone State is the exclusive depository of anthracite upon this continent. This region of the State comprises an area of about four hundred square miles, or over half a million of acres. It is penetrated in every direction by navigable rivers, canals and railroads, and the amount of capital invested in mining works and means of transportation, exceeds fifty millions of dollars. The present annual production of this coal region is about seven millions of tons, and it is increasing at about the rate of fifteen per cent. every year. Since the first working of the mines, it is estimated that the aggregate product has been upwards of seventy millions of tons. The ratio of increase in annual production that it has obtained for the last few years, would give for the year 1870, the startling product of forty-five millions of tons, worth one hundred and eighty millions of dollars. The question naturally arises whether the supply would be equal to such

a demand, and the answer is, that it would be ample for that, or even one ten times as great. The quantity of coal in the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania is sufficient for all human demands for twenty-five hundred years to come. In short, it is inexhaustible.

Immense as the anthracite deposit may appear, it sinks into absolute insignificance when contrasted with the bituminous coal fields of our country. These extend over a greatly larger area, even in the State of Pennsylvania, than the anthracite regions; covering there a workable area of some ten thousand square miles. The great bituminous coal fields of the United States traverse thirteen of the principal States of the Union, from Georgia on the southeast, to Iowa on the northwest, and cover a workable area of at least a hundred thousand square miles in the aggregate. This field is already worked to a great extent in several of the Middle and Western States, but can never be exhausted to the end of time. Our readers may therefore dismiss all apprehensions of the country's running short of fuel while the sun shines or water runs.

COOLNESS.—Nothing is more distinctive of the gentleman, than coolness under awkward circumstances at table. A fair hostess the other day dropped a piece of broiled venison, she was handing, so that it fell against the new Cashmere vest of one of her guests. The gentleman quickly restored the crockery to the table, and repeated the first two lines of the song:

"Come, rest in this bosom,
My own stricken deer,"

adding that he was happy to acknowledge the present from a lady of a *breast plate*!

SMART LAD.—A negro boy being sent by his master to borrow a pound of lard from his neighbor, thus delivered his message: "Missus Thompson, massa sen' me over to borrow or beg a pound of hog tallow; he say he got de old sow up in de pen, fatten 'em, he gwine to kill her day before yesterday, and he come over week 'fore last, and pay all you owe us."

WONDERFUL FACT.—If all the bricks, stones, and masonry of Great Britain were gathered together, they would not be able to furnish materials enough for the great wall of China.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The New York Picayune is published by Gun & Co. Of course it can't help going off.

MUSICAL.—It is estimated that 9000 pianos are made every year in the United States.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

The employment of pigeons as couriers is of very ancient date. Ovid, some nineteen hundred years ago, mentions their use; and *Hurtius* and *Brutus* corresponded by means of them B. C. 43. The ancients took these pigeons with them upon long journeys, to supply the deficiency of posts, if they wanted to send news home with uncommon expedition. When they thought proper to write to their friends, they released one of these birds, with letters fastened to its neck; and the bird would never cease its flight until it arrived at its nest and young ones. The courier pigeons between Aleppo and Bagdad were very celebrated. In the year 1819, thirty-two pigeons from Antwerp, in Holland, were liberated at London; two of them arrived in the former city in five hours, and the remainder on the day following—performing a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles. They were formerly employed by stock-jobbers and speculators in this country, to convey intelligence promptly. Of late years, however, the magnetic telegraph has made these innocent and faithful couriers entirely useless between the great centres of intelligence. They might, however, be employed to advantage in sending us early news from our army in Utah, and we wonder the government has not ere this employed carrier pigeons to obtain news from the western expedition, instead of waiting for the comparatively slow expresses from Utah, which consume some two or three weeks in getting to a telegraph point.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.—A young gentleman having made some progress in acquiring a knowledge of Italian, addressed a few words to an organ-grinder in his purest accent. He was astonished at receiving the following response—"I no speak Inglis." Some folks think any jaw-breaking gibberish will pass for *Tusk-an*.

THE TEMPERANCE TEST.—The young ladies in Vermont, it is said, still continue to kiss the lips of young temperance men, so as to be convinced that they have not been tampering with toddy.

A PAIR OF PERILS.—A pretty girl and a wild horse are liable to do much mischief; for the one runs away with a fellow's body, and the other runs away with his heart.

THE LATEST ATROCITY.—Why is a gardener like a proud farmer? Because he is a *haughty culturist*.

THE CLOTHES WE WEAR.

From the days of Adam and Eve to the present time, no subject has more engrossed the attention of mankind than the subject of clothes. Dress is the universal accompaniment, though not the distinctive mark, of civilization. We know of many nations which wear clothing in abundance, the people of which are yet uncivilized; but we know not of one where civilization prevails, and the people go in a state of nakedness. The legend of Adam and Eve, who be-took themselves to garments of fig leaves upon coming to a knowledge of good and evil, is typical of the motive which induces man to assume a covering for his nakedness. This feeling of native modesty is re-enforced by the necessity of protection from the climate in some cases, and by the natural desire for decoration in all. Dress affords a greater scope for ornament than nakedness does, and as a matter of course has superseded the tattooing and body-painting in which our barbarous European progenitors, both Gothic and Celtic, indulged in former times, as much as the South Sea islanders do now.

The primary use of dress is as a covering for the body; and in all considerations pertaining to it, this purpose must be kept in view. Combined with this idea of usefulness, is that of comfort to the wearer and beauty of appearance. These three, usefulness, comfort and beauty, make up the requisites for clothing. When these qualities are attained, the perfection of dress is the result; and the most gorgeous mantle of royal state, as well as the modest blouse of the humble artisan, must satisfy these tests or meet with condemnation. Good taste in dress is the due combination of these qualities in the selection and arrangement of apparel. But with mankind generally, and especially with the female sex, beauty of appearance is the governing motive in the selection of dress, and sometimes to the disregard of utility and comfort. When this is the case, extravagant display is the result, and our sense of fitness and propriety is shocked by that which was foolishly designed to please. Hence it is that there are so many people loaded with costly materials, who yet appear vulgarly dressed. Their money is squandered in preposterous attempts to outshine the jackdaw and the peacock, and the only result thereof is to make themselves an eyesore to people of taste, and a laughing-stock to the rude and unthinking.

Beauty of appearance, in subordination to usefulness and comfort, should ever be properly regarded; for it contributes to the happiness of others, and gives to those who study it a favorable access to the consideration of all with whom

they come in contact. This love of the beautiful is implanted within the nature of man; it finds its answering manifestations in everything of nature, from the lowly violets beneath our feet to the starry heavens above us. It should also find its kindred manifestation in the appearance of man. His Maker has created him noble, upright, with graceful form and kindling eye, and open brow, and face that speaks the soul—the highest personification of beauty. Nor should this beautiful effect be marred by uncouth and discordant vesture. Rather should it be developed and heightened by such judicious adaptation of form and color in apparel, as the sense of the beautiful in man can suggest, and his wisdom execute. In the selection of colors for clothing, we should study the effects of harmony and judicious contrast, as seen in nature. Violent and glaring colors should be avoided; for though they may please the eye for a moment by the excitement they produce, yet they soon weary the sense of sight, and become odious by familiarity. We should reflect that a garment is not to flash upon the eye for a moment, and then pass away; but to be a daily object of familiar observation, and to become to the beholder an index of the wearer, if not a part of him in the beholder's mind.

Beauty of effect is produced by certain contrasts of color, and ugliness by others. There is a law of harmony in our natures as perfect in sight as in sound, and this law must be observed and followed, would we so combine colors in dress as to gratify the eye. The observation of nature will guide us aright in the adoption of pleasing contrasts, if we are careful to make the complexion itself one of the elements to be considered in the combination. A mere adoption of the combined hues found together in nature, without regard to his own complexion, would make a man look like a harlequin. Nor, merely because a single color by itself is pleasing, should it be adopted without regard to complexion. A pale green, for instance, is one of the most attractive colors to the eye, but let a lady of dark complexion array herself in this color, and she becomes a perfect fright, so sickly, cadaverous and sallow does she appear by contrast. While on the topic of color, a single word may be said as to dyeing the hair and beard. Nature colors the hair with reference to the skin, and it will be found by observation that the color of the former is but a deepening of that of the latter. The result is a pleasing harmony between the two, producing a beautiful effect. Now the hair-dyer entirely disregards this trait; and hence his counterfeit of

nature's handiwork is awkward and easily detected. There is a contradiction between the artificial color which he gives to the hair, and the person's natural complexion, which produces an unpleasant effect upon the beholder, similar to that experienced in looking into the face of one who squints.

The form of garments is second only to color in its influence upon a beautiful appearance. Fashion governs this characteristic more than it should do, and not often for its good. Certain things as to form should be considered as indispensable, and beyond the sway of imperious fashion; such for instance as graceful and wavy outlines, and the absence of all sharp angles. In the countries where the rule of despotic fashion, with its capricious and whimsical changes, is least regarded, the forms of garments are more beautiful than where the empire of fashion is supreme. Contrast in this respect the graceful garb of the Spaniard with the sharp cut dress of the Englishman. The vesture should be shaped to the body without compression, and follow its lines in the looser or extending parts. All artificial protuberances, like the human horse-collar, the padded breast of the military coat, the ladies' bustle, or the pyramidal skirts, should be avoided, as disguising the fair proportions and graceful lines of nature, and destructive to ease, comfort and convenience. With due attention to correctness of color and shape of garments, all can dress well; for costly materials are not necessary to produce a good appearance. To look well dressed, a person should dress with propriety and neatness, rather than richly, and he will then feel at ease in his attire, and produce the impression upon those he meets, that he is in harmony with "the eternal fitness of things." Dressed thus, the ease which he experiences will go very far towards making him look well, and thus contribute towards that pleasing appearance which is a leading object in the selection and adaptation of apparel.

BACK NUMBERS.—We can still supply *Balou's Dollar Monthly* from the commencement of the present year. We bind the magazine handsomely, with an illuminated cover, for thirty-eight cents per volume! Two volumes to the year.

A GOOD LAW.—The ancient Romans had a law, kept inviolate, that no man should make a public feast except that he had sent food to all the poor in his neighborhood.

A TRUTH.—As a general rule, the more schoolhouses there are, the fewer prisons there will be.

COTTON IN AFRICA.

The English nation have, for a very long time, cherished the idea of encouraging the growth of cotton in some other country than this, with a view to relieving themselves from dependence upon the United States for the supplies requisite to keep their factories in operation. The East India acquisitions have been pushed more with reference to this idea, than any other. But, thus far, they have met with little success in procuring long staple cotton from Asia, and have been obliged, year after year, in times past, as they probably will be in time to come, to draw their supplies of this great staple from the Southern States of our Union. More recently, British enterprise has been directed towards Africa, to see what can be done there in the way of cotton raising. A Mr. Clegg, of Manchester, England, has distinguished himself in this undertaking. Having ascertained that the plant could be grown in Africa, he imported several natives into England for the purpose of instructing them how to raise it and prepare it for market, and then sent them back to Africa with a supply of seeds and articles necessary for the culture.

The result of Mr. Clegg's enterprise has just been exhibited in Liverpool, in the importation of seventy-two bales of cotton from Lagos, in Africa, the production of his instructed natives. We do not find in the Liverpool papers any description of the cotton, whether it be of the same quality as the American or not. Very likely it may prove to be like the Asiatic variety, after all; but whether it is or not, we think our Southern planters will be able to market their cotton in England for a long time to come. Cotton plantations in the wilds of Africa cannot be built up in a day, nor established without an immense expenditure of capital; and in the meantime, manufacturers will increase fast enough, here and at the South, to make it a question of very little importance whether England buys cotton of this country or not. While she is nursing her African bantling, our own manufacturers will be supplying England's customers, throughout the world, with cotton fabrics.

A BASE TEMPER.—It is a base temper in mankind, that they will not take the smallest slight at the hands of those who have done them the greatest kindness.

INDUSTRY AND GOOD HUMOR.—An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humor, and retrieve your affairs, than a whole month of warning.

Foreign Miscellany.

The Parisians spend more than \$2,500,000 a year upon their dramatic entertainments.

The well known French actor, M. Bernard Leon, recently died in Paris, aged 73.

The stagnation of trade in France has caused a sad diminution in the incomes of the railway companies.

It is said that Louis Napoleon has exiled thirty-two thousand men. Of these, thirty thousand have been pardoned.

A new Corinth is to be founded on the side of the bay. Almost every house in the old town was destroyed by the earthquake.

A Maltese hairdresser, residing in the Strada Mercanti, publicly burnt a copy of the New Testament before his door the other day.

The annual report of the Post Office states that the number of letters posted in the Russian Empire is about 16,400,000.

Russia is talking about a telegraph line via Siberia and across Bhering's Straits to this continent. The project is gigantic, but Russia is capable of great enterprises.

The Pacha of Egypt has reduced the legal rate of interest to one per cent. An hour after this edict, there was scarcely a Jew left in Egypt.

The Chinese official census of thirty years ago, gives the population of that empire at 367,532,900! That of Japan is estimated at twenty-five to fifty millions.

A little printing-press has been received at Constantinople, from Paris. It has been placed in the harem of Ribardi Effendi, and will be used exclusively for the benefit of the Turkish ladies.

M. Chevalier declares that in France at the present time phosphorus is the most dangerous form of poison known, having replaced arsenic, which is now so difficult to obtain. He mentions forty cases of criminal poisoning by it.

The London Times says that the average duration of a ship-of-war in a sea-worthy state, built of British oak, is only thirteen years of active service. It takes seventy acres of ground eighty years to produce the timber.

Norway has a population of about a million and a quarter. The inhabitants are nominally Protestant. There is not a Roman Catholic church or priest in the whole land. Neither a Jew nor a Jesuit is allowed by the constitution to set foot on the soil.

The Dutch Custom House officers at Rosendaal, a few days ago, seized a quantity of lace to the value of 1200 florins, which a lady coming by the railway from Antwerp had concealed under her crinoline. The anxiety depicted on her countenance is said to have betrayed her.

A niece of Lord Rosse is preparing for publication a most elaborate table of the planetary system, describing the exact size of the planets, their distance from the sun, and the several periods of time they take in their various motions, with many valuable particulars supplied by her learned and scientific relative.

The Bank of England uses sixty folio volumes for its accounts, every day of the week.

Prince Gortschakoff is about to resign the governorship of Poland, but is to retain the command of the army in that country.

The Dublin Evening Post states that some progress has been made in a subscription for the erection of a statue of Oliver Goldsmith in the neighborhood of Trinity College.

The Queen of England recently sent a present of six pounds to the wife of a poor man who had three children at one birth. The gift was made in conformity with an old custom.

Dr. Parola, of Turin, has been prescribing ergot of rye as a remedy for consumption; and he reports that he has cured sixteen cases out of thirty-one of confirmed consumption in an advanced stage.

A late census of the island of Tahiti gives the total population (1857) as 5930. During that year there were 111 deaths, and 144 births, of which 85 were males and 59 females. Marriages, 50.

A wonderful feat on the chess-board has been accomplished in Paris. The playing of three simultaneous games has been done with perfect success by M. Harrwitz at the room of the Chess Club. About fifty gentlemen were present.

According to the European journals, the *grippe*, or influenza, has been very fatal in Italy, Germany and France. In Turin and Rome, the bills of mortality have of late reported three fold the usual number of deaths.

An imperial return asserts that next year France will have fifteen iron paddle and screw steamers, independent of sailing ships fitted with screws, and gunboats, steam transports, and floating batteries.

The London Globe's Paris correspondent states that Lola Montes is understood to have concluded an engagement at a *café chantant*, in the Champs Elysees, at a salary of 22,000*fr.* for the coming season.

At a funeral in London, lately, the flooring on which the funeral guests were standing gave way, and ten of them were precipitated into a cellar below, and instantly covered with heaps of *debris*. It was with difficulty that they were extricated.

The new Azof green of the Paris spring fashions is dyed with such poisonous materials that seamstresses who prick their fingers while sewing it, lose the use of their hands, and ladies have been taken violently ill from wearing shawls of this color. The tint is very brilliant.

Russia is striving to distinguish herself in literature, now-a-days. A new literary journal has commenced its career in Moscow, under the title of the *Athenæum*. It is a weekly periodical, is to contain accounts and reviews of all the novelties in Russian literature, and is edited by Mr. E. Korsh.

Herr Fruth is in London with a new musical invention, called a "semeiomelodeon," a machine intended to facilitate the study of music by sounding the note of the scale shown to the pupil. There is ingenuity in the idea, and it brings with it its recommendations and testimonials—among the latter one from M. Féris.

Record of the Times.

State sausages are said to produce precisely the same effects on the system as mineral poison.

There are 112 locomotives in use on the Illinois Central road, of which 21 burn coal.

Watson & Co., of Springfield, Mass., have shipped ten cars to the Pasha of Egypt.

A pony has been on exhibition in Pennsylvania, born with only three legs.

More than half the clocks made in Connecticut are sent to England.

An Insurance Company in Baltimore now take risk on rents.

There are in the city of New York nearly forty thousand women who sew for a living.

The population of all the world is estimated at eight hundred and seventy millions of souls.

In Lower Canada, the agreement of nine jurors out of twelve is sufficient in all civil cases.

There are 122 breweries in the State of California, employed almost entirely for the making of lager beer.

A St. Paul paper says that criminals are no more safely caged there than a canary bird in a ten acre lot, with the bars down.

A descent was lately made upon the lottery dealers of Pittsburg, and the members of six different firms were arrested.

The first daily newspaper printed in Virginia was in 1780, and the subscription price was \$50 per annum.

According to estimate, the United States has increased in wealth full 100,000,000 dollars by railroads.

There are nineteen whaling vessels owned and fitted out in the port of Honolulu, reckoning 4991 tons, manned by 483 men, and which cost \$394,500 to fit out.

The introduction of cotton manufactures into the Texas State Penitentiary has proved very satisfactory. The mills turn out from ten to twelve thousand yards per week.

The time occupied in Cincinnati in firing up a steam fire-engine, lighting her torches, attaching the horses, and getting the machine into the street, does not exceed one minute and a half.

It is reported, via California, that Brigham Young some time since gave passports to 850 disaffected Mormons—men, women and children to leave for California.

Of every 1000 persons, one reaches 100 years of life; of every 100, only six reach the age of 65, and not more than one in 700 lives to 80 years of age.

The extent of the publishing business in the United States is revealed by the fact that about six thousand new books were issued within the past thirty-three months, by three hundred and eighty-five publishing houses.

The North Middlesex Agricultural Society will hold its fourth annual exhibition at Lowell, on the 15th of September. The following two days will be devoted to a horse exhibition, at which about \$300 will be paid in premiums.

Last year, the taxes in New York were only \$8,066,566 22! A pretty round sum to pay!

The order of Jesuits are building a church and college on the outskirts of Washington.

The crop of grapes in Indiana will be short, this year. The ladies took the vines for hoops.

Potiphar Curtis thinks ladies, before long, will be admitted generally to vote at elections.

Four or five of the Philadelphia fire engine companies have resolved to procure steam fire engines, at their own expense.

Rembrandt Peale recently visited Richmond, Va., to present his portrait of Chief Justice Marshall to the State.

The work on the far-famed Hoosac tunnel is now vigorously prosecuted from both sides of the mountain.

A family of nephews of James Hogg, the celebrated "Ettrick Shepherd," the boon companion of "Kit North," etc., reside in Broome County, N. Y.

The population of Mexico is about eight millions, and the debt about one hundred and thirty millions of dollars. Don't she need a guardian?

William Bell has sold his farm of seven hundred and fifty acres, two miles above Owensboro, Ky., for \$47,500. Ten years since he paid less than \$9000 for the land.

At Bellbrook, Illinois, a little son of Mr. Etehelberger was throwing parched corn into his open mouth, when a grain lodged in his wind-pipe, causing his death in a few moments.

The oldest clock in America is one in the Philadelphia Library, which is nearly two centuries old. It was made in London, keeps good time, and it is said to have been owned by Oliver Cromwell.

A writer in a Salem (Oregon) paper estimates the population of Oregon Territory as follows: White inhabitants, 75,000; Chinese 5000; colored people, 300; total, 80,300. Number of voters estimated at 15,000.

The city of New York alone sells three times as many "pure imported brandies," and four times as many "pure imported wines," annually, as all the wine and brandy-producing countries export.

Two new metals, called Homœor, gold, and Argentina, silver, have been introduced in New York within a short time, in the shape of spoons, forks, etc. It is claimed they look and wear as well as gold and silver. They cost a little more than the ordinary silver-plated ware.

Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World was written during eleven years' imprisonment, and left unfinished; Voltaire's Henriade, while he was a prisoner in the Bastille; and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress while he also was suffering imprisonment.

A letter from St. Petersburg states that a company is about being formed there for developing the commercial and industrial resources of the Amoor country in Eastern Asia. It will have a capital of \$1,000,000, and will open steam communication between the Amoor River and the Pacific.

Merry-Making.

Why is love like a canal boat? Because it is an internal transport.

A man is most properly said to be "ripe for anything" when he is a little mellow.

Who smoked the first pipe? Prometheus, when he stole the fire from heaven to light his clay.

A friend in the country writes us that he is "breaking colts." All we have to say to him is—*save the pieces.*

Did you ever know a red-haired man who had a very clear notion of where *scarlet* began, and *calburn* terminated?

How to Grow a Moustache.—Rub your upper lip with currant jelly, and the *hare*, as the inevitable accompaniment, will soon follow.

The best of men are sometimes short. We know a clergyman who isn't above three feet, and a deacon who never has a sixpence about him.

It is a question worthy of careful investigation, whether a person whose voice is broken is not the more competent to sing "pieces."

The man who was choked, while attempting to swallow an inconsistency, has recovered. His physician has forbidden his reading political papers henceforth.

An old settler out West, who was elected justice of the peace, couldn't raise enough to pay an officer for swearing him in; so he stood before a looking-glass and qualified himself.

A fellow was charged with stealing a piece of cloth, when the lawyer put in as a plea that the individual charged with stealing could not see it, for *it's an invisible green.*

Two brothers in Maine, by the name of Rich, have been lately married to two sisters by the name of Wings, and have removed to Illinois. Thus "riches take to themselves wings."

A fellow climbed one of the poles of the magnetic telegraph, at Baltimore, the other day, and applied his ear to the wire, in order to *hear the news.*

Mr. Ferguson thinks it must be dangerous for a citizen of Sweden to get sober, as in that country a man is deprived of the right to vote who gets drunk the third time.

Thomas Hood died composing—and that, too, an humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker who wished to *urn a lively Hood.*

A genius from the land of wooden nutmegs says he has invented a machine which will, when set in motion—but that's the difficulty—chase a hog over a ten-acre lot, catch, yoke and ring him.

A member of Parliament, about to make his first speech, expressed much apprehension that his hearers would think him hardly sufficient calibre for the subject. "Pooh," said a friend, "they will be sure to find you *bore* enough."

An excited young man, to show his agility, recently jumped from an express train, while going at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The last seen of him, he was going flip-flaps, at the rate of seventeen revolutions a minute, while the air was chock full of dicky strings, fragments of gaiter boots, and torn linen.

What part of a ship is like a farmer? The tiller.

A father called his son into the crowded stage, saying, "Ben-jam-in."

Why are several persons wrangling like a boy's name? Because it's a muss (Amos).

What word is that, which, if you take away the first letter, *all* will still remain? Ball.

When you see a small waist, think how great a waste of health it represents.

Many young ladies make fools of themselves by the looking glass.

A high rent—a hole in the crown of your hat.

What day of the year is a command to go ahead? March 4th.

Hearts—little red things that men and women play with for money.

Indemnity for the past—pay up. Security for the future—pay down.

"You are a little bear, madam." "Sir?" "About the shoulders, I mean, madam."

A lady, describing an ill-tempered man, says, "He never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."

The best method for a man to reap advantages in love matters, is to turn his hand to the cultivation of *wast* property.

A man lost his balance in State Street, the other day. He will thank the finder to leave it at the office of the chief of police.

Whoever heard of a widow committing suicide on account of love? A little experience is very wholesome.

Why are potatoes and corn like certain sinners of old? Because, having eyes they see not, and having ears they hear not.

The mistress of a girl's school honestly declared, "It is but little they pays me, and it is but little I teaches them."

"I'm all heart," said a military officer to his comrades. "Pity you're not part pluck," said his superior in command.

Phibbs says that where he came from there was a boy so sharp, that when his mother went to flog him with a cane he always "cut it."

Mr. Jenkinson, of Rome, put his spectacles on his ear instead of his eyes one day last week, and actually walked three miles sideways in the rain before he discovered what was the matter.

A showman is giving entertainments out west, tickets of admission six-and-a-quarter cents; but he says that no more corn will be taken at the door, as every member of the company has been corned for six weeks.

"Talkin' of law," says Pompey, "makes me think of what the mortal Cato, who lib most a thousand year ago, once said—de law is like a groun' glass winder, that gives light enuff to light us poor errin' mortals in de dark passage of life; but it would puzzle de debble himself to see troo it."

GIVEN AWAY.

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge. M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

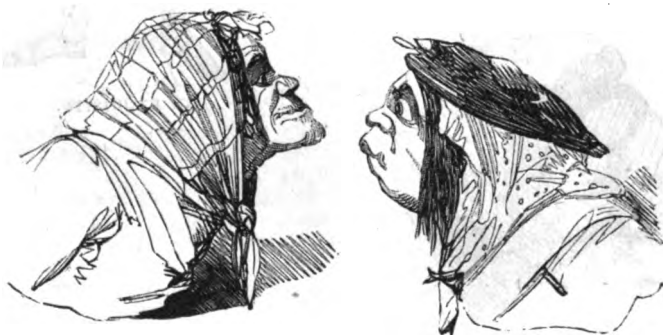
PICTURES FROM OUR MUSEUM.



SELF-ESTEEM.



LOVE BELOW STAIRS.



MUTUAL ASSURANCE.



A LONG COURTSHIP.



LAWYER DIVIDING THE OYSTER.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
 THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



PRACTISING FOR THE OPERA.



AN EXQUISITE.



"WHO STEALS MY PURSE STEALS TRASH."



A MAN OF MANY WORDS.



A COMICAL CONJUNCTION.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.—No. 2.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1858.

WHOLE No. 44.

HANDS AND FEET, AND THEIR EXPRESSION.

DEAR reader, give us your hand! Nay, start not, fair sir; be not coy, sweet maiden. We are no fortune-teller—no chiromancer—no believer in the exploded science of palmistry. We leave that to gipsy fortune-tellers—swarthy sultanas, who promise you a fortune and deprive you of your purse in the same breath. We leave to them the tracing of the “line of life,” and all other juggleries connected with that wild delusion which supposed that the human palm was a map of the future, only requiring the art of an

uses, the hand is master of a comprehensive language—one, too, understood by all the nations. The open hand renders words of welcome and friendliness superfluous; the clenched hand breathes the unmistakable spirit of defiance. A wave of a distant hand may save from deadly peril; a warning finger may deter from crime. How accurately we describe a penurious person, by calling him a close-fisted hunk; and a generous man, by saying he is open-handed! Brutus stung his friend to madness by accusing him of

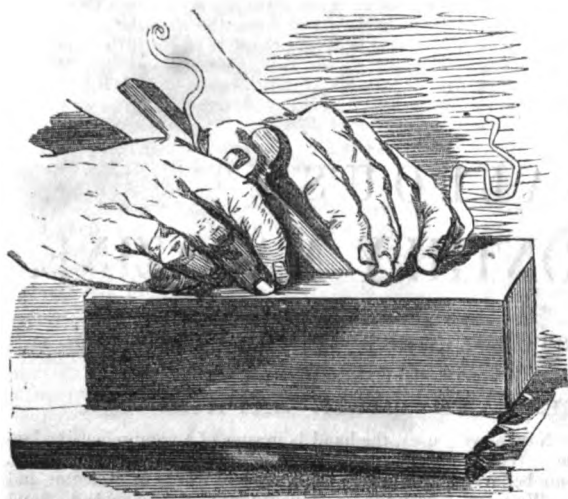
having an “itching palm.” We always speak of the finger of Fate. How much meaning there was in the long, extended fore-finger of John Randolph! How well the beautiful hand of Napoleon harmonized with the classical beauty of his face. The wonders of the hand formed the theme of a philosophical discourse by the learned surgeon, Sir Charles Bell, filling a volume of the “Bridgewater Treatises.” “Nothing is more remarkable,” says Sir Charles, “as forming a part of the prospective design to prepare an instrument fitted for the various uses of the human hand, than the manner in which the delicate and moving apparatus of the palm and fingers is guarded. The power with which the hand grasps, as when a sailor lays hold of the rope to raise his body in the rigging, would be too great for the texture of mere tendons, nerves and vessels; they would be cracked were not every part that bears the pressure defended with a cushion of fat, as elastic as that which is in the foot of the horse and the camel. To add to this purely passive defence, there is a muscle which runs

across the palm, and more especially supports the cushion on its inner edge; it is this muscle which, raising the edge of the palm, adapts it to lave water, forming the cup of Diogenes. In conclusion, what says Ray? ‘Some animals have horns, some have hoofs, some teeth, some talons, some claws, some spurs and beaks; man hath none of all these, but is weak and feeble, and sent unarmed into the world—why, a hand, with reason to use it, supplies the use of all these!’” The hand and its appurtenances figure largely in history. A glove cast at the feet of an



CORDIALITY.

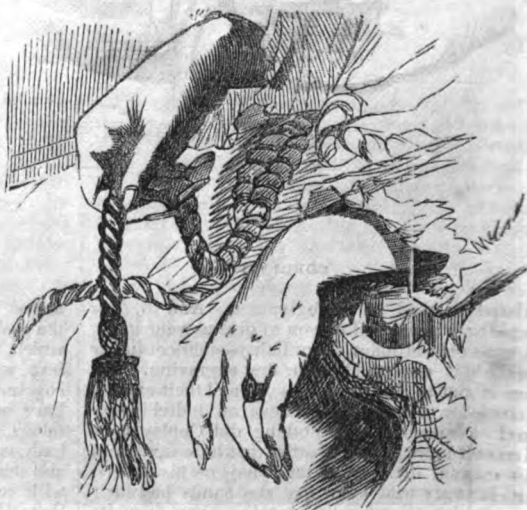
adept to read its hieroglyphics. And so, dear reader, when we asked you to give us your hand, it was only in token of cordiality—that cordiality which is expressed in our first engraving. We are about to discourse of hands and their expression—for they certainly have an individuality and a meaning. In nothing did Copley show himself more the great artist than in his careful drawing of the hands of his sitters, for he very well knew that the hands had their expression as well as the eyes. Apart from its intrinsic character, and from its more obvious



LABOR.

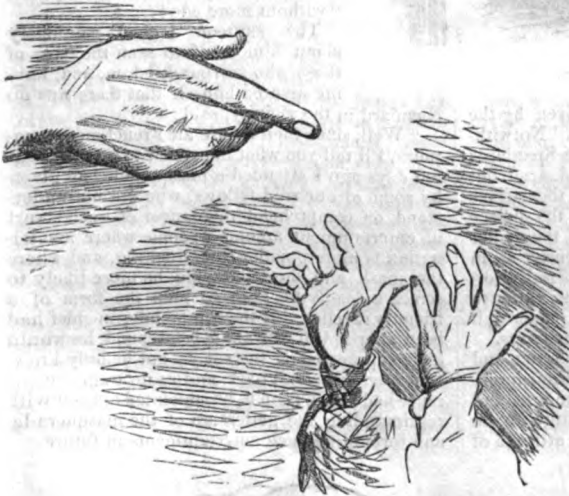
enemy was the gage of battle—a defiance to mortal combat. The champion of England, in olden time, at the coronation of a sovereign, rode into Westminster Abbey armed from head to heel, his charger's hoofs clattering on the flagging of the aisle, and there, drawing his mailed gauntlet from his right hand, flung it down, and dared to combat any one who should gainsay the right of the sovereign to the throne. His lady's glove was a token dearly prized in the days of chivalry. The favored knight wore it in his helmet, and, thinking all the while of the fair hand that bestowed it, and which was to be the reward of his valor, plunged into the *melee*, and did his *devoir* like a gentleman and soldier. By the old laws of England a traitor's hand was struck off by the executioner before his head fell upon the block. Once upon a time, in the chivalric age of France, when the royalty and nobility, loveliness and valor, were assembled to witness a combat of wild beasts, and when a fierce Numidian lion was raging, lord of the arena, a fair lady, to test the courage of her knight, drew her silken glove from her hand (white kids were not invented then), and flung it into the fatal ring. Instantly the knight sprang down into the bloody dust of the circle, reclaimed the glove, and restored it to the owner. Of course, after that his wooing sped thrivingly, and the hand which had flung the perilous gage was the reward of the reckless valor which obeyed the challenge. Let us thank our stars that we live in days when fair hands are won more easily, and ladies' hearts are not quite so cruel.—Our second pair of hands illustrates labor. How steadily and forcibly they grasp the plane! how eloquently they speak of a life of honorable manual toil, not necessarily excluding mental culture. The world is awakening, after a long dream, to a realization of the dignity of labor, and the artisan is no longer

looked down upon by his less hard-worked brethren. Next we have idleness—a painful contrast to the preceding. The soft contours, the fleshiness of the members, the indentation of the knuckles, the long nails, incompatible with any serviceable use of the hands, bespeak a life of luxurious ease, independently of the rich dressing-gown, with its cord and tassel. The owner of these hands is evidently formed of the “porcelain clay o’ the earth;” can’t do a turn to help himself; can neither draw a rein nor grasp a sword, and accomplishes, at the utmost, a billet-doux on perfumed paper. Hotspur’s fop may have had such hands. Pass on to the fourth sketch, which tells quite a story. Here we have manhood and youth—indignant manhood, independent juvenility; irate foggydom, insolent Young America. The warning finger is threatening indeed; but those saucy little hands, united by two digits, and raised towards an unseen nose, breathe the defiance of blackguardism, recognized the world over. Where this signal originated we cannot tell; what nation—what city—gave birth to this silent sign of “chaffing” is yet unwritten. But we dare say such telegraphic signals were exchanged between the outposts of Sebastopol; the *gamins* of Paris employ them to influence the *Pipelets* of the porters’ lodges; the little London cockney thus flaunts his fingers “howdaciously” in the face of the police. It is generally executed when the young tormentor is at a sufficient distance from his insulted elder to give the former a fair start when the latter is goaded to distraction and plunges into a fruitless pursuit. The next sketch illustrates awkwardness. The owner of these hands is most unmistakably a



IDLENESS

clumsy person. The contents of that cup of coffee are destined to affect his own knees with an unpleasant sensation of excessive warmth, or to ruin the lady's dress who sits next to him. From these intractable digits, how often must knife and fork and buttered toast fall upon the floor! How utterly impossible for them to convey a Prince's Bay oyster to the owner's lips! Just fancy them undertaking to carve a tough goose; imagine the horror of their manipulations on the drum-sticks, or the impossible joints of the sinewy wings. We can fancy those hands passing through a lifetime of *gaucherie*. We would not trust them to commit suicide—somebody else would have the benefit of their random action. Fancy hair-triggers in such a pair of paws in a crammed shooting-gallery! The idea is excruciating, and we pass on to the next subject—misapplied dexterity. Here we have the dexterous fingers of a "fogle-hunter," the designation, in classic "Romany," of a gentleman



MENACE AND DEFIANCE.

who relieves another gentleman of the care of his pocket-handkerchief. These fingers have been trained from infancy to that employment. "Of a hempen widow the kid forlorn," in his tender years the young "cly-faker" was taught by elder thieves in the classic purlieus of St. Giles, to take handkerchiefs and watches from an artificial figure, without disturbing one of the straws of which it was composed. When his education was completed, he was launched into the streets of London, to levy contributions on the luckless passengers through its crowded thoroughfares. The hulks and Botany Bay, if not the gallows, close the agreeable perspective of our light-fingered gentleman. The next sketch shows a pair of hands with the "mufflers" on, ready for a knock down argument. It feelingly reminds us of illustrious John Bull, the parent and patron of boxing. How Dr Watts could have existed in the laud of the prize-ring, we cannot conceive. But though the good doctor tells us that "hands were never made to scratch each other's eyes,"

he does not in express terms condemn those who "hit straight out from the shoulder." One of the most eloquent chapters of Hazlitt's Essays is devoted to an enthusiastic description of the fight between Hicks the gasman and Bill Neate. Byron was proud of his pugilistic prowess under the tuition of Jackson. Hazlitt's enthusiasm in behalf of what has been apologetically termed the "noble science of self-defence" is a curious instance of his perversity. A single passage from the "Fight" will illustrate this:—"The wonder was the half-minute time. If there had been a minute or more allowed between each round, it would have been intelligible how they should by degrees recover strength and resolution; but to see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned, senseless, the breath beaten out of their bodies, and then, before you recover from the shock, to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand ready to receive or inflict mortal offence, and rush upon each other

'like two clouds over the Caspian;' this is the most astonishing of all—this is the high and heroic state of man!" We should rather call it the low and bestial state of brutes. But let us pass on to our next sketch, which illustrates rapacity. They may be the hands of a usurer raking in his cent. per cent., or the gambler clutching at the golden fortune that lies upon the green cloth—the sentiment is the same in either case. You see the rapacious soul in the very tips of the fingers. Fingers, quotha? Nay, they are claws—the talons of the vulture—the human vulture, fiercer and more inexorable than the bird of prey. The kite only seizes what his appetite demands and his stomach can digest; but the miser grasps what cannot enrich him, though it impoverishes the world. What tenacity there is in those claws!—what a habit of contraction is displayed in those muscles! You see that their relaxation is impossible. Those tenacious fingers can never open wide; they are tentaculæ, fit only for gripping. If that table were strewn with gold dust, not a particle would escape the demoniac raking of those claws. The owner is laying down the law, enumerating his arguments, or marking his points by the several digits. Or we may suppose him Mr. Mahoney, reckoning up the numbers of that "illigant" party the night before: "There was five of us; the two Mulligans was one, O'Brady was two, Conolly was three, and myself was four. No, that's not it! There's myself was one, Conolly was two, O'Brady was three, and the two Mulligans was four. Upon my sowl, there was only four, after all, and me thinking there was five!"

And now let us relate, as apposite to our theme, an anecdote which we may style the

STORY OF A HAND.

Soon after the French army, during the days of Napoleon I., had entered Madrid, the Grand Duke de Berg invited the most distinguished



AWKWARDNESS.

people of the city to a French fete given by the army in the newly-conquered capital. Notwithstanding the splendor of the gala, the Spaniards were by no means gay; their ladies danced but little, and most of the guests confined themselves to the card-tables. The gardens of the palace were so splendidly illuminated that the ladies could walk there with as much security as in broad daylight. The festival was imperially gorgeous, and no expense was spared in order to give the Spaniards a lofty idea of the emperor, if they would only judge him by his lieutenants.

In a grove near the palace, between one and two o'clock in the morning, several French officers were discussing the chances of the war, and the discouraging auguries of the future to be drawn from the cold and menacing attitude of the Spaniards who were present at this splendid festival.

"I tell you what, gentlemen," said a Frenchman, whose dress indicated the surgeon-in-chief of some column of the army, "yesterday I formally requested my recall from Prince Murat. Without being exactly afraid of leaving my bones in the peninsula, I prefer to go and dress the wounds made by our good neighbors the Germans—their weapons do not go so deep into the torso as the Castilian poignards. Then the fear of Spain is a sort of superstition with me. In my boyhood, I read in Spanish books a heap of sombre adventures, and a thousand stories of this country, which prejudiced me strongly against it. Well, since our entrance into Madrid, though I am no hero of romance, I have been involved in an adventure which might serve as the basis of such a romance as Mrs. Radcliffe writes. I feel impelled to listen to my presentiments, and to-morrow I strike my tent and decamp. Murat will cer-

tainly not refuse me my *congé*, for, thanks to the services we surgeons render, we can always command favor."

"By Jove, you've excited my curiosity, my boy," said an old republican colonel, with a pull at his heavy mustaches, "and now you're bound in honor to satisfy it! Let's hear your story—anything to enliven us!"

"My story is not calculated to enliven your spirits," answered the surgeon, gloomily.

"Well, whether it's sad or merry, let's hear it."

The surgeon seemed to hesitate.

"Is there a lady in the case?" asked a young hussar.

"There is."

"Then, my dear fellow, it must be interesting."

"Out with it," cried the old colonel, "without more ado!"

The surgeon looked cautiously about him, as if to scan the faces of those who surrounded him, and, having assured himself that there was no

Spaniard in the vicinity, said:

"Well, since then we are all Frenchmen, comrades, I'll tell you what happened to me. About ten days ago I attended a masquerade ball given by some of our wild fellows, who did not understand or comprehend the danger of such a sort of entertainment among a people where assassination is more popular than duelling, and where the mask and domino would be more likely to screen a deadly foe than to hide the form of a friendly reveller. If the commander-in-chief had been apprized of this affair beforehand, he would have suppressed it instantly; but he only knew of it after it was all over, and as no tragic occurrence had arisen from it, he contented himself with reprimanding the getters-up of the masquerade, and forbidding such entertainments in future.

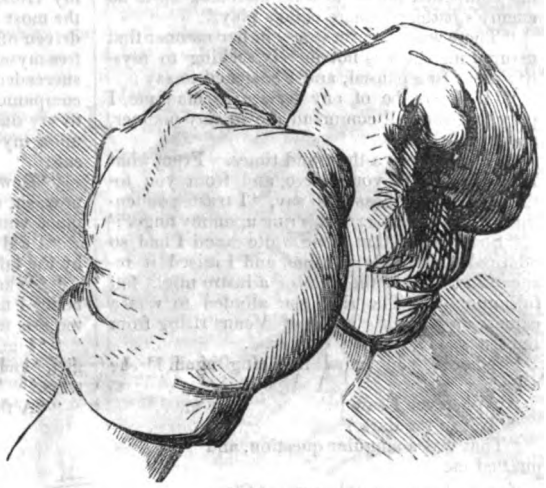


MISAPPLIED DEXTERITY.

"Well, I went to this ball, and for a while had a very dull time—masquerades always seemed to me the stupidest affairs in the world. I felt dispirited, and a presentiment of evil weighed upon my heart like lead; so I stood apart from the noisy revellers, leaning with folded arms against a pillar, and philosophizing on the recklessness of our countrymen, who would dance on the surface of a mine, even if they knew that the last gallopade would end in explosion and ruin. I cannot say how long I was plunged in this reverie—the moving figures of the crowd passing before my eyes like the changes of a kaleidoscope—when a light hand was laid upon my shoulder.

"The hand that was laid upon my shoulder was an exquisitely delicate one, and the only imperfection I perceived—a small mole that stained its satin surface—could scarcely be found fault with, as like a beauty-spot upon a fair complexion, it enhanced the exquisite and Parisian purity of the skin. From the hand I glanced to the figure; but that, as well as the face, was concealed from view. The foot and ankle, however, that were perhaps coquettishly exposed, were so exquisitely modelled that they would have delighted the eye of a sculptor, and to the connoisseur of female charm, afforded proof that the mysterious lady must be exceedingly beautiful, since such exquisite hands and feet are usually in harmonious keeping with the whole person.

"Well, gentlemen, that little hand, laid so lightly on my arm, but so thrilling my whole frame by its gentle pressure, trembled excessively, as if the fair incognita were the prey to the most violent emotion; and, indeed, there was a nervous tremulousness in my voice when she accosted me by my name. I expressed my surprise at her knowing me; but, instead of replying in the usual *badinage* of a woman who seeks to



PUGNACITY.

intriguer a gentleman on one of these occasions, she begged me earnestly to escort her out of the press, and to take her into one of the side rooms, where she could be entirely alone and unobserved. I need not say that I hastened to comply with her wishes. She asked me many questions about Paris, using the Spanish language, so that I found difficulty in framing my replies, for I was not much of a Spanish scholar.

"Cannot madame speak French?" I asked.

"Indifferently well," was the reply, in an accent that would have done honor to the Faubourg St. Germain.

"She then went on to talk in that language, her spirits seeming to revive, until her conversation rivalled in gayety that of the merriest masker on the floor.

"Pardon, madame," I said, in one of the pauses of the conversation, 'but your accent, and your acquaintance with localities and nice shades of French character and manners, convince me that I am addressing a countrywoman.'

"You are not mistaken in your supposition," replied the unknown.

"And I presume you are of the family of one of our officers?"

"Alas, no!"

"At least you will follow the army, if it returns to Paris. A Frenchwoman can hardly like this triste country."

"I abhor it—yet I shall end my days here."

"That is very strange."

"I could tell you strange things, but my lips are sealed. I am only here to-night at the peril of my life, but I cannot explain to you the position in which I am placed. The pleasure of once more mingling with my dear countrymen, and hearing tidings of *la belle France*,



RAPACITY.

has compelled me to do what marching up to an enemy's battery is mere child's play.'

"There was an earnestness in her manner that assured me she was not merely seeking to mystify me. She paused, and I hastened to say:

"If I can be of any service to madame, I pray that she will command me in any manner, and at all times.'

"I thank you a thousand times. From what I have heard of you before, and from you to-night,' she was pleased to say, 'I trust you entirely. Do you observe this ring upon my finger?'

"She placed that little white hand I had so admired confidently in mine, and I raised it respectfully so that the light of a lustre might fall full upon it. The ring she alluded to was a cameo, and on it a figure of Venus rising from the sea was exquisitely engraved.

"Should you know this ring again?' she asked.

"Wherever I saw it.'

"But in the dark?'

"That was a singular question, and puzzled me.

"Stay,' said the unknown. 'Close your eyes until I bid you open them. Now press your finger on the figure, and try to remember the impression, so that by feeling you could recognize the ring even in the dark, as the blind distinguish objects.'

"I did as she requested.

"Well,' said she, in a merry, laughing tone, 'do you think you can dispense with your eyes upon emergency?'

"I think so—at any rate, I should recognize the hand, for it is a peerless one.'

"I was not angling for compliments, sir,' she answered, in a tone between jest and earnest. 'It is not a question of the hand, but of the ring. Do you think you could recognize the latter?'

"I think I could.'

"Enough—I must perforce remain satisfied with that doubtful assurance.'

"May I open my eyes now?'

"Count twenty deliberately, and then you may.'

"I obeyed her in this, as in all her capricious directions, but when I looked again, the enchantress was gone. After that the ball was doubly dreary to me, and I hastened home to my quarters, but my head was filled with the singular passages I have related to you, and my brain racked with conjectures as to the identity of the bewitching incognita. The next day I walked about as one in a dream. My professional duties disgusted me—the crash of arms and the roll of drums maddened me. I stole away into such solitude as I could find, and there indulged in dreams of the unknown beauty of the masquerade.

"Six days ago I was returning quietly to my lodgings about eleven o'clock at night, after having left General Latour, whose hotel is but a few steps from mine. Suddenly, at the corner of a little street, two unknown persons, or rather two demons, threw themselves upon me, and wrapped my head and arms in a cloak. Of course I shouted at the top of my lungs, but the cloth stifled

my cries, and I was thrust into a carriage with the most rapid dexterity. The carriage was then driven off at a rapid rate. I made an effort to free myself from the cloak that shrouded me, and succeeded, finding myself seated with only one companion, and that a female. I was prepared to cry out for help, when a soft hand was placed upon my lips, and a soft voice whispered in my ear:

"Beware! no harm is intended you. And now, sir, since I have you in my power, please to place your finger on the ring.'

"I did so, and thought I recognized that worn by the fair incognita at the masquerade.

"What!' I exclaimed, 'are you the beauteous being I met at the masquerade, and who taught me this test?'

"I am that lady's waiting-maid,' replied the girl, 'and I am about to conduct you to my mistress.'

"A thousand thanks.'



COMPLICATED NARRATIVE.

"Do not be so ready with your thanks. You can only see my lady at the risk of your life. If you decline the hazard, say so frankly, and I am ordered to permit you to return to your quarters.'

"I would risk a thousand lives to see her once more!" I exclaimed.

"It is well," replied the soubrette. 'My mistress expected no less of your gallantry. But are you armed? If not, here is a two-edged poignard you can take. If any one challenges you in the place whither we are going, strike home—strike deep, as the Spaniard strikes.'

"I thank you," I replied, though slightly shuddering at the fierceness of my companion, 'but I have my sabre and pistols.'

"Are you sure that the blade plays free in the scabbard?'

"Quite sure.'

"Are the priming and loading fresh in your pistols?'

"I loaded and primed them before I left my quarters this evening.'

"Good again. One thing more you must

do. You must consent to wear this mask. Nay, it is for your own protection.'

"I put on a black velvet mask which she handed me.

"One thing more.'

"Speak.'

"See that your sabre does not rattle when I bid you follow me. And now be prudent as well as brave.'

"At last the carriage stopped, and we got out. It was pitch dark. I heard the noise of a key inserted in the lock of a gate. The chamber-maid soon led me through the gravelled alleys of a large garden up to a certain place, where we stopped. I could now distinguish the dark mass of a large building looming up directly before us.

"Silence, now," she whispered in my ear, 'and keep a strict watch over yourself. Don't lose a single one of my signals; I cannot speak without danger to both of us, and your life is now at stake. My lady is in a room on the



RETURNING FROM THE BALL.

ground floor; but to reach her apartment, we must pass through the room, and beside the bed, of a sleeping man, who has armed men at his disposal, and who would not hesitate to kill us like dogs. Walk lightly, and follow me closely, for fear of stumbling against any of the furniture, or setting foot outside the carpet which I have arranged to muffle our steps.'

"This was an adventure, comrades; but I was resolved to follow it through, if it cost me my life. A door was opened, and I found myself in a large and lofty room, dimly lighted by a smoking lamp. The window was open, but it was secured by heavy bars of iron. On a bed lay an old man plunged into a profound sleep. Thence we passed into another room, where sat a young woman, lovelier than the most beautiful creations of art, though seen to disadvantage from the terrible emotion to which she was a prey. She welcomed me with a sad smile, and begged me to sit down beside her.

"You see," she whispered, 'how much confi-

dence I place in you—and alas, to how much peril my selfishness is willing to expose you!'

"Speak not of that," I replied, 'but tell me how I can serve you honorably.'

"She blushed at the emphasis I placed on the last word, and said:

"Sir, I am a prisoner here!'

"Then the person, through whose chamber I passed—

"Has no legal right to control my actions," she replied. 'He is not my husband, though I am his affianced bride—and never will I be his wife, unless I am dragged by force to the altar. Yet even of that he is capable. I am surrounded here by his mercenaries; and I am an orphan—alone in the world!'

"She interrupted her story to dry the tears that dimmed her beautiful star-like eyes, and to recover her composure. After a time she went on in a calmer voice, and informed me that she was the daughter of a Frenchwoman, settled in

Madrid, who had—from what I gathered, though she hinted at this very delicately—treated her with great severity, and who had commanded her to marry a rich old man to cancel certain pecuniary obligations, the payment of which in money would ruin her. The mother died in the house in which we then were. Immediately the young French girl bade the creditor take her property, and release her from the hated contract. This he refused, and had ever since kept her a strict prisoner, threatening every moment to order a servile priest to celebrate the marriage.

"Now," said she, 'I have no male friend in Madrid only you, whose acquaintance I formed by chance. Will you aid me to fly to-night?'

"Will I? The moment that I place you in security, will be the proudest, the happiest of my life! I knelt at her feet, and covered the beautiful white hand, which she abandoned freely to me, with passionate kisses. When I rose to my feet, I felt as if I could cut my way through a legion.

"But how are we to manage your flight?" I asked.

"Two horses are even now waiting saddled at the garden-gate," she replied. 'They are fleet Andalusians, and will bear us whither you will. The man who assumes to control my destiny has taken a sleeping-draught, and will not awake till I am in safety.'

"These words were no sooner out of her mouth, than she turned deadly pale, and uttered a stifled scream.

"Perjured woman, thou liest!" cried a stern voice; and turning, I beheld at the door of the next chamber, the master of the house, attired in a dressing-gown, with a drawn sword in his hand. 'And you,' he added, addressing me, 'unmask, and show your traitor-face!'

"Not for your life!" replied the unknown lady, recovering. 'It is my command. Fly, I conjure you! He dare not injure me, but you he will sacrifice to his rage.'

"I saw, indeed, that I could not profit the dear



LOVE FOR LIFE.

lady by remaining; and, moreover, at a shrill whistle from the old Spaniard, I heard footsteps hastening to the room, and half a dozen armed ruffians soon appeared to support their master. With my drawn sabre in one hand, and a pistol in the other, I rushed upon them, and cutting right and left, forced my way out, but closely pursued. At the garden gate I threw myself on one of the horses, thinking to ride to the nearest post, summon assistance, and return to the house. But the animal was unmanageable, and ran away with me. When I attempted to rein him in, the reins parted in my hand; they had been cut, as I since ascertained. Whither the frantic horse carried me I know not; but at last, in making a desperate bound, he slipped on the flagging, and fell, and it was some time before I recovered from the stunning effects of my own fall. When I did so, finally, after wandering for hours, I found my way home; but I have since vainly sought for the place I visited that night. The beautiful lady is lost to me forever, and I fear is ere this the bride of the old ruffian."

At this moment the surgeon turned pale; all eyes were fixed on his, and followed their direction. The Frenchmen then saw a Spaniard wrapped in a cloak, whose eyes were blazing in a tuft of orange trees. The officers had hardly turned their eyes on him, when the man, though old, disappeared with the lightness of a sylph. A captain sprang in pursuit of him.

"Ah, my friends," cried the surgeon, "that basilisk glance has frozen me. I hear my death-knell. Receive my adieux, and bury me here."

"Are you mad?" said the colonel. "Falcon has gone on his track, and will soon overhaul the spy."

"Well," cried the officers, as they saw the captain returning, breathless.

"I don't know what to make of it," replied Falcon. "He must have vanished through the walls. As I don't think he is a conjurer, he must be intimately acquainted with the passages and turnings of the house, and so escaped readily."

"I am lost!" said the surgeon, in a gloomy tone.

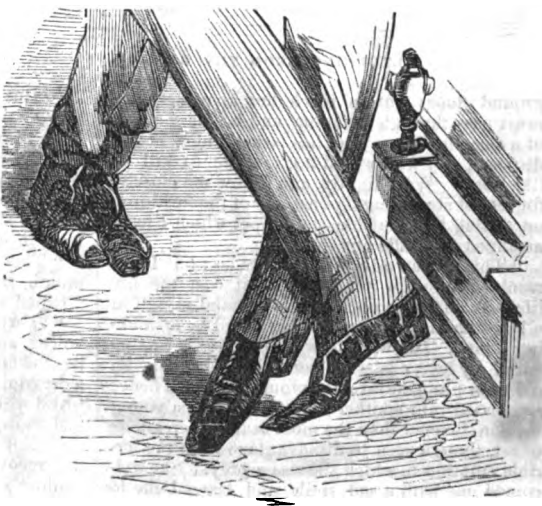
"Keep calm," replied the officers. "We will watch with you till your departure, and pass this evening with you, to begin with."

In fact, three young officers, who had lost their money at play, escorted the surgeon to his lodgings, and offered to remain with him. The second day after the surgeon had obtained his leave to return to France, and made all his preparations for starting with a lady, to whom Murat gave a strong escort. He

was just finishing dinner in company with his friends, when his servant came to inform him that a young woman wished to speak with him. The surgeon and the three officers immediately went down stairs in company, fearing some snare. It was the chambermaid, who had been his companion in the carriage on that memorable night. She had only time to say to the surgeon, "Take care!" and then fell dead. Having discovered that she had been poisoned, this girl had hoped to arrive in time to save the surgeon.

"By heavens!" cried Captain Falcon; "only a Spanish girl could trot through the streets after a dose of prussic acid."

The surgeon was very sad. To drive away the singular presentiments which disturbed him, he resumed his seat at the table, and drank im-



PATENT AND GRAINED LEATHER.

moderately, as did his companions. All of them, half intoxicated, went to bed early.

In the middle of the night the surgeon was awakened by a sharp noise caused by the curtain-rings of his bed being violently drawn back on the brass rod that sustained them. He sat up, a prey to that mechanical trepidation which seizes us at the moment of such an awakening. He saw standing before him an old Spaniard, who cast the same burning look on him he had done when they first met. The surgeon cried, "Help, friends, help!"

To this cry of distress, the Spaniard answered by a bitter smile. "Opium grows for everybody," said he.

Having said this, he drew from his cloak the recently amputated hand of a woman, and showed it to the surgeon, pointing out the mark which he had so imprudently described to his friends.

"Is it the same?" he asked, hoarsely. By the light of a lantern resting on the bed, the surgeon recognized the beautiful hand, and was overwhelmed by the agony of his grief.

The stranger required no other reply, but, satisfied with the identity of his victim, plunged his dagger into his heart, and fled.

* * * * *

Many years afterwards a widow lady with a Spanish name, exceedingly beautiful, but pale, and bearing in her face traces of deep suffering, attributed to the loss of her husband, came to reside at Touraine, in France. It was soon discovered that her right hand was useless, and that in fact she had lost her natural hand, and its place had been supplied by an artificial one.

One evening at a party, a gentleman, who had formed her acquaintance, ventured to ask her



FLIGHT.

in a casual manner how she had lost her hand.

"In the Spanish war of independence," she replied, coldly. And that was all that could ever be elicited from the lips of the nameless heroine of our narrative.

So much for hands, and their expression—the remaining pictures in this number show how much there may be in feet, the basis of our human superstructure. The base of a column is quite as important as the capital, and the feet, as our sketches show, are not without expression. The first sketch, representing several light fantastic toes, as Richard Sniveller would say, returning from a ball, illustrates one of the chances to which human life is subject—penance after pleasure—disappointment after joy. It is rainy,

slushy and muddy; the last cab has disappeared, and the dainty satins and varnished leathers that have lately tripped over the polished floor, must now tread the muddy streets in their forced pilgrimage. The second pair is also narrative in its demonstration. The spurred heel betrays the soldier, the attitude, an offer of heart and hand, and "love for life," while the smaller feet that twinkle in the picture express coyness, that will soon be overcome by ardor. The next sketch affords a striking contrast—wealth and poverty, aristocratic luxury and plebeian misery, varnished and grained leather, the elegant boot and the fragmentary brogan. The next picture shows life and animation. It is a chase. Old shoes against official boots! Of course the owner of those shoes has "took what isn't his'n." The avenging law, in the shape of those Bombastes boots, pursues them. Who can doubt the result of the



FORCED REPOSE.



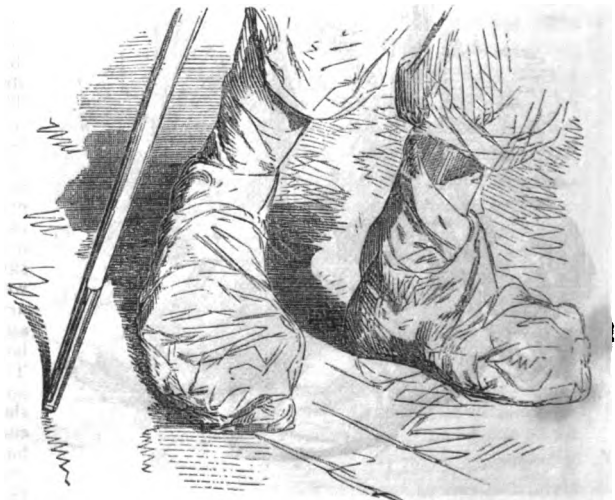
A PROBLEM.

pursuit? Gildersleeve himself could not run in such gear. Vainly up one street and down another that pair will shuffle, while the hulloa of "stop thief!" from the officer is taken up by every ragged boy, many of them not immaculate, multiplied and reverberated by the echoes, and falling on the ear of the fugitive with an appalling weight. Vainly may he shuffle, double and wind. He cannot shake off his grim pursuer. The next drawing shows his fate. Compulsory repose clogs the activity of those graceful soles. A ball and chain fast anchor some mercurial fugitive. Justice is satisfied. The next presents us with a problem, which it is not, however, difficult to solve. The owner of those Uriah Heep-like feet in the right-hand corner is shrinking from some cause or other. What cause is it?

There is a large foot on the left, but where is its fellow foot? Engaged, of course, in applying sundry visitations of shoe leather to the person of the owner of the shrinking feet. Kicking is a very expensive luxury, when directed to a human being and not an inanimate foot-ball. Its cost varies, but it may be safely said that a poor man cannot indulge in it. Yet even ladies have been known to affect this extravagance. While on the subject of feet, we may remind our readers of what Diedrich Knickerbocker said of the watchmen's feet in the good old days of Manhattan:—"A brisk trade for furs," says that veracious historian, "was soon opened. The Dutch traders were scrupulously honest in all their dealings, and purchased by weight, establishing as an inviolable rule of avoirdupois, that the hand of a Dutchman weigh-

ed one pound, and his foot two pounds. It is true, the simple Indians were often puzzled by the great disproportion between bulk and weight, for let them place a bundle of furs, never so large, in one scale, and a Dutchman put his hand or foot in the other, the bundle was sure to kick the beam; never was a package of furs known to weigh more than two pounds in the market of Communipaw! This is a singular fact, but I have it direct from my great grandfather, who had risen to considerable importance in the colony, being promoted to the office of weigh-master, on account of the uncommon heaviness of his foot." The staff and swathed feet of the next engraving show the owner to be a conscientious pilgrim, not like Pindar's, who, when ordered to do penance with peas in his shoes, "took the liberty to have them boiled." The next pair of feet

belongs evidently to a son of the Emerald Isle. He is giving vent to the exuberance of his spirits by capering on the sod. What causes his delight we can only conjecture; somebody may have trod on his coat and given him the prospect of a shindy—or some other piece of good luck may have suddenly befallen him. "Last scene of all," the march to battle. Four pairs of brogans are travelling the path that "leads to glory or the grave," the elevation of their soles indicating the excitement of their spirits. "March on, march on, ye brave!" You are taking steps to acquire fame. In double-quick time you will arrive at the goal. Alas, some of those brogans will never retrace their steps! Peace to their soles! When the account is footed up, they will only be units in the sum total of glory.



PILGRIMAGE.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

While enjoying a comfortable chair upon the piazza last night, and reflecting upon the events of the day, our thoughts were disturbed by the far off strain of a whippoorwill. It was the first we had heard this season, and its sad music awakened a train of reflections. While the air of spring is filled with the songs of a thousand warblers by day, by night is heard the mournful chant of the whippoorwill. Buried deep in the groves of a southern land, and nestling quietly beneath a tropical sun, this lover of warmth and comfort chases away the long winter months; and when the meridian sun again breaks the ice and dissolves the snow, when the green grass once more shoots up, and the trees leave in their usual order, away, away he flies, and the old haunts of his *birdish* love know him once again. The bright glare of day seems to have no charm for him; unlike other feathered songsters, he prefers to sing at night. When all is silent, save the low chirps of the katydid, and an occasional hoot of the owl, the little melancholy bird of the night comes forth from his hidden nook, and seating himself upon a bough, rocked by the evening wind, he begins his plaintive chant, "Whippoorwill." This is soon caught up and echoed back by another of his tribe, and another will take up the strain, and thus it will be carried from throat to throat, until the forest air vibrates with the melancholy song. This serenade continues long after all other winged and creeping things are asleep; and not until the first streaks of sunlight tint the tree-tops, do they cease their night wail, and retire to their hidden and leafy recesses. There they rest in security and quiet until the twilight chirp of the katydid calls them forth again.



DELIGHT.

The whippoorwill is about the size of a robin; has a long tail, and its color is a lighuish brown—rather a pretty bird than otherwise. It is sometimes called "bird of the night," from its peculiar habit of being hidden all day, when other birds are out, and coming forth at night.

Many years ago we remember visiting the ruins of an old churchyard; the graves were mostly flattened by time, and the few grave-stones it boasted were mouldered with age. It was just after twilight, and all was still and serene in that old burial-place, save a plaintive note from a whippoorwill. Following the direction of the sound, it brought us to a little grave, with a small stone at the head; it bore this simple inscription, "Our Willie." Retreating again to a little distance, and waiting for a sound

from the little songster, we were presently gratified by seeing a little bird perched upon a low limb of an oak, which grew immediately at the boy's head, open his throat, and emit the slow, mournful notes which had just attracted our attention. The summer wind played in the long grass, and stirred the leaves of the oak, and, while the twilight shaded more and more into night, the loving little whippoorwill sung louder and more loud over the little lonely boy; and we thought, as we turned homeward, we had never heard a more touching or solemn requiem.—*Wilmington (N. C.) Herald.*

Some have wondered that disputes about opinions should so often end in personalities; but the fact is, that such disputes begin with personalities, for our opinions are a part of ourselves.



GLORY.

THE CHICKENVILLE GHOST:

—OR,—

WHICH IS THE WITCH.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

THERE never had been such excitement in Chickenville, since Chickenville obtained the distinguished honors of a local habitation, and a name on the county map. The "oldest inhabitant" had never known anything like it. Nothing else was talked of. If a crowd of three persons gathered in the one street of Chickenville, it was sure to be the sole topic of conversation. Old women lifted up their eyes and hands in wonderment and horror, when it was alluded to; and if children chanced to hear it spoken of, they would run shrieking to their mothers, and hide their faces in their laps. And the cause of all this was—?—A GHOST, AND A WITCH!

"Bless my heart!" the fair reader may possibly exclaim, "do you really mean to assert, that in this enlightened age, these days of daguerreotypes, submarine cables and railroads, people are foolish enough to believe in such things? Pho! sir, you must be joking."

Not a bit of it, madame, as you yourself will admit, when you have heard my story, which is in every respect a true one.

After service on Sunday morning, the Reverend Selah Context had given notice that the Chickenville sewing circle would be held on the following Thursday evening, at the house of Mrs. Coosypeg, the wife of the village doctor; and accordingly, at the hour appointed, some dozen ladies assembled in the parlor of that respected matron. The only gentleman present was the doctor, who in virtue of his position as host, was permitted to join the circle. He had another claim to the privilege, for he was quite an old school practitioner, and had attended in his professional capacity, most of the individuals present, and, to tell the honest truth, was very much of an "old woman" himself.

The tea-things having been removed, the work-baskets were set on the table; and now the clatter of cups and saucers and the jingling of teaspoons gave way to talk, an accomplishment in which, I have observed, ladies who frequent sewing circles are thoroughly posted up.

"It's very remarkable," said Mrs. Pipchin, the attorney's lady, "extremely remarkable; I can't at all make it out."

"Deeply mysterious," chimed in Miss Rawker,

a tall, ancient maiden lady of fifty, with eyes like boiled gooseberries, a flaxen "false front," and a sour facial expression, as though she always washed her face in vinegar, and lived perpetually on pickles.

"O, it's so romantic! How I should like to see a real ghost," simpered little Miss Milkit, a young lady of the sentimental school, who wrote sweet verses for the Chickenville Banner, and adored Tupper.

"That's a very presumptuous wish, my dear," said Mrs. Coosypeg, kindly, and she added, "it's quite certain there is something beyond common in this affair. What do you think, Coosypeg, my love?"

The gentleman thus addressed was a pompous little man, with florid cheeks, a red nose, little blue eyes, a bald head and double chin, which latter was half buried in an abyss of white neckcloth. He wore a blue coat with brass buttons, a buff vest, *a la* Daniel Webster, and his queer little legs were encased in glossy black pants. On hearing his wife's question, he immediately and involuntarily assumed a professional dignity, gave a great, significant "hem," and said:

"What do I think, Mrs. Coosypeg? Why, (he was a great admirer of Shakspeare, and always quoted, or rather mis-quoted from his works, whenever possible), why, I consider that there are more things in heaven and earth, Mrs. Coosypeg and ladies, than we know anything at all about. That's my simple opinion, madam," and with another prodigious "hem," he sank back in his chair.

At this moment, Mr. Pipchin the attorney entered the room, it being the custom at such times for the husbands, brothers, and "lovers so gay" of the ladies, to join them after tea. The opinion of this gentleman was at once asked, but before recording his answer, it will perhaps be as well to give the reader some idea of the remarkable circumstances to which the ladies have just alluded, and which had caused such intense excitement in the village of Chickenville.

Just at the entrance to the village, in a small but neat cottage, resided Mrs. Ramsay, a widow, who, at the death of her husband, was left in very straitened circumstances. She had but one child—a daughter, now some eighteen years of age. Chylena Ramsay was beautiful as heroines (for *she* is my heroine, reader,) generally are, excepting those of Charlotte Bronte; but her health was extremely delicate, and all the medicaments of Doctor Coosypeg had failed to relieve her. Every one predicted consumption, and indeed her pale brow and hectic cheek might well have favored such a supposition. To ake

out her mother's scanty income, Chylena made water-color drawings, which she sold in the neighboring town, did plain work, and occasionally gave lessons in music; but all these means of procuring money were too precarious. So, one day she travelled to Boston, sought for employment, obtained some which she thought would serve at least to keep the wolf from the door, and returned home with a heart much relieved. But it was noticed soon after this, that her health became still more delicate, her cheek yet paler; and on Sunday as she went to church, it was evident that her step was less elastic. Thus matters for some time went on. Now, it is not at all to be wondered at, that so pretty and amiable a girl as Chylena Ramsay should have had a lover—indeed, it would have been strange if she had not. It happened then, that a young man named Ralph Burney, had fallen deeply and desperately in love with the widow's daughter, and his love was warmly reciprocated, but in the present precarious state of her daughter's health, Mrs. Ramsay peremptorily refused her consent to their marriage.

"You see," she would say, "Chylena is growing weaker and weaker every day, and it would be the height of folly under such circumstances to unite your fortunes in matrimony. If anything happened to her, the pang of parting would be only the greater were you married. No, no—wait a little while longer, and then, if Chylena improves in health, be assured I will interpose no further objection."

This was reasonable enough; but when did ever an ardent lover listen to reason? Ralph had no faith in the opinion of old Coosypeg, that Chylena's case was hopeless, and he determined to seek other means than his physic, to aid in her restoration to health. He was a sharp-sighted young man, and fancied that he had discovered what her ailment was. He therefore laid his plans accordingly.

Ralph and Chylena, after enjoying an hour of each other's society, parted, Ralph declaring his intention of going to Boston in search of some remedy for Chylena—who, on her part, promised to adopt any measures he might recommend.

Of course, Chickenville boasted its store—a place where every article was kept, excepting the particular one required; and, of course also, this store which was kept by a big, burly fellow, named Barnabas W. Badgit, was the loafing-point of the village. In its centre was a huge, dirty stove, around which, some seated on casks, some on benches, some on the counter, and others leaning against the iron pillars that supported

the roof, were to be seen from morning to night—chewing—smoking or whittling, a number of those who either had nothing to do, or wouldn't do anything. In the evenings a few of the industrious neighbors would lounge in, after their day's work was done, and then the affairs of the nation were canvassed, and gossip and scandal ruled the hour. One evening, when a knot of idlers were assembled, the conversation took the following turn:

"You don't believe in ghosts and witches, Hiram?" (It was the village shoemaker who spoke). "Why, then, you don't believe in scriptur—that's all."

"How do you make that out?" inquired Hiram Sparkles, the blacksmith, who was the party addressed.

"Why, look a' here; warn't there the witch of Endor, and the ghost of Samuel?" Answer me that."

"I didn't say there wasn't. But you don't mean to say that Widow Ramsay's daughter is a witch, do you?"

"Wal, I dunno as to that—if there was witches in scriptur' times, and witches in Salem ever so long since, why shouldn't there be now? Didn't witches in the old days do things as nobuddy could, and don't Chyl' Ramsay beat every other woman and gal in the village at work, as all the village knows—and she out of health, too? And hadn't the Salem witches what they called their familiar spirits—in other words, imps of the devil, in the shape of black cats or dogs, or summat o' that sort? And didn't I listen," he added triumphantly, "to the most onchristian sounds as ever was heerd, as I went by Widow Ramsay's cottage the other night after eleven o'clock, and Chylena Ramsay singing in some diabolical language, and every now and then laughing and talking? What d'ye say to that?"

"But did you see a ghost or anything like one?" asked Barnabas W. Badgit, the store-keeper.

"Yes, and felt it too."

At this idea of *feeling* a ghost, a general guffaw expanded the jaws of every one present. The shoemaker, however, was nothing daunted by this explosion.

"Darned if that aint a good un," squeaked out little Twistem, the tailor of Chickenville; "now I always thort that ghosts was mere shadders, so tu speak—fellers as could whisk through key-holes, or go through the eye of one of my needles, for the matter of that. I've read of some of 'em that you could see through and through, as if they were made of glass; but you're the first I ever heerd of, that felt a ghost—ha—ha—ha!"

"Ho—ho—ho!" was the response of the crowd.

"Yes, *felt*," reiterated the man of leather.

"No doubt," remarked Sam Sly, the wag of the village. "Ghosts are spirits, and spirits are souls, aint they?"

A general assent to this proposition was given by the company.

"Well, then," continued Sam, "there's nothing very extraordinary in a shoemaker's *feeling* a ghost that I am aware of—doesn't he handle *soles* every day?"

At this surprising stroke of wit, the loafers round the store went incontinently into roars of laughter, and Mr. Samuel Sly, highly gratified with the hit he had made, reposed on his laurels, in other words, he lighted a fresh "long nine."

"Wal, you may snigger if you choose," observed the shoemaker, doggedly, "but it was a real ghost that I felt, and I'll tell you how 'twas."

All ears, and eyes, and mouths were now opened to their fullest extent, and the shoemaker proceeded:

"You see I was going home from the tavern a few nights since, about eleven o'clock, or may be, a little arter, when, as I passed Widow Ramsey's house, I noticed a light in the sitting-room. The blind was down, so I couldn't see inside, but I heerd the all firedest noise that ever was. I knew 'twarn't karydids nor crickets—for thar aint none about now—and the only thing I could compare it to, was forty thousand death-watches, all ticking at once."

Here the speaker paused, and looked round to see what effect was produced on his audience.

"Go on," said the storekeeper, whose huge form was bent over the counter, and whose face exhibited a decidedly incredulous grin.

"Wal," continued the shoemaker—"Wal, says I to myself, thar's suthin' mysterious here, and no two ways about it. So I crept softly towards the window, but just before I reached it I saw a great, black figure on the blind, which appeared only for a minute, and then vanished. After waiting a few minutes longer, I went under the window-sill and listened; but I hadn't been there two minutes before something gave me a blow on the side of my head that made me see stars, and in an instant after, I was sent like a football, bang into the middle of the road. When I recovered myself, and looked at the parlor window again, all was dark as pitch, and there was I, as lonely as Jonah when he lay in the whale's stummick."

At the conclusion of this exciting narrative, sundry and divers attempts at explanation were made by the various parties present—some asserting that the shoemaker must have taken

rather too much toddy at the tavern—an accusation which he most indignantly denied; and others treating the matter as a mere fabrication. At length, the time for closing the store arrived, and one by one the recent loungers departed to ponder over the strange story of the man of leather.

We must now return to the dwelling of Mrs. Coosypeg, which, it will be remembered, we left just as Mr. Pipchin, the attorney of Chickenville, was about to give his opinion on the strange occurrences which were shaking the village to its centre. Mr. Pipchin was a tall, thin, hard-featured personage. He had a high, narrow forehead, ploughed deeply with transverse lines, sallow cheeks, an aquiline nose, over the bridge of which the skin stretched so tightly, it much resembled old parchment; this nose was flanked by two whiskers of the mutton-chop formation, and his head was covered with short, stubby, iron gray hair, that appeared more like bristles than anything else. He had a cautious way of speaking, always taking care never to commit himself, but when he *had* made up his mind, and *did* speak decidedly, he was remarkably dictatorial; and the way in which his small gray eyes flashed beneath their shaggy and beetling brows was absolutely fearful to behold!

"Ladies," said Mr. Pipchin, in reply to the request for his opinion; "ladies, in view of being consulted on this singular subject, I have thought it well to refer to the best authorities—I have—I may say—diligently perused all the text-books on the subject. The singular noises which have been heard in a certain part of this village claimed my first consideration. I have read with great attention the case of *Scratching Fanny*—"

"Who?" exclaimed half a dozen ladies at once.

"*Scratching Fanny*—ladies—her case is a great precedent. She was the heroine of the celebrated '*Cock Lane Ghost*,' which puzzled all London some ninety years ago.. Even Doctor Samuel Johnson himself believed in the ghost, and went into the vaults of Cripplegate church to exorcise it—but after all, it turned out that a young girl, named Fanny, who was confined to her bed, produced the mysterious scratching noises with her toe-nails on a board concealed in the couch. And a very good thing *Scratching Fanny* made of it, until the trick was discovered."

"O, the deceitful little hussy!" said Miss Rawker.

"How romantic," observed Miss Milkitt.

"It's extremely remarkable," muttered Mrs. Pipchin.

"Well, ladies," Mr. Pipchin went on to say—"I perused with great care Sir Walter Scott's work on "Demonology and Witchcraft." I read David Brewster's "Natural Magic," Professor Hare's works, Judge Edmond's Book on Spiritualism, Mrs. Crowe's "Night side of Nature," the account of the apparition of Mrs. Veal, which you know is prefixed to "Drelincourt on Death," Andrew Jackson Davis's writings, the Memoirs of Matthew Hopkins the Witch-finder, and the History of Salem Witchcraft—all these profound productions I have studied in hope to throw some light on the mystery in our midst; have sent, too, for the great work by Reichenbach, on the "Odic Force," which I shall consult with the same attention that I have paid to the other high authorities I have cited."

When Mr. Pipchin had concluded this formidable list of authorities on mystical matters, the ladies gazed at him with admiration and amazement, and like the school children in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," wondered:

"How one small head could carry all he knew."

For a few moments all were too much astonished to speak, but at length Mrs. Coosypeg plucked up sufficient courage to inquire: "And to what conclusion have you come, Mr. Pipchin, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"Madam," replied that gentleman, "the views of the authorities I have consulted are so conflicting that I have been unable to form any opinion at all. As to the witchcraft part of the business, there certainly seems to be a precedent in the case of Joan of Arc, but as the courts rule differently respecting that remarkable young woman, I shall take time to consider." And Mr. Pipchin knitted his brows, and looked the incarnation of legal dignity.

Just at this moment the door opened, and Phebe the pretty maid-servant entered with a basket, which she said had been sent with Miss Ramsay's compliments. Now it should be mentioned in this place and ought perhaps to, have been stated before, that Miss Chylena was a member of the sewing circle, though being the only one of the society who was young and pretty, she was by no means popular. She was known to have a beau, also, and that was an awful crime in the eyes of Miss Rawker especially, who took all manner of means to harass and annoy her. One way of indulging her spleen was, although she knew Miss Ramsay to be in delicate health, to allot to the latter young lady the largest quantity of work, and of the coarsest and most laborious kind, too. There were fines imposed on those who failed to send in their completed task at the proper time, and it so happened that

at the last meeting Miss Rawker had forwarded to Chylena, in the hope of mulcting her, not only more than double the amount of work—but work, which, from its nature, could not, save by miracle, be performed by even half a dozen pairs of busy hands—much less one. What then, was the surprise and mortification of Miss Rawker to find that Chylena had sent home all the work, beautifully done, by the time specified for its completion?

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Rawker.

"It's very remarkable!" said Mrs. Pipchin.

"O, it's so romantic!" simpered Miss Milkit.

"It's witchcraft—downright witchcraft," observed Mrs. Coosypeg, who was the most superstitious of the party. "To think that that chit of a girl should do more work with her skinny fingers, than all of us put together. It's too bad! and that's all about it; the old fellow must help her, that's a fact."

"I don't know what to make of it," gravely remarked old Coosypeg; "here had I been doctoring her for months, and she got no better, when she declined all further attendance; and to-day I saw her looking healthy and rosy as ever. I know she has had no other doctor, and I can't make it out, there's something wrong somewhere."

And with grave looks from some, doubtful shakes of the head from others, and all perfectly puzzled, the sewing circle broke up, each member of it making up her mind to fathom the mystery if it lay within the powers and penetration of woman so to do.

What a beautiful morning it was; a clear, crisp, October morning. The foliage was rapidly assuming autumnal tints, the sun shone mildly through the golden haze, and birds sang merrily on the branches. Every thing spoke of happiness and love—and so it should have been, for it was the marriage morning of Chylena Ramsay and Ralph Burney. I need not detain the reader, while I tell how lovely the bride looked, how bloom had returned to her cheek, and elasticity to her step; how proudly Ralph led her to the village church, and how gratified Mrs. Ramsay seemed; how spitefully Miss Rawker sneered as she beheld the ceremony performed; how old Dr. Coosypeg wondered at the almost miraculous restoration of Chylena to health and vigor; how Miss Milkit thought it very unromantic that Chylena should get married before her; how Mr. Pipchin marvelled, and how Mrs. Ditto thought the proceedings "very remarkable indeed"—I say I shall not stop to refer in detail to all these matters. Instead of doing so, I need

only record that when the ceremony was over, Ralph invited all his friends and neighbors to a little feast on the lawn before his own cottage, and that they one and all (Miss Rawker, whose curiosity conquered her chagrin, included), accepted it. The tables were furnished with all the usual delicacies, and in the centre, covered with a white cloth, was, what most present supposed to be some rare dish that was meant to be a surprise. When the cake, pies, fruit and the like were disposed of, Ralph rose, and after thanking the company for their attendance, said :

"I have now to unveil a little mystery, which has for some time past puzzled all present."

It was wonderful to see the pricking up of ears, and glistening of eyes, on this announcement being made. The ladies of the sewing circle were especially eager to hear what was to come next. Ralph proceeded :

"My wife has been taken for a witch, and I have been mistaken for a ghost! I am happy to say that the real witch is now present; she is under that white cloth."

The white cloth instantly became the focus-point for all eyes; had those eyes been burning-glasses it would have been turned into tinder in no time.

"My wife, as all of you know, was long in ill health; her exertions to support herself and a widowed mother damaged her constitution, and she daily grew worse. I determined to prescribe for her myself, and availed myself of the services of a witch, and am happy to say the lady soon recovered. Look at her now, and tell me whether you ever saw a prettier piece of witchcraft. Well, my friends, it happened one night—I may tell all now—whilst Chylena, the witch and myself were together (the witch busy at her incantations), that I heard a step outside the window. Stepping out through the back door, I walked round to the post, and there I saw an impertinent fellow attempting to peep into the room. Before he was aware of it, I gave him a sound box on the ear, and with the toe of my boot sent him into the middle of the road."

"That was the shoemaker!" shouted a dozen voices, amidst "unextinguishable laughter." When it had finished, Ralph proceeded :

"And my shadow on the blind was the ghost! and now for the witch!"

The cloth was lifted, and there revealed to all eyes, was a beautiful GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MACHINE!

"There, the secret is out!" added Ralph. "My wife was killing herself by perpetual needle-work, so I went to Boston and purchased that invaluable implement. It saved her time, her health

and strength, and has saved me a good little wife, and its click, click, click, shall always enliven my home. By its means she was enabled to send in that large amount of work to the sewing circle, and through its agency my wife will be no household drudge, but what heaven intended a good wife to be, not a slave to her needle, but a friend and a companion. That machine with its little iron arm, will secure her leisure and rest, so that when I return home from my daily toil, I shall be received by one whose work is also done."

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Some gentlemen passing through the beautiful village of Renton, in the Vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire, about nine o'clock at night, had their attention directed to a dark object in the church-yard. On going in to ascertain what it was, they found a boy of tender years lying flat on his face, and apparently sound asleep over a recently made grave. Thinking this not a very safe bed for him, they shook him up, and asked how he came to be there? He said he was afraid to go home, as his sister, with whom he resided, had threatened to beat him. "And where does your sister live?" asked one of the party. "In Dumbarton," was the answer. "In Dumbarton—nearly four miles off! And how came you to wander so far away from home?" "I just cam," sobbed the poor little fellow, "because my mither's grave was here." His mother had been buried there a short time before, and his seeking a refuge at her grave in his sorrow, was a beautiful touch of nature in a child, who could scarcely have yet learned to realize the true character of that separation which knows of no re union on earth. Thither had he instinctively wandered to sob out his sorrows, and to moisten with tears the grave of one who had hitherto been his natural protector, for he had evidently cried himself to sleep.—*North British Mail.*

THE ARABIAN HORSE.

General Daumas, having addressed a letter to Abd el-Kader, requesting to know his opinion on the origin of the Arab horse, received in reply, the following valuable piece of information: "Know, then, that amongst us it is admitted that God created the horse out of the winds, as he created Adam out of the dust. This cannot be disputed. Many prophets have proclaimed that when God would create the horse, he said to the south wind: "I would bring forth out of thee a creature; be thou therefore, condensed." Then comes the angel Gabriel, and taking a handful of the matter, presented it to God, who formed therewith a brown bay horse, and said, "I name thee Horse, and create thee Arab, and give thee a bay color. I attach blessing to the forelock which falls between thine eyes; thou shalt be lord of all the animals. Thou shalt fly without wings, and from thy back shall proceed riches." Then he marked him with a star on the forehead, the sign of glory and blessing."—*Boston Journal.*

THE MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

BY R. D. JOHNSON.

Arrayed in garniture of woe,
With footsteps tremulous and slow,
About the streets the mourners go!

List to the low, funereal bell,
Muffled and scarcely audible
It tells, alas! a mother's knell!

Around the sable troop appear
Tears upon manhood's cheek severe,
And brows up-knit with mortal fear.

And there are low, unbidden sighs
From women, whose meek, drooping eyes
Darken us with a sad surmise.

Arrayed in garniture of woe,
With footsteps feeble, faint and slow,
Into the place of graves they go!

O'er dust they tread with choking breath,
Man's history writ their feet beneath,
In but two chapters—Birth and Death!

"Ashes to ashes—dust to dust!"
Grave, hold our treasure, till the just
Soar upward from their beds of dust!

Arrayed in garniture of woe,
With footsteps lingering and slow,
From out the Golgotha they go!

They tread the threshold which of yore
She trod who ne'er shall pass it more,
And grief afresh unlocks its store.

The unpressed bed—the vacant chair—
The picture on the wall is there;
The shade remains—the form is—where?

The little children grieve to see
Their father's lonely misery,
And crowd in wonder round his knee.

Enough! why further seek to show
How grief's unfailing fountains flow,
And antedate, perchance our woe?

THE OLD HOUSE.

BY E. H. BENNETT.

"Who is moving into the old house?" inquired Mrs. Fulton of her husband, as they sat in their pleasant parlor one cold, March morning, four years ago.

"An old acquaintance of yours; but one you have not seen for many years."

"An old acquaintance of mine!" exclaimed Mrs. Fulton, rising from the table and going to the window. "Do tell me who it is, James?"

"Harry Dudley's widow, Mary."

"James!" Mrs. Fulton crossed the room and stood beside her husband, with a pale cheek, and trembling lip; "James, you do not surely mean to tell me that Mrs. Dudley has so fallen—she

whom I last saw in her splendid city mansion, with her carriage and servants, her magnificent rooms, and her elegant nursery—surely, surely, you are not in earnest?"

"In sad and sober earnest, Mary," Smith told me all about them yesterday, and I meant to have spoken to you of them before. When Harry died, which you know we heard was quite unexpectedly, the greater part of his property was involved, and after all the debts were paid, Mrs. Dudley found herself with a very small income, and five little children to support. It seems they have been very unfortunate, for of these five, three are dead, and the eldest boy, John, has not been heard of for two years or more. The youngest is a beautiful girl, but Smith says, a great sufferer, afflicted with lameness, I believe. You see what changes a few years make, Mary. It only seems like yesterday that you used to fret because we could not afford to live as the Dudleys did, and now you have all you want in this world, while she, poor thing, has come from bad to worse, until the old house over the way, her little furniture, and a very trifling income, is all her possession. But there, don't cry, my wife, you have the means and the will to assist them, if assistance they will accept, and I will gladly do anything in my power to benefit poor Harry Dudley's widow and orphan. Our own child may need a friend some day."

Need I say, after repeating this conversation, that Mr. Fulton and his wife were people whom prosperity had failed to render proud and cold-hearted? And many in the town of C—blessed the day that brought them from a distant State to dwell among us. C—had been their home for sixteen years—here their only child was born, and here they had prospered and grown rich—and so dear had it become to Mrs. Fulton, that she seldom bestowed a thought on her childhood's home, unless reminded by some incident like the subject of their conversation.

But her husband's story brought to mind many long-forgotten events of her young days, and long she sat that morning, recalling the past, and all in it that related to her widowed friend. She remembered now the happy school girl, whose reputation as an only daughter and heiress had won the consideration of their teachers, and the enmity of less fortunate companions.

She remembered too the idolized betrothed of the rich and handsome Dudley, on whom the knowledge that she was in reality poor, produced no effect, save joy that he could place her in the station she deserved; and then, last of all, came the recollection of the fondly loved, and exalting wife and mother, who with such joyful pride had

taken her young guest away from the gay throng that crowded her splendid parlors, to show her what she styled her treasures.

With feelings of shame and self-reproach, Mrs. Fulton remembered how enviously she had looked on the richly-attired and beautiful mother bending over her sleeping cherubs, then with gentle hand drawing the curtains around each little bed, and with a whispered blessing on her darlings, once more seeking the crowd below.

Where now was all the splendor that had given rise to so much jealousy? Where now were the beauteous babes over whom the mother leaned with such fullness of love? Gone, gone, all gone. Widowed, in poverty, of her treasures one poor, afflicted one alone remained to share her sorrows; little wonder was it that she who had murmuringly wished her friend's lot had been her own, now offered up a silent but fervent thanksgiving that her prayer had not been granted.

But deeply as Mrs. Fulton felt for her friend, there were many in the world more to be pitied than Harry Dudley's widow. True she had fallen from an enviable station, she was poor, and suffering under many heavy afflictions, not the least of which was the dread uncertainty as to the fate of her son; but Mrs. Dudley possessed a strong mind and a buoyant spirit, that rose above trials and sorrows sufficient to have crushed another to the earth. In her sorest need, in her darkest hour, she yet could say, with a hopeful smile, "it is for the best."

One after another she had laid her babes in the grave, and though her tears fell fast, and the pale cheek and trembling lip told the bitter sorrow that was preying on her heart, not a murmur escaped the stricken mother, and to those who murmured with her she said, "They are better off, my fatherless babes."

But the loss of those three innocents, hard as it was to bear, was easy in comparison to the wearing sorrow occasioned by the unknown fate of her first born; he on whom she had depended as the prop and stay of her old age, on whom, in fact, she had centered more love than she herself was aware of, was gone, and his fate was a mystery.

She rarely spoke of him, never to strangers; but his portrait was never out of her sight; and for hours she would gaze on the sea, lost in sad thoughts, while the deep sighs that burst from her bosom told a piteous tale. For Margaret's sake, Mrs. Dudley hid her grief as carefully as possible, and in attending to her afflicted child, she no doubt found comfort, or at least, alleviation for her sorrow.

The old house, to which we have before alluded, was admirably suited to their wants and means, being a square, ancient-looking building, adapted more for comfort than splendor, with very pleasant rooms, a good prospect, and a large garden. When furnished with neatness and good taste, it presented quite an inviting appearance; and Margaret, rejoicing at her emancipation from the hated city, was never tired of expatiating on the delights they would enjoy in the new home.

The good people of C—— lost no time in calling on the strangers; and offers of friendship and trifling offices of kindness were showered on them, until Mrs. Dudley felt as if a good providence had surely guided her steps among us.

Mrs. Fulton was one of the first to enter the doors of the old house, and the broken friendship was renewed, and bound by closer bonds than ever. She saw them almost daily, and her presence was looked for, and welcomed as something pleasant and cheering. There they sat day after day, the mother and daughter, with books or needlework, quietly passing the hours; and Mrs. Fulton, herself lively and active, deplored the cruel necessity that compelled beautiful Margaret Dudley to remain a prisoner in that little quiet parlor, when the sun was shining so brightly, and the mild, warm atmosphere told of the near approach of spring.

"Can nothing be done for her?" she asked her husband, when one evening they had returned from a visit at the old house over the way. "Cannot we do anything for her? Mrs. Dudley says their physician thought her case anything but hopeless."

"I think myself there is much room for hope, but then the expense would be enormous. Margaret says she cannot consent to go away from her mother, and to insure success she ought to be under the constant care of a skilful surgeon, who to remain here must of course leave his whole business for a time, which scarcely any one would do, and if he did, would expect a return far beyond their means to make. It is a very sad case, and one I have often thought over, but I can come to no satisfactory conclusion."

"Is it not a son of your old friend, Judge Flemming, that Cousin Walter speaks so highly of in his last letter?"

"Yes, but what of that?"

"Could he not be induced to come, think you? If he possesses the skill Walter says he does, he would be just the one to attend Margaret."

"My dear Mary, Lewis Flemming has more business than he can attend to at home, and you know money would be no inducement to him."

"But suppose we invite Walter to come and see us; tell him the circumstances, and ask him to bring his friend with him? If he merits the praise Walter bestows, he will not refuse."

"It will require some nice diplomacy, Mary, for the Flemmings are rather difficult people to deal with, rich and proud, but withal, excellent at heart. If any one can manage it, Walter can, and you might as well try at once; he can but refuse."

But Lewis Flemming did not refuse; and he not only gave his friend permission to write, but himself penned a courteous letter to Mrs. Fulton, in which he assured her that his visit would be doubly satisfactory if he could be the means of restoring her young friend to health.

"Is there any hope, doctor?" Mrs. Dudley was dreadfully agitated; her usual firmness was evidently giving way, and she trembled violently as she asked the question.

"Every hope, my dear madam," said the young physician, kindly. "Nay, you may say a certainty; but Miss Dudley will have to undergo severe pain, and the cure cannot be effected for some time."

"Doctor!" Lewis Flemming started. He was passing one of the doors of Mr. Fulton's conservatory, and he might well mistake the beautiful vision for the "angel of the flowers." "I am sorry I frightened you, doctor; but I have been waiting here so long—I wanted to see you first—I—I—"

Dr. Flemming was by this time aware that his companion was no spirit, but a veritable human, beautiful as a fairy, but nevertheless, an inhabitant of earth. Moreover, having a very kind heart, in spite of his pride and riches, he very earnestly entreated the lovely girl to be calm, and tell him what had so agitated her; but finding that she was suffering from painful excitement of some kind, he very quietly led her into the conservatory, seated her beside him on one of the flower benches, and patiently waited until she was able to explain herself.

Her tears stopped in a few minutes, and removing her hands from her face, she told him she was Bella Fulton, that she loved Margaret Dudley very much, that she had waited there all the afternoon to ask him if Margaret would get well. Here her tears seemed likely to flow afresh, but the doctor smiled so pleasantly that she took courage, and waited quietly for his answer.

I don't know all he said; but I do know that he called her "my dear child" twice; that she was quite satisfied with his account of dear

Maggie, and that half an hour after, when she entered the room where he was sitting with her parents, and they thinking it was the first time their guest had seen their daughter, were about to introduce them, the doctor smiled his peculiar pleasant smile, and claimed acquaintance with Miss Fulton.

That night, when Cousin Walter visited the doctor's room previous to entering his own, he found that gentleman buried in a profound study, apparently oblivious of all earthly matters. After some little conversation about the new patient, in which said Walter appeared deeply interested, they both relapsed into reverie, which was at last broken by the doctor observing that he never saw a more angelic face in his life.

"What is she like?" eagerly inquired Walter.

"I should not think you would have to ask me," laughed the doctor, looking at his friend in astonishment.

"O, I cannot trust Mary's description. According to her account she must be perfection."

"But cannot you trust your own eyes?"

"I have never seen her. Who do you mean?" asked Walter, beginning to suspect that they were playing at cross purposes.

"O, you mean Miss Dudley," said the doctor, with an attempt to hide his confusion.

"And you mean my little cousin. Well, never mind, give me a description of the beautiful Margaret, and I won't say another word about the blunder."

"I cannot do her justice, I am afraid. To me she seemed a very lovely, interesting girl, with black hair and brown eyes, a fair, marble-like complexion, and a beautiful hand. I should think she possessed great fortitude, for when I told her she would have intense pains to bear, she closed her eyes for an instant, as if afraid, then looking at me as if resolved, she quietly said, 'I can bear it;' and there was something in that look that told me she could. But stop, Walter, don't go away yet. Why, what possesses him to rush out of the room in that fashion? I used to think I understood Walter better than any man living, but he becomes a greater puzzle to me every day."

Lewis Flemming was not the only one to whom Cousin Walter was a puzzle. Mrs. Fulton had long formed a nice little plot in which her wealthy cousin and her beautiful daughter were to play the principal parts, but somehow affairs did not progress to her satisfaction, and their visit drew to a close without any symptoms on his part that his beautiful young cousin had made any very deep impression on his heart. True, he was unusually serious at times, and

frequently held long conversations with Bella, but the closest scrutiny failed to detect more than brotherly regard in his conduct.

With equal dissatisfaction did Mrs. Fulton remark that her child's high spirits had deserted her; that she very seldom laughed, never sung her favorite merry songs; and seemed to have grown much older in a very short time.

The family were at breakfast on the morning that their departure was spoken of, and on Walter's remarking that they should start on the third day, Bella spilled the coffee she was carrying to her lips, and evinced so much confusion that Mrs. Fulton whispered to her that she had better go and change the injured dress. Walter and her father laughed at her; while Lewis fixed his dark eyes for an instant on her blushing face, then looked very earnestly into his coffee cup, and left his breakfast half finished.

Later in the day, when the visit to Margaret was paid, and Walter left very contentedly reading aloud to her, the doctor surprised Bella Fulton in her father's library, and having prevented her first impulse from being carried out, soon had her in deep conversation. There was a great charm for Lewis Flemming in the artless girl's fearless simplicity, and he thought with a shudder of the time that might come when she would be as cold, as superficial, as fashionable as those whom he had met in the society of his native city.

"What a delightful task to teach this beautiful girl to love, to win her innocent, trusting heart, to render one's self necessary to her very existence, and then to spend a life time with such a companion. Too gentle and loving to be exacting and overbearing, too truthful not to warn those she loves of danger in their path." Thus soliloquized Lewis Flemming, and possibly his companion surmised what was occupying his thoughts, for she blushed and turned away from his searching look.

"Bella!" The doctor had dropped the formal *Miss* that usually prefixed her name. "Bella, I have had a pleasant visit here, and not a little am I indebted to your kindness for the same. May I hope that when I am gone you will not forget me; that you will sometimes remember our pleasant conversations, and read the books I have asked you too, for my sake?"

"I never forget my friends; I am very glad you have enjoyed yourself, and I will certainly try to improve. I have been a spoiled child all my life, Mr. Flemming, and because I did not love study, mama allowed me to play in the garden, and run singing about the house all the time I ought to have been in the school room. I

know I am very ignorant, and Cousin Walter despises me for it, but I mean to do better for the future, and show him some day that I am not so great a dunce as he seems to think me."

"My dear child, your cousin has a very high opinion of you; and I am sure you never could imagine that I thought you ignorant. I only recommended some reading that I thought you had overlooked, and which I knew you would feel interested in."

"Please don't say anything more about it. I am quite certain I have a great deal to learn; for when Cousin Sophia was here last time from New York, I heard her tell mama that she ought to be ashamed of me; that I was as ignorant as a little Hottentot, and she hoped I would not come to the city until she was married and away."

"That was very flattering to you, certainly; but was Cousin Sophia very accomplished?"

"O, very; she used to sing nothing but Italian songs to papa; and she talked nothing but German with Mr. Van Brocken; and she always corrected young Dunccey's Greek translations. But here comes Cousin Walter, and I must run away. O, I wish I knew as much as Cousin Sophia, and then he would not laugh at me."

"And I am very thankful you don't," murmured the doctor, as she disappeared from the room. "But there, what a fool I am, it is Walter she loves, and I have been dreaming all manner of impossibilities. I suppose I am doomed to old bachelorhood, and must resign myself to fate."

And so, rather unhappy and dissatisfied, the friends went from C—. Lewis with the conviction that the girlish, beautiful Bella loved his friend; Walter no less certain that Margaret Dudley was deeply attached to the kind and handsome doctor. Neither did those who staid behind feel quite easy as to the result of the visit.

True, Margaret Dudley had passed the most trying parts of her cure with firmness and courage, and was now likely to enjoy the beauties of summer as she had not done for several years. But Mrs. Dudley, while she rejoiced at her child's recovery, sighed when she saw the new light that burned in Margaret's brown eyes, and felt that her daughter for the first time had a secret she was unwilling to impart to her. Like Walter, she believed that her child cherished a secret passion for Lewis Flemming, and rightly judging that he entertained none other than a friendly regard for his fair patient, she trembled at the consequences to her delicate and sensitive daughter.

Mrs. Fulton truly joined with her friend in rejoicing over the benefits derived from her plans; but at the same time her heart whispered that those plans had signally failed, as far as her own interest was concerned. Mrs. Fulton was ambitious for her child, as most fond mothers are; but she had an instinctive dread of letting her open-hearted husband know what she had been plotting about, and consequently there seemed something like a secret weighing on her mind; and having been in the habit of telling her James every little thought heretofore, such a secret was hard to bear, and Mrs. Fulton felt decidedly ill at ease.

Poor little Bella, unconscious of what had changed her, felt sad and dispirited; the house seemed lonely, and even her interest in dear Maggie's recovery failed to arouse her from the apathetic indifference that had taken the place of her accustomed gayety. It added a deeper pang to Mrs. Fulton's self-reproach every time she looked on the changed countenance of her darling; and unlike Mrs. Dudley, she was in constant fear lest Bella would some day tell her the dread secret she plainly saw was preying on her health and spirits. And so for one, two, three months, our friends remained in error; anxious and fearful lest their error should be confirmed, yet not courageous enough to seek explanations.

Margaret Dudley was able once more to breathe the fresh air in her pleasant garden, and though yet lame when the June roses were in bloom, she was sufficiently recovered to spend hours in the open air; where with the assistance of many willing hands, she amused herself by making the old house a perfect paradise of beauty. Drooping vines were lifted up, and made to adorn instead of disfigure; the graceful sumachs and acacias were trimmed and supported; old flowers were removed, and new ones planted, until strangers stopped to gaze at the accumulated loveliness, and wonder who was so happy as to dwell in such a bower.

July came, and with it the news that Cousin Walter and Lewis Fleming were about to start for Europe, the health of the former not being very good, and the latter having wearied of his lonely bachelor home. Farewell letters came to C—; but little mention was made of the inmates of the old house, and Mrs. Fulton felt surprised that Walter should have so readily forgotten people in whom he appeared so much interested.

Margaret also, who as a privileged friend, listened to the contents of his epistle, felt disappointed, though long schooled to suffer, and

mourned over the destruction of hopes she had fondly cherished. Her sorrow, however, gave way to surprise on receiving a package of beautiful books, and a kind note containing a friendly farewell, and some hints that were perfectly enigmatical to her. What could he mean by regretting that he had ever visited C—, and hinting at wishes that could never be gratified? As it was evident he had not expected her to answer his letter, she had no means of finding out what he meant, and was obliged to content herself with the reflection that some day he would return, and then perhaps all would be explained.

"If he loves me," and Margaret more than suspected the truth, "if he loves me, time will make no change, and we may yet be happy."

But it was weary waiting, especially when she felt that he was under some mistake in respect to her feelings for another; and Margaret Dudley, spite her philosophical patience, was far from happy.

Bella Fulton felt keenly the disappointment, of not seeing her friends, ere they went away; but she kept Lewis Fleming's letter to her father, and pursued her self-imposed studies with redoubled energy.

That summer was an unusually gay one in C—, and numerous families, who could not or would not go altogether away from the neighboring city, sought pleasant homes in our beautiful town, where the luxury of fresh-air sea-bathing could be procured at less expense, and with less sacrifice of comfort.

In consequence of this influx of visitors, picnics flourished, and rural festivals were the rage in C— that summer. Beaux, who had never condescended to look on anything but broadcloth, lounged about in brown Holland and nankeen; and belles, who in the city would have been shocked at anything less than a twenty-dollar hat, was seen in our streets in gingham sun-bonnets. I do not mean to say that they had not also costly India mualins, Paris gloves, and expensive jewelry; but the sun-bonnets were undeniably rural, and gave the wearers an idea that they were picturesquely rustic.

Bella Fulton, as the sole heiress of her father's large fortune, was an object of considerable attraction to many of the city fashionables, and was flattered and caressed enough to have turned the head of any other girl. But childish and inexperienced as she seemed, there was more sense in that little head than most people gave her credit for.

True, she talked and laughed with young gentlemen, until their mothers shook their heads and "feared she was a sad little flirt," and even

her own mother felt uneasy; but Mr. Fulton said:

"Let the child enjoy herself; she has not the least inclination to be sentimental, and I am glad to see she has recovered her spirits."

And so she went to picnics, and sailing-parties and riding-parties, and young ladies looked enviously at her and wondered she *could* "laugh so loud," and thought "all those long curls must be horribly troublesome, besides looking so babyish," forgetting to state that they would have given half their trinkets to have just such beautiful troublesome curls.

But Bella never stopped to think that anybody envied her, or called her a little flirt, or told their young gentleman friends that she was "nothing but a doll," not she. She enjoyed the passing pleasures with an earnestness that was unknown to her more worldly and pleasure-sated friends, and which excited the astonishment of the ladies and the admiration of the gentlemen.

"What fair lady do you escort this afternoon?" inquired Miss Julia Scofield of her brother Charles, as they sat together in the parlor of the hotel where they and a large party of friends boarded.

"Miss Fulton, of course," was the answer.

"I don't see any 'of course' about it; but if she is going with you, do entreat her to put those long yellow ringlets out of sight. The child looks a perfect fright with her hair hanging about her eyes in that wild fashion."

"Out of temper—eh, Julia?" laughed young Scofield, as he finished tying up a bouquet of beautiful roses he had been very carefully arranging for the last half hour. "You are not the only one who would like to hide Bella Fulton's long curls and her bright eyes, too, for that matter."

"What is the matter, Frank? You seem out of temper," said Mrs. Stevens to her son, as he threw himself on the sofa of the room where the family were sitting.

Mr. Stevens and his daughters looked up, and one of the latter exclaimed:

"O, Frank is only put out because Charley Scofield was before him, and secured Bell Fulton for the afternoon ride."

Miss Augusta Stevens raised her head languidly from the sofa pillow, and looked with a sort of faint wonder at her brother.

"What can you see in that little rustic, Frank? She is so perfectly unrestrained in her manner, that I am in misery all the time she is near me. In fact, she is more than my nerves can bear."

Miss Augusta raised her scented handkerchief and inhaled the perfume with an air that would have made Bella laugh, had she been present.

"I fancy there are more than you in C—who are 'in misery' when she is present," rather maliciously laughed Helen Stevens, who, being "engaged," did not fear the young girl's bewitching beauty.

"She seems too much inclined to be a flirt to please me," said the mother, who sympathised with her son's disappointment and felt angry with the cause of it.

"Not a bit of it, mother. She does not care for any one particularly, and tries to treat them all alike. She is as artless as a child, and enters into anything with the eagerness of a child. She does not know the meaning of the word flirt."

"You may well call her a child, Helen," said Miss Augusta. "I went there, the other day, and found her going into ecstasies over a new dress that had just arrived from the city. You would have thought that she had never had a dress in her life before. I was fairly sickened; such a fuss, and such kissing her mother, and all about a blue muslin dress."

Miss Augusta curled her lip with an expression of deep scorn, and appeared not to hear her father's speech about its "being quite a treat to find somebody now-a-days who acted naturally, and knew what gratitude was."

But our beaux and belles might have spared themselves anxiety on this particular day, for we were not allowed the privilege of seeing Miss Bella Fulton in her "hat and habit," that young lady being deeply engaged in consoling and comforting Mrs. Dudley and her daughter; and even Charley Scofield could not be angry with her, when she so earnestly begged pardon for disappointing him and fastened one of his beautiful rose-buds in her hair.

Letters had arrived that morning from Cousin Walter; and after describing the voyage and sensations on beholding "Old England," and many other items, he proceeded to inform them that he had met with somebody who he more than half suspected would turn out to be Mrs. Dudley's missing son.

"We found him at the hospital," he wrote, "whither Lewis would have me go with him; and truly I shall never regret the violence done to my feelings, if my visit should be the means of restoring dear Margaret her brother. But at present, I scarcely know whether to give you permission to tell them or not, so slight is the hope Lewis has that he will recover, and also because there is yet a doubt that he is the right person. 'Call me John,' he answered, when I

entreated him to tell me his name; 'I have no right to disgrace another.' He is fearfully desponding, and as far as I can learn, has been very wild, very unfortunate, and is now ashamed and discouraged. If any one can do him good, Lewis can; and as we have removed him to our own rooms, he is with him day and night. He is very like Margaret, and I believe it was that that first attracted our attention to him."

It needed all Bella Fulton's persuasions to induce her mother to show this letter to Mrs. Dudley; and when she saw the effect of it, she almost repented having done so. The poor mother's excitement was so great, as to make her quite ill; and all her comfort appeared to be in reading again and again the words of hope, pressing the insensible paper to her lips, and passionately exclaiming—"My son! my son!"

It was soon decided that both Margaret and her mother should write, sending the letters to Walter's care; but it was long before Bella could induce the former to put a line into her letter for Walter's self, and then nothing but the argument "it is the least you can do, Maggie, to thank him, when he feels so interested about you," would have conquered her scruples. But had Margaret Dudley seen with what delight that little line was read, and how fervently it was kissed, she would not have repeated so heartily having consented to humor Bella.

But who could refuse the little beauty anything? Certainly not her parents—even when she asked them to invite Mrs. Dudley and Margaret to spend the winter with them in the city.

"They will be so dull when we are gone, you know, mama; and then the old house, pretty as it is in summer, is but a lonely winter residence, and I shall miss Maggie so—wont you ask them?"

And Mrs. Fulton looked at her husband, who smiled and nodded. And so it was settled; and Bella kissed her parents for thanks, but let her mother give the invitation.

It was long before another letter arrived, and when it did, there was little more to tell. The stranger had still refused to tell his name, but looked so longingly at the letters, that they had given them to him. Lewis and Walter had both been ill with the same fever that had so stricken down their young proteges. They intended going on the continent for a few months, for the benefit of all, and then they were coming home.

A winter evening in the city. A beautifully furnished chamber, in a magnificent house. Two young girls dressing for a ball, under the superintendence of a richly-attired lady, and with the assistance of a skilful maid.

I think we ought to recognize those beautiful curls, which, under Mademoiselle Laurie's careful training, have a careless richness in their profusion, even more lovely than when they excited the envy of less fortunate damsels at C—. And Bella Fulton herself is the same as ever—a trifle more sedate, perhaps, but that may be from associating with "that grave damsel, Miss Dudley," as some fun-loving young dandy has denominated "dear Maggie;" but Bella Fulton is as joyous and light-hearted as even her fond father could wish, and excites as much admiration as even her doting mother could expect. She looks peculiarly beautiful on this evening, and is in a high state of excitement at the prospect before her.

"O, mama! to think of your keeping it so secret, and getting these splendid dresses for us, without saying a word to me about it!" And she lifted up a cloud of white gauzy fabric and lace, delicate and beautiful enough for a fairy to wear.

But time was flying, and at last they were ready—the satin slippers, the spotless gloves, the lace handkerchiefs, the last white buds placed in Margaret's dark braids, and the finishing knot tied in Bella's snowy sash.

"We look like two brides—don't we, mama?—all in white; only that brides don't generally have short sleeves."

Mrs. Fulton scanned the dresses critically, and at last pronounced them perfect; and just then, one of the maids opened the door, and announced the carriage ready and "Mr. Fulton wanted the ladies to come down; he had something to tell them."

"Papa has got a letter from Walter, I know!" exclaimed Bella, flying to the door; then seeing that her friend stood pale and hesitating, she came back, and throwing her arm round Margaret's waist, begged her to be calm and come down with her.

On entering the parlor, they beheld Mrs. Dudley seated on the sofa, with a young man beside her, his arm round her, and her hand clasped in his. Mr. Fulton stood before the fire, and two other gentlemen sat in the shadow of the dark damask curtains.

Margaret had entered in advance of her friend; no sooner did she cast her eyes on the stranger, than with a scream she rushed forward, and in an instant was in her brother's arms. Bella, completely overcome with astonishment, stood speechless by the door; and not until Walter had seized one hand, and Lewis the other, did she find her voice to welcome them.

Mr. Fulton here said something about the car-

riage; but Margaret did not wish to leave her brother, and only when the young man promised to go with them, would Bella consent to accompany her mother.

"I have no scruples about going, as my old friend Mrs. A—— will have a warm welcome for me, even if I do look like a traveller. So come along, Walter—we shall be the lions of the evening!"

Dr. Fleming did not dance, but he had the more time to watch Miss Fulton's graceful figure moving in the quadrilla, and when it was over, he gladly made room for her between her mother and himself.

They were in an animated conversation, when a gentleman requested her to waltz—a request she did not comply with.

"Are you not fond of dancing?" asked Lewis, surprised at her refusal.

"Very."

"Then why refuse such a very eligible partner?" he inquired, half jestingly, half curious.

"I never waltz. Papa said once it was not what he liked, and I have never done it in public. I have sometimes at home with my cousins."

The doctor said no more, but there was something in his look that more than rewarded her for her self-denial.

But Lewis found that he could not keep Bella to himself; and as partner after partner claimed her hand, he left Mrs. Fulton in conversation with a friend, and went to seek his host.

"Come over here and look at the belle of the evening," said Mrs. A——, as she led him into one of the deep windows. "Is she not lovely? Not quite so animated to-night, as usual; but that is not to be wondered at—her most devoted attendant has gone to Washington on business. A very handsome couple will Mr. Scofield and Miss Fulton make."

Mrs. A—— was a little inclined to gossip. Lewis Flemming felt a cold chill creep over him, as he listened to her words. Had he learned that she was indifferent to Walter, only to find her the betrothed of another?

"Are they engaged?" he asked, as calmly as he could.

"Not openly; but then he pays her such attention, and Mr. Fulton appears to think so highly of him, that few doubt it will be a match when she is old enough to marry. You know she is but a child yet."

That night, Lewis ruminated long on what he had heard.

"Can it be possible," he asked himself, "that I was deceived?—that her welcome meant no

more than a friendly greeting? Surely my vanity has not so cruelly misled me. But another day shall decide my fate."

And firm in his resolution, Dr. Flemming sought an interview with Mr. Fulton on the following morning; and after it was ended, and while that gentleman went to communicate the news to his wife, he went in search of his lady-love.

In the library he found Walter and Margaret, both looking deeply interested in what they were talking about; and the door having opened noiselessly, as all well-behaved doors ought to do, they did not hear the intruder, who withdrew feeling as if he had been guilty of he hardly knew what.

His next effort was more successful, for in the sitting-room he found Bella, looking very pretty and pensive, in a blue morning-dress and a brown study. There was a conscious start and blush, that gave her suitor a wonderful increase of courage and enabled him to state his errand in a much more favorable manner than he could have done, had she received him with a heartier greeting.

It would take too much time to repeat all that passed; so my readers must be contented when I tell them that Lewis Flemming, from that morning, felt no jealous fears of younger and more fashionable men, for he learned in that conversation that his beautiful betrothed had loved him long ere he dared avow his passion.

Walter, too, was happy in the knowledge of Margaret's long-concealed preference; and Mrs. Dudley no longer had to complain of secrets being kept from her, as the happy lovers made no mystery about their engagement.

Mrs. Fulton felt some little astonishment in learning whom Bella had chosen, and expressed her fears lest the difference in their ages should interfere with their happiness.

"Seventeen and thirty are a long distance apart, my dear James. I should have been better pleased, if she had chosen Walter."

"Far better as it is, Mary. Bella's inexperience needs a guide. Lewis loves a gentle disposition such as I am happy to say our child has become, under our judicious training. I have my hope that at the end of twenty years, Dr. Flemming will look back with as much cause for rejoicing as I have."

A little flattery is very useful, sometimes. Mrs. Fulton said nothing more against her daughter's choice; and when the business part of the arrangements was settled, they felt a little pardonable pride at the wealth of which her child would become mistress.

As for Bella herself, she never gave a thought to her lover's property, or consequence in the world; and all the request she ever made was, that they might have a summer residence in C—— "near mama and Walter and Maggie."

But first the fair young bride must be presented to her husband's stately mother and stylish sisters, who though rather scandalized, at first, at Lewis's childlike wife, ended by yielding her the love that none could withhold. Costly and beautiful were the presents they bestowed on their new relative, and well repaid did they feel by Bella's warmly expressed gratitude.

After Margaret's marriage, Mrs. Dudley continued to dwell in the old house with her son, whose delicate health and low spirits made a quiet residence desirable. To Mr. Fulton, the young man was invaluable as a penman, and his services were liberally rewarded by the generous merchant. Margaret spends a great portion of her time at her old home, and Mrs. Dudley has become so much attached to the little Walter, that the young couple have serious thoughts of going to reside with her altogether.

Bella Flemming scarcely looks a day older than she did at her marriage, and Lewis insists on her wearing her hair in curls as she did when he first saw her. They are very happy, and even Mrs. Fulton is obliged to confess that, in spite of the difference in their ages, they blend admirably. Lewis knows that his little wife loves to dress well, and he delights to surprise her with magnificent presents of apparel and jewelry, and she says he has the best taste in the world. Their house is the perfection of elegance and comfort, and they enjoy the manifold blessings that have been bestowed on them with thankfulness, ever mindful of the wants of those whose lot has not been cast in such flowery paths.

CHINESE MAP OF THE WORLD.

Among the articles brought from China by the French commission, from that country, is a map of the world, presented to the commissioners by the head mandarin of Canton. The Chinese geographer has arranged the world quite in his own way. With him there are no isthmuses, no peninsulas; the isthmus of Suez is replaced by a magnificent arm of the sea, which detaches itself from the Mediterranean to fall into the Red Sea. We see nothing of the isthmus of Panama, and the two seas of that side are connected in the same way. There are neither Pyrenees nor Alps, and hardly are the vast mountains of America indicated. On the other hand, however, China is liberally dealt with by the geographer, for on this point, it occupies not less than three quarters of the whole globe.—*New York Albion*.

One of the most unwelcome truths is to show up wickedness in high places.

A CUNNING TRICK.

Dr. Wallcott, the celebrated Peter Pindar, was an eccentric character, and had a great many queer notions of his own. A good story is told by one of his contemporaries of the manner in which he once tricked his publisher. The latter, wishing to buy the copyright of his works, offered him by letter a life annuity of £200. The doctor, learning that the publisher was very anxious to buy, demanded £300. In reply, the latter appointed a day on which he would call on the doctor and talk the matter over. At the day assigned the doctor received him in entire dishabille, even to the nightcap, and having aggravated the sickly look of a naturally cadaverous face, by purposely abstaining from the use of a razor for some days, he had all the appearance of a candidate for quick consumption. Added to this the crafty author assumed a hollow and most sepulchral cough, such as would excite the pity of even a sheriff's officer, and would make a rich man's heir crazy with joy. The publisher, however, refused to give more than £200, till suddenly the doctor broke out into a violent fit of coughing, which produced an offer of £250. The doctor peremptorily refused, and was seized almost instantly with another even more frightful and longer protracted attack, that nearly suffocated him—when the publisher, thinking it impossible that such a man could live long, raised his offer, and closed with him at £300. The old rogue lived some twenty-five or thirty years afterwards.—*Literary Recorder*.

THE PIANO.

Musical instruments, in which the tones were produced by keys, acting upon stretched strings, are of considerable antiquity; but the piano-forte, properly so called, is an invention of the last century. The instrument that immediately preceded it, was the harpsichord, in which the wire was twitched by a small tongue of crow-quill, attached to an apparatus called a jack, moved by the key. At length, in an auspicious hour for the interests of music, the idea arose that, by causing the key to strike the string, instead of pulling it, the tone might be considerably improved, and the general capabilities of the instrument otherwise extended. This contrivance opened an entirely new field to the player, by giving him the power of expression, in addition to that of execution; for, by varying the touch, a greater or less degree of force could be given to the blow on the string—whereby the effect of piano and forte might be produced at pleasure. This was the great feature of the new invention, and gave to the improved instrument the name of piano-forte. Who was the inventor does not appear certain. The merit has been ascribed by turns to the Germans, the Italians, and the English; and the date of the invention is also obscure.—*Scientific American*.

JOY.

Nature, in seal for human unity,
Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.
Joy is an import—joy is an exchange:
Joy flies monopolists—it calls for two;
Rich fruit! Heaven planted! never plucked by one.
Yours.

COME, GENTLE DOVE.

BY W. FELIX THIER.

Come, gentle dove, my soul is sad,
 My joys are all a-wing;
 And I would crave the melody
 That you alone can sing.
 Thy song, O, gentle one, though sad,
 Hath o'er my soul the power
 To warm its withering chords with life,
 Or calm its frenzied hour.

'Tis heaven indeed, to hear that voice,
 Whose golden murmurs roll
 Through every vein, an ecstasy
 Of rapture on the soul;
 As wild and free its warblings flow,
 An earnest of that bliss
 We all may eull in purer climes,
 When weary worn of this.

Thy spirit-harp forevermore
 Is "sounding on my brain,"
 And it will chime forever there,
 Till you shall come again.
 Forever and forevermore
 Is "sounding on my brain,"
 An angel song of melody
 That calls you back again.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF:

—OR,—

CATCHING A LOVER.

A STORY OF VIRGINIA.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

I was years ago travelling in the stage between Baltimore and Richmond—there were no railroads then—when at one of the stopping places the coach door was opened, and an elderly gentleman and his daughter entered. I was by no means sorry for this, as I had hitherto been the only inside passenger, and night was drawing on. The gentleman was evidently one of the "old Dominion" school—his daughter one of the loveliest creatures I ever beheld. Little wonder then, that in the prospect of a long ride over a bad and dreary road, that I hailed the appearance of both with satisfaction.

It was yet sufficiently light for me to see the face of my fair companion. She was about some sixteen years of age, but far more interesting than misses usually are at that dubious period; a curly headed, rosy creature, arch and good-natured, with a pair of eyes which were absolutely unique. Their color was extremely full and deep; the outline that of a prolonged oval; and usually seeming half shut, and shaded with dark eyelashes, they gave a sly or pensive

expression to the curl of a red upper lip, but if aroused by surprise or mirth, they spread out beneath her arching brows with such a brightness of blue as was quite dazzling. They were eyes to sit and gaze upon, as you gaze upon the sky for hours.

She was travelling under her father's escort to Richmond, and being, as I said, without other passengers, I was soon on good terms with both. As it grew dark, the shyness of the little ward gave way to the vivacity of her spirits, and as papa already gave symptoms of drowsiness she gradually addressed herself to me in that vein of communicativeness which flows so beautifully from young lips.

I listened as though I had been a friend of ten years' standing, while she prattled on of her school-friends—of her visits to New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and the like, so that in a very short time I knew most of her little history. When it grew chill at night, I folded my gray travelling cloak around her, and observed almost with fondness, her little head begin to nod, and her narrative to falter, until at length, quite wearied, she fell into a slumber so deep, that it was not disturbed, when, at the first jolt that occurred I laid her head on my shoulder, and passing my arm around her, kept it in that position. I was terribly uneasy lest the old gentleman should wake up and see how cosily I had managed matters; but luckily he snored on in blissful unconsciousness.

I could never sleep in a stage. Moreover my imagination was in great force; so as we lumbered along, I amused myself with various reveries concerning the destiny of the pretty creature then slumbering on my bosom. Sometimes a fanciful idea arose that our intercourse so recently begun, and so soon to terminate, might be resumed on a future day; and I busied myself with imagining the lively girl expanded into the loveliness of womanhood, and again crossing my path by some accident such as had already brought us together.

When day broke, the girl looked so beautiful and quiet nestling in my cloak, that I could not abstain from impressing a morning salute upon her brow; so lightly, however, as not to disturb her slumber, for she did not awake until the coach stopped at the hotel door, in Richmond.

I felt quite sad at parting with my charge, and, as I lifted her down the clumsy steps, I asked her to tell me her name, and not to forget me. She told me that she was called Madaline Paget, and that she had a good memory; but I little expected when I bade her farewell, that I should ever see her again.

Trifling as was this adventure, I was, at my then age of nineteen, so full of the dreamy visions of youth, and so great a stranger to the better part of her sex, that during my short sojourn at the South, and long after my return to Boston, the picture of those rich black curls waving on my shoulder, and the pair of blue eyes that opened on mine when she awoke in the stage-coach, perpetually recurred to my imagination. How angry I was at my stupidity in neglecting to ask her the precise address of her Virginian home. Indeed, I tormented all I met from that State, with whom I had any acquaintance, with inquiries concerning the name of Paget, until silenced by the ridicule they excited. The dissipation and business of life did not banish the maiden from my memory, and when I again travelled towards the South, at leisure moments I would ask myself—"I wonder what ever became of that pretty Madaline? By this time she must be a perfect woman, and I doubt not a fair one. I should like to know if she recollects her companion of the stage-coach?"

A delightful summer ramble had terminated at the White Sulphur Springs. On the afternoon of a day too sultry for walking, I was descending on horseback, a mountain by an unfrequented road which led to the margin of a little picturesque lake. The clouds began to gather heavily, and I urged my lazy beast, in the hopes of regaining my quarters before the storm should break. But hack horses are impracticable animals generally, and the one I had hired at the livery stable, was one of the laziest of his tribe, and upon a smart crack of the whip, came to a full stop at the angle of the road, and began to indulge himself in various pranks, to the great alarm of a young lady who was seated quietly sketching at the corner I had just turned. Suddenly she looked up, and opened to their full extent a pair of laughing blue eyes, which I felt certain I had looked at before. Yet, of their splendidly beautiful owner I had no recollection. At once—a thought—an inspiration it must have been, recalled my former companion of the stage-coach. I was sure it must be her. As I detest ceremony in investigations of this kind, I at once dismounted, took off my hat, and escorted the fair artist.

"Pardon me, miss, but it strikes me, that I have had the pleasure of seeing you before. Forgive me for having interrupted you."

She colored, and bowed slightly, and then looking around, called—

"Daniel!"

I knew the voice.

"If that be your servant, miss, I fear he is

scarcely within call. It must have been the white-headed old negro whom I passed a quarter of a mile from here."

She gathered up her pencils, and appeared perplexed. At this moment, a few heavy drops of rain and a far-off muttering of thunder came on very opportunely for me. I assumed a most humble and respectful mien:

"Will you honor my quadruped by suffering him to bear you home, before the storm descends?"

She blushed again, and seemed to hesitate, but a loud clap of thunder aided my eloquence materially, and the preparation of a few moments beheld her seated on my horse, wrapped in the very cloak which had kept her warm three years before; and me trotting along at the animal's bridle, or occasionally seizing the apology of a steep descent, or a rough patch of road, for supporting her in the saddle. Soon the rain came down furiously, and I delivered my fair charge into the care of an anxious looking old gentleman, who was watching for her in the verandah of the hotel, and in whom I at once recognized the papa of the stage-coach. From her I received a host of pretty thanks, and from him what I valued far more, the permission to call on the morrow, and inquire whether she had taken any injury from the exposure.

"Daniel," said I, to the old, woolly-headed servant, whom I met hurrying to the hotel, "how long has Captain Paget been at the Springs?"

"'Bout six weeks, sar."

"And is Mrs. Paget here also?"

"No, sar. She's dead, sar. Nobody with the cap'n but Miss Madaline, sar."

I slipped a dollar into his hand, and told him to hurry home and dry himself. As the old fellow shambled off, he said, slyly:

"The cap'n's very rich, sar—very rich—plenty of money, sar—ah, ah!"

Here was full and pleasant information. My conjecture was assured. No troublesome mama or brother—father was old, and well off in the world. Nothing could be more delightful. I returned to my quarters in the highest spirits, and in a rich stream of Utopian visions, engaged my apartments in the town for "two months, certain."

My call on the following day was kindly received; and perhaps because he was in want of amusement, Captain Paget certainly rather encouraged than acquiesced in the approach I made to become an *habitué* under his roof. I thought it best, however, to cautiously abstain from recalling to his memory our former meet-

ing: But with the fair Madaline I was not so scrupulous; and as soon as we became tolerably good friends, and I was permitted to escort her to views which papa could not reach, I took an opportunity of approaching the subject, though cautiously at first.

The moment, however, I touched upon it, the expression in Miss Paget's eye, or perhaps a little heightening of color, convinced me that she had not forgotten the circumstances of our previous meeting; and I ventured to speak of it, and of the many recollections it had left, without reserve. Why I had hitherto neglected to make the inquiry, I should fail in attempting to explain, those alone, who have been fascinated as I then was, will understand the reason. Henceforward, we became as old friends, and I need not add, constant companions.

I never spoke to her of love, although my heart became almost oppressed with its sweetness. I wonder how I was enabled to keep silence, for there was something in Madaline's manner, which whispered at times as if she would have forgiven my presumption, had I broken it.

But autumn was now nearly past, and I was compelled to return to the North. At parting, the old captain gave me a kind invitation to his mansion, when I should again visit Virginia, and when, in his presence, I essayed to bid farewell to his daughter, my self-possession so nearly left me, that I could barely say, "good-by."

That last day was a miserable one, and when evening came, I could not restrain my desire to say one kind word to Madaline before leaving the place. It was in vain that reason hinted the folly of indulging the pursuit that in my then circumstances, seemed to be hopeless. Before the sun had quite set, I was standing once more at a gate, from which, when open, looked down on the valley below. Would she come? I was sure of it. I stepped aside for a moment. She slowly approached, and stood for a few moments gazing on the scene. I stole to her side, and whispered "Madaline."

At that, I feared she would faint, so pale did she become; but the color directly returned to her complexion, until cheek, brow and neck were glowing with a crimson flush. She held out her hand smiling, but with her eyes full of tears.

"I could not bear to leave you, my sweet friend, without taking a kinder farewell than the few cold words spoken this morning."

She looked downward, and I could see her lip quiver, but no words came.

"It will be a long, long time before I see you again; will you let me thank you for those happy

months, or will you add one other treasure to all your gifts of gentleness and condescension? Will you repeat that sweet promise you gave me as a child? Say that you will not forget me, beautiful Madaline Paget."

"Did I break that promise?" she replied in a low voice.

"Ah, but you are now to enter the world, where you will be sought, and caressed, and loved; but no one will love you there so fondly as an old friend, dear Madaline."

She made no answer, but wept.

At that moment, the voice of Captain Paget was heard calling her by name. She slightly pressed my hand, in which I still held hers, and whispered hurriedly, "good-by."

Had Mephistophiles himself then stood at my elbow, I could not have abstained from kissing the lips that uttered those kind, musical words. She struggled, escaped from my embrace, and ran to the house.

For two long years I remained practising my profession in Boston. Need I say what was the pole-star of my endeavors? Those dear words: "I will not forget you," were forever in my ear, and supported me in moments of anxiety and disappointment, of which, God knows I had my full share. But I kept my resolution to avoid Madaline Paget's presence, until I could appear before her in the character of a decided suitor, yet how dearly did it cost me. How could I expect that her memory, to which I had preferred no direct claim, would survive the pleasures of absence, silence, and the assiduous of others?

In the winter of 18—, I returned to Virginia. My difficulties were at length smoothed away. I had not heard of Captain Paget and his daughter since their departure from the Springs. Chance happily directed me to an old friend in the neighborhood of Richmond, from whom I obtained at the same time an invitation to pass the week from Christmas to New Year's day under his roof, and the welcome intelligence that Captain Paget was his neighbor and intimate acquaintance.

I arrived at my friend Hartley's on Christmas Eve.

"You are come at the right moment," said he. "The party from Captain Paget's house, join our merry-making to-morrow, and you will have a good opportunity for renewing your Springs acquaintance."

Between fear and expectation I had no sleep that night. And my excitement continued. A few words to Hartley, indeed, would have put an end to my suspense; but I had resolved to

conceal every indication of peculiar interest, until I had learned how Madaline would receive me. I was actually trembling when I entered the drawing-room half an hour before the early dinner, but still the face I sought for was not there.

A carriage drove up to the door, and Captain and Miss Paget were announced. I started forward—a thousand furies! The old gentleman was, indeed, the same; but instead of the beautiful girl I expected, there appeared an aged, thin lady, with all the vinegar look of a maiden sister. Captain Paget greeted me heartily. I forbore to inquire at the moment for his daughter. It had, indeed, been useless, for he was hardly seated before “where is Miss Madaline?” rained upon him from all sides.

“Poor Madaline! I was afraid to bring her out on so cold a day, even to a Christmas revel—she has been so delicate of late.”

Here he looked at the villanous old tartar, in lace cap and spectacles, who nodded assent. I could have shot them both.

I need not describe the dinner. As soon as it was over, I slipped away as quick as I possibly could, without being noticed, seized the first hat I could find in the hall, and ran down the avenue as fast as the frozen snow would allow me.

“Show me Captain Paget’s house,” said I, to a lad I met.

“It’s the big white house, yonder across the fields.”

In three minutes I was standing on the piazza of the mansion. Pausing to take breath, I reconnoitered the house, before ringing the bell; so softly stealing round, I reached a window which was brightly illuminated from within. The curtain was partly drawn aside. It was a long room, fitted up with thick, oaken panels, alternating with family portraits. The chief light proceeded from a vast log, which lay glowing and flickering in the wide chimney. The place was full of boys and girls, from seven to twelve years old, one little fairy-like creature being engaged in binding up the eyes of a young lady (the only grown up person of the party) who was seated upon a stool, with her back turned towards the window, amidst shouts of merry laughter. I drew closer, and as she rose to begin the game, I knew by the little white hands extended to catch the fugitives, the elegant form, the rich, black locks, and the dimpled chin, although the eyes were covered, the person of sweet Madaline Paget.

From an involuntary impulse, I tried the clasp of the window; it opened, and there I stood within the curtain, gazing with tremulous delight

and eagerness on my beautiful mistress. Merely the game went on, the little folks skipping about, taking especial delight in teasing her by every means in their power. At last, she came running towards my hiding place!

“I’m sure,” she said, “there’s some rogue hiding here, who shall not escape quite so easily as he did the last time.”

I cannot describe how this random speech affected me, but I internally blessed the omen, and coming forward as she approached, quietly possessed myself of her two hands, and pressed them to my lips. Startled, if not alarmed, by a touch so unexpected, she gave a sudden cry, exclaiming:

“Papa, is it not you?” and freeing one of her hands, hurriedly removed the bandage from her forehead. It was a serious moment for me, and the little people looked as alarmed as if Satan himself had stepped from behind the curtain.

On recognizing me, Madaline shrieked, changed color, tried to speak, and burst into tears. I supported her to the sofa, and knelt at her side.

“Forgive me, dear Madaline. I little thought I should alarm you so much; but hear my excuse.” And then I explained to her how I came to be there, and craved pardon.

“I do not know,” she said, blushing deeply, whether I ought to listen to you at all or no. You deserve that I should send you away at once.”

“You would not be so unkind, did you know how I have longed to cast myself on your mercy.”

“Well, I forgive you.”

I was in the seventh heaven. Adroitly setting the children to play by themselves, I returned to Madaline, and told my tale, explaining as well as I could my past silence, asked for her pardon and her fair hand. She was naturally too sincere to tyrannise over me at such a moment, and when, after an ardent expostulation and entreaty, I raised her from the sofa, and silly leading her under a branch of mistletoe, covered her eyes, lips and brow with kisses—she had already breathed the sweet word that made her mine forever.

I was married soon afterwards, and never since have failed at Christmas time to join in a game of blind man’s buff, and to kiss my wife under the branch of mistletoe.

Anybody who should study human nature much, would find that it is one of the most dangerous amusements to bring people together to talk who have but little to say.

AN ARABIAN SONG.

BY JAMES HOGG.

Meet me at even, my own true love,
 Meet me at even, my honey, my dove,
 Where the moonbeam revealing,
 The cool fountain stealing,
 Away and away,
 Through flow'rets so gay,
 Singing its silver roundelay.

Love is the fountain of life and bliss,
 Love is the valley of joyfulness;

A garden of roses,
 Where rapture reposes,—
 A temple of light
 All heavenly bright;

O, virtuous love is the soul's delight!

THE VICTOR OF THE TOURNAMENT.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

THE day for the grand tournament by Louis XII. of France, arrived; appointed to please his beautiful and youthful bride, Anne of Bretagne. The galleries running round the lists were filled with the beauty and nobility of the kingdom. Conspicuous sat the queen, surrounded by her circle of lovely maids of honor, among which, far the most beautiful was Lady Marguerite, only daughter of Ernest, Count of Chatillon.

With a beating heart Marguerite of Chatillon watched the opening of the tournament. Until within six months Marguerite had lived in the retirement of the convent. What a change! six months ago the inhabitant of a retired convent, now the centre of admiring eyes, for this day she sat the chosen Queen of Beauty and Love—from her hands must the victor receive the well-won prize, the chaplet of honor.

The heralds, enforcing silence read the laws of the tourney, which having done, they moved back to their places. A flourish of trumpets and two large processions entered the lists of either side and formed themselves into two lines, equal numbers in each, directly opposite to each other with their respective leader in front of each line. It was a glorious sight to look at, as the knights sat proudly on their horses, gayly and fitly caparisoned, their lances upright, armor streaming with ribbons, and love tokens glittering in the bright, warm noonday sun. Again the trumpets sounded, and the herald in a voice of thunder gave the expected signal, "*Laissez aller!*" Spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses, and both parties rushed together, meeting with a shock which fairly shook the ground, and caused many bright, rosy lips to pale.

The cloud of dust raised by the trampling of the horses was so great, that at first little of the effect of the encounter could be seen. As that rolled away, it was seen that many of the knights on both sides were dismounted, and retiring in discomfiture from the field.

Again and again they charged, and with the same result; some men each time rolled on the ground. Many were the handkerchiefs waved and encouraging, enthusiastic shouts from the gallery. The number in the lists diminished, so that now Marguerite found no difficulty in following the movements of one particular knight, who, mounted on a superb black war-horse, rode him with peculiar grace. Both horse and rider were unadorned—the trappings of the steed were very plain, and no love knot floated from shoulder, breast or hemlet. At each charge the knight either unhorsed or drove back to the palisade his opponent. One after another the vanquished retired to the end of the list. One only remained to oppose him. A fresh charge with lance in rest, and like chaff before the wind the man was driven back to the barrier, and the stranger knight remained the conqueror. Then the king threw down the baton, and the heralds declared Eustace De Rohan victor, and bade him advance and receive the chaplet of honor from the hands of the Queen of Beauty and Love.

The trumpets sounded, and amidst a burst of triumphal music, the knight advanced and knelt at the foot of the steps of the throne. Covered with blushes but with an exquisite grace, Marguerite descended the steps and bending placed the chaplet of flowers on the knight's uncovered head.

We must pardon Marguerite if she trembled slightly, and with an inward shrinking gazed at the victor at her feet, for Eustace De Rohan was the only son of her father's deadliest enemy, whose name she had never heard mentioned save with bitter curses on father and son, and on the family for generations to come. She looked now for the first time on the son of the hated house of Rohan. There was nothing in the handsome head bending so gracefully before her, to excite her fear, neither in the rapid, searching glance of the dark proud, eyes, which, after the ceremony of coronation had been completed, fell on her. On the contrary, the manly, handsome, though rather dark face, reassured the blushing girl, for with an exquisite grace she extended her delicate hand, which was kissed respectfully, while she said, in her rich sweet voice:

"May honor rest on thy brows—long years after this chaplet is withered away."

So ended the glorious tournament, one of the gayest ever witnessed by the court of Louis XII.,

but from that moment two hearts at least were changed. Sleeping or waking, the graceful form and bewitchingly lovely face was ever present to the thoughts of the young, brave Count De Rohan, and to Marguerite, the mention of his name brought a sudden thrill. A few days after they were publicly introduced to each other.

Day by day, meeting each other constantly, they began to love each other, or rather loved the more, for from the tourney day each lost the watch and ward of their own hearts. One day the queen received a request from the baron of Chatillon, that his daughter might be spared attendance upon her grace for a little while. The father had need of the daughter. The summons broke in on the pleasant dreams of the young lovers. Marguerite, for the first time since Eustace De Rohan knelt at her feet in the list, thought of the feud between the two families. When the queen gave her permission to return home for a short time, Marguerite buried her face in her hands and wept. "'Tis but a short time, dear child," said the gentle Anne of Bretagne, with whom the graceful, gay Marguerite was a favorite.

Still Marguerite wept, and the queen kindly endeavored to soothe the passionate grief, fully believing that Maggie wept because she was to part from her loved mistress. Suddenly Marguerite raised her beautiful face and spoke, scornful to be deceitful.

"Your grace mistakes the cause of my emotion. Truly do I grieve to be separated from my kind mistress, but a parting of a few weeks would scarcely wring these tears from me. The cause lies deeper."

Of a kindly, sympathizing nature, the queen besought Marguerite to confide her sorrow to her, and such was her earnest, winning manner, that Marguerite unhesitatingly opened her whole heart to her loved queen. Both Louis and his gentle spouse began to devise methods to induce the haughty baron of Chatillon to lay aside his animosity. While they thought, others acted.

Marguerite, after a tearful interview with her lover, left the court for the gloomy castle of Chatillon. Her heart grew heavy and her cheeks pale as the palace walls faded from her sight. Her father came himself to conduct her home, so she could have no last interview with her lover. Sad and weary-hearted, Eustace De Rohan remained at court, now distasteful to him.

Rumors had reached the baron of the attachment of Eustace De Rohan to his daughter, which was his motive for withdrawing Marguerite from court. She came, the affianced bride of Count De Rohan, but Baron Chatillon knew not that; and thought in his wisdom that

he had effectually put a stop to any progress in the matter. So his astonishment was but natural when one bright, sunshiny morning, he woke to find his daughter gone. Over mountain, through valley, he sent his retainers, commanded to bring back the lost bride and her husband, the husband dead or alive. All search was fruitless. In his despair the baron applied to the king, but the gentle, politic Louis gave him no satisfaction.

Three years rolled on, and the baron lived a lonely, morose life. No stranger was permitted within the gates, and beyond the park the baron was never known to stir. One dark, lowering day, just as the gray twilight shadows began to creep over the earth, two travellers, a man and woman, presented themselves at the castle gate. They seemed bent and old, and in the arms of the man was carried very carefully a bundle. The old porter came forth to speak to them.

"Do not ask it. Bread and wine I will bring you, but enter you cannot."

Earnestly they pleaded, but the old man shook his head and remained firm. They questioned him if it was by a vow that his master kept all strangers beyond his gate.

"No, there is no vow, but 'tis his wish. Three years ago, come this blessed night, there came a minstrel to the castle. The next morning, minstrel and young lady Marguerite were gone. Since that day no stranger has ever set foot inside the castle gate. The baron mourns for his lovely daughter, and curses the false Eustace De Rohan who, disguised as a minstrel, entered his house and stole his child, the pride of his house."

The female bowed her head still lower as the old porter spoke, but as he finished speaking, she stepped forward, and throwing back cloak and myffler, disclosed to the faithful seneschal the beautiful face of Marguerite, Countess De Rohan.

"Hendrich, here stands your master's daughter, with her husband and child; admit us within these gates and your task is done."

"Dear lady, walk in; if my head should be the price of my disobedience, I cannot say no to my own loved lady." And he opened wide the gates and let the two pass in.

But there their trouble was not ended; butler, valet and page had to be passed, and all were faithful servants to their stern, though just master—all respected the grief which sought solitude and shunned the gaze of man. To each in turn, Marguerite declared herself, and such was the undying love they bore their former young mistress, who possessed still the same winning grace of her maidenhood, that they preferred the prospect of punishment and disgrace rather than disobey her request. Thus the Count and Countess

De Rohan proceeded till they reached the little ante-room adjoining the vast parlor. There Marguerite stopped, wishing that her husband should enter first. That was her request not from any fear, but trusting that her father would relent, and wanting in the pride of her young heart to owe her reconciliation to her husband. Marguerite embraced her husband, then opened the door of the saloon, and her husband entered. At the opposite end of the room sat the Baron of Chatillon, much changed since he last saw him. Eustace De Rohan could not see his face, but the martial figure was no longer upright and firm, but bent. With a beating, throbbing heart, Marguerite watched her husband and father.

Noiselessly, slowly, Eustace approached the old man. The firelight thrown from the huge woodfire, shone on a pale face and compressed lips. A few steps more and the two men will be face to face. The spot is reached. Count De Rohan knelt before the old man, who had started up in angry surprise, with his head bared, and as he knelt, he threw back the cloak from the bundle, disclosing a bright, handsome babe, who at this moment began to crow. A smile stole over the old man's face; taking the baby, he eagerly scanned its tiny features. As he gazed, his heart softened, and bending his head he wept. At this moment, Marguerite threw herself at his feet, tears sparkling in her eyes.

"Father, thy Marguerite sues for pardon, begs to be taken back; sues for herself, and her husband and her child."

"Daughter, I have been wrong; my rage was foolish, impotent. Children, rise, kneel not before me. Bless you, Marguerite and Eustace."

Thus, through the means of the lovely babe, the Count and Countess De Rohan were received in their home. From that moment the baron was devoted to the child, on whom he settled his possessions, asking only that the boy should bear the title of Baron of Chatillon. This request was cheerfully granted, as in course of time others came to bear the proud name of De Rohan.

PRINTER'S LUCK.

A week or two ago, a Cincinnati printer visited the theatre, and found a pocket-book containing \$250. Rich, beyond all expectation, he determined to rest awhile. He "put a sub on," spent what money he had of his own, incurred several little debts, and then concluded to break in upon his treasure, by purchasing a new hat. He entered a hat store, bought one of the latest style, and tendered one of the \$5 notes in payment. It was pronounced a counterfeit, and so in turn every note of his \$250 found treasure! He has gone to work again, saying that being a printer, he should have known that the bills were worthless!—*Ohio Cultivator*.

THE CAPTAIN'S YARN.

Conversing with the captain of a vessel, the other day, he related the following anecdote: "I had a first-rate officer who sailed with me for several years. He was an excellent seaman, and a perfect gentleman. I remember I took him once to the Italian opera in London, and he expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the performances, though he had no ear for music, didn't understand the language, and was too bashful to look at the figurantes. A particular and very amiable trait of his character was his domestic affection. Sailors, roving about the world, are seldom very constant; but this man was a perfect model of conjugal fidelity. He was always speaking of his wife—he had no children—always buying presents for her in every port he visited. Well, one day—we were lying off the river Gambia, in Africa—my mate, after dinner, leaned back in his chair and fell asleep. I went on deck to smoke a cigar. When I came back, I found poor M. lying on the cabin floor—a corpse! A sudden stroke of apoplexy had carried him off. I was inexpressibly shocked. He had a sailor's grave—and every heart on board the brig was heavy at his loss.

"On the home voyage, I was thinking all the while of the agony of M.'s poor wife, when she learned of his death, and how I should break the news to her. She always flew down to the pier as soon as she heard of our brig coming up the bay, and I believe she could read every signal-flag that was thrown out from the station. Well, we had no sooner made fast to the wharf, than down came a handsome hack, and out springs the mate's wife, rigged out from top to toe like a first-rate frigate on a gala-day, with a fathom or two of ribbon astern of her. 'Poor girl!' thought I, 'how soon my tale will blanch the roses of your cheek.' 'My husband?' she inquired, as she sprang lightly on the deck, showing a pair of tiny feet cased in the daintiest satin shoes that ever a French shoemaker turned out. 'I am sorry to say, madam,' said I, 'that he has been very sick.' The color came and went in her cheek. 'Tell me all,' she cried, grasping my arm. 'Well, then, madam,' said I, 'if I must say it, he is dead.' 'Glad of it, by jingo!' was her answer. She was ashore and off again, in the trying of a reef-point—and the next week she was married to a merchant's clerk."

Habits influence the character pretty much as under currents influence a vessel, and whether they speed us on the way of our wishes, or retard our progress, their effect is not the less important because imperceptible.

I SAT ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER.

BY LENA LYLE.

I sat on the banks of the river,
 Beneath a grand old tree,
 And I saw the sunbeams quiver,
 Through my leafy canopy.
 As they fell upon the water,
 'Twas beautiful to see,
 But I heeded not its beauty,
 For my thoughts were all of thee.

The twilight was approaching,
 The sun had gone to rest,
 Within his gorgeous chambers,
 Far in the rosy west.
 And the gentle stars were hasting,
 Each one to meet his bride,
 When I turned my footsteps homeward,
 And left the river-side.

As the moon rolled on in beauty,
 And the fragrant nightwind swept,
 Sweet dreams came to my spirit,
 As peacefully I slept.
 I dreamed that thou wast with me—
 We'd met to part no more,
 And the sweet place of re-union
 Was on the river-shore.

When the morning dawned in gladness,
 And I met its sunny gleam,
 My soul was filled with sadness
 To think it was but a dream.
 But though an idle vision,
 It brought me nearer thee,
 And although it quickly faded,
 It left sweet memory.

FRANK'S PROPHECY:

—OR,—

DOINGS AT SUNNY SLOPE.

BY ESTHER BERNÉ.

"I SAY, Sophie, have you heard the news?"

"What news?" said I, suspending for a moment, the occupation which my wild, roguish brother Frank had so unceremoniously interrupted.

"Wait a moment, sis, till I have recovered my breath, and then I'll tell you."

So saying, my tantalizing brother threw himself into a chair, and gasped several times with such vehemence, that I shrewdly suspected that his sighs were got up for the occasion, and not genuine. As, however, whatever curiosity I might feel, I showed none, but calmly resumed my writing, Frank soon condescended to impart his news.

"A new teacher has been appointed at the Academy, and as the term commences next week, why then, I suppose we shall have a

sight at his majesty. Now, don't you call that a piece of news, Sophie?"

"To be sure I do; but have you heard anything about the gentleman—who and what he is?"

"As to that," said Frank, "there are half-a-dozen reports about concerning him, any one of which you are at liberty to believe. But I have my own private idea of him."

"And what is that?" said I, not noticing that the mischievous boy had whittled away half of my pen-handle, and was now amusing himself by sticking the point of the pen into the table.

"Why, you see, Sophie," said Frank, in a confidential tone, "it's my 'idea that our new teacher hails from 'down east'—indeed, I am quite sure of it. I can see him in my mind's eye, dressed out in a long, swallow-tailed coat, adorned with bright, brass buttons. He'll rule the poor 'gals' and boys of Sunny Slope Academy with a rod of iron, and before three months have past, will throw himself and his fortunes at the feet of my adorable sister—Sophie Merton."

I had a great inclination to shake Frank, but he eluded my grasp by a dexterous movement, and escaped from the room. In a moment, however, he returned, and thrusting his bright, curly head through the open door, added:

"Take care of your heart, sister mine, for if ever a prophecy came true, mine will."

I don't know why it was, but as I gathered up the remains of my pen-handle, a thoughtful shade rested upon my brow. What if Frank's prophecy should come true? I was foolishly romantic enough for a moment to believe that it might. But the next instant I was dancing lightly away upon my afternoon duties.

Two days afterwards, there was a great stir and commotion in the village of Sunny Slope, for rumor ran that the new teacher had arrived and was staying at Lawyer Boardman's house. Three or four of the neighbors called upon my aunt, for the express purpose of describing the new resident to her; but as their accounts of his appearance were very contradictory, I determined not to believe any of them, but to wait patiently till the next day, when I, as one of the scholars, should have a chance of judging for myself.

The fates had willed it otherwise for me, however. That night when my father came home to tea, he brought a letter for my aunt Nellie, who for many years, ever since my mother's death, had been our housekeeper. My aunt was exceedingly thoughtful after the letter had been read, and held a long conference with my father, which I was at length invited to join. When I entered the room, my father said smilingly

"Well, Sophie, how should you like to be my housekeeper for a little while?"

Housekeeper! My very heart bounded with joy at the idea, for I took great delight in domestic matters.

"Your aunt will be obliged to be absent from home a week, perhaps longer. Do you think you could supply her place in the meanwhile?"

"Of course I could," said I, whilst a rapturous vision of the laurels I should win in my domestic campaign, floated through my mind. My father laughed heartily at my confident air.

"Be not too sure, Sophie; you know there is such a thing as falling. However, I shall predict nothing but success for you. But what says your aunt about it?"

"O, Sophie will do well enough with the thousand and one directions I shall give her," said aunt Nellie in an encouraging tone. And so the matter ended. I was to be sole housekeeper for the next week or two, and consequently for that length of time I should have to give up all idea of going to school. But as Frank was to attend regularly, I should, at least, get some reliable account of the new teacher. Aunt Nellie's thousand and one directions were magnified ten-fold, I was about to say—but seriously speaking, they were almost endless in number. Only one out of the multiplicity of directions did I remember distinctly afterwards; and that one only because it had been repeated so many times, that it had at length succeeded in penetrating my giddy brain.

"Now, Sophie," said my aunt, as she stood equipped for the journey at the front gate, "remember what I have told you—but above all, bear in mind, that under no circumstances whatever, are you to allow any cattle in my kitchen garden. I trust to you to make war upon all such intruders."

Thus much of her parting injunctions I remembered and acted upon, as will be seen anon. When Frank came home that day from school, I snatched a moment from my busy cares, to inquire about the new teacher.

"I'm sorry for you, Sophie," said Frank, with a comically serious face; "instead of the 'down easter' that I sketched out for you the other day, you will have to accept of a venerable, bald-headed gentleman, who indulges in a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, and who seems to be a very wise personage. But on the whole, I congratulate you that it is no worse; for, as I observed to you before, Sophie, 'what is to be, will be,' and I feel an inward conviction that what I have prophesied concerning you will happen."

Happily Frank's inward convictions were here expended upon the dinner, the appearance of which spared me a further tirade of nonsense. I will not say but what I endured a little disappointment when I learned that an elderly instead of a young man was about to govern our little school world. I was, to say the truth, somewhat fond of a reasonable flirtation, and here was a chance for one fine one destroyed. But I quickly forgot this subject in my new dignity and importance. I verily believe, that I grew two inches during the first day of my new office.

The next day towards night, whilst I was making preparation for tea, I happened to glance through the window at the garden, where grew many a precious root and herb. To my extreme horror, I saw a cow just poking her head through the gate, and in fancy I already saw the demolition of my aunt's cherished treasures. To snatch my sun-bonnet, to rush down that path through the flower garden into the kitchen garden, was but the work of a moment. But the cow had already effected an entrance, and stood gazing with a philosophic eye upon the feast of green things spread out before her. As I had promised aunt Nellie to make war upon all intruders, I prepared with a courageous spirit to drive away this quiet-looking cow. But the animal, probably suspecting my intention, made a sudden leap, and ran the whole circuit of the garden, demolishing many a flourishing plant. I pursued her with great animation, and had almost succeeded in driving her through the gate, when making a frantic plunge, she once more made the circuit of the garden. Again I pursued, incited by the chase, and again I failed as before. I was beginning to see that two would be better than one in such a warfare as this, and therefore I called loudly for Frank, but there was no response. Again I endeavored to drive her out, but the troublesome animal, evidently enjoying the frolic, had no disposition to end it. Discouraged, and I am ashamed to own it, almost crying, I stood at last by the gate in a kind of calm despair. Suddenly I heard a voice say:

"Can I help you?"

I looked round—there stood a young man, a stranger, but a little distance from me. I had forgotten that the street was so near, and that any one passing, could easily have seen the whole affair.

If there had been a convenient opening in the earth just then, I could have sunk into it very readily, but as there was not, I stood with sun-bonnet in hand, disordered hair, and an extreme-

ly red face, looking at the apparition before me. Without any more words, the stranger swung himself lightly over the fence, and approaching me, said :

"If you will please stand this side of the gate, I will drive the animal round, and I fancy you will have no more trouble with her."

I did as he had suggested, and I soon had the pleasure of seeing the garden free from the intruder, and the gate securely shut, as a precaution against the entrance of future depredators.

I turned round to thank the stranger, and not knowing whether to laugh or cry, I compromised the matter by crying a very little, and then laughing immoderately, for I was both extremely vexed and amused at the remembrance of the scene in which I had acted as a prominent character.

"I am very much obliged to you, for your timely aid," I said, as soon as I was able to speak.

"Pray, do not offer thanks to one who does not deserve any. I was passing by, and saw your trouble, and as every true knight should, I came at once to your assistance."

"The distressed damsel, whom you found in such woeful plight, thanks you once more, sir knight, and begs to wish you good evening."

I turned to walk back to the house, ashamed and mortified, but yet not exactly sorry that my adventure had occurred. I wondered not a little, that I had not heard of strangers being in town ; for the young man who had come to my rescue, was no one whom I had ever seen before. I finally came to the conclusion that he was a student at the academy, and a native of some other town ; for occasionally it happened that our school was attended by people from other places.

The next day at dinner, my father informed me that he should bring a gentleman home with him, and that he would like to have me do my best. Of course this was quite an anxious and important piece of news for me, for I knew that my father had a fastidious horror of any glaring defects or deficiencies in the appointments of his table ; and my experience in housekeeping had not been so long that I could feel entirely safe. However, I determined to do my best. At the appointed hour my father and his guest arrived. With much surprise and confusion, I recognized my gallant rescuer of the day before. Happily the embarrassment which both of us evinced at the introduction, was, if noticed, passed without any comment from my father. But in the confusion of the moment, the name of the stranger escaped me ; by no effort could

I recall it to my recollection, though I knew that my father had distinctly pronounced it.

With what pride I surveyed the tea-table, which presented a neat and elegant appearance as we entered the dining-room, no one can comprehend, unless placed in the same situation. The snowy cloth, the white biscuit, the clear, transparent preserve, and the fresh, golden-hued butter, would have tempted almost any one. But when I poured out the fragrant tea, the picture of home comfort was complete. I saw that my father was pleased at my management, and this idea caused me to do the honors of the table with unwonted grace. But the coffee-cake with which the table was adorned, was my crowning achievement. It was a delicacy which I was very fond of myself, and by the introduction of which, I hoped to please my father and astonish our guest. I marked with delight the dark, rich color of the cake, just the shade for coffee-cake, and I thought with pride that my reputation as a good housekeeper would be very much increased by the effort of genius displayed in the construction of such a delicacy.

But, ah, what vain hopes ! Scarcely had my father tasted a piece of the cake, when he deposited the remainder in his plate with a little grimace, which I well understood. Astounded and mortified, I tasted of the cake myself, and discovered that in the making of it, I had omitted one of the most important ingredients, and that what I had supposed was cake, was nothing but an extremely tasteless mixture.

I watched our guest with secret anxiety, as I saw him endeavoring to dispose of a slice of the cake, and I fancied that politeness more than inclination caused him to eat what must have been distasteful to any one's palate.

"By the way, Sophie," said my father, making a kindly attempt to relieve my obvious embarrassment, "I should judge by the looks of aunt Nellie's garden, that in spite of your vigilance, some four footed beast had penetrated within its sacred precincts."

I cast an amused look at our visitor, and met in return such a merry smile, that I was almost ill-bred enough to laugh outright then and there. In the evening, however, when the whole amusing scene had been explained to my father, I had an opportunity to indulge in a hearty laugh at the remembrance of it.

"Did I not hear you say, Miss Merton, that you should attend school this term ?" said our visitor, as my father withdrew from the room to attend on some one who had called on business.

"Yes, I shall attend ; that is, if I like the teacher."

"Have you any doubt about it?" asked my companion, with a smile.

"I must confess," said I, "that the description my brother Frank gave me of him has not exactly prepossessed me in his favor."

"May I ask how he described him?" said the visitor, with an amused look.

"He says he is quite an elderly, bald-headed, gold-spectacled gentleman, with a vast deal of learning. And the worst of it is," continued I, "Frank threatens that before three months have passed, I shall have carried the old gentleman's heart by storm. To plague Frank, I have a great mind to try it."

"So do, by all means," said my companion, joining heartily in my mirth.

"As we are to be school-mates, will you aid and abet me in my treasonable designs?" said I.

"To be sure I will, Miss Merton, to the fullest extent of my power; and I have a presentiment that by our combined exertions you will succeed."

I laughed at the prospect of success, but said nothing.

"As a token of our compact, will Miss Merton give me this rose?" pursued our visitor, directing my attention to a flower which I held in my hand.

I smilingly assented, and the rose consequently changed owners.

A week from that day, aunt Nellie arrived home, and after approving of a few of my proceedings, and disapproving of a great many, the affair of the garden included, she finally expressed her conviction that I should make quite a housekeeper in time. I will not say but what I was as glad to get rid of my charge, as I had been to take it, for once in a while as a vision of my school-mate that was to be, and the strange compact I had entered into with him, came across my mind, I had just a little curiosity to see him again.

The next morning bright and early, I started for school, and as I neared the academy, I recognized with pleasure many a familiar face peering forth from the window. As I entered, there was a loud shout from the girls, and many an inquiry as to where I had been for the last week or two.

There was a general burst of merriment when I informed the assembled group that I had been keeping house for my father, and more than one young lady lamented that fate had no such good fortune in store for her.

"I say," said Ellen Acton, a merry girl of fifteen, "you'll lose your heart directly, if you don't look out. We have every one of us, even little Allie Elton, fallen in love with the new teacher."

"It's no such thing," said Allie, putting her little, rosy mouth close up to my ear, "I have not fallen in love with him, but I like him ever so much, because he is so good. I know you'll like him, Sophie."

"Don't trouble yourself on my account, Allie," I said aloud, "there is not the slightest danger of my really falling in love with any one at present, still less with our venerable teacher."

Here the bell rung to call us to order, and we hastily scrambled to our seats. For a moment the teacher's desk was unoccupied, and then—how shall I describe my confusion, when I saw my gallant knight in the cow affair, and our subsequent guest, seat himself in the teacher's post of honor, as if he were perfectly at home! A vague suspicion as to his identity crossed my mind, a suspicion which was confirmed by Allie Elton's whispering remark:

"That's our new teacher—don't he look pleasant?"

I vouchsafed no reply, for just then our new teacher's eye wandering over the room, encountered mine. An almost imperceptible smile rested upon his face, as for one instant his glance remained fixed upon my countenance, which I felt was dyed the deepest scarlet. I was very glad when I was relieved from his scrutiny.

How that long day passed, I never could tell. The only thing that I remembered distinctly, was a request on the part of Mr. Minturn, the teacher, that I would remain a few moments after school. When the scholars had departed, and I was tremblingly waiting for a renewal of our former conversation regarding our strange compact, I was surprised by the utterance only of these few, simple words:

"Will Miss Merton oblige me by removing her books to this seat?"

The seat which he designated was a front one, and I had occupied all day one of those farthest back from the desk. There was no explanation given, no reason for the request offered, not the slightest word more said regarding the matter, unless it was a very pleasant 'thank you,' uttered when I had complied with the request, which I complied with; though I am ashamed to say, in a somewhat sulky manner. A better feeling, however, rose up within me, as softly opening the door, I looked back to see him wearily poring over his books, a task which was yet to be done ere his day's work was completed.

My new seat had its advantages, after all. Never did I look up from my book, but what I caught a friendly glance from my teacher's eye, and I returned to my lesson with renewed energy. Whenever he was talking to the school, or ex-

plaining any subject, his eye, almost involuntarily as it were, sought mine. We seemed to have established a sort of tacit communication with each other, though we never overstepped the limits of our respective positions—those of teacher and scholar. Gradually it became my habit to remain after school when I needed any assistance about a difficult lesson. Readily, clearly, and with a kindly manner and a quiet deference towards myself, which completely won my heart, Mr. Minturn helped me out of all my troubles. I even took up newer and harder tasks than the rest of the girls, and we spent many a pleasant hour poring over our ponderous tomes.

I never could tell how the change in our affairs originated, whether in me or in him. But certain it is, that in the course of time, a coolness arose between my teacher and myself. As gradually as I had fallen into the habit of remaining after school, so gradually did I fall away from it. Our pleasant lessons were at an end, and one fine summer's day when I met Mr. Minturn and Ellen Acton walking out together, I felt that henceforth school would have no interest for me. From that day I began to dislike it, and I finally prevailed upon my father to allow me to leave school. There was a burst of sorrowful exclamations, on the part of the girls, when I announced my intention of leaving.

"What will Mr. Minturn do without you?" whispered Allie Elton.

"O, he will get along well enough," said I, with assumed carelessness — "perhaps he will rejoice."

"Hush!" said Alice, "I think he overheard you."

"It's of no consequence if he did," was my reply, as I walked away to my seat.

"Will Miss Merton remain a moment?" said Mr. Minturn, at the close of school, as with a hasty "good-by" to him, I was about to take my departure with the others.

I resumed my seat, and awaited patiently what he had to say. When the last loiterer had departed, he arose, and approaching my seat, took from his pocket-book a faded rose, and held it up to view.

"Does Miss Merton remember what this is a token of?"

Half angry with myself at the tell-tale blushes which covered my face, I made no answer.

"Ah! I see you do," said he, smiling. "But are you still disposed to carry on your treasonable designs against the old gentleman's heart?"

Still I made no reply.

"Then hear me," said he, vehemently, "the promise that I gave you, to help you as far as was in my power, was no light one; the first time I saw you at school I felt its importance. I requested you to change your seat, that I might have the selfish pleasure of having you near me; of being cheered and comforted by your glance. Our after school labors were infinitely pleasant to me, but perhaps wearisome to you. I cannot blame you for withdrawing yourself from them, but I do blame you for leaving school, and for asserting publicly that I should rejoice at such a step. You know, or ought to know now, that I should be utterly desolate if you were gone. Now will you answer me, Sophie?"

I did answer, but what that answer led to, is of no consequence to any one. I will merely say that I persisted in my original determination of leaving school, but that not near so much sorrow was experienced by Mr. Minturn as might have been expected under the circumstances.

A short time after, Frank came to me with an amused face, and with the remark:

"Well, Sophie, my prophecy is actually coming true, isn't it? and you are going to marry the identical old gentleman. I hope you will always believe in me after this."

MORMON LIFE.

Mrs. Smith, who has just escaped from Mormonism, has written a book, in which she gives this account of Mormon courtship and marriage: "Coercion is seldom used to effect marriages among the women. They are indulged in the utmost freedom of choice among the men. They are only required to marry some one, "and the man of her choice" is not at liberty to refuse to marry a woman when asked to do so. Proposition for marriage comes as often and with as good a grace from the female as from the male. An apparent hardship in this system, and it is only in appearance, is, that it would be likely to leave some men without wives, while others have a great number. But the fact is that women accumulate under the system. I think it seldom occurs that a man wishing to marry, who is able to support a wife, cannot find at least one; although many not over good-looking men, who have no high official dignity to recommend them, are obliged to content themselves with one or two. It is considered, however, in 'good society,' to be a want of position and rank to possess but one wife, and few men have the moral courage to appear in public with less than two; while on great occasions, when it is an object to make an impression on the public mind, it is the custom of men of position to appear surrounded by a numerous train of wives, the more the better."

If man could only understand and appreciate how deeply he is the object of divine love, he would be overwhelmed with confusion and astonishment.

THE STORY OF A JEWEL.

BY FRANCIS I. STANLEY,

Beneath the surface, and far out of sight,
Buried in the earth, and hidden from light,
In a coffin of dust, entombed in night,
A wonderful jewel lay.

The meanest pebble was there side by side
With this stone, whose lustre a king in pride
Might have given to deck with it his bride,
Yet neglected there it lay.

The traveller's footstep heavily pressed
The earth that gloomily lay on the breast
Of this jewel, that, placed in a knightly crest,
Might lead him to glory undying.

The wild flowers blossomed over the spot,
Where this wondrous stone by its gloomy lot
Might be doomed to stay till all were forgot,
And in their graves were lying.

The war horse pawed the spongy mound,
And chariot wheels tore up the ground,
And blood was scattered all around
O'er the tomb of the glittering jewel.

The peaceful ploughshare furrowed the soil,
And the heavy tramp of the son of toil,
As with axe he gathered his woody spoil,
Shook the bed of the hidden jewel.

And many a storm took its wilful way,
And often a sunny and peaceful day
Looked down upon the bed of clay,
Where slept the precious stone.

And the sun sent many a beaming lance
Of light to earth, to woo with a glance
The brilliant jewel on its rays to dance,
And leave its tomb of night.

But a jealous mother is the mossy earth,
And never a gleam of the sun's bold mirth
Reached the gem in the spot of its birth—
Its prison debarred of light.

And there the jewel was destined to stay,
Till coarse and stern cold man one day
Plucked the stone from its casket of clay,
And smoothed its jagged side.

Then proud did beauty her diadem toss,
And haughty fawners bowed to the dross
Whose covering did many a by-road cross,
And earth was once its bride.

And little the good and much the harm,
And wicked and baleful was the charm,
For it raised by man 'gainst man the arm
To plunder and destroy.

And better, far better, the jewel had staid
In the prison where nature its power laid,
Lest of peace and love should strife be made,
Because of the shining toy.

It is not by regretting what is irreparable, that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. Forget mistakes; organize victory out of mistakes.

THE TRAVELLING CLERKS.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THERE was once a time, so long ago that you, dear reader, cannot surely remember it, when heaven was called Olympus, and the god inhabiting this Olympus was called Zeus, Jove or Jupiter, three names which signify about the same thing. This god had one day the singular idea of making mankind happy. You shall see, dear reader, how he was cured of this idea, and how the other gods, his successors, were cured of it after him. It remained to put this idea into execution. Jupiter reflected a moment, then suddenly raising his head, said:

"I have it!" And he summoned to his presence the seven stars of the Lesser Bear.

The stars obeyed, and assembled at his feet. Men, astonished gazed at the sky. Astronomers seeing these seven meteors tracing luminous paths in the azure of the firmament, predicted the end of the world. Thus are learned men deceived respecting divine intentions. The stars said:

"We are here, resplendent and terrible majesty; what wouldst thou of us?"

"Pack up your trunks and travel on earth," replied the son of Saturn and Rhea; "you shall receive two Brabant crowns per day for your travelling expenses."

"And what are we to do on the earth?" asked the stars.

"I have taken it into my head to make mankind happy," replied Jupiter; "but as they would not appreciate happiness, if I should give it to them, I shall require you to sell it. You shall be my travelling clerks."

"We will be what you ordain us to be, all-powerful majesty," said the stars, in tones so melodious that men raised their eyes towards heaven, suspecting that from heaven alone could proceed so sweet a concert; "but what shall we sell to men?"

"Form yourselves into a line, and pass one by one before me."

The stars did so, and arranged themselves in the order designated:

Jupiter said to the first, "You shall sell wit."

To the second, "You shall sell virtue."

To the third, "You shall sell health."

To the fourth, "You shall sell longevity."

To the fifth, "You shall sell honor."

To the sixth, "You shall sell pleasure."

To the seventh, "You shall sell riches."

Judging of the desires of men by the prayers

which were addressed to him, Jupiter thought that when men should have wit, virtue, health, long life, honor, pleasure and wealth, they would be happy. This was, in fact, a reasonable idea.

"And now," said he to the stars, "go and sell to mankind as much as you can, of your divine merchandise."

Neptune and Pluto, who had all along laughed at this plan, began to laugh still more loudly, repeating:

"What a comical idea! what a comical idea!"

The seven stars packed up their commodities in different chests, furnished to them by the warehouse of heaven, and descending upon earth, began to offer their wares in the first great city on their way.

"Buy wit! buy wit!" cried star No. 1. "Buy it; I have it fresh and warm. Buy wit! who wants wit, wit, wit?"

A Homeric laugh received this proposition.

"Does this woman take us for fools?" said the editors, the romance-writers, the dramatic authors, the managers of theatres, and the farmers'-general.

"A pretty girl indeed, faith!" said the dandies, looking at the merchant of wit through their eye-glasses, quizzing-glasses and spectacles, and switching their boots with the riding whips or canes which they carried in their gloved hands; "only she looks a little like a blue-stocking. What a pity!"

"What is this prude doing here?" said the women; "she had better have brought us silks from Lyons, laces from Valenciennes, scarfs from Algiers, corals from Naples, pearls from Ceylon, rubies from Visapour, and diamonds from Golconda; but wit! it can be had for nothing, any day."

And the poor star passed along, without selling any, from street to street, till at last, finding a door open, she entered without knowing where. She had entered the academy. They were receiving a neophyte. He had just finished his discourse, and the secretary was about to reply.

"Buy wit, buy wit!" cried the star.

The audience burst into a laugh, the secretary took a pinch of snuff, and sneezed for half an hour. The president called the ushers, and said to them:

"Take away this mad woman, and give her description to the porters, that she may never again be allowed to enter these doors."

The ushers led away the star, and the porters took down her description. The star went away in disgrace; but as she was a faithful star, she determined to fulfil conscientiously the mission which had been entrusted to her.

She therefore went on till she came to a square, in the middle of which stood a bust, and at the end a great arch, entered by twenty steps, which a crowd of people were ascending and descending, appearing very busy, and yet very stupid. The star thought this would be a good place to sell her merchandise, ignorant that the more stupid people are the less they think of having wit. She traversed the crowd, and entered a large hall where three men, clad in black gowns, and coiffed with square black caps, were seated before a desk, and beside the three men, other men in similar costume.

Then she recognized that she had entered a court house, and that the men in black were judges, advocates and attorneys. They were pleading a cause of the highest importance, and the hall was full. The lawyer for the plaintiff, who was small, ugly, slovenly, with a flat face and nose, had just finished his plea, and was drawing his conclusions, so that there was comparative silence at the moment the star entered. She thought the time propitious, and began to cry out:

"Wit, gentlemen; who will buy wit?"

Now it happened that the lawyer who had just spoken, and the one who was about to speak, each saw in this offer an epigram, and, for the first time agreed, accusing the wit merchant of contempt of court. Fortunately, the chief justice was a man of much wit, and contented himself with ordering the star to be conducted from the court room by two police officers. The two officers took the star each by a ray, and led her into the street, saying:

"Be thankful it is no worse; but do not show your face here again."

The poor star went away in confusion; but as she had resolved not to leave the city without selling, she walked on, on, until she arrived at a great square in the middle of which stood a Grecian temple.

"Good," said she, "here is such a temple as I have seen at Athens, and the Athenians had so much wit that they will desire to buy it, at whatever price." Then she began to cry out, "Buy wit, Athenians; buy wit!"

Two men passed along; one had beneath his arm a portfolio, full of coupons of every description, the other held a memorandum book, in which he was making figures as he went along.

"I think she called us Athenians!" said the man with the portfolio.

"It seemed to me I heard something like that," said the man with the memorandum book.

"What did she mean by Athenians?" asked the man with the portfolio.

"It is probably a new company which has just been formed," replied the man with the memorandum book.

"Buy wit, buy wit!" cried the star, following the two speculators.

"Good!" said the man with the portfolio, "another company is about to fail." And they entered the Grecian temple, which was no other than the exchange.

There were buying, selling, paying interest; some were offering Spanish coupons, others personal credit; those liquid gas, these water at one's dwelling; and everybody was trying to find a market for his merchandise. The star passed along through all this tumult, crying at the top of her voice:

"Wit, wit! who will buy wit?"

A stock broker approached her.

"What have you for sale there?" asked he.

"Wit; do you know what it is?"

"I have heard of it."

"You ought to buy some, if it be ever so little, were it only to make acquaintance with it."

"Is it quoted?"

"No."

"Well, then, what do you expect to do with it here?"

And turning his back upon the star, he went in search of another broker, who pointed out the star to a police officer, who demanded her card, and seeing that she had none, conducted her to the commissary of the quarter, who in consideration of her ignorance of the place where she had been found, an ignorance demonstrated by the nature of the merchandise she had attempted to sell there, contented himself with ordering her to quit the city within twenty-four hours. The star was so weary of the affronts she had suffered from the inhabitants of the city, that she took her way to the nearest gate. But at this gate the custom house officer stopped her.

"What have you in this trunk?" said he.

"Wit," replied the star.

"Contraband, contraband," said the officer, who pronounced contraband all merchandise, with which he was not acquainted.

And he arrested the poor star, and condemned her to pay a fine; after which two officers seized the chest, broke the phials, and poured their contents into the gutter, like adulterated wine; while two others taking her by the arm, conducted her out of the city, enjoining it upon her never to set foot there again, under pain of three months' imprisonment.

Meanwhile, the wit was flowing into the gut-

ter. Since that day the ragamuffins who play in the gutter, have had more wit than anybody else.

While star No. 1 was going out of the city at one gate, star No. 2 was entering it by another, crying:

"Virtue, virtue! who will buy virtue?"

The first who heard this singular cry thought themselves mistaken; but the star, full of confidence in her merchandise, proclaimed it so loudly and so freely that even the most incredulous had no longer room for doubt. Those who heard it, shrugged their shoulders, and said to one another:

"It is some mad woman escaped from Charenton."

The rich added, "Houses are built so small now, and we have already so much furniture, where could we put virtue?"

The poor muttered, "What should we do with such valuable merchandise; it is not worth the trouble of making sacrifices to buy it, for no one would believe we possessed it."

The young cavaliers said, "Virtue! we have already two horses, a pack of hounds and a jockey; virtue, in addition, would be a luxury which our parents would not allow us."

The women said, "Good! we have trouble enough to catch husbands without virtue; what should we do with it?"

One woman only approached the merchant. It was a widow.

"How much does virtue cost?" asked he.

"Only the trouble of taking care of it."

"It is too dear," said the widow. And she turned her back on the merchant.

The latter, seeing that the inhabitants of the city would not come to her, resolved to go to them. A door was open, she entered.

"What do you want?" asked in a sharp tone, a tall, thin, bony woman, whose dog, seemingly as surly as herself, began to bark.

"Pardon me, madam," replied the star, humbly, "I am a merchant."

"I do not want anything."

"Everybody wants what I have to sell."

"What is it?"

"Virtue."

"If you sell virtue, you will be glad to buy it?"

"Undoubtedly; why do you ask?"

"Because I have some to sell," said the prude.

"Show it to me; perhaps we can make a bargain."

The prude opened the drawer of a toilet-table, and took from it some virtue, so old, so

pieced, so darned, so full of spots, so worm-eaten, that it was impossible to tell what it might have been twenty years before.

"How much will you give me to sell you this virtue?" asked the prude.

"How much will you give me to buy it?" asked the star.

"Impertinent," exclaimed the prude, wresting the virtue from the merchant's hands; but it was so dried up and fragile that it fell to pieces like a spider's web.

This was a bad affair; the prude threatened the merchant with a law suit, and the star ran a great risk of paying a heavy fine, or even going to prison. She then offered the prude an entirely new virtue, instead of that which was worn-out. But the prude made her pack up her merchandise, and though the star had all sorts of virtues, the complainant could not find one to suit her.

The merchant was obliged to offer her an indemnity in money. After a long discussion, the indemnity was fixed upon. The star drew from her pocket three Brabant crowns, and politely requested the prude to give her the change. The prude went out on pretence of seeking it, and returned with the guard.

"Here is a woman who entered my house to rob me," said she; "arrest and take her to prison."

It was in vain that the star explained, the guard, who consisted of foreigners not familiar with the language of the country, took her before the commissary of the police. There she stated the facts with so much simplicity, that the magistrates, who knew among other things that the prude had no virtue to sell, dismissed the officers, and left alone with the accused, asked her what were her means of subsistence. The star opened her chest, and showed her merchandise. The magistrate laughed.

"This is a business," said he, "that the law does not recognize, and if you have no other, I must request you to leave the city. We have our own poor to support."

The poor star cast down her head, and went out of the city, leaving her chest with the commissary of police, who, in a dinner of that body which took place the following New Year's, distributed its contents as presents to his comrades. It is since that time that police officers have been so virtuous.

On the same day, the third star entered the same city. It was she who sold health.

"Health; health for sale!" cried she; "who will buy health?"

"Is it you who have health for sale?" was exclaimed in every direction.

"Yes. Health for sale! health for sale! who will buy?"

In less than a minute, there was a large circle around her; everybody asked for it, everybody wanted it, the poor star did not know whom to listen to first. But most of those who reached out their hands to take the fortunate specific, had long before destroyed health in themselves, and had only the wrecks of bodies; so that health, who had some self-respect, was unwilling to re-enter the places from whence she had been so ignominiously driven.

Others asked, "Is the maintenance of health expensive? What does she eat? What does she drink; and how must we treat her?"

And the star replied, "Health eats with moderation, drinks pure water, goes to bed early and rises with the sun."

Then the people shrugged their shoulders and said:

"This merchant does not recommend her merchandise; one might as well become a hermit as to buy it."

Meanwhile there were two classes of individuals, who said to each other:

"If this merchandise should find a market, we are ruined."

These were the physicians and grave-diggers. We said two classes of individuals; we might have said a single class; for in this city the physicians and grave-diggers have formed a partnership under the title of Messrs. Death & Co.

The grave-diggers and physicians assembled, and resolved, at all hazards, to rid themselves of the merchant and the merchandise. The grave-diggers undertook to take care of the latter, the physicians of the former. A grave-digger seized the chest.

And as the poor star was crying out, "Stop thief! they are stealing my health!" a physician who was standing at a door, said to her:

"Come this way, little one, come this way; it shall be restored to you."

The merchant saw a man of respectable appearance, and well-dressed, though in a somewhat sombre style. She had confidence in him, and accompanied him. He conducted her to the hospital. When the poor star recognized the place, she wished to leave; but the door was shut. She then perceived that she had fallen into a snare.

"Mr. Physician," said she, "have pity on me; I am perfectly well."

"You are mistaken," said he, "you are very sick."

"But I have a good appetite."

"A bad symptom."

"I sleep well."

"A bad symptom."

"I have a clear eye, a calm pulse, a red tongue."

"Bad symptoms, bad symptoms"

And as the star, persisting in her assertions that she was well, would not undress and go to bed, the man in black called four attendants, who undressed her by force, and fastened her into bed.

"Ah," said the physician, "you pretend to sell health, when we sell sickness; instead of proposing a partnership with us, you come to set up in competition; well, you shall see what you shall see."

And he called three of his brethren, and they had what physicians call a consultation, and what the grave-diggers, their partners, call a death-warrant. They decided that the star should be submitted to pathological treatment, the most expeditious of all treatments. First they put her on a low diet. Then they took from her every day, four pallets of blood. At last, under pretence that she slept too much, a somnolence which might bring on apoplexy, they tickled her feet every time she closed her eyes.

Fortunately, in her quality of star, the merchant of health was immortal. She did not die, because she could not; but she was very sick. Fortunately, one night her attendant fell asleep. The poor star succeeded, one by one, in freeing her limbs. Then she crept softly from the bed, opened a window, fastened one of her sheets to the bars, wrapped herself up in the other, and descended into the garden of the hospital.

She climbed over the walls. Once on the other side of this deadly enclosure, the star began to run with all her might. As the hospital was close by the cemetery, people took her, not for an invalid escaping, but for a phantom. The sheet in which she was enveloped confirmed this opinion. So, instead of attempting to stop her, everybody, even the sentinel at the gate of the city, stood aside to let her pass.

"Ah," exclaimed she, "if Jupiter has a second budget of health to send upon earth, he must choose some other merchant than myself."

In our quality of historian of these wonderful events, we are informed that the grave-digger who had stolen the chest from the star, had carried it to his comrades, telling them what it contained. Then, altogether had dug an enormous hole in the form of a grave in the middle of the cemetery, thrown the chest of health into it, and covered it up. So that no one had profited by

the good will of Jupiter, except the dead. Since that time the dead have been in better health than the living.

While they were treacherously conducting the star to the hospital, where she would certainly have died, if she had not been immortal, a cry somewhat analogous to that which had just been so unsuccessful, was heard in another quarter of the city. It was the fourth star attempting to dispose of her merchandise, and crying:

"Who wishes for long life? Who would live forever? Buy! buy!"

At this cry the whole city was in commotion. A rich banker, who had a house at Paris, at Frankfort, at New York, at Vienna and at London, ordered his agent to raise as many millions as would be necessary to buy the whole box for himself; but there was a disturbance, people cried out against the monopoly, and hung the banker.

Then the king, who was a good king, declared by an edict that long life should be sold publicly, and that every one, except criminals condemned to death, should have the right to buy it according to his means. Immediately each approached the star with one hand full of money, and the other empty.

"Long life! long life!" said the buyers; "here is money, take my money."

"At your service, gentlemen and ladies," replied the star; "but have you provided yourselves with the merchandise which my three sisters had for sale?"

"And what did your sisters have for sale?" asked the buyers, eager to possess the precious merchandise.

"The first sold wit, the second virtue, and the third health."

"We did not buy any."

"Then," replied the merchant of long life, "I am sorry, for without wit, virtue or health, long life would have no value."

And the merchant closed her chest, refusing to sell her merchandise to those who had not had sense enough to buy that of her three sisters. Her chest closed, she found that she had, without noticing it, a bit of the precious commodity in her hand. It was a small piece of long life, only about three centuries. A parrot was near, on his perch.

"Have you breakfasted, Jacquot?" asked the star.

"No, Margot," replied the parrot.

The star began to laugh, and gave him the piece she held in her hand. The parrot ate it to the last crumb. Since that time parrots have lived three hundred years.

At this moment, the merchant of long life, who was looking at the parrot as it was eating its morsel, heard a great tumult; she distinguished these words:

"Honor! honor! who will buy honor?"

It was the fifth star making her entrance into the city. All those people who had refused to buy wit, virtue and health, and who had just been refused long life, were furious.

At this cry, "Honor! honor! who will buy honor?" they resolved not to purchase honor, but to seize upon it, and if possible, have it for nothing. Consequently, they fell upon the poor star, who, seeing herself thus menaced, opened her box and shook it. A thousand things fell from it. There were crosses, titles, ribbons, golden keys, epaulettes.

Everybody rushed at some article and carried it off, each believing that he had secured honor, while the cunning star had distributed only honors, which are not the same thing. True honor had remained at the bottom of the chest, as hope was left at the bottom of Pandora's box. Since that time honor has been rare and honors common.

Meanwhile, the sixth star arrived, exclaiming, "Pleasures! who wishes to buy pleasures?"

Everybody thronged around her. Those who had secured a good share of honors, wished also to appropriate pleasures, and with their crosses in their button-holes, their titles in their pockets, their ribbons around their necks, their golden keys hanging from their vests, their epaulettes on their shoulders, advanced with the others to have their share of pleasures.

But the others thought these gentlemen abused their good fortune; they called them greedy, there was a riot. They wrested the box from the hands of the star, and it was in turn wrested from their hands. Amid all this confusion, it fell on the pavement, was broken, and pleasures rolled in every direction.

The result was, that, instead of each seizing the pleasure suited to him, they were divided, not according to appropriateness, but by chance. Women had hunting; men, laces and ornaments; the gouty, dancing; the paralytic, walking; the deaf, music; the blind, painting. In short, no one had what he would have chosen; so all were dissatisfied, and censured the merchant. Which seeing, she took to her heels and fled, instead of asking for her money. Since that time pleasures have been unequally distributed.

And when the poor merchant of pleasures, who had just seen her merchandise so boldly pillaged, had gone out of the city, she perceived her seventh sister, the one who was to sell riches,

fainting in the ditch beside the road. The merchant of pleasures ran to her, sat down beside her, laid her head on her knee, and applied salts to her nose. But it was not without difficulty that the seventh star was restored to herself. On recovering, she told her story as follows:

"Hardly had I come in sight of the city, hardly had I had the imprudence to say that I had riches for sale, than the men fell upon me, robbed me, and left me for dead, as you have seen."

"But who were these wretches?" asked the other stars, who had approached her.

"Bandits?"

"Vagabonds?"

"Men dying with hunger?"

"They were millionaires, my sisters," sighed the seventh star.

And when the seven stars had returned to heaven, and related to him who had sent them, how they had been treated here below, Jupiter frowned. But Neptune and Pluto burst out a laughing.

"We told you, sire," exclaimed they, "that your idea was a comical one."

And they repeated, in chorus, "O, what a comical idea!" And Jupiter, at last, was of their opinion.

A NOVEL DESIGN.

M. Leon Scott, of Paris, has devised a method for obtaining the vibrations of the human voice expressed in signs, written, so to say, by the voice itself. The human ear is found, as is well known, on examination, to be chiefly composed of a tube ending in the tympanum, an inclined vibrating membrane. It is also well known that sound is transmitted with extraordinary purity and rapidity through tubular conduits, and it would appear that, if there were no disturbing causes, the transmission might be continued to an incredible distance without any diminution of intensity. There is an experiment on record, tried by M. Biot, who, placing himself at one of the extremities of a tubular aqueduct 950 metres in length, carried on a conversation in a low voice with another person situated at the opposite extremity. These facts have been turned to account by M. Scott in the following manner: a tubular conduit receives the vibrations of the human voice at one of its extremities, shaped like a funnel; at the other extremity there is a vibrating membrane, to which a very light pencil or stylus is attached. This stylus rests upon a slip of paper, covered with a coating of lamp-black, and is made by the aid of clockwork to unroll from a cylinder while the person whose voice is to be experimented upon is speaking. The stylus, in receiving the vibrations of the voice through the tube, marks the paper with undulating lines expressing the different inflections. These lines are afterwards indelibly fixed by taking photographic impressions of them.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE PROMISED HOUR.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

The fountains serenade the flowers,
 Upon their silver lute;
 And, nestled in their leafy bowers,
 The forest birds are mute:
 The bright and glittering hosts above
 Unbar the golden gates,
 While nature holds her court of love,
 And for her client waits.
 Then, lady, wake—in beauty rise!
 'Tis now the promised hour,
 When torches kindle in the skies,
 To light thee to thy bower.

The day we dedicate to care—
 To love the witching night!
 For all that's beautiful and fair
 In hours like these unite.
 E'en thus the sweets to flow'rets given—
 The moonlight on the tree—
 And all the bliss of earth and heaven,
 Are mingled, love, in thee.
 Then, lady, wake—in beauty rise!
 'Tis now the promised hour,
 When torches kindle in the skies,
 To light thee to thy bower.

NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY EDGAR L. HAMMOND.

For three days I had been travelling on horseback with a friend, through the hilly region of one of our Northern States, and now we had not more than two-thirds of our journey accomplished. Night was coming on again, when we found ourselves, weary and hungry, at the foot of a huge mountain which had loomed up before us in the distance, long and long since, from the plain below, and which it had seemed that we should never reach. We had passed no human dwelling for hours; not a sign of life lay in sight; the gloom around us grew deeper every moment, the wind moaned and muttered complainingly, and clouds, wild, black and threatening, their edges lurid with the departing sunset, were piled upon the summit of the mountain, warning us of the tempest which was just at hand.

However severe it might prove, we had no shelter from it—at least, no safe one. Behind us lay only the forest we had just traversed; above us, height upon height, arose bristling woods of pine and fir to the very summit of the ascent, hiding the narrow road which led over the mountain. My companion cast a rapid, thorough, quiet glance over the scene before us—at the swift and silent approach of the thunder-clouds.

"This storm seems to be coming on fast," he said. "It will be hardly safe to meet it up yonder. Let us look about us, and seek some shelter. Some hollowed rock, or overhanging crag hereabouts may possibly afford it."

We dismounted, and securing our horses, commenced to explore on either side the broken and declivitous ground, thinly scattered here and there with trees which skirted the base of the mountain. Our search proved of little avail.

"Come—let us push on, then," I said to Harleigh—"let us push on, Walter; we may discover some harboring nook further up, after all. At least we shall be no worse off than we should be here."

We re-mounted, and continued to follow the rocky path, which now began to grow more steep, and at length to wind along almost entirely in shadow, beneath the thick growth of spruce, pine and fir, which clothed gradually with denser luxuriance the mountain-side. As we proceeded, the wind muttered and moaned more wildly, stealing with a low, wailing sound through the trees, that began to bow their tall crests before it, while their heavy branches swayed hither and thither, filling the atmosphere with the most powerful aromatic odor; and heavier, and more threatening grew the masses of cloud that darkened and spread every instant more rapidly over the mountain, and rendered the gloom about almost as deep as that of midnight.

We rode on at our best pace, and the greater part of the time in silence. As yet, no place of shelter presented itself. More and more thickly wooded grew the way on either side the sinuous path we followed, and rank-growing underbrush choked up the narrow intervals between the trees. The darkness became deeper, we could hardly discern our way; more than once our horses stumbled, but we kept on. And now the violence of the wind increased; down the steep descent it rushed, and tore, and raved, shrieking through the tossing branches, that bent and twisted with its might, and swayed before it like reeds. Harleigh's cap was torn from his head, and whirled away in a twinkling. It was not the time to think of stray caps then. We could hardly take care of ourselves; it was impossible to speak—almost to breathe. We were forced to bend our heads almost to our horses' necks, before the irresistible fury of the element that assailed us. Darker and darker it grew. Suddenly there was a blinding flash of light—a burst, a crash of thunder almost deafening in its violence, that rent the atmosphere on every side, and continued for nearly a full minute before its might was spent. Our horses reared instantly,

trembling in every joint with fear, and snorting wildly. It was with difficulty we could control, much less pacify the frightened creatures. It was not until the last, long, low, rolling sound had died away in the distance, that we could bring them to their feet again.

And now the rain came sweeping down the mountain side, not in drops, but in sheets—in torrents of water. The density of the foliage overhead partially protected us from this for a time; but as soon as we pressed on, the path became more open, the pines more thinly scattered, and now we were exposed to the full force of the storm. It came in a very deluge, drenching us to the skin in an instant. The lightning shone forth again; flash followed flash, lighting up the gloom, and showing to us the dreariness of the prospect around, while the roar and rattle of the thunder became almost incessant, and our horses in their fright, were nearly ungovernable. It required our strongest effort to keep them under control. I could feel Ali trembling under me—while the lightning showed me his beautiful eyes, dilated and wild with terror, his small ears laid back, and his delicate nostrils quivering. Poor fellow! I patted his arching neck, and smoothed his fine mane, which was streaming with water, and spoke to him in the low, tender, caressing tones that I knew he loved so well. He understood and answered me in his old, affectionate way, but the shrill, tremulous sound he uttered was full of distress, almost human.

The wind no longer raved, but the rain rushed down as incessantly as ever, in a steady torrent sweeping over the mountain-side. For a few moments at this point, the lightning ceased, and the thunder was silent. Suddenly Harleigh uttered a brief ejaculation, and at the same moment Ali gave a sharp, shrill neigh.

"What is it?" I asked of my companion.

"Don't you see? Look up—yonder—"

Even as he spoke, my glance had caught, far distant, the gleam of a light—a single starlight ray, that shone cheerfully through the storm. I comprehended the satisfaction of my friend. This solitary beacon was the light shining from some farm-house window. It scarcely required the impulse we gave to our horses, to urge them onward now. Already they had perceived, by their instantaneous and unerring instinct, that a shelter was near, and joyfully they pressed on to reach it. We rode rapidly along; down rushed the rain more violently than ever; again the lightning flashed, and the thunder burst above us with almost terrific power. The horses shrank and trembled again in every limb—but only pushed on the more eagerly toward the

place where our beacon-light was burning.—It seemed very far away, and I almost thought the longer we rode, the more distant it appeared. Still we kept on. At length we lost it. Harleigh, as well as I, had kept it hitherto in view; we had never, either of us, taken our eyes from it, so far. As we lost sight of it, an exclamation broke from the lips of each. But our horses seemed to know better than we; they had their instinct to guide them, which was an advantage over our simple sense of sight, which had just been put so completely at fault.—They seemed to increase their speed, as they proceeded through the storm, with the elements still warring around in unabated fury. Again we entered beneath the trees, and continued our way in almost utter darkness for a long time—a darkness only made visible at times by the faint gleam of the lightning, that barely penetrated the heavy, dense canopy of foliage overhead. And again we emerged from the trees upon the open mountain—to discern, to our infinite relief, the light we had lost, shining just before us, certainly not more than the distance of a quarter of a mile. It was only the trees that had hid it from us. Nearer we rode, and nearer; and presently saw by a bright flash of lightning, that now played less sharply, and for a longer time over the horizon, that we were approaching, as we had supposed, a farm-house, which we perceived to be of ample size, and comfortable appearance, and surrounded by well-fenced fields. It stood on the left of the path we pursued, from which a winding avenue led up to its porch, and there, shining from the windows, from which the curtains had been drawn, was the light which had guided us on. It was with feelings of relief, that we rode up to it from the road; and our horses gave once more a shrill neigh of pleasure as we dismounted before the door.

The sound of their voices seemed to have attracted the attention of the people within, even before we ourselves had taken measures to inform them of our proximity; for even as I raised the heavy brass knocker, in order to summon them, there was a sound within as of some one approaching, a sound audible without, despite the roar and rush of the storm, and the door was opened without delay.

It was evidently the master of the house that made his appearance; a tall, stout, good natured looking man, dressed in homespun, and bearing in his brown hand a lantern, which he swung aloft as he stepped out upon the sill, taking a quick survey of us and our condition, as the rays of its light fell upon us, with our drenched figures in the foreground, and the poor horses

with their glossy coats reeking, and their long manes streaming with rain, just behind.

He gave us hardly time to make known our petition for shelter and rest; exclaiming, as he beheld our situation:

"Well, that's too bad, I declare! Soaked through and through, and half dead, I'll be bound—good evening, sirs! Seem to be in a pooty bad plight. Come in—come in! Here you—Jack—Thomas!" and he turned his head towards a door on the left of the passage. "Here, you—somebody call Josh, and take care of these strangers' hosses!"

The door opened, as we stepped across the sill, letting out a stream of light and warmth from the farm kitchen, from which one or two stout lads were issuing. At the same moment there appeared around the corner of the house, a man, also evidently one of the "hands," buttoned up to the chin, and dripping with rain. It was "Josh" himself, a brown-haired, blue-eyed, freckled-faced specimen of humanity, with a broad, good-natured countenance, that expressed infinite pity at the sight of our condition, as he declared sympathizingly, that we were in "consid'able of a bad fix," and forthwith took our horses in hand. He had just been down to "see arter the critters" around the farm; and our poor beasts, drenched and weary, were straightway led off to be cared for by Josh, and share the abundant comforts that were supplied to the creatures belonging to this hospitable dwelling, in the shape of good food and warm shelter.

Meanwhile, our kind host led us into the kitchen, where a bright fire blazed on the broad hearth, and one or two of the help were stirring about; the two lads whom we had noticed, having taken themselves off to help Josh, with an activity and readiness that manifested the general prevalence of the spirit of hospitality which greeted us with such welcome warmth.

We had reason to be grateful for the welcome offered us so freely; but it was with reluctance that we saw the inconvenience to which we were likely to put the kindly dwellers in this hospitable place. We expressed our gratitude to our host for his warm-hearted reception, and begged that we might put him to no further trouble on our account. But he seemed to be ignorant of such a thing as inconvenience. In an instant he had caused the kitchen table to be drawn out, while the two girls proceeded to lay the cloth; and then, lighting a lamp, he signified his desire that we should follow him up stairs to exchange a portion of our wet clothing for some dry.

We demurred from this; merely requesting

the favor of permission to dry our garments as we stood before the kitchen fire. But he urged that there was no necessity for this. We followed him, therefore. In our portmanteau, the oil-skin covering of which the rain had failed to penetrate, we had a supply of dry linen. Conducted to a chamber, our host soon supplied us with other articles of attire, chiefly belonging to himself and his sons, whom we found to be the lads who had accompanied Josh to see after the comfort of our beasts. We accepted this provision with thanks, and afterwards returned with our host to the kitchen, where the wet clothing we had removed was hung before the fire to dry, and we were seated before a well-furnished table, and requested cordially to make ourselves "to hum." It scarcely need be said that we did so. An ample meal, added to the glow and warmth surrounding us, dissipated the utter wretchedness of the preceding hour. When we had finished, our host conducted us to a pleasant parlor, on the other side of the passage, which, though no other occupant than ourselves appeared, gave tokens by the feminine belongings—books, sewing and knitting-work piled in a basket, on a workstand by the hearth—of the presence of one of the gentler sex.

This person, we soon found, was the sister of our host, who, he informed us, had gone to see a room prepared for us. She appeared presently, and welcomed us as cordially as though we had been neighbors instead of strangers. The kindness that met us on every side, we could not sufficiently appreciate. An hour passed away in cheerful conversation around the hearth, during which time we gave our warm-hearted host and hostess some information regarding ourselves, and our business in that part of the country, imparting it freely, though they asked us no questions, judging it to be but right that they should know something of the strangers whom they so nobly entertained. We were shortly joined by the farmer's two sons, bright and intelligent lads, of seventeen and nineteen years of age—boys still, though nearly as tall as their father.

No mother joined our fireside group. She was dead. They showed us the next morning where she lay—down under the willows, by the stream that flowed around the mountain-side at the foot of the farm-garden.

A little while, and our number broke up. Harleigh and I retired to the room prepared for us, just as the storm, with its evanescent fury spent, was clearing off to the northwest. The moon was shining soft and fair over the whole landscape before we slept.

The next morning the sun rose gloriously and without a cloud. An early hour saw us ready to resume our way, returning earnest thanks to our worthy entertainers for their hospitality, of which we afterwards took opportunity to express our sense in a more substantial way. Though the first, it was not our last visit there; Harleigh and I have visited the place more than once since, and always met with a welcome as warm as that which greeted us on that memorable night of which I have written.

A VOLUBLE DRUNKEN MAN.

If there be one sight in the world more supremely ridiculous—perhaps even more ridiculous than saddening—it is that of a voluble drunken man. Such an one we saw the other day, reclining on his elbow, within two feet of the end of the wharf, off from which had he fallen he would assuredly have been drowned. On being asked what he was doing there, he replied: "None o' your business; wish I was an Indian!—that's all I hope! My uncle wanted me to go up to Round-Hampton, North-hill brandy-and-water-cure office! Ha! ha! ho! ho! Ketch me at *that*. Miz'able place—miz'able!" "Where do you live, and what is your business?" "I'm living *here*, just at present—ha! ha! ha!—and my business is a lawyer." "Do you practise?" "Not at present; did last week; case of assault, with attempt to batter; got beat by a miz'able pet-pet-PET-ifogger!" Poor fellow!—*Bee*.

PHYSICIANS AS EVIDENCE.

In the trial of Ira Stout, at Rochester, N. Y., for the murder of Mr. Luitles, the testimony of physicians sent by the coroner to examine the prisoner in his cell, for the purpose of obtaining evidence against him, was offered, but objected to, as coming under the statute of New York which excludes the evidence of a physician relative to matters of confidence with his patient. There was a difference of opinion among the judges, as to whether the testimony should be allowed, but the majority were for a liberal construction of the law, and sustained the objection, on the ground that the prisoner had reason to believe that the physicians came to him to administer for his relief, and that therefore the district attorney was not at liberty to prove by them the condition in which they found him.

THINK OF IT!

How many of both sexes, from overloading their brains, and underworking their bodies, have sunk prematurely into their graves! How many have become tenants of lunatic asylums! How many the victims of chronic dyspepsia, and all manner of nervous disorders! What is the value of any conceivable amount of learning to him whose frame has become enfeebled and broken down by the intense and protracted labor of acquiring it? If the head has become the veriest storehouse of knowledge, of what use is it to the person, whose fingers are too feeble to turn the key! It is the bow of Ulysses, in the hands of the suitors.—*Medical Journal*.

A DISPUTE BETWEEN MEN OF HONOR.

The pleasant satirical "Pickwick papers" furnish the following amusing description of a dispute between two young gentlemen of honor, which seems to have been conducted with much spirit on both sides.

The belligerents vented their feelings of mutual contempt for some time in a variety of frownings and sneerings, until at last, the scorbatic youth felt it necessary to come to a more explicit understanding on the matter, when the following clear understanding took place.

"Sawyer," said the scorbatic youth, in a loud voice.

"Well, Noddy," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"I should be very sorry, Sawyer," said Mr. Noddy, "to create any unpleasantness at my friend's table, and much less at yours, Sawyer—very; but I must take this opportunity of informing Mr. Gunter that he is no gentleman."

"And I should be very sorry, Sawyer, to create any disturbance in the street in which you reside," said Mr. Gunter, "but I'm afraid I shall be under the necessity of alarming the neighbors by throwing the person who has just spoken out of the window."

"What do you mean by that?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

"What I say," replied Mr. Gunter.

"I should like to see you do it, sir," said Mr. Noddy.

"You shall *feel* me do it in about half a minute, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"I request that you'll favor me with your card, sir?" said Mr. Noddy.

"I'll do nothing of the kind, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"Why not, sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

"Because you'll stick it up over your chimney-piece, and delude your visitors into the false belief that a gentleman has been to see you, sir," replied Gunter.

"A friend of mine shall wait on you in the morning," said Mr. Noddy.

"Sir, I'm very much obliged to you for the caution, and I'll leave particular directions with the servants to lock up the spoons," replied Mr. Gunter.

At this point the remainder of the guests interposed, and remonstrated with both parties on the impropriety of their conduct, on which Mr. Noddy begged to state that his father was quite as respectable as Mr. Gunter's father, and that his father's son was as good a man as Mr. Gunter, any day in the week.

As this announcement seemed the prelude to a re-commencement of the dispute, there was another interference on the part of the company; and a vast quantity of talking and clamoring ensued, in the course of which Mr. Noddy gradually allowed his feelings to overpower him, and professed that he had ever entertained a devoted personal attachment toward Mr. Gunter. To this Mr. Gunter replied, that, upon the whole, he rather preferred Mr. Noddy to his own brother. On hearing which admission, Mr. Noddy magnanimously rose from his seat, and proffered his hand to Mr. Gunter. Mr. Gunter grasped it with affecting fervor; and everybody said that the dispute had been conducted in a manner which was highly honorable to both parties.

GRIEF AND SMILES.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

I have a smiling face, she said,
I have a jest for all I meet,
I have a garland for my head,
And all its flowers are sweet,—
And so you call me gay, she said.

Grief taught to me this smile, she said,
And Wrong did teach this jesting bold;
These flowers were plucked from garden-bed
While a death chime was tolled—
And what now will you say?—she said.

Behind no prison gate, she said,
Which slurs the sunshine half a mile,
Are captives so uncomfortable,
As souls behind a smile.
God's pity let us pray, she said.

TURNING THE TABLES:

—OR,—

HAPPY IN SPITE OF ONE'S TEETH.

A LOVE TEST FOR THE LADIES.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

"WELL; and in the next place?"

"I am ashamed to own it, even to you, Laura—certainly, to any other person the tortures of the inquisition couldn't wring it from me—Laura, I am five years older than William Lawton."

"Most enormous discrepancy in age. I would laugh at you, only you look so grave and serious. Why, my husband is all of twenty years older than I am, and where will you find a happier couple?"

"Ay, but the difference—"

"The difference between tweedle dum and tweedle dee. I thought you had too much mind of your own to dwell upon any such subject as that."

"I can't help it; five years is not much now, but fifteen or twenty years hence, when he will be in the very prime and vigor of his manhood, and I—ugh! I shudder to think of it. If the difference was on his side, if he was ten, fifteen, or even twenty years my senior, I should rather like it. I think under any and every circumstance a man should have the advantage of his wife in point of years. There are certain experiences and phases in a man's life which must be encountered before he is prepared to be a good and faithful husband. Say what they like of the temptations of woman, those of man are ten to her one. Look at the unequal matches that have come under our own observation. There are the Moretons, for instance—a reflex of my future,

should I be mad enough to marry William Lawton—Mr. Moreton, in the very strength and vigor of his manhood, fond of excitement, fond of gaiety, fond of society—the very life of any company he may chance to be in—see the admiration he excites; see how he is courted and fêted, and petted by women of all grades and ages; why they seem to ignore the very existence of a wife's claims upon his time and affections, and all because she happens to be old and broken down, and too feeble to enjoy the style of boisterous amusements which he seems to relish. Why, Laura, if I was in that woman's place I should grow mad—I should grow wicked—I should do something horrible. It is hard enough to bear now, William's sometimes deferential attentions to other women—hard enough when I have no claim upon them—but if he was my husband I could not bear them. I must have all or nothing; so you see yourself how impossible it is that I should ever become the wife of William Lawton."

"You are making mountains out of molehills, Mary; trying to be frightened at shadows. What you say about the Moretons might happen to the best regulated of matches. It is the difference in their dispositions, not in their ages. Mr. Moreton, as you say, is full of happy, wholesome, ardent life; Mrs. Moreton is miserably jealous, passes her whole spare time in inventing torments for him, and in trying to defeat his schemes for happiness. She is one of the, fortunately, few specimens of our sex who make a man disgusted with the word home. I have known them from their earliest marriage. I have watched the pertinacity with which he waited upon his wife's requirements, seen how he tried to win her into a love for his pleasures, and failing in that, to assimilate himself to hers; but finding everything unavailing, that the harder he tried to please her, the further he was from his purpose, he became tired at last and determined, at least, to please himself. If it were possible for us to look down through all the shams of life, into the secret heart, we should find the history of the Moretons no isolated one. But come, we have been talking from externals, let us talk from the heart; do you love William Lawton?"

"Laura, Laura, you are presuming too far, even for an intimate friend; that is my secret."

"O, very well, very well. I am your friend, too sincerely your friend to look upon you risking your happiness for a shadow, without giving my word of warning. I am older than you, Mary, and from circumstances which it is not necessary to name, have had large experience of life. Will

liam Lawton loves you now, deeply and well. It may not be his first love; most men of his age have had their apprenticeship to the tender passion; but if that love was met by you with a love as strong, as fond and as tender, if it was nurtured and cherished as man's love should be nurtured and cherished, it would be his last. I say this now, for it is the last time I shall ever speak to you upon the subject. Think upon it well, for the happiness of two lives depends upon your decision."

Her good friend was gone, and Mary Stetson was alone. In another parlor in the same hotel where Mary Stetson made it her home, sat a young man, evidently suffering greatly from that very uncomfortable and by no means desirable visitor, impatience. And a very handsome young man he was too, you would see that at once. He had splendid eyes; large, frank, wide-open eyes, that were gray when sunlight warmed them, and black by gaslight; eyes that you would have trusted, and have been willing to swear by, if occasion required it, and that you would have known were an index to a true and manly heart. There was a shadow in them now, and a wrinkle or two in the full, broad brow, which was not usually to be found there. He was very restless, too, seeming to have neither eyes nor ears for anything but a certain door leading into the great hall, which he evidently was anxious to see open.

"What a time she has been," he muttered to himself, flinging away the book he was pretending to read. "I could have done the business in half the time, got either a 'yes' or 'no,' confound it all, when women do get together—O, here you are, at last. Well?"

"Not too well, William," replied his visitor, dropping pettishly upon a lounge. "I have done the best I could for you, but she is so ridiculously sensitive to her age. Thirty, well it is no joking matter, but as I tell her, if you don't find any fault, I don't see why she need."

"Thirty? She don't begin to look so old as that. But what has that to do with it? She's handsome, clever, talented; all that a man need look for in a wife; besides, I love her, and deny it as she may, she loves me. O, you needn't smile, my vanity, you think it; you needn't. A man must be very stupid, and very unobservant if he do not find some method to sound the heart he prizes, to determine whether a woman loves him, or merely likes him. I have sounded her heart. I know there is a something in the way, some obstacle, without which, she would be most fond, most tender, most true. A wife to help and encourage her husband, to be a companion,

instead of a petted doll baby—a woman who, knowing herself to be in the right, would have strength enough of purpose to contest her opinions, and stick to them through thick and thin. That's the sort of woman I want for a wife. I don't expect an angel, and as for a few years, more or less—"

"If you will only argue with her in that way."

"I will. There is nothing else for it. Perhaps when she knows I am aware of her objection, I can laugh her out of it. I'll go now; she is in her parlor?"

"I left her there. Success to you."

"I say, can't you fling an old shoe after me, for luck? They say that's certain to bring success."

While Mrs. Fleurie and William Lawton, for he it was, as of course the reader is aware, were thus engaged in discussing Mary Stetson, she sat where her friend had left her, engrossed in the most perplexing thought.

Mary Stetson was an orphan, rich, well-born, highly educated, and a star in the highest circles of fashion. She was not by any means a beauty, yet her stately figure, her commanding presence, and a certain intellectual something, more easily understood than described, gave her a reputation for beauty which the real connoisseur would fail to detect. Her position in society, together with an unusual fascination of manner, made her many admirers, nor must it be supposed that she had reached the age of thirty, without formal proposals for her heart and hand. They were all rejected, of course, else I should not now be writing her haps and mishaps. Then came William Lawton to the city, and singularly enough, to board at the same hotel with herself. His position as a young lawyer of uncommon ability, his high breeding, and indisputable reputation, together with his handsome face and form, very shortly interested the select circle in which Mary Stetson moved, to an unusual degree. As Mrs. Fleurie used to say, more pretty girls were ready to fall at his feet or into his arms, if he would only open them wide enough, than you could shake a stick at; and it wasn't the girls alone— young widows, rich, elegant, and revelling in the best of this world's treasures, were equally emulous of sharing their substance with the handsome young lawyer. He was a sensible man, or all this devotion would in the end have made a fop of him. Mary Stetson was by no means the least to admire him. He was just the style of person she had often sought, but never found. He was so noble in principle, so manly in sentiment, not at all egotistic, as his great talent

might have warranted him in being, but open, frank, fearless in argument, never thinking it beneath his manhood to acknowledge an error if he discovered himself to be in one. All of this fed the admiration of Miss Stetson, until, after the companionship of two pleasant years, she made the discovery that William Lawton was considerably more to her warm woman's heart than a younger brother, the footing upon which they had stood. Then came the struggle. She would die before William should know she had given him her heart; ay, given it him unsolicited, there was the greater shame. What did she do? Why just what you or I, dear lady, would not have done unless we wanted to show our hand and call the game. Where she had been frank, tender and sisterly, she grew as cold as if she was engaged by contract to do the freezing for the whole city; where she had been accustomed to meet him with a warm clasping of heart and hand, she now recognized him only by the stately of her stately courtesies. William Lawton was not the man to let this state of things continue long. He insisted upon seeing her alone, and having accomplished that almost impossible feat, burst into such a torrent of eloquence, impulse and love, that before he left her, drawing her to him, and looking through her eyes straight down into her betrayed heart, he won a womanly confession, which, weak as it was, called forth from him many an answering vow, and quite as many kisses as there was any occasion for under the circumstances. A happier man never lived, for the next few weeks, than was William Lawton. He was an engaged man—engaged to the only woman he could ever hope to love, and never was astonishment more apparent than when his betrothed came to him with tears in her eyes, begging him to cancel the engagement. It was her thirtieth birthday. Twenty-nine had not seemed so terrible many years; but thirty! the best of a woman's life was gone at thirty. She dwelt upon it, until it became a monomania with her, yet her sense of the ridiculous was so strong that she dared not tell him. There was an obstacle to their union—that was the only consolation she would give him. Thus matters stood when he enlisted Mary's friend, Mrs. Fleurie, in his behalf. The reader already knows the result of her mission.

When William Lawton reached Mary's parlor, he found the door slightly ajar, sufficiently so as to admit of his seeing without being seen. He had no intention of listening, he was too much of a man for that; but the hope which had held him up in Mrs. Fleurie's presence, deserted him as he approached his sweetheart's presence.

Mary had risen, and was standing at the pier glass, gazing intently upon her face. Not a wrinkle, not the faintest semblance of a crow's-foot, not the smallest apology for a silver thread among her dark braids. The fresh, earnest face she gazed upon might have been twenty instead of thirty, so smooth and unworn as it was. And well it might be fresh. Until now, no great emotion had swept the blue veins into knots on that fair forehead; no scathing passion had left its place upon that rounded cheek.

"Still," she murmured in her determination to be unhappy, "it might have been. Shall I, old woman that I am, chain his bright, fresh manhood to my age and wrinkles? It would be all very well now, but ten years hence he would despise me; he would accuse me, and with reason, of using my extra judgment to fascinate his reason."

"No, no, no! By heaven you wrong me. What are years to love? Because you happened by accident to be born a few years before me, I must suffer for it. O, Mary! my Mary! don't, don't let any such foolish impression part us. Trust me—"

But "my Mary" was not in a trusting humor. It isn't the pleasantest thing in the world to be caught bemoaning our own deficiencies, even by a stranger; what must it be then when one's own lover is the intruder?

"Well, sir?" she said, looking straight into his face, her own blazing with indignation.

"Don't, Mary; I can't talk to you when you look like that. I was a listener by accident, not by design. You know what I would say—that nothing ever could make me lose my respect, my dear love for you."

"Your love! The love of a boy for his first plaything. A penny whistle would reconcile you to my loss. Try it."

When Mary looked up again, the room was empty, and her lover gone.

"Well, I have done it now," she muttered, discontentedly. "He never will come back. I had no business to ridicule him, at any rate. He loves me—I am sure of that—and O, if I could only overcome this horrible idea of being older than he, of being a laughing stock hereafter, as Mrs. Moreton is, I should love him more dearly I think than ever woman loved man. I will try. I will even ask him to forgive me for my rudeness. If he loves me as he says he does, one little transgression won't turn his heart." And so talking, while preparing herself for tea, she quite reasoned herself into the belief that all would yet end for the best.

Can any of my lady readers fancy for a mo-

ment why Mary Stetson took especial and peculiar pleasure in getting herself up on the most tasteful and elegant scale for this particular night's tea? Or why, now that she had irrevocably offended her lover, in fact so deeply offended him that only humiliating concession could win back his allegiance, that she felt happier, and more relieved in mind than she had for many previous months? I am afraid, intellectual and self-centred as she was, there was a small bit of the coquettish element in her incomparable nature.

"That will do, Jane; you can leave me."

Do! I should think it would do. Look at her as she stands there, training the last, and indeed only ringlet, through a refractory braid, that it may fall gracefully around her dainty little ear. How sweetly that low-cut lining lilac tissue harmonizes with the soft bloom on cheek and lip. Through the fleecy net work of tissue you can just see the rising and falling of a bust white as Parian marble. Don't mistake me. Mary Stetson is a pure, good, true woman. She would be the last to resort to indelicate means for the accomplishment of her purposes, but she cannot control the heart-throbs, whose pulsations leap up into light with every breath. Tiers of cloud-like flounces waving with every breeze add new grace to her willowy form, giving it a freshness and piquancy not at all to be looked for in one of her much-bemoaned years. Even herself, standing there counting up the charms her mirror presented, began to wonder what had become of the last ten years which had shone so formidably from her anxious face only twenty-four hours ago.

The sudden sounding of the gong warned her that time was up for reverie, and giving a last twirl to the refractory ringlet, she left her room for the supper table. A murmur of admiration reached her ear, as unattended, yet sufficient for herself, she swept gracefully down the room to where an obsequious waiter stood, chair in hand, ready to serve her. For the first time in many months, Lawton's chair at her side was vacant. A fresh, ringing laugh, so out of place at that elegant and aristocratic board, attracted, not alone her attention, but the attention of every person present. And O, horror of horrors! by the side of the brightest, gayest, blithest little specimen of blonde beauty that eye ever saw or heart ever dreamed of, sat the truant lover, William Lawton. For one half moment Miss Stetson lost her self possession; it was but for a half moment. Then, coolly and critically surveying the pretty stranger, she continued her supper as if nothing had happened.

I do not, however, judging from my own experiences of youthful folly, think Miss Stetson relished the piquancy of that gay, girlish laugh so greatly as the rest of the boarders seemed to. It was so infectious, too, brimming over into the midst of that august crowd like a bubbling fountain into a shadowed lake. Everybody seemed to like it, and to catch it up in crisp gushes; dignity wilted down under it like an icicle under a sunbeam; staid matrons unbent from their frosty stateliness, and gave signs of human animation, while young ladies, girls who had been trained to subdue every approach of youthful effervescence, only waited the chance for an introduction, that they too might for once in their lives indulge in a good lung-reviving, heart-cheering laugh. They were not long in accomplishing their aim—youth and innocence are passports anywhere—and it was not long before Nettie Gray became the most popular of all the popular young belles at the far-famed W—— House. Sweet Nettie Gray! she is married now, and her "by-low-baby-bunting" is considered a marvel of musical excellence by the sturdy pioneer who calls her "wife;" but even at this late day, there is more than one disconsolate old bachelor in Boston who has a vivid and melancholy remembrance of the beautiful blonde who for one brief month glittered, the brightest sunbeam that ever shone, across their now desolate track.

Nettie was no coquette, but she did so like that everybody should love her. Having no mother living, and often out of the jurisdiction of her father, she had brought herself up, and now stood upon the bridge which parts the child from the woman, with just as few faults in her nature as could be found in that of the best regulated and most carefully educated girl. Her life had been all sunshine, and only that her natural instincts were of the purest and most sensitive kind, she must have been irretrievably spoiled by the injudicious petting of all connected with her. When tea was over, Mary learned all there was to know from Mrs. Fleurie, one of those penny-post women, although a harmless one of the sort, of whom every popular hotel has a specimen. She was really fond of Mary, and had a most exalted opinion of William Lawton, and it annoyed her beyond measure to see her friend rejecting the happiness she knew was so desirable for her to obtain.

"Now you'll see," she exclaimed, rising in a pet from the sofa, after a long explanation regarding Nettie Gray.

"Nettie Gray is just as sweet as a pink; so fresh, so unaffected—you can see that—there is

no acting about her. And do you think William Lawton hasn't eyes like other men; and senses to be entranced, and reason to be influenced? Why even I, a woman, am half infatuated with her. If you could only have seen her in the parlor this evening, after tea, you wouldn't be quite so certain of Master Lawton's allegiance to you. And she, with her fresh, country face, and country manners, among all those worldly and artificial women—why, I could think of nothing but a single rosebud in a bouquet of dahlias."

"You are enthusiastic."

"I am more than that—I am truthful. The gentlemen are perfectly infatuated with her. When I came out, not one of them had left the parlor. You would have thought she had known them all her life the way she chatters with them."

"Rather bold, I should think, for a young girl."

"Not a bit of it. There's the charm. A gentleman would as soon think of taking a liberty with his friend's wife or sister, as with her. She bears the word 'innocence' in every feature of her lovely face. Why the man would be a fiend who could think an impure thought with those clear, frank eyes looking straight up into his face."

"Well, if you won't look out for your own interest, I can't; so there."

"But if Mr. Lawton's fancy has been taken by a fresh, young—"

"Young! bah! I'm sick of it. You ought to have a strait jacket, to be made to secure your own happiness in spite of your teeth. I'm not going to speak to you again of William Lawton. I'm sorry for him; as for you, you deserved to lose him, and you will, too, if you don't change your tactics."

Mrs. Fleurie flaunted out of the room in a violent rage. This was the end of her match-making, was it; and between the most eligible parties in the country? She didn't care if he did make a match with little Nettie Gray; only Nettie could only cling to him, she couldn't strengthen him as Miss Stetson could. William Lawton met her at her parlor door, his face in a perfect flush of excitement.

"Bad," thought Mrs. Fleurie, but she only said, "How came you acquainted with Nettie?"

"She is my cousin; her mother and my mother were sisters. It wouldn't be a bad match, eh? Only her father don't like the idea of cousins marrying."

"I should think not. And Miss Stetson?"

"I am off in that quarter—tired, worn out. But say, isn't Nettie a beauty?"

"You are not sincere, William Lawton; you are talking merely for talk's sake. Come, I see by your face, there is something to tell. What is it? Haven't I always been your friend?"

"Yes, but—"

"Not a very successful one, eh?"

"Well, then, the matter stands just here. I need not tell you how long and how well I have loved Mary Stetson. My protracted siege has shown that. I am going to try once more, and for the last time. If I do not succeed, I will marry Nettie Gray, cousin or no cousin. Now what I want of you is to keep my secret. Don't let Mary know that Nettie is my cousin; make her think I am desperately smitten with her, and then if she has a woman's heart, she will be sure to show it."

"Isn't that a dangerous experiment? You know how severe she is upon all deception."

"I can't help it. It is the last chance; the forlorn hope, if I lose that, go all. I'll try no more. I am ashamed of my manhood, as it is."

"No man need ever be ashamed of loving a good woman, even if the love is not returned. However, I'll do my best for you."

William went at once from Mrs. Fleurie to Miss Stetson; but the latter lady received him with such haughty disdain, such cold, cutting sarcasm that his visit was of the shortest possible duration. All that long evening, and for many evenings after, soft gushes of song, or wilder bursts of laughter came in detached echoes to the lonely chamber of Mary Stetson. In vain Mrs. Fleurie stormed and fretted, in vain depicted to her the progress her lover was making in Miss Nettie's affection—she would not leave her solitude. No, the society was too young for her; she had no taste for such frivolity. She did not believe in Mrs. Fleurie's declaration that William Lawton had eyes and ears only for Nettie.

"He has loved me," she used to say, in extenuation of her doubts. "He has loved me; he would never be satisfied with the companionship of that frivolous child. They are trying to delude me, but I will turn the tables on them yet."

But the weeks went on, and all at once came a shock which sent the blood from her face back upon her heart. William Lawton and Nettie Gray were to be married. No warning of the shock, no preparation for the great disclosure. Lawton came to her himself, leading by the hand his tiny bit of a betrothed. She could recognize him now; she could be his friend, now that he had placed far away all chance to annoy her by his love. She could afford to be his com-

panion again, allowing him to sit by her and read to her as he used to when he so vainly annoyed her by an unwelcome suit.

"But your betrothed (with a scornful curl of the lip), wont she be jealous?"

"O, dear, no," the little midget answering for herself, "not in the least. He told me how it would be from the first. Of course, if you loved him—"

"Nettie! Nettie!"

"Well, don't snub me before her. I believe you do it on purpose to make her think you can do as you please with me. O, what a love of a picture! Is that you?"

"It was." Miss Stetson's voice was so stern and severe that Nettie turned to look at her.

"I didn't annoy you, I hope. I do things sometimes which are not polite, because I don't know any better. I didn't expect it was like you now. I could see you were a good deal older—"

"Nettie!"

"Do let me be. I think you have taken a pinch out of my arm. If that's loving, I beg to be excused. That isn't the way he acts when he is alone with me. I'd tire of him short metre if it was. I'm not used to be scolded, and so he'll find when I'm his wife. If you've got over it—over his jilting you for me, I mean—you'll come and see us married."

Miss Stetson's face was livid with passion. With an impetuous wave of the hand, and a stamp of the pretty foot, she ordered them from the room. The last sound she caught, was, "Well, she's a polite one, I don't think;" but if she could have caught the musical laugh, half smothered in a pocket handkerchief as it was, her ideas of sudden infatuations would have been wonderfully brightened.

"He to marry that simpering chit of a girl. He that has loved me. That he never shall and I live to see it. But how is it to be accomplished? I cannot change my course all at once, and there are now only ten days to the wedding. What can William be thinking of? Why he would be disgusted with her in a week. And this is the fresh country girl who is turning the heads of all the men in the house. Fool that I have been; I'll dress for the parlor; I will show them the difference between a silly, simpering country girl, and a woman of mind and education. No, it is not egotism, it is no shame to acknowledge one's own talent. Yes, I will give him a chance to judge between her and me."

Miss Stetson was as good as her word, but somehow she seldom came in contact with Nettie Gray. There had been a new arrival, a young

man with whom she seemed wonderfully intimate, and who appropriated a large share of her society. After a few evenings, matters took their old course, and William Lawton was once more a privileged visitor in Miss Stetson's parlor. But the evening for his marriage with Nettie was fast approaching, and as yet no further explanations had been vouchsafed on either side, than that it was to be so, and that no mortal power could prevent it.

"If you had only shown me your heart before it was too late, Mary, all this anguish might have been spared."

I don't know what was the answer of Mary; I only know that when her woman's heart had given way sufficiently for her to hide her tears on his bosom, the door opened, and Miss Nettie stalked in, in tears and disordered tresses. She looked very like as if she had been indulging in a good cry on somebody's bosom.

"I can't stand it, and I don't see why I should. I love him too well to lose him, and if this isn't cut right off just where it is, it will be worse for us all, now mind." Nettie, sobbing with every word, was not too intelligible, but Mary was at no loss to understand what her words aimed at.

"You love him! you—a bread-and-butter school girl—a childish, capricious, uninformed pet, who knows just enough to cry for a lost toy. Why, I love him more in one moment than you could in all the strength of your years. Ay, I don't mind saying here, or anywhere, in fact, I love him; I might never have known how well, but for this fatal, this ridiculous engagement."

"Yes, that was what he said, but I don't see as it is one bit nearer than it was before; and, good gracious! in two days we are to be married; and I do believe he will marry me."

"He mustn't."

"That's just—"

"I say he mustn't. You are not fitted for each other. You are no companion for him. You would be unhappy, and so would he. Unhappy!—yes, miserable—miserable."

"What are you talking about?"

"I know you like him now—any young girl would like him—but in a month, you'll forget such a person ever lived."

"You had better not tell my Harry so, for he is jealous now as he can live; besides, he wouldn't believe anyhow."

"Your Harry?"

"Yes; why, yes—that's what the trouble is all about. O, you needn't make me any signs, Mr. Lawton; the secret has either got to come out, or my head has got to come off, one or the other. O, Harry is so ferociously angry."

"I don't understand—"

"Of course you don't; but you have got to understand, and then if you don't strike while the iron's hot, I'm not to blame. You see, William is my cousin; but Harry says cousins are just as bad as anybody else. Well, he sent for me, promising to take the best of care of me, and when I got here, what should he tell me, but that I was to pretend being in love with him, just to try a certain other lady whom he believed loved him, and whom he loved best of anything else in the world? Well, it was all very fine for a time; but you was as cool as a cucumber—didn't give in a grain, no matter how hard he flirted. But the zest of the story is, Harry came home just in the midst of it, and to his great consternation, found me engaged, positively engaged to another—no matter if that other was my cousin—you must own it looked rather dark."

"Well—yes—but—"

"But the worst is to come. I had made it all right with Harry; he saw the joke, and enjoyed it heartily as any one; he didn't enjoy it long, for this nice cousin of mine, in one of his tantrums, came rushing in where I was sitting at the piano, and before I knew what he was about, kissed me—actually kissed me. I shouldn't have minded that, but Harry caught him at it. Gracious! but wasn't there a scene—"

"Nettie, Nettie, you have done for me."

"I can't help it; if I hadn't, Harry would have done for me. It was all on your account—the kiss; he thought you were giving in—softening like, and he had hopes you would come to before the wedding day. There, the mischief is out; you may as well commence killing me as soon as possible. O, dear, how white! O, William, catch her—she is fainting!"

But Miss Stetson was not fainting. For a moment, the consciousness of the deception which William had practised upon her, aroused all the indignation of her nature; but the next, love grew triumphant. She thought of all he had borne for her, her rudeness, her exacting caprice, and the intolerant mania which had so nearly separated them.

"Come," said Nettie, smiling through the traces of her tears, "decide quickly; I'm not so sure I won't marry him now if you continue obstinate. Good gracious, there's Harry now, walking past your door. Do say yes. Come, I've tried to make you happy, in spite of your teeth, as Mrs. Fleurie says, and Harry never will forgive that kiss unless he knows for a certainty it was meant for some one else."

"Yes, come, Mary; we all know your heart says yes."

"You, too, Mrs. Fleurie?"

"Yes, me, too. Confess we have rather turned the tables on you."

"O, dear, Harry looks very savage."

"Well, then, you don't quite deserve being forgiven all at once, William; but I suppose it is all for the best."

"Yes, indeed, all for the best."

"I can only say you shall never regret your confidence in me, if you should live to the age of—"

"No more of that, William, if you love me."

"It is all right, Harry; come in. All friends here. You needn't be afraid of him; he is a bluff sort of a fellow, but perfectly harmless unless he's jealous. Instead of my marrying Cousin William, day after to-morrow, we will all be married together, and go to the Falls for a honey moon."

"Shall it be so, Mary?"

"I resign my commission. I am out-generalled. Do with me as you think best; I will leave the decision to Mrs. Fleurie."

"To me? Good! Then I order the double wedding to take place soon as possible, before somebody I could name changes her mind. You can't say now that I haven't made you happy in spite of your teeth."

And so she had. William Lawton and Mary Stetson have been married ten years, and Mary is forty; but to see the happy, contented face, shining forever in her husband's home, you would never think of pronouncing her more than thirty.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY IN HORTICULTURE.

In a late number of the *Emporio Italiano*, a description is given of the discovery of a new process by an Italian florist in Aricia, by which it is asserted that delightful fragrance may be bestowed upon plants naturally inodorous. In order to attain this object the roots are covered with fragrant manures. Thus with a decoction of roses the discoverer has been enabled to give the rhododendron the perfect fragrance of the rose. In order to secure a successful result, it is necessary to treat the seeds of the plant to which it is desired to give fragrance. They are steeped two or three days in the required essence, then dried in the shade, and shortly afterwards are sown. If it is desired to change the natural odor of the plant for one more agreeable or more desirable, the strength of the essence is doubled or tripled, and a change must be made in the nutrition of the plant. In order to make the artificial odor permanent, the plant must be sprinkled and dampened with the essence several days in the spring for two or three years. And thus, also, it is said, a gardener may at his pleasure cause different plants or trees to share their odors with each other, by boring through the stalk, or trunk, or root, an opening into which to pour the fragrant ingredients.

LIFE'S DAY.

BY G. CHAUNCEY BURE.

O, come in life's MORNING,
Be glad at the dawning,
Why list to the warning
Of time's future storms?

The NOONTIME approaches!
Its sorrow encroaches,
On hearts it reproaches
With useless alarms.

The EVENING is falling;
Old age is appalling—
Eternity calling,
How solemn and loud!

NIGHT! night is oppressing!
Poor life is distressing,
God, grant us thy blessing,
For thou art our aid.

THE IRON MASK.

BY JAMES COGSWELL.

THE morning of the twenty-eighth of May, 1686, rose bright and lovely, on the green hills of France, shedding the splendor of a new-born summer over her fair fields and pleasant vineyards. The pretty isle of St. Marguerite lay like an emerald on the blue waters, and its one castellated tower was flooded with sunshine. A boat lay at the landing-place, almost in the very shadow of the tower, the wet oars gleaming like silver, and its clean, white deck sprinkled here and there with the spray.

The moment she touched the rocks, three men stepped from her to the rude stairs that were cut in the low sea wall that surrounded the island, and made their way to the tower. One of these men was well known to the boatmen, as Monsieur de Saint Mars, the governor of the castle of Pignerol, from whence the little vessel had brought him and his companions to St. Marguerite, as governor of the tower. The others were unknown. One of them was of a most noble and commanding figure, the regal dignity of which would have distinguished him in the most humble dress. But this man wore a kingly garb, rich and magnificent enough for an especial court costume. The finest linen and the most superb lace were visible, and his buttons were all of the finest gold, with the letter M. engraved on each. A short cloak fastened at the throat by a diamond clasp, protected him from the fresh breeze from the water. The one ungloved hand, soft and fine as a lady's, though somewhat brown in color, wore an immense dia-

mond ring upon the third finger. The hair, long and wavy, was of a bright chestnut hue, and fell down upon the collar of a rich Genoa velvet that adorned his cloak.

But the face belonging to this noble looking figure was scrupulously concealed by a black velvet mask, which left not even the space between the cheek and ear visible. It was evident that M. de Saint Mars, although he exhibited the most profound respect towards this personage, was narrowly watching him, and continued to do so, until they were safe in the tower of St. Marguerite.

Here, a magnificent apartment, furnished with every convenience, and arranged with the utmost taste, awaited the prisoner—for prisoner he must surely be, who required such unceasing watch and guard. Books, flowering shrubs and paintings adorned the apartment, and a splendid guitar lay on the table, showing that he was no common prisoner. The third of these persons was evidently only a servant to the prisoner, and while busy about his person, was subjected to the same restraint and confinement; for after a respectful inquiry whether the masked person was comfortable and pleased with his new situation, M. de Saint Mars left the room, locking the door upon both. After the servant had performed his required services, he rang a silver bell, and was let out by the governor himself, but never allowed to leave the castle, or to have communication with any person within it, save Saint Mars.

Louis XIII., the son of Henry IV. and Maria de Medici, ascended the throne of France, in 1610, after the murder of his father. His mother was declared regent, and guardian to her son; but forming a party for herself, and allying herself with Spain, France was soon made the seat of dissension and civil disturbances, and she was banished. In the height of these disturbances, Louis married a Spanish princess. There was but one bar to the happiness of this union, and this was, year after year it remained childless.

In one of the excursions of the king to the mountains, he entered into conversation with two herdsmen, whose wisdom, and the simplicity of their manners, deeply engaged his attention. Finding that they possessed some knowledge of astrology, Louis invited them to give him some proof of their powers, which he would realize in his own person. They complied, by predicting that to the throne of France within the year, would be born twin-heirs, who would occasion civil wars which would convulse the kingdom.

Long and deeply, Louis pondered on this strange and unlikely prediction. His union with the queen had already lasted over twenty-one years, and it required a strong faith on his part, to believe the mysterious prophecy. The more he pondered, however, the more he began to lay down rules for his own conduct, should the prediction be verified. And he, at length, came to the cruel and unwarrantable decision, that should the event take place, the second born should be secretly removed, and his existence never be revealed, except to the person or persons who must, necessarily, be aware of the fact.

So much for the appropriateness of his title as Louis the Just! No wonder that his biographers cannot discover why this surname should have been applied to him!

Of the rearing and training of this repudiated child of France, nothing is known, nor who supplied to his infancy and childhood the tender cares which should have been bestowed by the royal parents. The veil of impenetrable secrecy covers this part of his life, never to be revealed until the grave gives up its tremendous secrets, and brings alike king and peasant to the bar of Omnipotence.

All that is known is, that Louis XIV. was born on the fifth of September, 1638, twenty-two years after the marriage of his parents; and that thirty years afterwards, the "man with the Iron Mask," supposed privately to be his twin-brother, was carried with the greatest secrecy, to the castle of Pignerol, of which Saint Mars was governor, and thence he was conveyed, some time after, to the isle of St. Marguerite.

Whoever were the depositaries of this secret, must have been bound by the most solemn and awful oaths never to reveal it; otherwise the death of Louis XIII. happening so soon after the birth of the dauphin, might be supposed to have dissolved the shackles that bound the unfortunate prince, and placed him in his true position. We, of course, must assume that his age was five years, at the death of the king, his father.

The long summer days were passing away at Saint Marguerite. How wearily to him who lingered there, a prisoner, watched, guarded, yet addressed by a vain show of deference, that must have made its mockery apparent, we cannot know, but may faintly imagine. Who can tell how often the kingly blood mounted into that noble brow, and swelled the veins that beat wildly beneath the impenetrable mask! Or how the eagle heart, chained into silence, might sometimes weep at the "sound of all things free!"

"There went a swift bird singing past my cell,
O, love and freedom! ye are lovely things,
With you, the peasants on the hills may dwell,
And by the streams—but I, the blood of kings,
A proud, unmingling river, through my veins,
Flows in lone brightness, and its gifts are chains!"

Once, only, the prisoner—*Marthioli*, as he was called—received a visitor from the court of France. This was the minister of Louis XIV., Marquis Luvois, whom he received while on the island of St. Marguerite. The minister remained standing while in his presence, and addressed him with a deference due only to royal blood. Marthioli replied to him with his musical voice—that voice which could not be heard without the deepest emotion by the few who heard it, so deep, yet so soft and melodious in its accents. They who sailed upon the blue waters that surrounded the lovely isle, sometimes caught the sound of that voice, as it sang to the music of the guitar, and wondered from whence came those thrilling notes that floated on the night breeze in divinest melody.

Not like the exile of St. Helena, who, a century and a half afterwards, fretted and fumed out the hours of his captivity, did the noble prisoner of St. Marguerite murmur and complain of his lot. No sound of complaint ever issued from his lips, to those who guarded him with such jealous watchfulness. If his soul rebelled against the life-long wearing of the captive's chain, it was breathed to the blue sky or the silver stars alone.

One day, when Martel the servant was ill and unable to attend his master, the latter was left alone for many hours. Perhaps, even the absence of Martel might have made the moments of captivity seem more mournful, or weigh more heavily upon his spirit. None knoweth, for he never spoke to living ear the thoughts that pressed his soul in the hour of his solitary vigils. But at sunset, a boat was rocking over the water with a single oarsman, clad like a fisherman, and another figure in a long, gray robe, like a friar, and from the tower of St. Marguerite soft notes were sounding from a guitar, and a song of captivity floated on the breeze.

The fisherman lifted the shining blades from the water, and the setting sun made them glitter like molten gold in his rays, while he listened; and then the music ceased, and from the high window there fell down something that looked like a white, fleecy cloud, directly into the little boat. The fisherman took it up, and passed it respectfully to the friar, who saw that it was a roll of white linen, written all over with words in the Spanish language. He had scarcely, however, glanced across it, ere he was called by M. de Saint Mars, who had witnessed the pro-

ceeding from a window, and now appeared at the landing-place with every mark of terror and rage in his countenance, and reaching out his hand, bade the friar pass the roll of linen upon the oar blade. Hastily concealing it in his vest, he authoritatively ordered them to land, and follow him to an apartment in the castle. Here he detained them several hours, endeavoring to extract from them what they knew; nor did he suffer their departure, until the monk reiterated his assertion that he had not read a single word, and that even if he had done so, he did not understand the Spanish language. The fisherman declared his inability to read at all.

Saint Mars released them at last, after learning where he might find them again if necessary. At parting, he said to the fisherman: "Go—you are very fortunate in not knowing how to read." He was not afterward molested, but the poor old friar was found on the third day dead in his bed.

For twelve weary years, did the prisoner remain upon the island; but as if it were too much to bestow upon him the air and light of heaven, he was again removed, still closely masked to the horrible dungeons of the Bastille, of which Saint Mars was appointed governor. Here, a room, somewhat more tolerable than that of the other unhappy prisoners awaited him; but he was not permitted to cross the courts, and even to his physician he was not allowed to unmask. Indeed, from the first, orders had been given to take his life if he discovered himself. The beautiful hand was permitted to be extended for his inspection, but the face was never visible to the gaze of the physician.

Laborde, the confidential servant of the king, expressed a desire to discover the prisoner's real name and rank. The reply of Louis was: "I pity him, but his detention injures no one but himself, and has prevented greater misfortunes. You cannot know him."

Louis himself had attained his majority before the secret was made known to him, and it stands out a dark blot upon his character, that he did not restore the wretched man to freedom. Like Maturin's maniac, kneeling to her daughter on the cold flagstones in Dublin, he might have exclaimed—"Have ye no touch of nature in ye?"

Even at the last, that impenetrable mask was still closed over the face, which if shown, might have raised such a tempest in France, as would have caused a revolution more terrific than could be imagined among people even less impulsive than the French.

At ten o'clock, in the evening of November 18, 1703, the angel "who unlocks death's flower-

wreathed gate," unbarred the prison walls for the noble captive. God be thanked that neither "powers nor principalities" can bind the spirit! He died as he had lived—calm, quiet, uncomplaining—perhaps scorning to utter a word that would denote pain or suffering—perhaps joyful that the hour of deliverance was near.

With the jealous watchfulness which had guarded his life, his room was searched after his death for some trace which he might have left, leading to the secret, borne by him so long and so patiently. The walls of his room were rubbed and whitewashed to hide a chance pencil mark, and every article burned which had been used in his service. Even the tiles of the flooring were removed, lest a letter might have been placed beneath. Some light was supposed to have been thrown on the mystery, when at the destruction of the Bastille, July, 1789, a card was found, on which was written the number 64,389,000, an unintelligible cypher, and the following note—

"Fouquet arriving from the isle of Marguerite with an iron mask—" Afterwards *....*.... *...., and below "Kersadwin."*

Fouquet, was superintendent of finance, and was condemned to perpetual imprisonment by Louis XIV. in 1661. Whether the note is intended to show that Fouquet and the man with the Iron Mask are identical, or only that they were brought from the isle of Saint Marguerite together, has been a disputed point. There can be scarcely a question that the latter is the true statement, and that there is nothing else intended by the writer of the note.

On the twentieth day of November, 1703, the remains of the mysterious prisoner were committed to the earth in the cemetery of the church of St. Paul, by the name of Marthioli. His age was stated in the record of his decease, as five years younger than Louis—doubtless an intentional mis-statement.

*Leisure Hours of a French Patriot.

THE LESSON OF TRAVEL.

Toleration is the great lesson of travel. As, in a small way, a man may mortify spiritual pride, by strolling on Sunday in a western city from church to church, each of which is regarded by its sect as the true straight gate, so in a large way, is he benefited by wintering in Rome and then shipping at Naples for the east. For thus he learns the truth, emphasized with all magnificence, that neither upon this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, is the only spot of worship. In Rome, you have seen the pomp of the world's metropolis surrounding the Pope. In Damascus, the meanest beggar in the bazaar would spit upon the Pope with loathing.—*Eastern Travels.*

SUMMER.

BY LIEBIG MORSE.

Up and away! O, let us be roaming [ing,
Where the swift-footed stream o'er the gray rock is foam-
Flecking with gold where the sunbeams lay;
Up on the knolls the yellow flowers are blowing,
And the emerald grass in green tufts a-growing
O'er the hills where the lambs are at play.

The gentle south's all day a-breathing,
And the smell is sweet of trees a-breathing
With velvet leaves their limbs;
In the hedge the hawthorn flowers are waking,
And songs of the birds through its trees are breaking
With wild and thrilling hymns.

And mark where the grass is tall and green,
How the strawberry blows, like snow, are seen
Peeping out with starry eyes;
The young grain waves its silken hair
With sleepy songs on the hillside fair—
A shadow swift o'er the valley flies.

The silvery tinkling bells you'll hear,
From pastures borne to the drowsy ear,
And murmuring hum of the bee;
The butterflies wake with the golden hours,
And are floating about like winged flowers
Drifting through the azure sea.

Through the forest aisles you hear the hymns
Of birds and breezes 'mong the limbs,
And smell the swamp flower's breath;
A murmuring thrill runs through the pine,
That too has drunk of the southern wine,
And joyful woke from its wintry death.

THE CABIN BOY'S FATE.

BY JAMES FRANCIS ALCORN.

"BEAR a hand with that binnacle lamp, you confounded whelp!" exclaimed Mr. Evans, chief officer of the ship Harkaway, when on the eve of being relieved by his subordinate. "Here you've been for the last half hour a workin' on it, an' I don't see as it's a mite nigher trimmed now than then."

"I'm sure I'm doing my best, sir," said a bright, intelligent youth, not more than fourteen, who was the person addressed, and who held the not-very-much-to-be-envied position of cabin boy, under the steward above named.

A few minutes more, and the lamp was relit and placed in the binnacle by the interesting youth, who then sought the gruff chief mate and reported the completion of his task.

"So ye've got through at last, hev ye? I've more'n half a mind to make the second mate keep ye all next watch, jest to make up for ye're tarnal laziness."

"O, don't, sir, please."

"And why not, booby?"

"Because I'm so tired, sir; and have so much to do to-morrow."

"O, yes, some good excuse, I'll warrant. Well, you must be more spry about the things you undertake."

"I always do my best to please you, sir; but—" And the youth stopped short and burst into tears.

"But what? Come, stop bohooing and out with it."

"You are always angry, whatever I do."

"And you don't know the reason, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Well, 'tis because you never do anything as well, or as quickly as you might. Now be off with you; I can't have you whining and bellowing round here."

Thus urged, the poor boy turned, crouching away, and creeping back to his damp berth in the steward's state-room, was saluted by the latter with a volley of curses, not loud, but deep, as being the cause of depriving him of his rest.

"I could not help it, sir; indeed I could not!" sobbed the weeping boy.

"None o' your confounded lies to me, you lubber. D'y'e think I don't know nothing? You didn't trim that lamp, yesterday, an' you know it. And now, cuss yer picter! I must be roused out by that old boss of a mate, a trying to wake you. Mark my words, you've got to find some other place to hang your hammock after this night; I'm blowed if I'm going to be roused out for nothing every night."

"I trimmed the lamp, yesterday—indeed I did, Mr. Beals—and it wouldn't gone out to-night, if Mr. Evans had let it alone."

"Pshaw, boy! what did he do with it?"

"Harry Smith's at the wheel, an' he told me the mate took the lamp out the binnacle to light his cigar, and 'at the wind blew it out."

"Fudge! a likely story. Now I know better'n that; Mr. Evans is too good a sailor, an' knows too much to do such a trick as that. But turn in, turn in; I want to get asleep afore one bell." And as the meek subject of his displeasure obeyed him, he turned over in his berth and was fast asleep, long ere the former could still his throbbing heart, or choke down the anguish which found vent in deep sobbing.

Poor boy, how hard was his present lot, contrasted with that enjoyed during the greater portion of his existence, while the painful consciousness that the present was of his own choosing, and in opposition to the wishes of kind friends, but added to his mental torture. An orphan, he had no father's or mother's voice to guide him,

and fortune seemed to have cast him forth to struggle alone. His utter ignorance of ocean life oft proved the means of subjecting him to the displeasure of his superiors, who seldom hesitated to chastise him severely, thereby cramping his energy, smothering his ambition, and breaking down his natural independence; those very elements of mental organization so essential to his success.

The scene in which he is introduced to our readers is a fair illustration of his lot, rendered so bitter by the joint chastisement, reproaches, threats and accusations, which were showered upon him on all sides, none manifesting for him the least degree of sympathy, or the slightest shade of pity. Yet I have no desire to convey, by this assertion, the idea that all that ship's company were demons of cruelty. Far from it! It numbered as many humane men, perhaps, as any other crew afloat; men who, had they been placed on land, and surrounded by different associations, would doubtless have proved exemplary for their kindness towards their fellow-creatures, and as defenders of the weak and the oppressed. But in their present position, and surrounded by existing associations, it required some unusual manifestation of flagrant cruelty to arouse the dormant sympathies of their nature, or awaken their slumbering pity. Nay, in many instances, they even added their chidings to those of the most austere of his superiors, and accusing him of stupidity, inadvertently aided in crushing him.

Could they have placed themselves in his position for a brief period, how readily would they have afforded him the sympathy he so much needed, and by its cheering influence enabled him to battle successfully with the difficulty which environed him. But no such fortune was in store for him. He must toil on, unloved and unpitied, with no hope to cheer him during the dreary period which must elapse ere his foot again pressed the soil of his native land, and he was released from thralldom.

"Steward!" exclaimed Captain Hardy, one morning, a few days after the scene described in the commencement of our sketch.

"Did you call me, sir?" demanded that worthy, entering the cabin from the pantry.

"Yes. I wish to know if you found anything on the transom, yesterday?"

"Anything on the transom, sir?" responded the steward, confusedly.

"Yes. Did you observe nothing on the transom, yesterday?"

"No—no, sir—that is, nothing but the books, and things usually there."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes sir." And the speaker turned red and white alternately, betraying an unusual degree of confusion.

"Who dusted the transom yesterday?" demanded his interrogator, somewhat sternly, regarding him with evident suspicion.

"Willard, sir, he always does."

"Ah, true; I remember, now, I was present a portion of the time he was so engaged."

"Why, sir; is anything missing?"

"Yes, indeed—a case of rings of great value, which I placed on the transom yesterday forenoon, when called on deck in a hurry, and which I forgot altogether until I discovered its absence from the usual place of deposit, when I recollected subjecting it to inspection yesterday, and also leaving it exposed on the transom."

"Strange! what could become of it?"

"Not at all; it never moved of its own accord. Send that boy here."

The steward departed for this purpose, and in a few moments the cabin boy entered the cabin and confronted the captain, who demanded, sternly:

"You dusted that transom yesterday?"

"Yes—yes, sir," faltered the boy, cowering beneath the severe regards of his questioner.

"Well, where's the small casket, or box, which stood just here at the time you commenced?" resumed Captain Hardy, indicating with his finger a spot just beneath the mirror which graced the ship's sternpost.

"I—I don't know, sir; I didn't see no box," replied the boy, hesitatingly.

"You didn't see no box? Come, come, that won't do. You must not prevaricate with me; I won't stand it. Tell me where that box is."

"I don't know, sir; indeed I don't. I did not see it." And the boy cowered almost to the deck, white with fear, as the angry man advanced menacingly towards him.

"Liar!" he ejaculated, halting within a few paces of the trembling youth. "Do you dare assert a falsehood? You must have seen it; you are the only person who could have seen it, except myself. Confess you stole it, and I'll let you off easily; but if you persist in this falsehood, I'll flog the flesh off your bones!"

"Stole it!" exclaimed the terrified child. "O, no, I never stole anything in all my life. Indeed, I did not!" he continued, dropping on his knees at the captain's feet, and giving free vent to his tears.

"Up, up, I say, you grovelling worm, if you would not have me crush you!" shouted the enraged captain, who deemed he saw in the result

of the child's terror unmistakable evidence of his guilt; while the poor little fellow, in obedience to his command, regained an upright posture, trembling in every limb, when the captain resumed. "What do you mean by persisting in this falsehood? Do you think you can escape with your ill-gotten gain?"

"Perhaps you had better have his berth and chest searched at once, Captain Hardy," suggested the steward, who entered just then, followed by Mr. Evans.

"Yes, yes, search everything belonging to him, steward, and you, Mr. Evans, go with him as a witness."

"O, now you will believe me!" exclaimed the boy, amid his tears. "Now you will know I'm innocent!"

"Guilty, I am afraid," rejoined the captain, regarding him half angrily, half grieved. The expression of the lad's countenance indicated conscious innocence at the moment; but his demeanor at first had been as clearly indicative of guilt, and being deemed sufficient evidence thereof, by the former was still considered as such in the absence of more convincing evidence to the contrary.

The mate and steward were not long absent, ere they returned, bringing with them, as evidence of the boy's guilt, the missing casket with about half its original contents, which Mr. Evans affirmed he found concealed beneath the mattress of the bunk occupied by Willard. This was received as conclusive evidence of the youth's guilt, by his commander, who would not permit him a word in self-defence, but inflicted upon him then and there summary chastisement, as a reward for the apparent falsehood he had uttered, at the same time declaring his intention of handing him over to the civil authorities, as soon as the ship reached a home port.

The punishment inflicted upon the youth was so severe as to incapacitate him for further discharge of his duties for the present; but he was denied the privilege of rest, being obliged to continue the discharge of them at the peril of his life. This he did without a murmur, while his dim eye brightened and his cheeks glowed at times with a supernatural lustre; such as never glowed there before, and was but the herald of that disease which had marked him for its prey, and had already fastened upon his vitals.

The late discovery of his seeming guilt rendered his position still more unenviable, while as a natural result thereof, he was banished to the fore-castle, and from thence by the men, being at length compelled to take refuge in the long boat, where he was exposed to the fury of the elements

to such a degree as to hasten the advance of his disease. He was no longer permitted to do duty in the cabin, but compelled to stand a regular watch at night, doing duty as look-out, even though kept on deck, day after day from early dawn till dark, as a punishment for some real or fancied neglect of duty, or inability to perform tasks in reality beyond his strength.

Such treatment was more than he could endure, and as a natural result, his constitution gave way before it, and he was stretched, moaning in pain, upon his rough pallet, in the unsheltered long boat, ere they reached their destined port. Moved by pity for him at last, the carpenter, hitherto apparently oblivious of his existence, removed him to his own room, and ministered to his wants, if not tenderly, at least humanely, and by so doing, recalled his fleeting spirit, and prolonged his life.

During this attack of illness he was permitted to rest in peace, and this rest, combined with the genial air of Batavia, restored in a great measure his health, but failed to raise his drooping spirits. Nothing seemed to affect them now; not even the visible distrust with which he was regarded by all.

The ship was homeward bound, and he was again on duty; as usual performing double tasks, and faring the worst of all the crew, having failed to gain one friend among the crew save the carpenter, and his friendship was rather the offspring of pity than love, and therefore, not very deep or permanent. Still he was the only one of all that crew who recognized his claims upon humanity, and therefore the only one in whom the little outcast reposed any confidence. Into his reluctant ear he poured the brief detail of his former life and longings, hopes and aspirations, sorrows, struggles, wrongs, and despair, and ended by vehemently asserting his entire innocence of the crime charged against him.

The carpenter paid but little attention to his asseverations of innocence at the time; but reverting to the affair sometime after, subjected the boy to a severe cross-examination, which resulted in the full establishment of his innocence in the mind of the former; which fact, when coupled with some points in his previous history, so moved his auditor that he espoused his cause, declaring his faith in his honesty, and his determination to befriend him henceforth.

But the friendship of the carpenter, instead of proving beneficial to the boy, had quite a reverse effect; causing captain and mates to regard him with augmented aversion, and treat him with increasing severity, deeming his newly-acquired friend an unquestionable proof of his duplicity,

and if possible, confirming their opinion of his guilt. Under their renewed harshness he declined quickly, until it became evident to his new-found friend, that he could not long survive, when he essayed the task of procuring his exemption from duty, stating his fears for his life.

"Let him die, then," exclaimed the exasperated captain, on whose private purse the loss sustained had made a serious inroad. "Let the confounded thief die; 'twill save his country expense, and cheat the hangman of at least one fee."

"But I am certain of that boy's innocence, Captain Hardy," returned the carpenter.

"That boy's fol-de-rol! Carpenter, I wish you to examine the head of the fore-topmast forthwith, and report its condition to me." And the incensed captain turned abruptly away, resolved to hear no more in his victim's behalf.

A week later, the emaciated youth encountered his gaze for a few moments, while employed in polishing the brass work inlaid in the main capstan head, as he passed from the cabin to the quarter deck, when he was joined by Mr. Evans, to whom he said:

"Is that boy really ill?"

"No, sir; at least I guess he only shams sick. He don't complain of being so, however."

"Willard! Willard! Come, my poor boy, eight bells has struck and the wheel been relieved some time. I'm afeared Mr. Evans'll be after you if you don't turn out, and show yourself on deck," said the carpenter, as turning over in his berth, and leaning half over its edge, he laid his hand gently on the shoulder of the youth—who occupied the lower berth—soon after the morning watch was called, on the morning succeeding the conversation just recorded.

"Yes, sir," responded the boy, so feebly that the carpenter started, and striking a light with a lucifer, lit the lamp; while the boy continued, "I heard the watch called, and tried to turn out; but 'twant no use, I couldn't do it."

"Ah, so soon!" muttered the carpenter; demanding after a momentary pause, "Have you slept any since you turned in?"

"No, sir; I have been in such pain that I could not sleep."

"Where is the pain?"

"In my breast and left side. O—I can—O—I can hardly breathe sometimes."

"Ah, I see how it is. Lie still, be quiet as possible, and do not attempt to speak."

"Ha! aint you out yet, you young sojer?" demanded Mr. Evans, entering the carpenter's room abruptly, and advancing to the sick boy's berth.

"Hush! Softly, Mr. Evans! I'll answer for him, if you please."

"Answer for yourself, meddler! And just recollect those persons are most esteemed who pay most attention to their own affairs."

"Doubtless, sir, and as I have a decided aversion to all unnecessary noise and disturbance in this room, at present, I must beg you to talk in a lower key."

"Indeed, old blunderhead! Come, you lubber, out o' this, I say!" continued the mate, tearing the blanket from the form of the sick youth, and reaching his right hand and arm towards him, evidently intending to drag him out by force; when the carpenter laid a restraining hand on his arm, saying:

"No, sir; you can't drag that boy out of his berth in this room—so long as he is in his present condition—if you are mate?"

"I can't, hey?" demanded the mate, struggling violently, but in vain.

"No, you can't! Neither shall you bluster here, as you choose! I wish you to understand that here, in this little seven-by-nine place, I command, and deeming you to be an intruder, have half a mind to kick you out."

"Mutineer."

"Ay, mutineer, if you will! I like the term; it graces well the lips of a tyrannical coward like thyself. That poor boy! Look at him! had he strength to obey the summons of the bell, he would have saved you the journey here; but I'm afeared he has stood his last watch, and if so, who think you is accountable for his death? O, no ye don't! This is my room, recollect, not the main deck; here, I disown your authority, as I defy your power!"

"Look here, carpenter, if you don't rue this, for the rest of this voyage, then my name aint Sam Evans." And shaking his clenched fist in impotent rage, at his antagonist, he retreated, leaving the latter to allay the apprehension of his protege, in which task he had not succeeded when the captain entered, followed by his two subordinates, the former exclaiming:

"How's this, carpenter? Mr. Evans charges you with violent resistance of his authority."

"Of his inhuman cruelty, sir! Why, Captain Hardy, had you been in my place, you too, would have resisted. He made use of language to me, in this room, which I deemed an insult, and as such resented. And he attempted to remove from that berth by brute force, a dying boy. I prevented him, and will to the utmost of my power, all who may make a like attempt. Captain Hardy, you are human—you have a heart—will you permit your officers to pursue even to

the grave, with their brutal cruelty, a homeless, friendless orphan, whatever may be his crime?"

"Carpenter, my officers execute my orders in spite of all opposition, and woe to him who raises his fingers to resist! Mr. Evans, put that man in irons!"

"Irons, Captain Hardy?"

"Yes, irons, carpenter! O, you need not look a threat, much less speak it; I will take the responsibility."

"To which you are welcome, sir," said the carpenter, presenting his wrists to receive the steel ruffles which the mate was engaged in unhooking; adding, "Let me warn you, Captain Hardy, to be very careful how you proceed with regard to that boy. 'Twere much better to remove him to the cabin, and afford him such care as his case demands—"

"O, yes, I'll remove him, cuss him!" hissed the captain, bursting with rage, and grasping the terror-stricken youth by the shirt collar, he hauled or dragged him violently from the berth, exclaiming, "Come out, you wolf's whelp! You confounded storm breeder, you thought to create a mutiny in your favor, did ye? Come, stand on your feet, cuss you! I'll stand no more o' your nonsense!" he continued, as the boy made a feeble and vain effort to stand alone and reeling backward, sunk faint and half senseless on the carpenter's chest.

"Would you murder him, Captain Hardy?" demanded the carpenter, thrusting the mate aside, and interposing his person between the tyrant and his victim, while with outstretched arm he barred the former's advance.

"I shall be tempted to murder you, mutineer! Beware, I say, if you value your life—beware!" he hissed in tones of anger.

A violent fit of coughing now attracted the attention of all to the boy, whose frame was convulsed, and features dreadfully contorted, with the effort to raise the impediment to his respiration. At length it came! and his friend dropped kneeling by his side, uttering a cry of deep commiseration, while Captain Hardy and his mates fell back aghast, as they witnessed the torrent of blood which burst from his mouth, and quickly drenched his person. The two latter quickly sought the main deck, leaving their superior a horror-stricken and spell-bound witness of the scene; while the carpenter supported the dying boy on his manly bosom, and engaged in a vain effort to stay the effusion of blood. He might as easily have stemmed the falls of Niagara; the ensanguined stream still flowed on, and in a few brief minutes Willard Marvin had ceased to breathe.

"Dead!" ejaculated Captain Hardy, horrified, when convinced that all was over.

"Ay, inhuman monster! Thanks to you, he has kept his last watch; but I hope to be present when you and the inhuman instruments of your cruelty are arraigned at the bar of your country, and held to answer for the murder!"

"Murder! Beware, carpenter; you are in my power, and shall answer to the charge of mutiny, ere I have done with you! For the present I leave you free; but beware!" So saying, Captain Hardy retired, leaving the carpenter to dispose of the remains of his victim as he chose for the present. But he went not alone; henceforth an accusing angel was ever at his elbow, breathing in his ear the appalling term—murderer.

On the evening of that day, as the sun was about disappearing beneath the western horizon, the ship's main-yards were hove aback, and the body of the boy, shrouded in cotton duck, and heavily loaded with ballast, was brought to the gangway, where Captain Hardy explained to the crew the cause of his death, giving such color to the explanation as was necessary to shield himself and officers from blame, and causing a minute of the same to be entered in the logbook, to which he obtained the names of several of the crew as witnesses. This being done, the body was arranged for burial, and the burial service commenced, at the proper portion of which the body descended with a splash, and the ocean closed over the remains of the murdered cabin boy.

Does the reader ask, were ever his murderers brought to justice? No. But his only friend in that vessel paid the penalty of his friendship by serving the State seven years in Charlestown prison, to which he was sentenced on a charge of mutiny, sworn to by both mates and the steward, while the counter charge of murder against them, in connection with the captain, was quashed by the evidence of those men whose names were appended to the captain's explanation of the boy's death.

Not long ago, a dying man confessed to the theft for which that boy was punished, and which led to his subsequent death; explaining the measures adopted to free himself from, and fasten suspicion on another. And on that confession, joined to a knowledge of the leading incidents in the victim's previous career, is the foregoing narrative founded.

Stealing never makes a man rich, alms never make a man poor, and prayer never hinders a man's business.

A PICTURE.

BY WILLIE E. FAVOR.

The sweet face of a little child,
Madonna-like, because so mild,
So saintlike and so undeffiled.

Within her tiny little hands
She holds confined in loving bands
A little bird from other lands.

But never more that bird shall sing,
And never prune its yellow wing,
Or hurtle in its little swing.

She knows the little bird is dead;
No more by her may it be fed,
Or in her bosom shield its head.

And as she lifts her meek brown eyes
Towards the blue unclouded skies,
What sweet thought on her heart doth rise?

Perchance she wonders (she has heard
Of such things by some chance-spoken word),
If heaven has room for her dear bird.

Surely there must be greener bowers,
And sunnier skies and balmy hours
Somewhere above this world of ours.

And unto her it seems no wrong
To think her bird joins in the song
They sing in yonder ransomed throng.

This is the picture; and my eyes
Rest on it with a pleased surprise;
For in it many a lesson lies.

STORY OF A MAGDALEN.

TOLD BY HERSELF.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

"O, you little beauty!"

Such was the oft-repeated exclamation that fell upon my ear when I was a child.

"Give me a kiss, you handsome creature! What a perfect little foot! What a fairy little hand!"

My fond mother! I remember how her face lighted up, at these injudicious expressions of admiration, and how I, babe as I was, begun to expect flattery and pull my curls, when visitors came, that they might speak of their gloss and luxuriance. Nothing displeased my mother more than a soil upon one of my delicate frocks. I early began the petty tricks of vanity, and strove to profit by my fond mother's teachings. My little heart swelled even at the glance of admiration from the passing stranger, and I prized above all earthly things a dress of bright blue, in which I had once been said to look like a little angel. I placed a high estimate, also, upon my white tucked frocks, and practised my prettiest

smiles to put on with them. All this while my years still told less than five. Nothing grieved my mother more than an injury done my dresses—she took so much time to make and embroider them! My parents were not rich. My father was a schoolmaster who had married one of his pupils, a very lovely, but not an intellectual girl. I was their only child, and truly did they worship me. I believe in after years, when it was seen how incongruous were their tastes, I was their bond of union. I loved them dearly, but I loved myself better; they taught me to. When I saw how all their calculations, savings, toil of one kind or another, struggles, etc., were directed with a view to my pleasure, my benefit, my interest, I began to consider myself of much importance.

The remark, "she will make many a man's heart ache," had been uttered so often in my hearing, that I think I could not have been much over five, when I began to ponder upon its meaning, and at ten I was a practical flirt among the boys where I went to school. Many a fight was entered into on my account, and I gloried in it. Every year, they told me I grew more lovely. My hair was of a beautiful auburn that sometimes sparkled like gold, sometimes seemed dark as the wing of the raven. My eyes must have been a luminous gray that appeared to take all tints, so that for a long time some of my intimate friends declared them black.

I speak of myself as I was; for I am altered now, God be thanked—yes, even for the personal transformation I have undergone. But I will not anticipate. In my fifteenth year, I began to have acknowledged suitors—some passionate, some capricious, some wise, old and sagacious, some wild, rakish, gay and rich. My head was turned with the number of my admirers. I did not relish school, for I was all the time thinking of conquests. My father was disappointed at my slow progress, and as his pride was touched, he aided me with his experience in a way that took from my own independence and taught me the lesson of deceit. He did not mean to do harm, poor man! but he was thoughtless and fond—as how many too indulgent parents are to-day! I found that by a little coaxing, the difficult sum would find its way on my slate, or by some secret sign, the right word would be indicated at the right time. And so, alas! I grew indifferent to study.

Among my most cherished friends, were three of the worst girls in the town. I did not know how thoroughly wicked they were; for persons of impulsive temperament, and strong imitative faculties, are slow to perceive the evil lurking

under a specious manner, the poison that breaks out so rarely, that it excites but a momentary repulsion, yet leaves a secret and indelible mark. They were, in the strongest sense of the words, plotters and intriguers against virtue. Often, after I have been thought safe in my chamber, asleep, have I been present in some wild revel with these girls and their admirers; and as I always made a sensation, and received my fill of attentions and flattery, I soon became intoxicated with these stolen pleasures, and would peril even my peace of mind to enjoy them.

I knew I was truly loved by many. One young man, in particular, a graduate of Harvard University, talented, handsome and good—too good for me—did almost win his way to my heart. Indeed, I am sure I loved him in a way that would soon have developed itself in a strong passionate sentiment, that neither poverty nor ridicule could have dampened. But I was jeered about him, called "Mrs. Parson," pictured in a country parsonage, in calico gowns, or feeding hungry beggars with a soup-spoon, till he began to seem quite ridiculous to me; and after I had given him much hope, and lured him into a declaration, I flippantly rejected him, and laughed at the agony his face expressed. He had a brain fever in consequence, and came very near dying; but, thank God, he lived to fulfil a high and holy mission, and lives yet, blessed with more devoted love than I could have given him.

My father wished me to marry a merchant who was extremely wealthy. He was tolerably good looking, spent freely, and lived dashingly, had a great income, and was ready to dress me in gold, if I required it. This suited me. To be sure, I did not love him; but I liked him well enough to live with him, I thought, and promised to become his wife. What lavish presents he gave me! There was no end to the splendid jewelry, the flashing silks, costly laces, fine embroidery. My poor weak mother was all joy, and never seemed to adore me so much as then. Every word I said was wise or witty. I was more beautiful than ever. She made me put on my diamonds as often as she could, then kissed my hand and called me a queen.

"Not even Cleopatra could have looked more lovely than you, my Maggie!" she would fondly say. I of course believed it.

At last, the wedding-night drew near. In one week I should be a bride—the rich, elegant and beautiful Mrs. Perry. My heart throbbed with anticipation of the year of my triumph just ahead. My three girl-friends appeared to rejoice with me. One of them was called Mary Con-

olly. She was a tall, dashing brunette, and as I now know, utterly devoid of principle. She came to me just three days before my marriage was to take place. Her first exclamation was:

"O, Maggie! you know that splendid fellow, Lieutenant Moody, whose picture I shew you last week? Well, he is to be at the assembly to-night. Do go just this once, and wear your diamonds! nobody will tell. The circle is private, you know, and its members pledged to secrecy. I do so want you to see him. He says he has heard great reports of your beauty, and believes your charms are very much exaggerated. Do—do go, and convince him how mistaken he is!"

"But of what use will it be? You know I am very soon to be married, and I am sure if Perry became aware that I had ever been to such places, he would be repelled from me; for he has very strict notions of female delicacy—and you know there are both dishonorable men and women there."

"O, pshaw! I know there are some people there, who are not quite as fastidious and prudish as you have suddenly become; but I want to see you in your splendid dress just once. I know you will go; it will be the last time. You can plead an engagement of some kind with a friend; your mother never questions you, and you can easily keep your old merchant away. Pshaw! before I'd be tied to his whims! It will be soon enough, after you are married. There! don't say anything—either yes or no! I will be round in a carriage at half-past eight, up the alley. You will be sure to be there, I am certain. Good morning—it will be the last time, you know!" And her dashing face disappeared from my view.

I thought it over, and—concluded to go. I would let Lieutenant Moody see whether I was as handsome as report said, and he should eat his own words. It would indeed be the last time, for henceforth I should be under the eyes of my husband, and have, of course, no chance to deceive him as I so frequently had my parents. Besides, I wished to see if Lieutenant Moody was such a paragon as he had been represented, and I grew feverish with anticipation. I put my lover off, easily enough; I complained of indisposition—and intimated a wish to be left alone, to my parents. They would as soon have intruded upon the privacy of Queen Victoria, as upon mine when I expressed a wish otherwise.

I attired myself in a dazzling robe, and wore a full set of diamonds. I know I looked surpassingly beautiful, for my mirror told me so without flattery. I was ready at the appointed

time, and from a back entrance took my way to the carriage which was in waiting for me.

Many people know nothing of these peculiar assemblies, only that they do or may exist. The members are pledged to secrecy; and a man may see the wife of his own brother there, in company with some depraved celebrity, and yet have no power to make it manifest. I have seen a father meet his daughter; and, though both were filled with shame, neither acknowledged the relationship. Open immoralities are not practised at these assemblies, but they are the stepping-stones to crime, disease, and every evil that undermines virtue.

Behold me, then, standing under the blaze of a hundred jets of flame, the centre of admiration unblushingly received. Ah, that fatal night! that awful night! How little I knew over what an abyss I stood! My blood runs cold at the thought of what ensued. Lieutenant Moody was there. Without exception, he was the finest model of manly beauty I had ever seen. He seemed captivated at first sight with my appearance—enslaved. O, that such workmanship of the Great Creator should hold so much depravity! "Corrupt! corrupt!" should be written on the brows of such men. We had wine; I believe mine was drugged, for after I had taken the first glass, I had such emotions as I cannot describe. I seemed placed upon the top of some pinnacle, with the world at my feet, worshipping; and beside me stood Lieutenant Moody, whom I passionately loved.

Yes, that night I sold myself. I forgot mother and father, the honorable man who was to wed me—forgot God, and even self, and consented to fly from that infamous house and become the wife of that bad man. For days, I did not come out of that delirium. I knew we were travelling—whirling through air, as it seemed. I received every kind attention from the man beside me, and felt like a slave willingly sold into bondage. Whatever he suggested, was readily acceded to; I deferred to him like an unreasoning child, feeling interest in nothing else beside in the wide world. It was a kind of fascination which I pray God few may experience, and for which I paid—O, how dearly!

Gradually I appeared to myself to awaken out of a dream—to emerge from the powerful spell which had been put upon me. I began to see people and scenes as they were. I began to realize, what I thought was the truth, that I was married to an adventurer—that I was a wife—that I had deserted my home; and there loomed up beside me the shadow of some great evil.

As the days and weeks sped, I saw the hollow

heart and false character of the man who had ruined me, and I began to experience a kind of despair that had nearly resulted in madness. The newspapers had been kept out of my way, purposely; but one day I found one in my husband's coat, much worn and creased where it had been long folded. Opening it, with trembling hands, I was horrified in discovering a long description of myself, as missing from my home. It was headed "Mysterious Disappearance;" and, among other things, said that my mother was nearly crazed, and my father not expected to live, in consequence of his distress and anxiety having terminated in a brain fever. O, what feelings did this personal give me. I felt like a blood-stained murderer, condemned. I fell upon my knees before Lieutenant Moody, and besought him to let me go home to my mother. His reply was like a thunderbolt:

"Go as quickly as you like; you are free. I have no claims upon you."

For a moment, I stood petrified.

"No claims upon me?" I cried. "No claims upon me?—and I your wife, your wedded wife?"

He laughed—O, that fiendish laugh! It rang through and through the chambers of my soul. I caught him, as he attempted to pass me, and holding him with almost a death grasp, I asked him, in pity's name, what he meant—whether he loved me?

"I like you tolerably," he said, coolly; "but I like some others better."

"And I—your wife?"

"Not a bit of it," was his reply.

Was not this cruel? Was not this bitter, deep deception, most cruel? I fell fainting at his feet. When I awoke, I was in a strange room, and by my side sat a pale woman. I looked at her eagerly, inquiringly.

"Your brother went away some days ago," she said, softly. "Business of life and death was the cause of his abrupt departure. He seemed very sorry, but left money with me, and said you would know where to go if you recovered before he returned."

Base as I knew him to be, I thanked him in my heart for sparing me.

"He did feel dreadfully," resumed the old lady, pityingly. "How much you look alike!"

I had but strength to ask—"how came I here?"

"He brought you in a carriage, dear; said you were taken ill at the hotel, but hearing that I was a nurse, and fearing you would not get the right kind of attention, he brought you here."

I was three weeks convalescing, and even, then I looked like a spectre. I felt hopeless,

homeless, heart-broken. I hardly know how that time passed, but I do know that I took what little gold I could collect, my jewels, that he had spared, and seated myself in the cars to go to the city of New York. My mind was in a whirl, but one thing was settled—nobody should know me. I chose another name, stifled all thoughts of home and my parents, tried to care nothing whether they lived or died, and began to plan for the future. I had no trade—what should I do? Chance must decide.

We had not gone far, before a man, gentlemanly and well-dressed, took the opposite seat to mine. After a while, he spoke; and I, endeavoring to quell the hatred that sprang instinctively in my heart against all of his sex, answered. Before we had arrived in the city, he divined that I was in trouble, and some way, I don't know why, I told him as much. Another wolf in sheep's clothing! How sympathizing he was! How he did profess to pity me, all the time planning to my injury!

Well—a record of the next thirteen months, I leave out of this short history. I don't think it would do any one any good, and I don't like to think of it. It was—O, a most horrible dream! And my descent was so rapid, hating and abhorring my life as I did, I did not feel human; I lost all womanly instinct in an incredibly short space of time, and I loathed the whole race as if it were one man.

One night—it was very late—I accosted a rapid traveller. He turned quickly, and stopped, throwing upon me such a look! and from such a face! It was as if a gleam of heaven had suddenly flashed on the gloom of hell. I could see his features distinctly; he could not see mine—at least very plainly. His voice thrilled me.

"My poor girl," he said, "would to God I could save you!"

That was all—only another pitying glance—and he was gone. O, I knew I should never, never forget that face—never! As in one clear blaze, the whiteness of purity gleamed for a moment before my eyes; and I realized wholly, truly, sincerely, the depth and degradation of my course. But I saw no help. All night I staid out upon the street, knowing that it would not do for me to enter the house where I boarded, alone. In the morning, I seemed to hear a voice. It said to me: "Go home and kill yourself—go home and kill yourself!"

So being desperate, I did turn my course homeward. Home! May you never speak that word when it shall be but a mockery—but an empty sound! We who lead such miserable lives, always carry or keep poison by us—though

many, through fear of the future, and knowing their great wickedness, dare not use it, unless they must die in a more lingering way.

I found my room stealthily, and taking the paper of colorless powder, I sat down by the window and looked at it. I reviewed my whole life. I glanced forward, also, to the probable future. I saw my own funeral—a pine coffin, a shallow grave, a rude heap—no mourners! Slowly, calmly, I prepared to swallow death, when the same voice I had heard before, whispered in my ears:

"Go take a farewell look at the sunshine—at familiar scenes! Go contrast again the smiling crowd, gaily moving along, with your wretchedness, and then come back and kill yourself!"

Very calmly I arose, secreted the poison, and gained the street. O, how I did walk that day! I looked in every face, in every shop window; I took in the full splendor of the sunshine, and breathed the air in large draughts. I did not seem to feel in the least hungry—no, not once; I was filled to repletion, and my food was—anguish, misery! And amid all, came often and again that holy face of the preceding night. I longed to see it again. I looked for it; I prayed to encounter it. It was the only countenance that had not inspired disgust and hatred—that had made me feel that there might be virtue in the world.

It was nearing night, and growing rapidly dark. The gleams in shop-windows feebly contested with the dim daylight for supremacy. The air was changing; I felt cold; a mysterious shudder passed through my frame. A little girl turned the corner with a pitcher in her hand, and a loaf of bread in a basket. Some unaccountable impulse led me to stop her, and in a low voice, I cried:

"O, child—child! have you got a mother?"

Some children would have run. She stood with her sweet, brown eyes uplifted, looking wonderingly in mine, as she answered:

"O, yes'm—I've got a mother!"

"Love her—love her, then," I cried, the tears falling; for a little human feeling had returned to my hard heart. "So had I a mother once; but I went away from her. O, child—never let anybody lead you from your dear mother!"

"Haven't you got a mother now?" she asked, her face growing very pitiful.

"Alas no, child—neither mother nor home! O, God in his mercy grant that you may be kept sinless!"

"What! haven't you got any home to go to? Why, what will you do for some supper? and where will you sleep?"

"Heaven only knows," I replied, suppressing my sobs, for they came up, almost choking me.

"Went you come home with me? My mother will take you in; she always pities the poor."

"What! such as I go home with you, little, innocent girl? You don't know what you ask. Your mother would hate me—would turn me out of her house."

"My mother never did such a thing in her life," replied the child, gravely. "She often says that she knows she is poor, but she was never the poorer for helping the—the other poor people—any one that hasn't any home, like you. O, I am sure she would let you come! You ought to have some supper."

Still I shrank back, till the child shifted the pitcher to the hand on whose arm the basket hung, caught at my dress, and pulled me gently along. I yielded—though a sickening sensation came over me as I thought of my probable rejection, and before this child. We reached the house, a small building, brown with age, on a by-street. Its entry divided the tenement into space enough for two or more families. I stood within the door of a neat parlor. Such a sensation as came over me! I cannot describe it. I could feel the very atmosphere of home, though it might never be mine.

"Why, who have you brought now, child?" was the astonished query of a middle-aged woman who appeared at the door leading to the other room.

I shrank against the wall.

"O, mother, she's poor and she's hungry, and she's been crying! Do please give her some supper, mother—do please let her stay here to-night, for she hasn't any where to go."

The woman frowned a little, and spoke impatiently.

"I don't know, Elly. You tax me pretty hard, child."

"O, madam, could I speak with you alone, a few moments?"

The cry seemed wrung from me, in spite of myself. She said "certainly," however, and taking a candle, led the way up stairs into a little chamber. There, with a broken spirit, contrition, tears and sobs, I told her all. O, how I pleaded that she would let me stay with her in any capacity. I was eloquent that night, and when I had finished, there were tears in her eyes, and she said, gently:

"Poor child! Stay to-night, at least, and we will see what can be done."

I did stay that night, and the next. Gradually her unwillingness faded away, for she saw how much I wanted to be good, and how hard I

tried. If she had said "no," on that eventful night, the next day I should have been—where? God alone knows. I was then to remain with her, and the little angel Elly. O, the change seemed like a heaven to me! The mother stipulated that I should sew for her, and always leave the room when gentlemen came in, which I was willing and glad to do. She made shirts for a great many of the first-class shops, and the clerks often brought or came for her work.

I had been there nearly three months, and had grown peaceful—happy I never expected to be. My altered circumstances changed the worn and haggard look that had before settled upon my face, and my olden good looks were returning. But I was cured of vanity. I often saw the mother of little Elly gazing at me with an expression I could not mistake, and the child herself sometimes said, "O, Agnes!"—the name I had assumed—"you are handsome!" But my heart never throbbed or beat swifter or stronger.

I grew to love Mrs. Mosely, the mother of Elly. She was a widow, and had seen sad reverses; but she was contented with her present lot. She never spoke of my going away. I had become an expert sewer, and my aid brought her in sufficient to defray the extra expense of my living.

One day I was sitting sewing, as usual, but deeply buried in thought, when hearing a step, I looked up hastily, and there stood the man whose face, whose solemn words had saved me. I knew that for one second I was deadly pale, for I felt the blood recede from my cheeks; the next, the crimson rushed back again, and I longed to throw myself at his feet—to tell him what he had done—to bless him—to pray for him—to call him my saviour.

He gazed at me, perhaps wondering at the excitement which must have been apparent, then inquired for Mrs. Mosely. In a few moments she came, and I hurried from the room to thank God that he had given me but once more, even if it should be the last, a glimpse of that noble face.

I thought Mrs. Mosely looked very grave when I returned, after the stranger was gone, and her first question frightened me—"had I ever seen him before?"

With a trembling voice, I told her of that interview. She scarcely replied; and for a long time there was silence, broken only by the steady click of the needles as they passed in and out of our work. I began to fear that she was at last tired of me—that she feared risking her reputation by keeping me longer in the house—and the old troubles and doubts, and dark, desperate

feelings now got the better of me, so that I exclaimed :

"I did not hear any one coming, Mrs. Mosely—indeed, you must believe me! I would not have been seen for worlds."

She gave me a mild, motherly look over her spectacles, as if astonished at my vehemence, as she said :

"Certainly I believe you. Why should I doubt?"

"O, I feel such trouble, at times, for fear all this peace and quiet must vanish and leave me to some dark fate. Indeed, to escape that, I would be kept behind iron bars and never see the face of mortal man."

"You are not feeling right, now," she said, very gently. "Christ came to save that which was lost, and he has sent you to me, that you also might be saved. Never fear that I shall turn you away, my child; you have become dear, and in fact necessary to me."

This was so sudden, so overwhelming, that I arose before I knew what I did, and throwing my arms about her neck, I sobbed on her bosom. Then remembering myself, I sprang back, crying humbly :

"O, forgive me! I forgot myself."

"Forgive you! why forgive you, my child? Never fear to lay your head on my bosom, for I will be as a mother to you."

She was weeping quietly, and a blessed, blessed love was warming my heart, my whole being. From that moment, I seemed to feel that God's smile rested upon me—me, the outcast, the sinner as it seemed above all others.

It was very strange that several times, after that day, I saw this man who seemed to me so holy, and who, when I was steeped in wretchedness, uttered that benediction over me. At last Mrs. Mosely said that I need never leave the room, when the gentleman came; and then—my heart throbs wildly, even now, at the recollection of that moment—she told me that he loved me, that he wanted to marry me! Think of it! O, it humbled me to feel myself even thought of by one like him! I trembled from head to foot.

"Did he know all, he never would have dreamed of making me his wife!"

"But he does know all," said my more than mother, gently; "and he knows, too, how you have been striving, for the past nine months, to redeem yourself. That you are worthy to become his wife, I verily believe, in the sight of heaven; and he loves you—has loved you from the first time he saw you in this house."

Yes, he loved me. I heard it from his own lips. But in the midst of my almost over-

whelming joy, I could quietly resist his entreaties that we should be married. One year—I told him—one year he must wait; he must try his love, for it might be that he would repent. And if he did, I said, dear as he had become to me, I would bless him and live on the sweet thought that he had stooped to regard me in any light.

At last he consented, and slowly the year passed along. A terrible scourge broke out, and my beloved lay near to the gates of death with the sickness. I was his nurse. The doctor said again and again that he owed his life to me—and, indeed, I came near giving my own, for I took the dread malady, and bear its marks to this day.

But O, I am blessed!—am I not blessed? My husband, my children, my mother, my darling Elly living with me as a sister—I ask you, am I not blessed?

*My own mother sits at my beautiful fireside,
My own father blessed me before he died.*

INCREASE OF A POTATO.

Some years ago, a gentleman visiting a farmer in Tolland, Connecticut, took from his pocket a small potato, which somehow had got in there at home. It was thrown out with a smile, and the farmer taking it in his hand to look at it, a curious little boy of twelve, standing at his elbow, asked him what it was? "O," said he, "nothing but a potato, my boy; take and plant it, and you shall have all you can raise from it till you are of age." The lad took it, and the farmer thought no more about it at the time. The boy, however, not despising small potatoes, carefully divided it into as many pieces as he could find eyes, and put them into the ground. The product was carefully put aside in the fall, and planted in the spring, and so on till the fourth year, when the yield being good, the actual product was four hundred bushels! The farmer seeing the prospect that the potato field would, by another year, cover his whole farm, asked to be released from his promise.—*Genesee Farmer.*

LONDON DAILY PAPERS.

London has at least four daily penny papers, the Morning News, Standard, Telegraph and Star. Some of these have a circulation only limited to the capacity of their mechanical means of working off the impressions. The Standard and Telegraph are supposed to publish from 40,000 to 60,000 copies. They are printed on double sheets of large size, with eight pages as large as the twelve or sixteen of the Times. The Star is on a single sheet, and has, probably, a larger evening and morning circulation. These papers are well edited, the Standard particularly so, giving two or three leaders scarcely inferior to the lucubrations of the Times.—*New York Times.*

The smaller the drink the clearer the head,
and the cooler the blood.

THE WAG'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY DON QUINERBAUG, JR.

An honest artist, Stokes by name,
 Who had acquired a moderate fame
 In the ability "the gift to gle us
 To see ourselves as others see us,"
 Was found, one summer's afternoon,
 Upon the street, quite out of tune;
 Dispensing imprecations dread
 Upon some erring mortal's head,
 Who had been led, for what, unknowing,
 Said Stokes's own likeness to perdition;
 A most magnificent affair,
 He'd just produced with student's care;
 Which, scarcely half an hour before,
 He'd proudly hung at the street door.
 While in the midst of his harangue,
 A waggish wight, named Lorenzo Lang,
 Renowned for getting off odd jokes,
 Steps up, and thus addresses Stokes:
 "My friend, with you I sympathize
 Sincerely; but 'tis with surprise
 I see you act so indiscreet,
 And to the wretch such measure mete;
 That he did wrong, 'tis very true,
 And should be brought his course to rue;
 But it's no more criminal, I'm sure,
 For him to take your miniature,
 Than 'tis for you, my good friend Stokes,
 Thus daily to treat other folks."

THE STORY OF RACHEL FELIX.

BY MARY W. JANVEIN.

It was at the sunset of a long, bright, spring day, in early March, 1821, that a strolling Jewish hawker, accompanied by his wife, and two or three little ones, paused from the day's toilsome journey through the Tyrol, in the quiet little Swiss village of Munf.

All that day, and for many preceding ones, had the little train wound its way along through fertile valleys and country roads, past smiling vineyards and broad wheat fields just showing a faint green, the dark-eyed, swarthy-skinned son of Israel crying his wares with shrill voice, and hoarding his gains with all his nation's fondness—the pale, patient wife, like Rebekah of old, "fair to look upon," but now silent and weary-looking, who had forborne to utter a word of fatigue through all the long day's journey—and the dark-eyed dusky-haired children, who, less patient than their gentle mother, began to make complaint, as children are wont, of "being so tired," and welcomed gladly the sunset hour that would bring them rest.

"Thou art worn and ill," said the hawker, bestowing a glance on his wife, and apparently noticing for the first time her pale, tired face,

and air of suppressed suffering, as they drew near the village which slept in the lap of a smiling valley. "Sarah, take from thy mother the package of stuff—and, wife, we will not travel again till thou art stronger. I fear we have come on too fast this day; but the fruit of our day's work has been no meagre one," and the Israelite displayed his leathern pouch, filled with the coin he had taken in barter for goods from the pack on his shoulders.

"Yea, Felix, I am tired, and would fain rest," replied the dark-eyed Jewess, mildly. "We will lay by at the village till I am strong again. Mayhap these folk will buy all your stuffs; at least, we have the means to pay for lodging for ourselves and our children during our sojourn. 'Tis a long day's journey we have walked through the Tyrol."

And so, while the sunset shadows stretched away over wheatfield and vineyard, gilding the hoary crests of the distant Alps, darkening the chasms, and broad lakes, muffling some wayside cross in darker gloom, and deepening along the country track the travellers had left behind them—their feet trod the streets of quiet Munf, and the kind-hearted Swiss peasants welcomed the weary family to their hearths and homes. Days passed, in which the dark-eyed Jewess abode in the cottage of a generous vine-grower, whose wife sewed and chatted with her guest, while the children of the two played together among the vines and early blooming flowers without the cottage door; nor was the hawker idle, for, from morning till sundown, he displayed his wares at every door of the little hamlet, till his shrunken pack and swelling purse gave token of his thrifty calling, and scarce a good housewife or maiden in that Swiss village but displayed on her person some gay stuff or tinselled ornament he had urged upon her.

And there, too, came the hour of trial for the worn and weary Jewish mother; for on the night of March 24th, she gave birth to a daughter, thus consecrating to that humble, wayside, Swiss hamlet the honor which all the future cannot wrest from it—the honor that will bring thither pilgrims from every land and clime—to look upon the birthplace of the humble Jewish hawker's child, and yet the greatest *artiste* whom the world afterward saw—the incarnation of passion, power, genius and tragedy—*Rachel*!

"Now, good wife, we must be moving again," said the hawker, when his infant had gained a few weeks of its little life; "already we have made a long rest; and since I have replenished my pack at Berne, I will journey northward, into the mountainous *Cantons*, and there dispose

my wares. And I will buy a stout mule to carry my pack, and when you grow weary, will transfer the goods to my own stout shoulders, and you, with the infant Rachel, shall ride over the rough ways. The little ones can trudge along easily, for children's hearts are light, and children's feet are not soon weary; and since our little Sarah has been blessed with such a gift for singing, I have a mind that she should earn us a few coin by trolling ballads in the streets of hamlets and towns through which we may pass. What think ye of it, wife?"

"Yea, Felix, our Lord God of Israel hath bestowed upon the child a marvellous voice. I bethink me of 'the sweet singers of Israel' when I listen; and it is surely pleasant to hear children carol light, happy songs," replied the Jewess.

And so the family wound on throughout Switzerland, the hawker crying and selling his wares, the children skipping and playing along their journey—now pausing to pull the wild flowers, or to rest at the foot of some wayside cross, too innocent to reck who slept there, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung"—while the little Sarah carolled in the streets of towns and villages, adding her mite to her father's stores, and the mother trudged wearily along beside her husband, and the great black eyes of the infant in her arms gradually learned to rove from her mother's face, to the new and strange objects constantly presented to her.

A few years went by, and we behold the family of the Jewish hawker settled down at Lyons, a more congenial home to the mother with her growing family, since it afforded her rest from the wandering life she had hitherto led; and the father became the lessee of a small dingy shop, underneath the apartments occupied by his wife and children, where were collected the various goods, articles of jewelry, etc., usually found in a Jew's shop, by the sale of which he contrived to add daily to his little stores.

And in this city, also, the eldest child, Sarah, again took up her life of singer, daily going forth into the streets and various *cafes*, and this time accompanied by the little Rachel, who, at the close of her sister's songs, collected in her tambourine money from admiring connoisseurs. At day-break the mother's hands clothed these little ones, smoothed their coal black hair, taught them the formula of that Hebrew faith in which she had been born, and to which her children always clung; then busied herself all day with her younger brood, while their childish feet sought the thronged streets, *cafes* and pleasure-grounds of the city—the sweet voice of the

elder carolling blithe French songs, and the large black eyes of the tiny Rachel smiling thanks to the kind monsieur or madame, who dropped a *sou* into her tambourine.

Who, then, of the throng who bestowed their coin upon this pale, thin, meagre, ill clad, little wanderer, saw trace of *her*, who, years afterwards, on the boards of the Theatre Royale, moved all the Parisian world? Who, then, pausing a moment to look into the lambent eyes of the Jewish child, read therein their wondrous prophecy?

In 1830, the Felix family removed to Paris—a new and untried field of action. Here again the mother pursued her household cares, and the Jew his employment, and the little girl Sarah her role of singer at the *cafes* and on the Boulevards, but the little Rachel was promoted from the financial department to join her sister in her songs and ballads.

"What is your name, my child?" asked a grave, benevolent looking man, one morning, attracted by the child's clear, liquid voice, as he was sauntering along the gay Boulevards.

"Rachel Felix, monsieur," replied the sweet voice, while she dropped a graceful courtesy, as monsieur slid a golden coin into her thin little hand.

"And why do you sing all day in the streets, my child?"

"Ah, *bon monsieur*, it is to earn a *sou*, and sometimes a kind gentleman bestows upon me a *franc*, but Sarah and I carry it home to our *mere*," and the girl's lustrous eyes glistened her thanks.

"And how should you like to accompany me to the great church Notre Dame, and hear the grand organ play?" he asked smilingly.

"*Eh, bien—tres bien, bon monsieur!*" exclaimed the eager child.

"You love to sing, *mon enfant?*"

"*Oui, monsieur!*" and she broke forth into a joyous carol.

"Where do you live, *petite une?*"

"*In de Rue — Viendres tu et vois ma chere mere, monsieur?*"

The result of that visit to the apartments of the Jewish hawker and his wife has been seen by those who are familiar with the career of Rachel. The visitor, who was no other than M. Charon, founder of the royal institution for the study of sacred music, obtaining the consent of her parents by representing the advantages of such a career for their wonderfully endowed child, at once took charge of her fortunes. She remained under his tuition for some months, but at length discovering that her vocal developments suited her more for the dramatic than

the musical profession, her patron accordingly placed her under the tuition of M. St. Aulaire. Here, in *l'ecole dramatique*, her true home was found, and her true career first began. For months she studied under the best masters of elocution, and in 1836 was admitted as a pupil at the Conservatoire. For another year she remained at her studies—committing those wonderful tragedies of Racine and Corneille, the perusal of which not only stereotyped them into her memory, but enforced their soul and spirit into her life, till *tragedy was Rachel and Rachel was tragedy!* In April, 1837, the artiste made her debut at Gymnase, in a play entitled “*La Vendéenne*.” Her performance was good, unexceptionable, but giving no token of her particular talent, Rachel made no particular sensation. But on the 24th of June, 1838, at the *Theatre Francaise*, Rachel burst like a comet on the dramatic world. She played Camille to an audience which almost went mad with enthusiasm—to an excited people, whose applause was not only that of shout, and stamp, and bravo, but who gave the fitter tribute of hushed breath and tearful silence. From that hour, there was a new meteor of unrivalled brilliancy in the dramatic sky, and from that night her European reputation was dated. Various were the pieces in which this tragedienne gave token of her wonderful genius—in “*Adrienne*” and many others, she was pre-eminent; but in Camille she was unsurpassable, and must continue so, till a greater star than hers, now set, shall flash across the dramatic sky—and that shall be—ah! when? Camille always remained the most celebrated character in her *repertoire*.

During these bright years, these sunny years of triumphant success, began the love-dream of Rachel's life. Whose pen shall chronicle the first wild, thrilling bliss of the woman who hears from ardent lips the story of passion—alas, a guilty passion, unhallowed by churchly rite!—and that woman, her with the heart of fire—Rachel?

Not mine.

We know that her life had many temptations; and the code of woman's honor in lax, gay, *la belle France*, is lighter held than in colder climes; but more's the pity, that a great soul yielded up its woman's virtue! It is said that Rachel might have married the father of her first child, the Count Walewski, and thus have become the sister-in-law of the emperor of the French, for Walewski was the son of the great Napoleon; and the reason assigned for his rejection was, that such a union would not have conduced to her happiness, since the noble count, though of

so royal lineage, was poor in purse, and would have squandered the earnings of her profession— which, with the natural instinct of her Israelitish race, she was said to be fond of hoarding. This we cannot believe; we do not believe that the great tragedienne preferred her gold to her honor. It may be that the fire of her ardent love had grown cold, for a nature like Rachel's was capable of loving or hating with an equal degree of intensity. Hers was a strong, deep, passionate nature, and as her loves were cherished with all the abandon of her orient race—so her resolves and antipathies may have been as firm and determined. But who can lift the veil from woman's heart in the matter of her loves, the children of her soul?

In the early autumn of 1855, Rachel set foot in America. Here, too, she set the dramatic world in a furore. In New York, Boston and Charleston, S. C., she held audiences enthralled by the grace and tragic abandon of her attitudes, and by the terrible flashes of her fierce black eyes.

Said one who encountered her at her private hotel, and caught the full expression of her gaze, “I would not like to incur that woman's hate!” Another who saw her in “*Adrienne*,” said to me, “Rachel was on the stage, and I trembled. The mere glance of her eye had a fiendish fascination—it made me shiver from head to foot. She spoke, and her voice was like nothing I ever heard, ever imagined; but it was the glance of her terrible eye, the mobility of her features, their passion, wildness, pallor, which thrilled me. Her thin lips worked convulsively, her hollow lips were pale as marble—the very spirit of tragedy seemed essenced in her terrible voice—but burning, burning, beneath the dome-like forehead which rises above the classic structure of her face, were those luminous eyes. The eyes were *Rachel!*”

Rachel's career in the new world was a triumph. Every night the impersonations of her genius electrified the world of play-goers. Men and women grew pale as death beneath the tragic splendor of her genius. Sometimes storms of applause beat the air; sometimes a rain of flowers fell at her feet. Although few comparatively among her audiences could interpret much beside what was told in the universal language of expression and gesture, still, so perfectly were the emotions which filled the soul of Rachel conveyed to them by the varying shades of expression, and the play of her hands and arms, that but few, and very obtuse were they, who did not comprehend all. She gave us the last flashes of her brilliant genius—but it

seems a melancholy, but accredited fact, which is confirmed by her own letters, that here she first caught the cold, which finally terminated in that dreaded destroyer, consumption. She writes to a friend in New York: "I am really tired out—perfectly tired out. If laurels ward off the thunder, they don't keep me from growing rusty. The fact is, I took cold in the train, and ever since I have been in Boston, have been coughing like a consumptive, which I am not, I beg you to believe, in spite of my pale complexion and seeming thinness."

Poor Rachel! the seeds of disease were already sown, and our harsh, New England climate may have ripened them. The transition to the sunny South, to the warmer clime of Cuba, to France—to Egypt—could not save her. Nor airs laden with orange blossom or pomegranate fragrance, could bring the easier breath to the laboring lungs; nor France, with Provence roses and luxuriant vines, restore the bloom to her cheek, or dimming splendor to her eye; nor lotus-flowers of Egypt recall the faded dreams of youth and passion; nor triumphal passage adown the Nile in a barge of Cleopatra-like magnificence, rescue her from the thralldom of a conqueror more potent, and, alas, more terrible, than imperial Roman Cæsar—even Death!

There came a time when it was said Rachel was dying! And then, Rachel went home—home to the land of her childhood, if not of her birth, to the land of her struggles, her loves, and her splendid triumphs. That sad, mournful prophecy, written at Havana just two years previous, was literally fulfilled: "I have carried my name as far as I could, and I shall take my heart back to those who love me." It is said that in her last hours, the tragedienne desired her stage dresses, ornaments, and jewelry, to be spread out on the bed before her; and, fingering them over with her diaphanous, emaciated hands, she mournfully exclaimed, "Must I, then, part with you?" Some would pronounce this but an exemplification of "the ruling passion strong in death"—an Israelitish fondness for her gains; rather let us recognize the association which existed in her mind between these gaudy emblems and her brilliant successes. And yet, it is a mournful token of the influence earthly honors and distinctions can wield, even in the valley of shadows, over the soul just ready for its launch into that vast unknown sea, whose waters lave the shores of the silent land. Sad, mournful evidence—may it also prove a monitor to some other soul, craving wholly earthly goods and distinctions. There came a later hour, when a hushed whisper circled outwardly from Cannes

throughout France—"Rachel is dead!" And from thence, the waves of the Atlantic washed it to our shores—the mournful tidings—"Rachel is dead!" They said she clung to the Hebrew faith of her fathers in her dying moments; they said her heart beat slowly, lingeringly, pulsating even when the embalmers came to do their office, ere they laid her away in the beautiful cemetery of *Père la Chaise*. Strange, wonderful tenacity of life, and yet, not wonderful, since the heart can remain young, even after the foam has long been kissed from life's mantling goblet, and the very dregs been exhausted. Not "strange"—not "wonderful"—for the heart of the mother lingered with her children. And she was so young to die—only thirty-seven. Rachel Felix, the hawker's child of the humble Switzer village, the musician and singer of the *cafés* and Boulevards of Paris, the queen of the Parisian stage, the empress of the drama, the incarnation of tragedy—only thirty-seven!

HINTS TO LADIES.

A very sensible matron once remarked: "Men of sense—I speak not of boys of eighteen to five-and-twenty, during their age of detestability—men who are worth the trouble of falling in love with, and the fuss and inconvenience of being married to, and to whom one might, after some inward conflicts, and a course, perhaps, of fasting and self-humiliation, submit to fulfil those ill-contrived vows of obedience which are extracted at the altar—such men want not dolls for their companions; and women who would suit such men are just as capable of loving fervently, deeply, as the ringletina, full of song and sentiment—who cannot walk—cannot rise in the morning—cannot tie her bonnet strings—faints if she has to lace her boots—never in her life brushed out her beautiful hair—would not, for the world, prick her delicate finger with plain sewing; but who can work harder than a factory girl upon a lamb's-wool shepherdess—dance like a dervise—ride like a fox-hunter—and, whilst every breath of air gives her cold in her father's gloomy country house, and she cannot think how people can endure this climate, she can go out to dinner parties in February and March, with an inch of sleeve and half-a-quarter of boddice."

THE SOUL.

One thinks the soul is air; another, fire;
Another, blood diffused about the heart;
Another saith the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.

But, as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the sunbeam in the air do shiue,
So the best soul with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself without some light divine.

DAVIES.

TIME AND LIFE.

BY F. L. HOSMER.

A dewy morning smiled
Upon the opening flowers,
In purest innocence a child
Was whiling the soft hours;
His brow was like the whitest snow,
His cheek as red as morning's glow.

The flowerets were alone
Companions of the child;
With them he talked in gentle tone,
And joyously he smiled,
Till tired at length, he laid his head
Upon a little floweret bed.

But there came an aged man,
With stern and wrinkled face;
He held a reaper in his hand,
And walked an even pace;
He caught the boy unto his side,
And walked along with even stride.

The ever-changing view
Was pleasing to the child,
He longed for each scene new,
With a yearning strong and wild;
And he bade the old man *haste* his gait,
But still he strode at a measured rate.

He bore the little boy
Through manhood's sterner field;
Through scenes of woe, of pain, of joy,
Till his gentle heart was steeled!
Then he bade the old man *snick* his gait;
But he ever strode at that measured rate.

He bore him through the scenes
Of sorrowing old age;
On through the shadowy vale of death,
Through life's last lingering stage;
Till the old man fell in a deep abyss,
But the spirit he bore moved on in bliss!

That aged man was Time,
With stern and wrinkled face;
And the child he caught unto his side,
And walked an even pace,
Was one of the children of this earth,
Whom the old man caught at the moment of birth.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

BY CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

"She is certainly handsome," rejoined Mrs. Dr. West.

"Handsome! how can you say so?" rejoined Mrs. Sawyer Pendleton. "Why, I consider her very plain-looking."

"The doctor saw her in church yesterday, and he pronounced her the most striking looking person he had seen in an age."

"She is sufficiently singular in her appearance to be sure," said Mrs. Pendleton; "but

how any person can pretend to call her large, singular features handsome, I don't see. For my part, if I looked like her, I should consider myself a perfect fright."

"Well, at any rate she was elegantly dressed; and in such perfect taste, too. And she has the air of a queen. I am certain she is a lady born and bred; and I am determined to make her acquaintance."

"You certainly don't think of calling on her?"

"I do. I am going there this very day."

"What, call on the guest of a common seamstress! Absurd! I knew you were romantic, Isabel, but I did not think you would carry your whims so far as that."

"Nevertheless, I am just so absurd. Mrs. Green is a respectable woman, if she is poor; and although I know nothing of her antecedents, I have always been of the opinion that she has been well-bred, and has, to use the vulgar phrase, 'seen better days.' I like what little I have seen of her very much, and am determined to take this opportunity of making a further acquaintance with her."

"Well, I must say, I have some curiosity about this singular relative of hers. She dresses like a queen, and carries herself with as much dignity; and though I have not a doubt but she will turn out to be some city dress-maker or milliner come out into the country to make a display of her fine clothing, and impose upon her superiors, yet if you will be so ridiculous as to patronize her, why I think I'll go too, just out of curiosity."

Mrs. West bit her lip, and after a moment's pause, replied. "Certainly, Sarah, I should be happy to have you accompany me; though I am sorry you are actuated only by a vulgar curiosity in making the call. I am afraid if the young lady could see your heart, she would not feel very highly honored by the attention."

"O, nonsense, Isabel; what a bore you are with all your prating about sincerity. Come hurry on your things, and we'll go right away to Mrs. Green's." And the elegantly dressed little lady consulted her jewelled watch, and added: "Fred will be home for dinner in a couple of hours, and I believe he mentioned that he was to bring guests with him, so I must hurry."

Mrs. West was soon ready. Her plain but handsome dress contrasted somewhat with her sister's more elegant and showy attire, and the latter noticed it.

"Why didn't you put on your robe silk," said she, "and, show this young chit that we can dress here in Centreville, if we do live a hundred miles out of town? For my part, I am going to put on

all the airs I can, and awe her down into her proper sphere."

Mrs. West smiled, and had scarcely time for a reply, before they reached the little brown house where Mrs. Green resided.

"Do you knock, Isabel; of course there is no bell, not even a knocker; and I shall soil my gloves."

Mrs. Green soon answered their summons. Her apron was wet, and her hands moist and red, and it was very evident that she had just left the washing-tub. She blushed slightly, as she recognized her aristocratic visitors, and making some slight apologies for the appearance of her room, which was somewhat disordered, invited them to a seat.

"We noticed a lady at church with you yesterday," said Mrs. West, after a few remarks, "and as she appeared to be a stranger, we have taken the liberty of calling to make her acquaintance."

Mrs. Green was too well-bred to betray the surprise which she might have felt; and sent her daughter Augusta to call Candace. It was ten or fifteen minutes perhaps, before the young lady made her appearance.

"My cousin, Candace Iron," was Mrs. Green's brief introduction.

Candace was tall and slightly built; with very dark hair, whose glossy abundance, constituted, but for her dark, lustrous eyes, her chief beauty. She was very pale, and her features, though large and irregular were very expressive. She was dressed in a simple white wrapper, edged, however, with exquisite and costly lace, and a heavy, old-fashioned pearl brooch confined its folds at her throat. Her only other ornament was a black enamelled ring, set with a very large and brilliant diamond, and a heavy plain one above it. She received the salutations of her lady guests with the most perfect ease and dignity, apologized for the delay which the necessity of preparing certain letters for the mail had occasioned them, and seated herself upon the hard deal chair, with as much grace as if it had been a velvet *fauteuil*.

If the ladies were both surprised and delighted with her dress and appearance, they were not less charmed with the chasteness and elegance of her conversational powers. She was evidently a person of fine natural endowments and rich culture. As her very appearance made the place in which she dwelt a palace, so the ineffable charm of her mind threw a halo over every subject which she discussed. That she was possessed of the most acute discrimination also was apparent to both ladies, as at the end of an hour—

for the fascinating stranger had beguiled them into an unfashionably long call—they arose to take their leave. Mrs. Pendleton's resolve of "awing the young woman into her proper sphere," had vanished into thin air, before the high-bred girl had set her dainty foot upon the threshold; and she had felt every moment she had lingered in her presence the paucity of her own intellectual stores, and envied the self-possession of her more accomplished and amiable sister. At parting, therefore, she felt very keenly the difference in Candace's manner, toward her, and Mrs. West, although so delicately was the distinction made that the most exquisite breeding could not take the slightest exception to it.

Mrs. Pendleton, who was a woman of more surface than depth of character, immediately went into ecstasies over the stranger, and trumpeted her perfections in the most exaggerated way all over Centreville; while her sister, more quietly, but with better effect, bestowed upon Candace such attentions as would render her visit in town agreeable; thus bringing her into notice, and allowing her native graces to win their own way. Thus it came about, that the cousin of honorable Mrs. Green became in a fortnight's time, the lion of Centreville society. Parties were given for her, rides and picnics followed for her especial pleasure, and all the varied hospitalities of our unusually hospitable town were freely lavished upon her. In short, Candace narrowly escaped becoming popular in Centreville. There was, however, in her nature, despite the exquisite refinement which made her strive to be agreeable to all, a thin ice of reserve, a delicate trace of hauteur, which sometimes seriously threatened her popularity. No one could ever feel that Miss Iron was receiving a favor at their hands. Whatever the circumstances, the obligation was reversed; it was she who honored Centreville and the Centrevillians, by suffering herself to be drawn from her self imposed obscurity, to shed her native lustre upon their society.

Not that she ever by word or deed intimated this, but there were few who did not experience the consciousness while in her presence. All inquiries too, in regard to her family or circumstances, were quietly eluded. She was from New York; she intended to remain in Centreville for a few weeks, possibly longer—it was quite uncertain how long. While there, the humble abode of Mrs. Green would be her home, and the delicate intimations of some of her aristocratic friends of the pleasure which her society would give them in their own homes, were silently disregarded. Of course, under these

circumstances there were not wanting those who could hint at disagreeable things in connection with the interesting stranger; but our best society, with one accord, frowned down every calumnious insinuation, and the croakers were forced from very self-respect to be silent.

It could not be supposed that a woman like Candace Iron could be thus generally received in society without attracting attention, and inspiring admiration among the gentlemen. In fact, she was universally admired, though there were few who could claim an intimate acquaintance. There were several among them whose hearts seemed really touched; and conspicuous among these was Frank Perkins, a young physician recently settled in the village. He was a handsome, open-hearted, enthusiastic young man, much respected in the community, and a great favorite among the ladies. He was a cousin of my mother, and a dear and intimate friend of my own, and it was when he first confessed to me his interest in Miss Iron, that I determined to cultivate my slight acquaintance with her, that I might form some better idea in regard to the wisdom of Frank's choice, and his prospects of success. As Mrs. Green was our next neighbor, our houses being separated only by a sloping field and an orchard, and as, moreover, she had been in the habit of doing a good deal of our family sewing, there was no difficulty in doing this.

As my acquaintance with Candace ripened into friendship, I began to experience the wonderful power of her fascinations, and I no longer wondered at the intensity of Frank's passion. Yet the more I studied her, the more enigmatical she seemed. Singularly retiring and unobtrusive in her manners, seeming rather to shun than to court remark, it was yet almost impossible to remain an hour in her presence without being drawn out in love and confidence towards her, while the most perfect respect was what she commanded from all. Sitting one evening in her room, which was a small attic chamber, furnished with the utmost plainness, yet beautiful by the nice touch of her artistic fingers, I observed for the first time a guitar standing in the corner.

"Are you musical, Candace?" I said. "I thought you never sang."

She was unusually pensive that evening, and I shall never forget the singularly mournful smile with which she replied:

"I do not often sing in company, for the only music which has any meaning for me, accords but ill with gay assemblies. If you can listen to one of my songs without being saddened by it, I will sing for you."

"O, do," I replied, "I am passionately fond of old ballads."

She strung the blue ribbon of her guitar over her shoulder, and after a wild, yet tender and mournful prelude, commenced singing a song which I had never heard before. The power and pathos of her voice, which was not loud, but deep and rich, transcended anything I had ever before heard, while her touch was masterly. She seemed fingering one's very heart-strings, so perfect was the unison of her harmonious voice and instrument with the tones which the heart-chords give out when swept by any wild emotion. I was like one in a trance, while she, sitting there in the twilight obscurity of the room, her delicate white robes softly defining themselves against the shadows, with her rich dark eyes and cloudy masses of hair, and her pale, sweet features which the indistinct light softened into perfect harmony and beauty, seemed to my rapt gaze like some pure angel from a brighter realm, half veiled from my vision by the dusky shadows of earth, yet sadly singing the divinest melody of sympathy which the sorrows of humanity ever evoked from angel harps. It was a full minute after she ceased singing, before the transfiguration ceased, and I regained my powers of speech.

"Candace," I exclaimed, "where did you learn that song?"

"From my own heart," was the low, sad reply.

I paused a moment. "Do you mean that it is original?"

"Yes; I have a peculiar feeling towards music—perhaps a selfish one; but any sentiment which I cannot feel with sufficient depth to be able myself to clothe it in language and song, I have no pleasure in enjoying. Music is a divine gift—it is properly the harmonious expression of the soul's highest affections—and therefore one's songs should be a part of himself. Such cannot always be the case on earth, but so it will be in heaven."

I began to wonder whether, after all, my vision was not true, and she an angel, or at least a Peri, she spoke with so much assurance of heavenly things.

"Candace," I said, with a boldness I had never dared to assume before, "you are a singular creature. Are your idiosyncrasies a mere freak of nature, or are they the result of strange experiences?"

She was not affronted at my plainness. "Perhaps," she said, "both causes are combined. Mine was a strange birth, Lizzie—a strange fortune." She paused a moment, a pause which I could no more have interrupted than I could

have jarred with my feeble note of discord the harmonies of celestial spheres; and then continued, "I am strange; I suppose I seem peculiar and eccentric to my fellow-mortals, one and all. There are no exceptions, are there? Your cousin, Frank Perkins, for instance, he thinks me as strange and peculiar as all the rest."

I was astounded at this allusion, for never before had I heard her mention his name, save in the most common-place accents; and I had been thoroughly mystified in all my endeavors to fathom her mind on the subject. For an instant I scarcely knew how to reply.

"Frank certainly considers you very far removed from young ladies whom one ordinarily meets in society; but your peculiarities excite his highest admiration, and I am afraid"—I emphasized the word—"awaken too deep an interest for his own peace of mind."

"Afraid!" she said, captiously, "why afraid?"

"Because, Candace," I replied, speaking right to the point, "I don't think you ever intend to marry him."

Another pause. "You are right," she said, at length, "I do not intend to marry him. Will you tell him so from me? Tell him gently, delicately, as you can—for you are a true woman, Lizzie—but pointedly, settle the matter at once—for—he must never speak of love to me."

"Candace," I asked, because I could not refrain from asking, "do you not love him? I have been certain of it sometimes when I marked the softening of your voice, the melting of your eye toward him."

"When did you notice all this?" she demanded, with an eagerness that startled me. "When, and who else saw it? Did he ever notice it, think you?"

I did not know how to answer, and she continued:

"Love him? No, I would not for worlds curse him with my love. It would scathe him like the lightning. No, he must never, never crave the boon. "Lizzie, Lizzie," she said, looking at me with wild, tearless eyes that were almost fierce, "Lizzie, go home, my child. I am not a fit companion for you now; in another half hour I might tell you things which would scorch and scathe your pure soul, as they have mine. Go home, I say, do the errand I bade you; but never allude to the scene to any one—never think of it again."

I bade her good-night, and wished her pleasant slumbers that should dispel this wild mood, which was so unlike her usual quiet self. She only smiled in reply; but it was a smile eloquent with the same proud yet mournful significance

which had marked her manner. At the door I met Augusta Green, with a letter for her cousin.

The next day it was known all through Centreville that Miss Iron had been unexpectedly recalled to New York, and had been obliged to leave without ceremony. When she would return, if ever, Mrs. Green could not tell, neither could she give any clue to her address, as she said her cousin might be obliged to travel, and there would be no certainty of letters reaching her. People thought it rather singular, but when six weeks passed, and nothing was heard from her, either directly or through Mrs. Green, inquiries ceased, and Miss Iron was in a fair way to be peacefully forgotten, at least by most. Cousin Frank and myself certainly formed two exceptions. I had delivered to him her message, and it set him almost wild. With the full strength of a generous, manly being, he loved her, and he vowed he would search her out if any part of creation still held her; he would know with certainty whether she loved him; and if so, what barrier existed that could not be overcome by love like his. It was impossible to leave his patients just then, but at Christmas, if no news came, he would go to New York, and search until he found her, if it were a year. Time was nothing to a love like his.

He was saved the trouble; for one quiet day in November, a carriage drove up to Mrs. Green's door, and Candace Iron alighted from it, and passed up the walk, leading by the hand a little boy of three years. I happened to be standing by the window at the time, and saw all this; and as soon as etiquette permitted, I donned a bonnet and shawl, and tripped across the fields to welcome her.

"I am very, very glad to see you back again, Candace," I said, as I kissed her, "we have missed you very much; but it seems to me you are thinner than you used to be. I hope you have not been ill."

"No," she replied, quietly, "I have been in my usual health; but I have been travelling, and am very much fatigued."

"What a sweet little boy you have found in your journeyings; what is his name, and whose is it?"

"His name is Henry—he is my child."

It was said calmly, in a low voice; but a faint color rose to her cheek.

"Yours!" I exclaimed, "yours by adoption, then; the child of some relative I presume?"

"No, mine by birth; I am his mother."

I was speechless for a moment, but her ready tact relieved me.

"When I first came to Centreville, I was taken for a young lady, and as I desired to avoid questions, I allowed the mistake to pass uncorrected. I am a widow."

I scrutinized her closely, and tried, as I had often done before, to form some estimate in regard to her age. At first glance, you would have said she was no more than nineteen; her form and features were certainly youthful; yet the soul which animated her countenance, and looked out at her dark eyes, was certainly old in experiences. As always before, I was baffled. She must have been widowed for some time, for she wore no mourning garments. I longed to question her, but she had signified that it would be an intrusion, so I forbore. On my way home I met Cousin Frank.

"Have you seen Candace?" was my first question.

He had not even heard of her arrival. "I am on my way to the cars," he said, "for a week's absence. I cannot see her now, but you must give her my hearty welcome back, and assure her that my first call when I return, will be at her door. And then," he added, "I will know the worst."

Great was the consternation in Centreville when the circumstances of Candace's return were known. Her best friends were surprised into silence, and the croakers, whose mouths had before been shut, repaid themselves richly for their enforced silence. They always knew it would turn out so in the end; they were always certain she was an impostor, and no better than she should be. Some people always were so taken by outside show; they had seen the end from the beginning; but they charitably forbore their evil prophecies. Amongst this sapient set was Mrs. Pendleton, who was certain from the first that there was something wrong; but then Mrs. West was so blinded by the artful creature, and she felt it her duty to stand by her sister.

The tide having once turned, it was not long in running its downward course, and Candace's popularity had soon reached its lowest ebb. A few there were among those who knew her best, who trusted her, and although even to them she still, as before, refused all explanations in regard to her own private affairs, there was that in her truthfulness of character and conduct, from which they could not withhold their confidence. In answer to all expressions of sympathy in regard to her present unenviable position in society, her quiet reply was:

"It is only what I have expected. I came here for retirement and privacy. The attentions which I received were never solicited, and al-

though in consideration of my own health which then needed the stimulus of activity, I did not feel at liberty to decline them, I knew it could last but for a season; I am, therefore, not disappointed, and need no sympathy on that score."

When Frank returned, little Harry was quite ill, and his first professional call was at Mrs. Green's. It was at the twilight of a wild, tempestuous day that I saw his carriage stop there. An hour or two later I ran over to inquire after the sick child. He was sleeping quietly upon Mrs. Green's bed, and Candace and the doctor, I was informed, were closeted in her own room. It was nine o'clock when I left. From my chamber I could watch the light which burned from Candace's window. I counted the clock stroke at ten, eleven, twelve, and still through the trees of the orchard I discerned the twinkling ray. Half an hour later I heard the click of Mrs. Green's gate, and the roll of carriage wheels. Then I fell asleep; but waking again near morning, I looked out, and the light still burned on.

After breakfast I called with some little delicacies for the sick child. Candace sat by his bedside, with deep traces of her last night's vigil upon her face. Her eyes were dim and sunken, her cheeks, always pale, were now sallow, and seemed fairly emaciated by the intensity of her suffering. She was holding her moaning boy close pressed in her arms; patting his rosy cheeks, threading her thin, delicate fingers through the soft ringlets of his hair, and anon pressing passionate kisses upon his brow and fevered lips.

"He is better this morning," she said, in answer to my inquiries. "Thank God, he has not been seriously ill; I think it would kill me to lose him."

O, how I longed to take her to my arms, poor stricken, sorrowing dove! and comfort and caress her, as she petted her boy; but I dared not. I did lay my hand upon her burning brow, and print a kiss softly upon it, as I left, and the glance of tender, heartfelt gratitude which repaid me, brought tears to my eyes. I saw Frank that afternoon.

"How is it?" was my first question. "Is there any hope?"

"None, save one which it is a sin to cherish. Yet, O, Lizzie! she loves me. I know it. She forbade her lips to murmur the sound; yet in the intensity of her sorrow and my sympathy I caught her wildly in my arms, and she lay for one moment sobbing upon my bosom. It was only an instant, but as she raised her head, she murmured, 'This must not be; even this drop

of sweetness is denied to me—I must drink my bitter cup to the very dregs—but I will go down to my grave with untainted honor, and an unsullied conscience.' O, Lizzie, she is an angel. Let the world say what they will of her, she is too pure to breathe its air."

Poor Frank! I pitied him. I knew the hope of his manhood had perished, and I felt keenly all the peculiar trials of his lot; but he seemed to have caught something of her heroic spirit, and I saw that he asked for no sympathy, so I only pressed his hands in my own, and received in silence his cousinly kiss, and then we parted.

A year passed, and still Candace remained our neighbor. Among all who had at first overwhelmed her with attentions, scarce one true friend remained to cheer her solitude. Frank had removed to a neighboring town; he had been an altered being since that sad night of vigils. He was the same manly, upright, noble-hearted man as ever; but his buoyancy and cheerfulness were gone. He came frequently to see me, and never left without calling on Candace; but he never saw her save in the presence of the family. Usually I accompanied him in his calls; and his manner, though always touched with a saddened tenderness, was still that of the utmost deference and respect. He seldom took her hand, even at parting, and although I could occasionally discern a gleam of tenderness in his glance toward her, her smile to him was always calm and friendly, never more. One day as I received my own mail from the post office, the clerk said to me:

"Miss Lizzie, here is a letter in mourning for Miss Iron; it is marked 'in haste,' and as you pass her door in going home, may I trouble you to call with it?"

I took the letter joyfully. I do not know why, but a thrill of hope ran through my heart, as I looked at the black seal and the heavy line of mourning which encircled the envelope. I flew, rather than ran, my feet scarcely touched the sidewalk; it seemed to me an age, yet it was scarcely three minutes till I had placed the epistle in her hands. Her color rose, and she uttered a faint cry, as she glanced at the superscription. An instant sufficed to reveal its intelligence to her quick eye. She drew one long, shuddering breath; I thought she would faint, but she only buried her face in her hands, and trembled from head to foot.

"O, God!" she murmured, at length, "am I at last free? After these long, weary years, Heaven forgive me if it be sinful, but—I am thankful."

Three minutes elapsed, and she did not speak

again. At last she arose, and kneeling by her bedside, seemed for some minutes to be engaged in fervent prayer—after that she wrote and despatched a hasty note—then she came and sat by my side again, and laying her hands confidently in mine, and smiling upon me with one of those radiant smiles which I never saw on any other countenance, she said:

"Lizzie, if I have seemed ungrateful in withholding my confidence from your pure and priceless friendship, the hour has come when I can ask, and I trust receive your pardon."

And then briefly, but impressively, she told me her story.

"My father was a young English nobleman, who in his first visit to the continent, fell in love with and espoused an Italian opera singer of some note. He died, however, before I was born, and his widow, with a proud shrinking from all the trials which she must undergo in establishing her claim to a legal marriage, and a recognition by his family, preferred emigrating to America. She had scarcely been a month in this country, when I first saw the light. She was not then destitute, but her resources were not sufficient to support her without labor. So that notwithstanding her desire to live for her child's sake a private life, she was forced by her ignorance of the ways of procuring a livelihood in this country, to go again upon the stage. She resolutely avoided all introductions to society, however, and lived in quiet lodgings in the most retired part of the city, devoting all her leisure and resources to my education. When I was fifteen she died, and I mourned her loss as it became the child of so much love, and patient toil and self-denial to do. With her dying breath, she committed me to the care of her only friend, an honest stage-manager whom she had long known, and he was faithful to his charge. At the end of a year, however, by accident I was brought to the notice of a young man of wealth and standing, the heir indeed of one of the wealthiest merchants of New York. He fell in love with what he used to term my 'gipsyish charms.' And as he proposed an honorable marriage to my guardian, the latter thought it his duty to counsel my acceptance. I was but sixteen, and had been bred in utter retirement. I had a keen sense of my obligations to Mr. Richards, and my dependence upon him. What was more natural than that I should accept this flattering offer? I did so; and we were married. I have reason to believe that Robert Iron never intended that the ceremony should be legal; but thanks to the watchfulness of Mr. Richards, it was so, as I have now the blessed

satisfaction of knowing, although with childish carelessness I was persuaded to entrust my marriage certificate to his care, and have therefore had no certain proof of its validity since the death of Mr. Richards, which occurred shortly after our marriage.

"For three years I lived with my husband. At first I was perfectly happy. We travelled constantly; Robert said because he preferred it, and because it would give me a style and finish of manner which he much desired I should attain before being presented to his family. We stopped at first class hotels, and mingled freely in the best society of all the principal cities of the Union. Six months had not passed, however, before he grew jealous of me. He soon found that I did not love him, and after that he made my life miserable by his suspicions and his taunts. For the last two years that I lived with him, my sufferings were terrible. I cannot now recall them without shuddering. Yet I think he loved me more truly than he ever loved anything else; but his nature was naturally selfish. The birth of our child gave him pleasure, and for a time he softened towards me; but it did not last long. Yet he was my only protector, and I clung to him; he was moreover the father of my child, and I could not leave him. Judge then of my horror and consternation when he one day proposed that I should free both him and myself from the galling chains with which we were bound, by an elopement. At first I refused unconditionally, and with the utmost indignation; offering, however, to separate myself from him, publicly and honorably. This made him outrageous. He would submit to no such scandal, he said; his fair fame should never be tarnished in that way; as for me, what was I, but the base-born daughter of a base-born mother. My father's blood boiled in my veins, and for an instant I could have stabbed him to the heart. He insisted, however, on his infamous proposal, offering me but one alternative: I might pretend an elopement and live in retirement in some out-of-the-way place where I should not be known, or he would reject me as a cast-off mistress, and I, having no proof of our marriage, and neither money nor friends, should stand before the world as such. You, my dear child, cannot picture the sufferings of that night. God grant you may never experience ought to remind you of what I have endured. The next day I put the whole case into the hands of a lawyer, who was a tried friend; and in view of all the circumstances, he advised me to the quietest course, which I at last pursued. At first Robert would not give me my child. This nearly killed me; it seemed the last drop which

was wanting to make my cup overflow. But soon after I left he was taken ill at a southern city, and wrote me that if I would come for the child, or send a trusty messenger, I might have him. Of course I flew to him, and regained my precious boy.

"Mrs. Green is no relative, only an acquaintance whom my mother befriended while living in New York—I knew her to be a tried friend, and I had not many such—to her therefore I applied for a home; my success you know. All these weary months I have lived on, striving for calmness, yet on the verge of despair, struggling not only with past memories, but with living, throbbing, burning emotions, for, Lizzie, I love your cousin as I never loved before, as no woman can love twice; and yet true always, as far as I might be, to those bonds which bound me to Robert Iron—for I bore his name still, and I could not forget that I was yet a wife. To-day, deliverance has come—Robert Iron is no more—and—I am free!"

As she spoke the last words, she bowed her head, and seemed struggling with a tide of memories and hopes. There was no need that I should reply, for the door had opened quietly as she uttered those heart-felt words, "I am free," a quick but noiseless tread passed over the carpet, and before she was aware of his presence, Frank Perkins knelt at her side, and wound his strong arms around her yielding form. I felt myself Madame De Trop, and left. There was a wedding in the Widow Green's humble parlor, six months after, and though Centreville never quite forgot the chagrin which the announcement cost them, Dr. Frank Perkins and his lady lived very happily together, and gave themselves little uneasiness about what the croakers might say.

FRUIT TREES.

There is a practice among the Swiss and Germans of boring into the ground among the roots of fruit trees (with an instrument made for the purpose), and pouring in liquid manure to force the tree forward, and also, to enable it to resist the drouth of dry weather. I have practised this for some four years with some fine Seckel pears, in dry land, with good success. Avoid this after the first of September, as it will induce a second growth late in the fall, which will be quite irregular, and very liable to be winter-killed. The instrument I use is the common iron bar, which can be driven in among the roots without injury. Take for a wash (as I buy no "special" manures), to three fourths of a barrel of water, four quarts of ashes, two quarts of lime, two shovels full of light soil—stir up well, and pour into holes made as above, what the tree requires. Soap suds are capital for this purpose.—*Rural New Yorker.*

RAINY DAYS AND FARM-HOUSES.

BY EVA BELFORD.

Who hasn't spent a rainy day in some quaint, old-fashioned farm-house?—a farm-house with brown or red walls, and a mossy, clever-looking roof—with low chambers, where the ceaseless, never-weary footsteps of the rain sounded through them all the day, as they pattered and slid adown the roof? Who hasn't spent hour after hour under the low eaves, pulling from their quiet rest, old, antiquated newspapers, which were as carefully preserved as though they were worth thousands of dollars to the owner—newspapers that were dated away back among the eighteen hundred and twenties, and piled away sacredly before your busy, bustling hands, and inquiring face had blessed the world with their presence. And who hasn't grown weary, too, and thrown with a sacrilegious haste, these old relics of by-gone days, back into their resting-places in barrels or boxes, as they chanced to belong? Who hasn't turned to the small chamber window with a sigh, and looked out upon the bending, dripping grass,—the sober-looking barns, with their drenched yards—the awkward hens, twisting and shaking perseveringly along through the rain, talking, cheerfully in spite of the soiled and defaced appearance of their glossy coats, and their uncomfortable feelings generally,—for I know that hens can't feel comfortable when they look so shockingly;—little paths running out from the house, like brown pieces of insertion set in the green garments of grass that sloped gently away across the sombre-looking fields? Ah, and who hasn't looked out farther, and watched the ribbon-y roads stretching away up over the hills in the distance, like caressing arms—away up, until they seemed lost in the heart of some giant growth of woodland, or to have met secretly the very trailing robes of the gray sky itself? Who hasn't watched the smoke curl up from the neighboring houses, listened attentively to the sound of every voice that came across the fields, looked anxiously out to the scowling west, to catch a smile of pleasant weather upon its dark face, until wearied out the wandering heart has turned home upon itself?

And then—and then, there was a new "path across the hills." The path that one's own feet should break through the future. Then there was a wrenching from out fate's hands all her closely-held secrets. The low alto of the rain was forgotten; the crabbed eastern wind was no longer heard; everything was dumb in the presence of that wild, youthful imagination.

What a life was seen from that low window! What a life of brilliant conquests, of pure deeds, of love and joy was pictured out; there were storms ahead, to be sure, but none so dark but what they carried within their bosoms a little torch of heaven's sunshine. There were trials to be met, but they would be conquered bravely and resolutely. There were disappointments to be endured, but they would be borne with heroic fortitude, such as few could summon to their aid. How the bright, glad eyes sent their light, and the happy heart its joy into the stern future, so that its darkness gave way before them. And how restlessly the young feet tarried in the still places of youth, and the childish hands brushed the sweets from the flowers, and the heart kept its freshness in the dewy morning of life, so eagerly was the bustling, active noonday looked forward to.

Ah, but the coming days when the ears shall be deafened by the world's tumult that no longer may be heard the songs of birds; when the heart is so buried in the dusts of selfishness and intrigue, that every dear influence of early life slumbers as if dead; when the eyes have gathered upon themselves a mist of iniquity which spreads over everything on which they fall—what, O, what shall then bring back the hearing, the sight and the heart of youth?

Dear, dear old farm-houses! Who does not love them—who?

RUSTIC WIT.

At a north country inn, the Boots being called, a shrimp of a lad in rustic attire presented himself. "Well, are you the Boots?" The youth supposing, no doubt, that the gentleman was up to a joke, replied, "no, I'm stockings, sur." The traveller, not exactly pleased with the answer, asked him what he meant by such a reply. "Wha," repeated the boy, in a sort of simple laugh, "I'm the stockings, sur." "Stockings! What do you mean by stockings, you impertinent snapper, you?" "Wha, sur," said the boy, with an unaltered countenance, "I'm Under-boots, so, ha must be stockings, sur."—*Scottish Guardian*.

COLORED ARTICHOKE.

St. Aubyn, the retired actor of the Theatre Francais, is living at Nice, where he has just purchased a charming villa on the sea. He has just made a discovery which they say is destined to create quite a revolution in horticulture. By placing caps of different colored linen over the head of the artichoke, he has succeeded in producing them of different colors. At the table of the Tuilleries the other day, was served a dish of this vegetable, red, light green, green, blue and yellow, much to the diversion of the company. May not this be of service to those who are in quest of the long sought blue dahlia?—*Court Journal*.

AN ANCIENT INSTITUTION.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts in June celebrated its two hundred and twentieth anniversary. The existence of this military body for a period of nearly two centuries and a quarter, is a most interesting subject of contemplation, in the history of our country. What, it may be asked, has caused this company to be kept up in full vigor, through war and peace, through colonial and independent state governments, for seven generations of men, and brought it down to our day in a condition abundantly flourishing, and full of promise for the future? There must be something more than the mere pride and pomp of military array, to produce a result like this; for many military organizations, involving greater display, higher distinctions, and more valuable emoluments than this, have lived, flourished, died, and been forgotten, during the period which marks the age of the "Ancients." The secret of the perpetuity of the company is to be found in the symbolic significance of its organization, that symbolism being direct and expressive in its bearing upon the nature of American institutions. The right of self-defence, free election of rulers, and religious dependence, are the three prominent characteristics which have ever marked civil society in this country. They stamped the Puritan character which founded the early colonies, and which in process of time has diffused its influence across the continent, and built up a free, united, and independent nation. The Bayonet, the Ballot-box and the Bible are the insignia of American liberty; and these three are combined in the organization of this ancient institution.

The capacity and ability of a free people to defend themselves, is symbolized in the nature of the Ancients' organization, as a company bearing arms; the right of a free people to choose their own rulers from among themselves, is symbolized in the annual election of its officers from the ranks; and the necessity of humble dependence upon Divine Providence, to the security of a people's freedom and prosperity, is further symbolized by the public worship of the Almighty, which precedes the annual election. The annual observances of the company have therefore spoken to the heart and judgment of the people, by constantly reminding them of what their fathers did for free institutions, and upon what they themselves must rely for their preservation and improvement. There has always been a fresh and living soul in the organization, which could appeal to the liveliest sympathies of the people; and it is this soul of

Americanism in its truest sense, which has kept the body alive, through all changes and vicissitudes, and brought it down to us, hale, hearty and strong, revered for its antiquity, honored for its perennial youth, and loved for its vivid interpretation of the hopes and duties of freemen.

The charter of the company bears date March 17th, 1638, and was granted by John Winthrop, Governor, by the advice of Council, and by order of the General Court. The original name was "*The Military Company of the Massachusetts*," which in process of time became changed to the "*Honorable Artillery Company*," and later still, to its present title of the "*Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company*," by which it has been recognized, for years past, in various executive documents.

The first commander of the company was Robert Keine, mentioned in the charter. The officers were commissioned by the Governor on the first Monday in June, in great state; and ever since that time, with very few exceptions, the annual elections of officers, the attendance upon public worship with the Governor and suite, and the commissioning of the new officers, have taken place, down to the present year. During the period of the Revolutionary contest, the company did not assemble, the members being mostly engaged in the strife for independence. But at the close of the war, the meetings were renewed, and have continued without interruption ever since. At the present time, the company is composed mainly of past and present officers and members of the Volunteer Militia. Besides these, there are other public-spirited gentlemen who are enrolled as members, either upon the honorary or active list, and the several governors of the State are made *ex-officio*, honorary members. The present roll consists of about 350 members, of whom 80 are honorary, and the rest are classed as active.

We have thus given a meagre sketch of the history and condition of this ancient institution, the oldest military organization in the nation, and the germ of that military power which has rendered our country invincible in every contest in which she has been engaged. It had its birth in the same year with Harvard University, and the two have walked hand in hand down the pathway of centuries, the one dispensing the light of learning and piety, and the other the fire of patriotism. May they both continue to move on in harmony and prosperity!

We suppose there are some virtues that may exist in the worst hearts, even as there are some kinds of fire that will burn under water.

Curious Matters.

A wonderful Creature.

A curious looking native of the briny deep was lately fished up near Fisher's Island. It is of a bright red color, nearly round in form, and perhaps three inches in diameter, and of a pulpy consistency, rather more solid than the "jellies" common in these waters. It is attached to a stone, to which it adheres as firmly as if it and the stone were a pair of marine Siamese twins. On the top of this leathery looking customer is an orifice which varies in size from about two inches in diameter to almost nothing, opening and shutting according to the sovereign will and pleasure of the animal, if a "sea rose" can be called an animal. A very curious operation to witness is its mode of taking refreshment. Little scraps of raw fish put into the creature's mouth, or whatever the orifice above mentioned should be called, are seized by numerous little fibres or feelers and drawn in out of sight after which the "sea rose" is ready for more. This singular creature was fished up by a smack-man. It is said to be a very rare article, seldom caught and exhibited to the inspection of curious members of the human race.

A queer Trick.

A glaring imposture has been detected in a performance at the circus at Paris, which has for months been drawing crowds of spectators. A man who called himself "L'homme canon" professed to sustain on his shoulder, as on a gun-carriage, what seemed to be a piece of ordnance of the calibre of a ten-pounder, which, loaded with a full charge of powder, was discharged within a few inches of his ear. The shouts of applause at the explosion were instantaneous, but to the professional ear there was a want of sufficient simultaneity between the flash and the report. To the professional eye there was also an absence of recoil which a full charge must create. It now appears that a mere Roman candle was shot from the gun, while immediately under the stage a tin box, crammed with powder, was made to explode among sand-bags, while the smoke circled round the intrepid performer.

A wonderful Machine.

The Dudley Observatory, recently established at Albany under the auspices of the Dudley munificence, and the eloquence of Edward Everett, has been presented with a calculating engine, the operation of which is one of the marvels of modern science. This extraordinary invention is the work of a Swedish mechanician, and the labor of twenty years. It was built at Stockholm, and, to aid in its completion, the Swedish government has given more than ten thousand dollars. With a few prepared formulae, it will do the work of four computers. It will not only calculate almost every description of mathematical tables, but will print and stereotype them.

A Curiosity.

An English paper publishes a sketch of the life of a prisoner, composed by himself in Winchester jail. The original is in the shape of a printed book; the letters and words having all been cut out of waste paper by the man with his finger nails, as no knife or scissors were allowed. After cutting out the words suitable to his purpose, he carefully pasted them in proper order to form a small book, comprising twenty-two pages. A piece of poetry addressed to the prisoner's wife, is included in this singular literary curiosity.

Superstitions.

In many parts of England, where the fairies still maintain their ground, the milkmaids sprinkle water—the true descendant of holy water—about their dairy, to prevent the little people from dipping their whiskers in the milk pans during the night. The same persons are also persuaded that witches often prefer fine, handsome horses to broom-sticks, and accordingly take them from the stable, and ride them over earth and water all night, though they are always very careful to bring them back before the morning. To prevent this, the grooms studiously stop up every aperture in walls and doors, by which a witch might be supposed to effect an entrance. Still, the members of this sisterhood are so ingenious and powerful, that they get into the stables nevertheless, and ride the horses so furiously that they are found in the morning trampling all over, and covered with sweat. It seems never to occur to the worthy grooms that locking out the wholesome air may produce this effect.

The obedient Watch.

Borrow a watch from a person in company, and request the whole to stand around you. Hold the watch up to the ear of the first in the circle, and command it to go; then demand his testimony to the fact. Remove it to the ear of the next, and enjoin it to stop; make the same request of that person, and so on, throughout the entire party. You must take care that the watch is a good one. Conceal in your hand a piece of leadstone which, so soon as you apply it to the watch, will occasion a suspension of the movements, which a subsequent shaking and withdrawing of the magnet will restore. For the sake of shifting the watch from one hand to the other, apply it when in the right hand to the left ear of the person, and when in the left hand to the right ear.

Death from a Parasol.

A young woman, while hurrying across the road to the London Bridge station to catch a train, tripped and fell. When raised, she stated that her parasol had wounded her in the breast. It was noticed that the parasol handle, which had been broken, was quite sharp at the end. In a minute or two, blood flowed from her mouth, and she was taken as quickly as possible to St. Thomas's Hospital, on reaching which she was found to be dead. The surgeon found that the parasol handle had pierced through the right lung.

Destructive Invention.

A Frenchman, named Gaultier, gave an exhibition a few years at Red Bank opposite Philadelphia, of a machine for burning up a hostile fleet approaching a city. The experiment which was on a small scale, consisted of pouring into the Delaware a composition somewhat similar to burning fluid, and then setting fire by casting upon it burning material from a small hand pump. The fire burned for a short time with great intensity, at the same time throwing off volumes of black smoke.

An Anomaly in Nature.

Captain Richard Johnson, on High street, Newburyport, had a hen hatch eleven chickens from thirteen eggs, not long since, and one of the chickens is supplied with an extra pair of legs. It is a well, healthy chicken, and runs about as chipper as any of them, but does not appear to use its hind legs at all though they are as large as the others.

What will a Glass of Water hold?

It is generally thought that when a vessel is full of water, any solid substance immersed in it will cause it to overflow, and such will be the case if the substance is not soluble in water; but the philosophic truth that, in dissolving a body, you do not increase the volume of the solvent, may be proved by a simple and interesting experiment. Saturate a certain quantity of water, at a moderate heat, with three ounces of sugar; and when it will no longer receive that, there is room for two ounces of salt of tartar, and after that for an ounce and a drachm of green vitriol, nearly six drachms of nitre, the same quantity of sal ammoniac or smelling salts, two drachms and a scruple of alum, and a drachm and a half of borax, —when all these are dissolved in it, it will not have increased in volume.

A monster Grape Vine.

A Los Angeles correspondent of the *Alta California* writes as follows: "At Montecito, four miles from Santa Barbara, there is a grape vine, probably the largest in the world. Its dimensions and yield would be incredible, were it not that my informant is a man of veracity, and he spoke from personal observation. It is a single vine, the main stock being ten feet in diameter. It is trained upon a trellis 60 feet in diameter. My informant, with another person, counted 7000 bunches, and the estimate yield was 18,000 pounds of fruit. Can this be beaten? The only thing that surprised me in the relation of my friend was that any person in Santa Barbara should have displayed the energy necessary to build the trellis for this noble vine."

Important Discovery.

An experiment has lately been tried in Paris, after a new system, by which hides and skins of all descriptions may be dried in a few minutes, without any machinery, and in all latitudes. Skins so dried are preserved without any unpleasant smell or diminution of weight or quality. They are dried at the small expense of four sous the ox hide, and are said to be superior to those dried in the sun. South America supplies more than 12,000,000 pounds weight of green hides, which arrive in France in bad condition, sometimes in a state of decomposition, with considerable loss to the owners. This new process will, it is said, preserve them completely.

The "Madstone."

The madstone, reputed to cure hydrophobia, is generally considered a myth, but Seth T. Stanton, of Cincinnati, whose credibility has good vouchers, states that he was bitten by a mad cat recently, and was completely cured by a madstone, in the possession of Samuel Treble, of Macoupin County, Ill. The terrible disease was well developed before he reached Illinois, but the madstone, on being applied to the wound, sucked itself full of the poison, when it dropped off and was cleaned, and seven applications effected a cure.

Poison-spitting Snakes.

Says the author of *Sporting Scenes amongst the Kaffirs* of South Africa: "I have heard from both Dutchmen and Kaffirs, that there is a snake which spits out its poison at any one who may approach, and makes capital shots. Blindness often follows if the victim is struck in the eyes, and a horrible disease of the skin if the face or hands are touched by the poisonous secretion. I am not aware of the appearance or name of this reptile."

Use of Poisons.

Dr. Taylor, in his evidence before the select committee of the English parliament on the "sale of poisons bill," after pointing out that arsenic was much used in several manufactures, such as in the manufacture of glass, especially opal glass, of shot, in the steeping of grain, and other purposes, states that the largest quantity of arsenic is used in the manufacture of paper for covering walls, and is very dangerous, both to those living in houses papered with the article, as well as to those employed in the manufacture. An instance was sometime since published in one of the medical journals, of some cases of illness occurring to persons living in a room papered with this paper, and the effects were described as those arising from arsenic.

Strange Custom.

A most extraordinary custom prevails among the Virees, a powerful tribe occupying an extensive district in Caubul, among the mountains between Persia and India. It is, in fact, a female prerogative that has no parallel among any other people upon the earth, and that reverses what we are in the habit of considering the natural order of things—the women choose their husbands, and not the husbands their wives. If a woman be pleased with a man, she sends the drummer of the camp to pin a handkerchief to his cap, with a pin she has used to fasten her hair. The drummer watches his opportunity, and does this in public, naming the woman, and the man is obliged to marry her, if he can pay her price to her father.

A Hermit.

Bucks county, New York, is alive with excitement at the discovery of a hermit, who, it is said, has occupied a cave at Wolf Rocks for the last eighteen years, who has a beard a yard long, and whose apartments are said to be wonderful cozy. The *Democrat*, at Doylestown, says about one thousand persons visited the cave on Sunday. Wonderful stories are told about the Hermit of the Mountain. Certain unexplained ghost stories which have baffled the people of the neighborhood, have all at once been solved. What has induced this strange piece of mortality to have secluded himself from society, nobody can tell. The particular locality of Wolf Rocks is in the upper end of the county.

Extraordinary Occurrence.

The following, from the Colombo Observer, gives an account of an extraordinary accident to Major Milman, Royal Artillery:—"It seems that an elephant charged him, and was within a few feet of him, when Mr Tyndall, determined to save his friend's life, fired. The bullet went through Major Milman's left shoulder, splintering a small portion of the bone. But the end was answered: the bullet which had thus disabled Major Milman killed the elephant, which fell within a few feet of him. So narrow an escape, and under such circumstances, is unprecedented."

A remarkable Otter.

Some years ago the other hounds of Mr. Coleman, of Leominster, killed, in Monkland Millpond, an otter of remarkable size; it measured from the nose to the end of the tail, four feet ten inches, and weighed 34 1-2 lbs. The animal was supposed to be eight years old, and to have destroyed for the last five years a ton of fish annually.

The Florist.

How gaily shines the early dew,
Loading the grass with its silver hue!
And freshly comes the fragrant breeze,
Dancing among the cherry-trees;
The bees are humming all so gay;
Humming anthems for the sunny day.—HARRIS.

Culture of Violets.

The cultivation of the violet is very simple. It may easily be increased by dividing the roots in the spring or fall, and also by layers and pipings. To obtain new varieties, the seeds from the best sorts should be gathered as they become ripe, and sown directly. The plants will appear in about fourteen days. Those of the spring sowing will bloom in autumn, and autumn plants in the spring; and if they are protected from the summer's sun after ten o'clock in the forenoon, they will continue to bloom until the frost becomes severe. Indeed, this lovely little flower possesses the quality of blooming while the coming frosts of later autumn have put most other plants to sleep for the winter, and it is sometimes seen in a moderate winter, partially covered with snow, with its buds ready formed to usher in young spring.

Watering.

Watering appears an extremely simple operation, yet nevertheless there are several points relating to it that are necessary to attend to. One of these, never to saturate the soil. Water, to be in the best state for being taken up by the plants, should be kept in detached globules by the admixture of air; and it should be only slightly impregnated with nourishing matter from decaying animal or vegetable substances. Rain water is the best for plants. Avoid the common mistake, of pouring water close around the stem. Water, if poured profusely on the collar of the plant, which is the point of junction between the root and stem, is likely to rot, or otherwise seriously injure that vital plant; while the spongioses, which alone absorb the water, are left without nourishment.

Grapes as House Plants.

Somebody has recommended to cultivate dwarf grape vines as parlor window plants. There are certain utilitarians who cannot consent to grow anything which does not furnish food for the stomach, or money for the pocket; as for "cluttering up" their rooms with geraniums, roses, and lilies, that is all folly! Now, let such persons try a grape vine at their south window. Plant in a large pot or neatly painted box, and train the vines on wires stretched across the window-frame. We can conceive that such a plant would satisfy the sense of beauty and utility at the same time, and that in a high degree. It would be the finest ornament of the house; and as for the fruit, why certainly that would be appreciated.

Myrtles.

Myrtles should be grown in a soil composed of a mixture of peat and loam, in which the former should predominate; they should be regularly watered and frequently syringed. Some persons nip off the tips of the young shoots, to make the plant grow bushy; and though it has that effect, it is a bad practice with the flowering kinds, as it prevent them from producing flowers. A better plan is to make cuttings, and as the plant increases in growth, change to a larger pot, till the plants have acquired a bushy habit of growth.

Arrangement of Garden Flowers.

The point to be observed in the selection and disposition of shrubs in the garden, is to produce an agreeable variety of flowers and foliage throughout the whole space, and during every month in the year. For this purpose certain evergreens, such as the lauristinus, and certain flowering shrubs, such as the China rose, are to be distributed throughout, the same variety of the species not being repeated, but different varieties. There are also shrubs for flowering at every season of the year, where the locality is favorable; and if judgment be exercised in their selection, there need not be a dozen duplicates in the garden—different varieties of each species being chosen.

Growing Ferns.

In England, the artificial growing of ferns is carried on to a considerable extent by floral amateurs, and with entire success. The method which is pursued would appear to be very simple. The ferns may be planted in boxes of any size or shape, furnished with glazed sides and glazed lid. The bottom of the box is filled with nearly equal portions of bog-moss, vegetable mold, and sand; and the ferns, after planting, are most copiously watered, the superfluous water being allowed to drain off through a plug-hole in the bottom of the box—after which the plug is put in tight, the glazed lid applied, and no further care is required, than that of keeping the box in the light.

Choice of Plants.

To select the most desirable plants for the garden, and to arrange them with good taste, requires considerable knowledge of the floral kingdom. The time of flowering must be known, the height, hardiness, habits, etc.; also the effect of the combination of different colors, so that the plants may be arranged in such a manner as to produce the happiest effect. Some persons, anxious for a great variety, crowd too many plants into a small space, consequently have nothing in perfection. It is much better to be confined to a few varieties, and cultivate them well, than to pursue the careless step so frequently seen in the flower garden.

Climbing Roses.

This is the month best calculated for setting out shrubs of all kinds, and especially the climbing rose. When trained against a wall, it should have a north or eastern exposure, rather than a southern one, and the shoots should never be cut. In fact, the rose does not require much pruning, except what is necessary to remove the dead wood, or to train the plant in shape, though the latter should be avoided as much as possible, as all wounds are apt to produce canker.

Eucallonia.

Beautiful shrubs, natives of South America, which are nearly hardy in the climate of London. They grow best in peaty soil, or in very sandy loam. *E. rubra* is generally trained against a wall, but *E. Monte Videnis*, which produces large clusters of white flowers, is grown as a bush. Both kinds require protection from severe frosts.

Dorycnium.

A genus of little hardy plants, separated by Tournefort from the Lotus, or Bird's-foot Trefol, and growing freely in any common soil. They are most suitable for rock-work.

Ranunculuses.

When it is desired to cultivate the ranunculus in much extent, and in the most thorough and successful manner, remove twelve inches of the surface earth from the beds, then have the earth at bottom well dug, or broken up, eighteen inches. Over this, lay in manure seven inches in thickness, composed of three parts of cowdung six months old, and a fourth part of sand or mud, obtained, if possible, from the bank of a river, well mixed together.

If this manure be prepared a few months before it is used, and occasionally turned, the better; and, over this, place a compost of five inches, of very old cowdung mold, one-sixth; sea-weed, one-eighth; turf mold, one-eighth; leaf mold, well reduced, one-eighth; fresh, sound earth, one-third. When the beds are in a proper state, make impressions or drills across them, with the handle of a hoe, by pressure, about one and one-fourth inches deep, and five inches asunder, and plant the roots at four inches distance from the other, filling up the drills with the same compost. The ranunculus should never be planted deeper than one inch under the surface, as light and air are very essential to their thrift. They should also never be planted within several feet of a well.

Sweet Peas.

This truly sweet and fragrant ornament of the garden is of very easy cultivation. The peas may be put into the ground quite early, as they will bear the wind and weather. Make a circle round a pole, or some object to which they may cling as they rise; and put the peas an inch deep, having soaked them previously in water well saturated with arsenic, to guard them from the depredations of birds and mice. Add an outer circle of peas every month, so that a continual bloom may appear; the circle first sown will ripen and pod for seed in the centre, while the outer vines will continue flowering till late in the autumn. When a sufficient number of ripe pods have been gathered, all the pods which may afterwards form should be cut away, as this will strengthen the vines, and throw all their vigor into repeated blooms.

To rear a Myrtle from a Slip.

Cuttings of the myrtle may be struck in a little bottom heat during the months of June, July, and August; but with more certainty in July. As soon as they have taken root freely, put off into thumb-pots, and keep repotting them as fast as those they occupy become filled with fibres. Give them air whenever the weather will permit of it, and water as often as requisite—that is to say, when you do water them, do it in earnest. In all other respects, they will require precisely the same treatment as that recommended for window plants in general.

Protecting Seeds.

The shoots of annuals are very apt when they first appear above ground, to be scorched and withered by the hot sun, and the plants thus destroyed. As a remedy against this, pieces of moss or thin matting may be laid over the ground where they are planted, staked down, and there allowed to remain until the seeds have been sprouted some days, or a week, and when removed, let it be at night or early in the morning; the morning is the best time.

Lablavias.

The Egyptian Bean. A half-hardy annual climbing plant, or hardy biennial plant, which only requires the usual treatment of similar plants. It has a very showy purple flower.

The Camellia.

To grow the camellia to perfection, Wilder recommends that the plants have a good compost and complete drainage provided, and at all seasons of the year a regular supply of air and water—due regard being had to time and temperature. When not in a growing or flowering state, they need only be moderately watered, but on no account should they be suffered to become dry, under the erroneous supposition that starving them for water will produce a plentiful supply of flower-buds. At the time of flowering and making new wood, the plants should be abundantly supplied with water, and, when the young shoots are changing color and becoming hard, a heat of seventy to eighty degrees will cause the formation of a much greater profusion of blossom-buds.

Moral of the Garden.

Nothing teaches patience like a garden. All have to wait for the fruits of the earth. You may go round and watch the opening bud from day to day; but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. If forced, it is only torn to pieces. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly but regularly progressive. Each year does a work that nothing but a year can do. "Learn to labor and to wait," is one of the best lessons of a garden. All that is good takes time, and comes only by growth.

Suckers.

Sending up suckers, forming offsets, and throwing out runners, are all natural ways of propagation that require very little aid from the hand of man. If there is no desire to increase the number of plants, but to render the main stalk vigorous and stout, let the suckers be removed as soon as they appear, thus all the strength of the sap goes to the parent stalk. Offsets are young bulbs which form beside the old ones, and only require to be broken off and planted in rich light soil.

Climbing Roses.

When climbing roses fail to run, which is often the case, the remedy is to cut away all but three or four of the strongest shoots, and permit none but those to grow the first season. Give the plant plenty of manure—liquid manure—manure of almost any kind or description. By this means you can cause your climbing roses to grow to almost any extent desired.

Grass around Fruit Trees.

No one who has the least knowledge of the cultivation of fruit, will allow grass to grow around his young trees. It is a great drawback upon their growth and health. For several years, at least—and we would recommend it at all times—the soil should be kept pulverized around the trunks of fruit trees.

Colutea.

The Bladder Senna. Large, deciduous, hardy shrubs, growing and flowering freely in any common garden soil. *Colutea cruenta* is the smallest and handsomest of the species. All the species are propagated very easily by layers or cuttings.

L. E., West Harwich.—The peach-blossom signifies, "I am your captive;" the dandelion, "rustic oracle;" the daffodil, "regard;" and the butter-cup (king-cup), "ingratitude" and "childishness." We know no way of preserving the color in pressing flowers.

The Housewife.

Stewed Lettuces.

Strip off the outer leaves, and cut away the stalks; wash the lettuces with exceeding nicety, and throw them into water salted as for all green vegetables. When they are quite tender, which will be in from twenty to thirty minutes, according to their age, lift them out, and press the water thoroughly from them, chop them a little, and heat them in a clean saucepan, with a seasoning of pepper and salt, and a small slice of butter; then dredge in a little flour, and stir them well; add next a small cup of broth or gravy, boil them quickly until they are tolerably dry, then stir in a little pale vinegar or lemon-juice, and serve them as hot as possible.

To Bleach a faded Dress.

If you find that a colored muslin or ohints with a white ground, has faded very much in washing, you may discharge the color entirely, and wear it as a white dress, provided it has not been sewed with colored silk. For this purpose, having first well washed it in hot suds, boil it till the color seems to be gone; then wash it out of the boil, rinse it, and dry it in the sun. Then, if not white, lay it on the grass when the sun is very hot, and bleach it for several days. If still not quite white, repeat the boiling.

Gentlemen's White Leather Gloves.

A gentleman may clean his white leather gloves to look very well by putting them one at a time on his hands, after he has done shaving, and going over them thoroughly with his shave-brush and lather; then wiping them off with a soft clean handkerchief or sponge, and drying them on his hands by the fire, or hanging them before the fire, or in the hot sun, and while still damp, putting them on his hands till quite dry, to prevent their shrinking.

Fried Potatoes.

The long kidney potato is the best for this purpose; they should be washed and peeled, and cut into very thin slices, and thrown into boiling fat, until they are a nice light brown color; dish up very hot, throwing a little salt over. The remains of cold ones may be cut into slices and fried in the same way, or they may be dipped into batter, and fried like fritters.

Rich Gingerbread.

Melt together three-quarters of a pound of treacle, and half a pound of fresh butter; pour these hot on a pound of flour mixed with half a pound of sugar and three-quarters of an ounce of ginger. When the paste is quite cold, roll it out with as much flour as will prevent its adhering to the board; bake the cakes in a gentle oven.

To take fresh Paint out of a Coat.

Take immediately a piece of cloth and rub the wrong side of it on the paint-spot. If no other cloth is at hand, part of the inside of the coat-skirt will do. This simple application will generally remove the paint when fresh. Otherwise, rub some ether on the spot with your finger.

Common Ground-Rice Pudding.

One pint and a half of milk, three ounces and a half of rice, three of Lisbon sugar, one and a half of butter, some nutmeg, or lemon grated, and four eggs, baked slowly for half an hour, or more, if not quite firm.

To restore the Color to Mahogany.

Wash well with soap and water, and then polish daily with the following oil: take half an ounce of alumroot, cut small, and add to a pint of linseed oil; when this has stood for a week, add half an ounce of powdered gum arabic, and an ounce of shellac varnish; let these stand in a bottle by the fire for a week, then strain. Rub well in.

Giblet Pie.

For goose giblets, you must boil them a short time; when cold, chop them in small pieces, and cut the gizzard, heart, and liver in slices; stew them for a quarter of an hour in some good stock; when cold, line your dish with veal cutlets, or rump steaks; use hard boiled eggs to this pie; then season; if to go into an imitation raised pie, thicken the giblets—if in a dish, garnish.

Herrings boiled.

Boil six herrings about twenty minutes in plenty of salt and water, but only just to simmer; then have ready the following sauce; put half a gill of cream upon the fire in a stewpan; when it boils, add eight spoonful of melted butter, an ounce of fresh butter, a little pepper, salt, and the juice of half a lemon; dress the fish upon a dish without a napkin, sauce over and serve.

Pomatum for the growth of the Hair.

Melt together four ounces each of beef marrow and oil of mace, and having strained through a fine sieve, stir in (previously dissolved in half an ounce of tincture of tolu) two drachms of balsam of tolu, and one drachm each of oil of cloves, and the same of camphor. A piece the size of a pea only to be well rubbed in night and morning.

Blackberry Syrup.

To two quarts of juice take one pound of loaf sugar, half an ounce of nutmeg, half an ounce of cinnamon—pulverised—a quarter of an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of allspice. Boil all together for a short time, and when cold, add one pint of fourth proof brandy.

Tapioca Pudding.

Boil a pint and a half of new milk with four spoonful of tapioca, lemon-peel, cinnamon, and nutmeg; sweeten to taste; then mix with it four eggs; put a paste round the dish, and bake slowly.

Beef Steak Pie.

Take some good steaks, beat them with a rolling-pin, and season them with pepper and salt; fill a dish with them, adding as much water as will half fill it, then cover it with a good crust, and bake it well.

To prevent Lock-jaw.

Immerse the part injured in strong lye, as warm as can be borne. But first, as in all cases of wounds, apply spirits of turpentine on lint.

Butter.

In churning cream, add a lump of butter to the cream before commencing, and the butter will come in two-thirds the time it would without.

For Indigestion.

Peach meats are excellent for indigestion; eat slowly from one to six.

Whim Wham.

Sweeten a quart of cream, and mix with it a teacupful of white wine, and the grated peel of a lemon; whisk it to a froth, which drain upon the back of a sieve, and put part into a deep glass dish; cut some Naples biscuit as thin as possible, and put a layer lightly over the froth, and one of red currant jelly, then a layer of the froth, and one of the biscuit and jelly; finish with the froth, and pour the remainder of the cream into the dish, and garnish with citron and candied orange-peel cut into straws.

Cabbage-Water to be thrown away.

Always remember that green water, that is, water in which cabbage, or any other vegetable is boiled, should be thrown down the sink the moment the vegetables are out of it, while it is quite hot, and then a pailful of cold water thrown after it, will prevent the unhealthy smell arising from green water; but if it be left till it is cold, or nearly cold before you throw it away, twenty pails of water thrown after it will not prevent the smell.

Vegetable Essences.

The flavor of the various sweet and savory herbs may be obtained by combining their essential oils with rectified spirit of wine, in the proportion of one drachm of the former to two ounces of the latter, or by picking the leaves, and laying them for a couple of hours in a warm place to dry, and then filling a large-mouthed bottle with them, and pouring on them wine, brandy, proof spirit, or vinegar, and letting them steep for fourteen days.

Vinegar Honey.

Half a pound of honey must be put to a pint of water, and the honey well dissolved. This mixture is then exposed to the greatest heat of the sun, without closing wholly the bung-hole of the cask, which must be merely covered with coarse linen, to prevent the admission of insects. In about six weeks, the liquor becomes acid, and changes to a very strong vinegar, and of excellent quality.

Cleaning Dish-Covers.

Dish-covers should always be wiped and polished as soon as they are removed from the table. If this is done whilst they are warm, it will be but little trouble; but, if the steam be allowed to dry on them, you will find much difficulty in getting the tarnish off from the inside. When they are wiped and polished, hang them up in their places immediately.

Essence of Beef.

Put into a porter bottle a sufficient quantity of lean beef, sliced, to fill up its body, cork it with a paper stopple, and place it in a pot of cold water, attaching the neck, by means of a string, to the handle of the vessel. Boil this for three-quarters of an hour, then pour off the liquor, and skim it. To this preparation may be added spices and salt.

Poison of Rattlesnakes.

It has been discovered that this poison is a most powerful sedative, and that stimulants are its antidotes. Alcohol is designated. In two instances in which this remedy has been applied, the persons have been cured. Brandy was freely given to them until relieved from the usual symptoms, and continued in smaller doses until the third day, when they went about as usual.

Mackerel boiled.

This fish loses its life as soon as it leaves the sea, and the fresher it is the better. Wash and clean them thoroughly (the fishmongers seldom do this sufficiently), put them into cold water with a handful of salt in it; let them rather simmer than boil; a small mackerel will be done enough in about a quarter of an hour; when the eye starts and the tail splits, they are done; do not let them stand in the water a moment after; they are so delicate that the heat of the water will break them.

To prevent Moths.

There is no remedy so effectual for the prevention of moths as the seeds of the bitter apple. If these are placed between the blankets not in use, among woolen clothes, or other articles which are liable to this great evil, they will never make their destructive approaches. It is imported from Turkey, resembles a poppy-head, is entirely filled with seeds, and can be purchased at any good chemist's.

Snow Rice Cream.

Put into a saucepan four ounces of ground rice, two ounces of loaf-sugar, six or eight drops of essence of almonds, two ounces of fresh or salt butter; add a quart of new milk. Boil fifteen or twenty minutes, until smooth. Pour it into a mould previously greased with Florence oil; turn it out when quite cold, and serve with preserves round it.

Swiss Cream.

Take half a pint of cream and the same quantity of new milk, and boil it with a piece of lemon-rind and sufficient loaf-sugar to sweeten it. Thicken this with a teaspoonful of flour, and, when nearly cold, add the juice of the lemon to it; this will thicken it; then put it into a glass dish, and stick macaroon cakes into it.

Nim's Puffs.

Boil one pint of milk with one-half pound of butter; after boiling, add three-quarters of a pound of flour; stir the milk and butter into the flour; stir it until it does not stick to the pot; let it cool; then add the yolks of nine eggs; beat the whites to a high froth, and put them in last; grease your tin cups, and fill them half full.

Common Loaf-Cake.

Two pounds of flour, half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, two eggs, one gill of sweet yeast, half an ounce of cinnamon or cloves, and a large spoonful of rose-water. If it is too hard, add a wine-glassful of milk. These ingredients will make a common-sized loaf. Bake about three-quarters of an hour.

Substitute for Coffee.

Scrape clean three or four good parsnips, cut them into thin slices, bake till well brown, grind or crush, and use in the same manner as coffee, from which it is scarcely distinguishable. This is not only a beverage equally good as coffee, but is likewise a cure for asthma.

Colds.

A daily exposure to the outward air is absolutely necessary to secure us against the injurious influence of our variable climate. For cure of catarrh, reduce the amount of food, take exercise, keep the bowels open, and bathe the feet in warm water at bed time.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE GULF SQUADRON.

The following is a list of the vessels of war of the home squadron ordered to the West Indies: The Colorado, flag ship of the home squadron, recently sailed from Norfolk, is one of the six new steam frigates, and according to the last navy register is of 3400 tons burthen, and mounts 40 heavy guns; the Wabash, another of those large steam frigates, and is of 3200 tons, and also mounts 40 heavy cannon; the brigantine Dolphin, a small vessel of 224 tons, and carries 6 light thirty-two pounders; the steamer Arctic, of 235 tons, was built by the Treasury Department for a light ship, but was purchased, equipped and manned with special regard to the search for Dr. Kane's expedition in 1855—has since been used as a despatch vessel, and is armed with three guns; the steamer Water-Witch, a side-wheel steamer of 378 tons, of light draft and light build, and was constructed in 1845 for the survey of the Paraguay—of late she has been used to convey ordnance, stores, etc., from Washington to the several naval stations; the Fulton, built in 1837, and the first steam frigate in our navy, is a heavily timbered vessel of 693 tons—she was razed in 1852, and is reported one of the fastest side-wheel sea steamers afloat—she is an efficient vessel, and carries five guns.

"MIRALDA: or, *The Justice of Tacon*."—This new three act play, written by M. M. Ballou, and just performed at the Howard Athenæum of this city, is published and for sale by WM. V. Spencer, 128 Washington Street, Boston. Any person enclosing four postage stamps (twelve cents) to Mr. Spencer, will receive a copy by return of mail.

OUR DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—Let our subscribers review the back numbers of this Magazine, since January, and realize what we are sending to them for one dollar a year!

PERSONAL.—The Russian bride of Mr. Hume, the great American medium, is not rich in the circulating medium.

JUST SO.—It may seem right to a man to keep borrowing from his neighbors, but the end thereof is—very cross neighbors.

THE BRITISH WEST INDIA FLEET.

The British already have on their West India station a fleet of ships of twice and a half the number of guns of the American squadron, even including the vessels now under orders for the Gulf. They have seventeen vessels in all, twelve of which are steamers, carrying in the aggregate 357 guns, as follows: *Avalanche*, 18 guns; *Atalanta*, 16; *Basilisk*, steamer, 6; *Buzzard*, steamer, 6; *Cumberland*, 70; *Devastation*, steamer, 6; *Forward*, steam gunboat, 2; *Harrier*, steamer, 17; *Imaum*, 72; *Indus*, 78; *Jasseur*, steam gunboat, 1; *Jasper*, steam gunboat, 1; *Leopard*, steamer, 18; *Skipjack*, steam gunboat, 2; *Styx*, steamer, 6; *Tartar*, steamer, 21; *Terror*, steamer, 16. Total, 357.

The British steamer *Styx*, of which so much has been heard of late, is rated a steam paddle wheel sloop on the royal navy list, and is 1400 tons burden, 280 horse power, and carries six heavy cannon. She draws about fourteen feet of water. The *Buzzard* is a paddle wheel sloop, with engines of 800 horse power, and mounts six guns. The *Basilisk* is a paddle wheel steam sloop of 400 horse power, and six guns. The steam gunboats are screw steamers of about 600 tons, and mount one or two guns. They are of light draft and rigged as three-masted schooners.

DOMESTIC EMBELLISHMENTS.—There is nothing inside a home that so much adds to its value as books, magazines and newspapers. Where they are to be had so cheaply there is no excuse in being without them.

A BRIGHT IDEA.—That was a bright idea of a man who had a light five dollar piece and got rid of it by putting it between two cents and paying it to a tollman.

LAW AND GRAMMAR.—"Is that law, your honor?" asked a Kentucky attorney of a judge. "If the court understand herself, and she think she do, it are," replied the dignified official.

RAILROADS.—The New Haven Register says the season for getting killed on railroads is just commencing again.

THE TEA WE DRINK.

Probably about one half of the human family refresh themselves with the Chinese herb. A large portion of Asia, all Europe, and all civilized America, imbibe the steaming potion, with or without sugar and cream, varying the ingredient sometimes with butter and oatmeal, as in the case of the Thibetians, alluded to by us some time ago. It is estimated that the total product of the tea plant, in China alone, is one million of tons, and of this enormous quantity the civilized world probably consumes about two hundred and fifty million pounds, leaving the balance to be steeped or stewed by the semi-barbarians of Asia. The prominent and distinctive characteristic of the tea plant, is a volatile oil, with an aroma highly acceptable to most people, though occasionally persons are found to whom it is very offensive. Another constituent of tea is called by chemists *theine*; the same is found in coffee, and is hence sometimes called *caffeine*. This substance is remarkable for the large proportion of nitrogen which it contains, it being twenty-seven per cent., and larger than that of any other vegetable substance, so far as known to science. *Theine* is said to have the effect of lessening the necessity for food, or of preventing in some degree the natural waste of the body. Hence, probably, the reviving and sustaining effects which are observed in the use of tea and coffee. Tea also contains, in moderate proportion, *tannin*, the distinguishing substance of nutgalls, and is therefore slightly astringent. There is also a large proportion, say about twenty per cent., of that nutritious ingredient, *gluten*. Our readers can easily see from this brief analysis, why tea sustains and nourishes patients, when too low to take any ordinary food.

The Chinese have used tea as a beverage from a very remote period; tradition tracing tea drinking back to the third century of our era. In the year 600, it was in more general use among them, and in the course of four hundred years more, its virtues were resorted to by the Japanese, the nations of Hindoostan, and other Asiatic countries bordering upon China. The Dutch first introduced it into Europe, from India, in 1610. It found its way from Holland to England in 1646, Lords Ossory and Arlington conveying it there as a great luxury. A Dutch physician, named Bontekae, having written a treatise highly extolling its medicinal virtues, the article became quite popular among the wealthy classes in England, and was imported from Holland, and sold at the rate of sixty shillings per pound. The British East India Company subsequently took up the tea traffic with China, and

enjoyed the monopoly of the English market in the importation of this article for a period of more than a hundred and fifty years, down to 1833, when parliament threw open the China trade for free competition. Tea was a staple article of trade in the American colonies from a very early period in their history, and the destruction of three hundred and forty chests in Boston Harbor, in 1773, has given to the herb an historical application which will ever be remembered so long as the records of American Independence shall endure. A phial of the Boston Harbor tea is now preserved in the cabinet of Harvard University as a precious relic of Revolutionary times. The portion thus preserved was taken from his shoes by Thomas Melville, of Boston, one of that celebrated tea party, and treasured by him as a memento of the daring exploit until the period of his death. His heirs placed it in the cabinet at Cambridge for future preservation. The action of time has reduced the tea to a fine powder, and destroyed its flavor; but there is an odor of patriotism about it, that grows stronger and stronger as time rolls on, and the magnificent destiny of our country unfolds itself.

Botanists recognize several varieties, but only one species of the tea plant, and it is said to bear a strong resemblance to the well-known *camellia japonica* of the conservatory. The plant is raised from seed, and when a year old is transplanted, and kept close cropped, so as to increase the leaves. The gathering of the leaves is begun when the bushes are four years old, and continued for seven or eight years, when the bushes getting coarse and woody, are dug up and replaced by new plants. The harvest season in China is in May and June; the leaves being picked by hand, and chiefly by women. The green leaves exhibit little of the odor or flavor which is recognized in tea, these being developed by the subsequent process of roasting or drying. The two varieties known as green and black tea, may be produced from the same plant; the difference between them being caused by the manner in which the leaves are cured; the former being the result of rapid curing over fire, and the latter of a slower process of drying in the open air. In practice, however, these varieties are usually made in different districts, for the sake of convenience or custom. The plant thrives well in the cooler parts of the tropics, or in the southerly portion of the northern temperate zone. It could not, however, become a profitable object of culture in this country, owing to the amount of manual labor requisite for its preparation for commerce, and the high price of labor here.

HUGH MILLER THE GEOLOGIST.

One of the most remarkable men that Scotland has ever produced, was Hugh Miller the geologist, whose sad and singular death about a year and a half ago, was mourned throughout the civilized world as a great loss to the cause of science. Mr. Miller was a North Scotchman, and possessed the peculiar mental traits of that sturdy race, in a remarkable degree. With a keen perception of the beautiful in nature, and reverence for the mysterious and supernatural, was blended a fervid poetic feeling; and for a basis of this superstructure, he possessed great powers of application, strong reasoning faculties, and thorough independence of thought. His success in life was due to his natural abilities and the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and not to early education or subsequent patronage. He was born at Cromarty, a seaport town on Maray Frith, in the northeast part of Scotland, and was the son of a humble sea-faring man, who ran his own square-rigged sloop in the coasting trade. His father was cast away and lost at sea when Hugh was only five years old. The tendency to the supernatural developed itself in the boy's nature, even at this early age; for the death of his father was foreboded to him by the vision of a dis severed hand and arm, seen at the self-opened door of his mother's cottage, in the early evening twilight. On the evening previous to this apparition, the family had received a letter from the father, written just before the fatal storm, but the vessel never returned.

The young Hugh was left much to the care of his Uncle Sandy, a master quarry-man, and in his rambles with him, acquired a strong taste for natural history. At the age of seventeen he worked in the quarries of Cromarty, and then began to discover the fossil wonders of the Old Red Sandstone, which he has since made world-famous by his writings. Here commenced his practical and theoretical knowledge of geology—a study well calculated by its marvellous revelations of past ages, and its close and exact reasoning, to fill and satisfy a mind constituted like his. His subsequent works upon the subject of geology, while they have commanded the respect and admiration of the most scientific minds of Europe, for their profound research and strength of argument, have, by the charm of their style, and their rich blending of poetry with philosophy, rendered the subject plain and deeply interesting to the general reader, and perfectly enchanting to the young. No writer of any country has done so much as Miller to popularise the science; and not by any shallow treatment thereof has

this great result been accomplished; but by giving to its otherwise dry details an interest which appeals to the observation and reflection of every active mind. The past, the mysterious past, has a charm for all; and Hugh Miller, as though recognizing the truth of Daniel Webster's brief and comprehensive definition of the word, geology, as "the earth's history, written by itself," has displayed page after page of that history in a manner to win the attention of all, and gratify their strong desire to know something of the past of our globe.

The principal works of Miller bearing upon his favorite science are, "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," "The Old Red Sandstone," "The Footprints of the Creator," "First Impressions of England," and "The Testimony of the Rocks." He had also purposed writing a more general and comprehensive work, to be called "The Geology of Scotland;" but the over-wrought brain swerved from its axis of intelligence, ere this work was entered upon, and closed his earthly life. Mr. Miller's mind had the deep religious tone which distinguishes his countrymen, and early in life became deeply interested in the controversies which have rent the church of Scotland. Taking the independent side, he was the champion of the freedom of the church; and in the year 1839, in a pamphlet addressed to Lord Brougham, upon the occasion of his speech against the popular side of the question in the appeal before the House of Lords, he exhibited such a talent and power that he was at once called by the liberal party to take the post of leader, and to edit their new organ, called the "Witness." The letter to Brougham was distinguished by a strength, freshness and force that compare favorably with the best productions of Junius. It inspires the reader with a very high idea of the controversial ability of Miller. The cause of the free church was advocated by him with great energy and strength, and at the disruption of the church establishment in 1843, which set the free church upon an independent basis, Miller obtained a victory which filled his heart with satisfaction, and crowned his career with honor. During all this polemical war, he constantly pursued his geological investigations, and published the results thereof to the world. When that war was closed, he gave all his talents to the cause of science till the war of life was closed. In fact, his last work, "The Testimony of the Rocks," so tasked his mind, that the latent tendency of his nature to superstition became active and dominant; and at its completion, the over-strained brain gave forth alarming signs of mental discord.

He complained of occasional sharp pains, as though a dagger were thrust through the brain, and was affected with aberration of mind, visions of assassins in pursuit of him, and the most distressing phantasms. In one of these dreadful attacks, he laid violent hands upon his life, and shot himself through the heart, with a pistol. Thus perished one whose pure and upright life might well have promised greater length of days, had not his zeal for science rent in twain the seat of reason, and dethroned the kingly intellect. Shall that monarch perish in oblivion, or will it reign again where earthly fetters cannot bind the spirit?

THE COOLEST YET.

A good anecdote is told of a man named Bently, a most confirmed drinker, who would never drink with a friend or in public, and always bitterly denied, when a little too steep, ever tasting liquor. One day some bad witnesses had concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat, seized him with his arm crooked and his mouth open, and holding him fast, asked him with an air of triumph, "Ah, Bently, have we caught you at last? You never drink, ha!" Now one would have supposed that Bently would have acknowledged the corn. Not he; with the most grave and inexpressible face, he calmly, and in a dignified manner said, "Gentlemen, my name is not Bently!"

CONSEQUENCE OF EXTRAVAGANCE.—Women of fashion in Paris are carrying extravagance in dress to a terrible extent; but when was it otherwise? One fair dame, after running herself deeply into debt, has become the inmate of a nunnery, and left her many creditors in the lurch.

THE LAST OF EARTH.—The final slab has been placed over the remains of the late Duke of Wellington, in the crypt at Paul's Cathedral, London. The sarcophagus was then hermetically sealed, probably never again to be opened. The tomb is constructed of the purest porphyry.

REGISTER YOUR JOKES.—An ironmonger had to send in an account, lately, for a new register stove, to an author, and thought that he must necessarily be facetious; so he headed the bill—"A memorial of the departed grata."

METAPHYSICS.—Metaphysics resemble a French dinner; you may enjoy the results, but should never seek to dive into the processes by which they have been attained.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

It is said that "time is money;" but that does not tell the whole story, for time may be more than money, and it may be less. Ask the ardent lover, about to be separated from his adored mistress for long, long years, how much money would express the balance of the last hours he is to pass with her. What would his answer be, expressed in dollars and cents? Ask the squalid miser, as he draws his last breath, and his dim eye closes on his heaps of shining gold, at what price he would value a few more hours to enjoy the sight of his worshipped hoard? Ask the affectionate son, as he stands beside the death-bed of a beloved parent, whether another hour of that precious life could be expressed in money? They will tell you that no amount of money could represent the value of the time they covet. On the other hand, the long, weary days of the suffering poor, the dreary, heavy hours of the listless idler, have no money value. Either would barter all the irksome time that lingers on their hands, for a single coin that would give to one the bread of hunger, or escape from self to the other. Furthermore, there are various kinds of money; hard money and paper money, current and uncurrent, counterfeit and genuine; and before we settle down content with the axiom that "time is money," let us see for ourselves what kind of money our time may be; whether it be of intrinsic value, or only assumed; whether it will pass readily in exchange for others' property or service, or only at a discount; whether, in short, it be worth what it pretends to be, or is only a base imitation of the genuine article. By scrutinizing thus the value of time, each for himself, every man will find that time is money, only when it is wisely and well employed. To make time real money, we must improve it by labor of the body, mind and soul. When we have thus made our time valuable to ourselves, it will be of value to others, and not till then; and then alone shall we be able to realize by sweet experience, that "time is money."

MECHANICS' HOME.—Mr. Hayes, late of the Philadelphia firm of Hayes & Dreer, has bequeathed \$50,000 for the foundation of an asylum for aged mechanics in Philadelphia. The institution is to receive the title of "Hayes's Mechanics' Home."

REALITIES OF LIFE.—A person being asked what was meant by the realities of life, answered, "Real estate, real money, and a real good dinner, none of which could be realized without real hard work."

THE STATE OF ILLINOIS.

Among the Western States of the Union, there is no one that stands forth more prominent than Illinois, for its solid growth, substantial wealth, and commanding influence. Its soil and climate presented strong attractions to the earlier western emigrants, while its admirable frontage on the Mississippi, made it readily accessible to the hardy pioneers of American civilization. The consequence that naturally followed from these advantages, was the rapid settlement of the State by a body of sturdy men, whose chief purpose was to build up for themselves and their posterity, a prosperous and happy home under the flag of the American Union. Emigrating largely from New England, these men, composed of the best stock of this section of the country, were deeply imbued with the established moral and religious sentiment thereof, and a full measure of its liberal ideas of public policy. Conjoined with these requisite elements of an upright and happy commonwealth, was a due portion of that love of industry and spirit of enterprise which have made New England a thriving and prosperous country, under all circumstances, even the most adverse, and against the severe obstacles of a niggardly soil and capricious climate. Emigration, at the time of the settlement of Illinois, was wisely left to follow its natural impulse, instead of being stimulated and enforced by artificial aids; and this freedom of action gave to that emigration an average of New England character, instead of a heterogeneous compound of propagandism, speculation and inefficiency. Zealots, sharpers, and useless idlers, had no temptation presented to them through the facilities of associated aid, to people the new State. Every man was left free to act for himself, and the result was that the emigration to Illinois was composed of men who were able to go, and able to stay when they got there.

This characteristic of unbiassed individuality in the early settlers of Illinois, has made in the brief period of her existence, the strong, influential and prosperous State that we find her to-day, and its indelible stamp will give her a powerful influence upon the Great West for a long time to come. She is now the nursery of western habits and western sentiment; and her opinions and example are doing for the young West, what New England did for her, forty years ago. Everything connected with the circumstances, condition, and prospects of this State, becomes therefore of far greater interest to our whole country than it would be from its bearing upon her prosperity alone. Her thought

and opinion is to be the index of the West, and from her are to go forth the missionaries who are to build up the physical and moral prosperity of the new States and Territories beyond. By no fact is this view of the destiny of Illinois more clearly illustrated than by the record of her present prosperous physical condition, the result, mainly, of the New England virtues which have been exemplified in her growth. The official documents of the State valuation for the year 1857, show the present wealth of the State amounts to over four hundred millions of dollars, and this is available, productive property. Such a result, in a new State, scarcely a generation old, is almost incredible, did we not have the figures of the State auditor to establish its truth; and it cannot fail to confirm the impression which her early history makes upon the mind, that she is destined to be in time to come, the centre of wealth and influence for the western section of our Union.

MODEST ADVERTISEMENTS.

A gentlemanly assurance is manifested in some of the advertisements we find in the New York papers. For instance, one specimen of Young America informs the feminine public that "The handsomest young gentleman in this city, or elsewhere, desires to marry the most beautiful young lady he can find." And we are also told by another advertiser, that "Any passable lady, of good morals and a fair degree of accomplishments, wishing a kind and noble-hearted husband, who would adore a wife as an angel, can obtain one by addressing, in confidence, G. Woodbine, Post Office." Queer things—these advertisements! Fanny world we live in!

AN EDITORIAL HINT.—The editor of a Buckeye paper has been threatened with a flogging. He very quietly insinuates that he may be found up stairs, and that it is "but forty feet to the bottom."

BOTTLING SODA.—Five hundred to a thousand dozen of soda are bottled daily in New York, which indicates a tolerably steep consumption of the "ardent."

OLD KENTUCKY.—A Kentuckian being asked how much corn he raised, answered, "About ten barrels of whiskey, besides what we waste for bread."

SUPERSTITION.—In 1690 a dog in the town of Andover was charged with witchcraft and put to death.

ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

Among elephants, may be found as vicious brutes as ever walked upon four legs, or two either, and also as generous, noble-tempered animals, as good men ever delighted to their will by kindness. When Bishop Heber was travelling in Oude, three elephants were in his train. One was described by his mohout as a fine-tempered beast, but the other two as great rascals. Between a good elephant and its attendants, there seems to be the most perfect understanding. The man who walks by its side is talking to it all the time they are jogging on, and very often in a jargon which no one else can understand, but which is perfectly intelligible to the elephant. "My dove?" "Take care?" "Well done, my dear!" "My son!" "My wife!" If a fault is committed, "How could you do that?" If it is often repeated, "What can you be thinking of?" accompanied by a dig with the sharp iron hawkuss or ankush inflicted by the mohout.

But great as is the attachment of these animals to their keepers, and obedient as they are, generally, even to a tyrannical mohout, it is dangerous to try their tempers too far. Keepers who have needlessly mingled their caresses with blows, have felt the fatal effects of their wanton conduct. When the Vizier of Oude sent his embassy to meet Lord Cornwallis at Calcutta, there was among the elephants that carried the baggage a male, with a number of people on his back. This elephant, suddenly irritated by a violent, and, as far as we know, an undeserved stroke with the penetrating hawkuss, snatched the unhappy driver from his seat, held him up in his trunk so as to render escape or aid impossible, and, after suspending him, as if in warning to others, for a few moments, during which the trembling victim must have endured the very extremity of agonizing fear, deliberately dashed him to pieces. Not long ago, an unhappy keeper was killed on the spot by the elephant placed under his charge; he had provoked the vengeance of the long-suffering creature by his persecutions, and paid the deadly penalty.

But numerous as are the stories told of the stern vengeance of the elephant, there are not wanting instances where the punishment inflicted by the injured beast has been of a degrading and even ludicrous character—as if scorn and contempt were the predominant feelings that dictated the retribution. The dirty water-spout that overwhelmed the treacherous Delhi tailor, who had treated the elephant to a prick with his needle, instead of an apple, and the muddy shower bestowed on Lieutenant Shipp (who had

irritated another by giving him a large quantity of Cayenne pepper between two pieces of bread), six weeks after the commission of the offence, and as a termination to the caresses and fondling of the lieutenant, are of this character, as well as the delayed vengeance of the elephant mentioned by Williamson under the name of the Paugul, or fool. The Paugul, who had most likely been put upon, like other butts, till he could stand it no longer, had refused to bear a greater weight upon a march than he liked, and the angry quarter-master threw a tent-pin at the head of the obstinate beast. Some days afterwards, as the elephant was going to water, he came suddenly upon the quarter-master, seized him with his trunk, and lifting him among the branches of a large tamarind tree, there left him between heaven and earth, as being unworthy of either, to hold on if he were able, and get down if he could.

WHAT NEXT?—A sailor once went to see a juggler exhibit his tricks; there happened to be a quantity of gun-powder in the apartment underneath, which took fire and blew up the house. The sailor was thrown into the garden behind, where he fell without being hurt. He stretched his arms and legs, got up, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and cried out—conceiving what had happened to be only part of the performance, and perfectly willing to go through the whole—"Well, I wonder what the fellow intends to do next!"

GENUINE POLITENESS.—A gentleman once conversing in the company of ladies, and criticising rather severely the want of personal beauty in other ladies of their acquaintance, remarked: "They are the ugliest women I know;" and then, with extraordinary politeness, added—"present company always excepted."

DENTISTIC.—Philosophers have asserted that the reason why ladies' teeth decay sooner than men's, is because of the friction of the tongue and the sweetness of the lips!

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—A tenant who owes one quarter, and knows if he stays another, he must pay double before he can be quits, generally quits first.

CHURCHES.—There are one hundred and six churches in the good city of Boston, and one or two more are contracted for.

INDIA.—England is paying too dear for the whistle in the Far East, we fear.

Foreign Miscellany.

Russia has decided to construct three lines of railway between the Black and Caspian seas.

In the French *Conservatoire des Arts*, they have a loom that weaves silk by electric magnetism.

Sisters of charity are on their way from France, to establish a school for young ladies in Honolulu.

The express trains from London to Brighton perform the journey of fifty miles in one hour and ten minutes.

The French Standard states that the income announced at the British and Foreign Bible Society's May meeting was \$765,000.

The Duchess of Orleans died at her residence near London, after a brief illness, on the 18th ult., aged 49.

The 2611th anniversary of the founding of Rome was celebrated by the Archaeological Institute, in Rome, on the 24th ult.

The University of Berlin has sustained a heavy loss in the death of the eminent physiologist, Professor Muller. He was not quite 57 years of age.

In France, there are no less than nineteen presidents of commercial societies now in prison, awaiting their trials for fraudulent operations.

The French Minister has addressed a circular to the directors of the theatres of Paris, informing them that slang terms and vulgar language in dramatic pieces cannot be tolerated.

Julius Gerard, the lion-hunter, sailed from Marseilles for Africa on the 30th of April, with a party of twenty Englishmen, one Frenchman and two Poles, on a grand hunting expedition.

A Spanish manufacturer of lucifer matches, at Bagneres, while eating his dinner, let a leg of foot fall into a vessel containing phosphoric paste. He wiped the piece of meat, ate it, and was dead in less than twenty-four hours.

Madame Ristori has been making a most successful appearance in Paris in Rachel's great part of "Phædra," which she has played in most of the capitals of Europe, but never before in Paris.

A singular incident startled the garrison of Lucknow, and the people. Three prisoners were brought in, and were undergoing a summary trial by drum-head court martial, when a round shot struck and killed the trio.

The Abbe Damage, Parish priest of Tavaux, states in a letter to the *Sevaine du Vermendois*, that on the morning of the 16th of April he saw a cross about thirty feet long, floating in the direction of the sun, but much higher!

At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London a resolution was unanimously adopted pledging the society to disseminate as far as possible scriptural instruction in India.

The Russian government has quietly disbursed about two millions of dollars to American mechanics within the last three years, for six steam ships of war, built to order at Boston and New York. Turkey is just beginning to follow suit.

Three Australian vessels recently arrived at London with nearly 100,000 ounces of gold.

Queen Victoria has entered on her fortieth year. The little lady still preserves her good looks and plumpitude.

There were 56,165 more paupers in England and Wales in January, 1858, than in the same month of 1857.

Louis Napoleon's farm at Sologne is an immense tract of waste soil, on which he has set on foot a comprehensive system of thorough drainage, on the Scotch principle.

Herr Carl Beethoven, nephew to the great composer, in whose memoirs he figures more largely than favorably, has just died at Vienna, aged fifty-two years.

The French government has resolved to present to Professor Morse four hundred thousand francs (eighty thousand dollars) as a recognition of his invention of the electric telegraph system.

They have placed a monument to the late Mr. J. G. Lockhart, in Dryburgh Abbey, where he is interred, close to the remains of his illustrious father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. Vandenhoff lately appeared at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his appearance on the Liverpool stage.

Louis Napoleon means to leave Paris a magnificent monument of his power and government. He has already expended \$50,000,000 in improvements, and contemplates an expenditure of \$52,000,000 more.

The total number of depositors in the British Savings Banks on the 20th of November last, the date of the last returns, was 1,366,000, and the amount standing to their credit was about \$175,000,000.

The Journal d'Indre-et-Loire states that M. Landais, conservator of the Museum of Natural History at Orleans, found a few days since in the shell of an oyster ten pearls of different sizes. He has placed the shell and its contents in the museum under his care.

The King of Belgium, Leopold, not long ago, bought five tickets in the lottery loan of 1834, and last year he won with one of them the great prize of 200,000*fr* (£20,000). They say he gave the greater part to his daughter Charlotte, now wife of the Archduke Maximilian.

Since May, 1851, the British have annexed to their possessions in India, 146,092 square miles of territory with thirty-six millions of people. The territory is not very extensive, but the population is about equal to all the people of North America.

The English government is about to present to the French government the funeral car that bore the exile of St. Helena to his tomb. A portion of the carriage used by Napoleon in his solitary excursions in the island was taken to build the hearse that carried him when dead.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says it is now decided that the government of Algeria will be given to Prince Napoleon, and that he will have powers to administer it without being under the control of a minister in Paris. The prince will depart early in July.

Record of the Times.

General Scott gets \$18,292 per year.

The population of Halifax, N. S., is about 25,000.

It takes the pressure of 15,000 lbs. to punch an inch hole in an iron plate an inch thick.

The cost of living is thirty per cent. higher in California than it is in New York or Boston.

A famous mare recently died in France at the age of fifty two years. Peace to her manes!

Alum, melted in small quantity with beef tallow, hardens it, and is much used for this purpose.

In a single thunder storm in the year 1793 no fewer than nineteen persons were killed in Buenos Ayres.

Postmaster Fowler, of New York, has placed on duty a lady to attend the window at the ladies' delivery.

The French Journal of Fashion hints at the propriety of wearing shorter skirts and diminishing the size of hoops.

George D. Prentice, the editor of the Louisville Journal, has enrolled himself a member of the Sons of Temperance.

Out of the seventy-four artists, painters, sculptors, modelers, etc., employed on the ornamental work of the capitol extension, at Washington, D. C., it is said that only twelve are Americans.

Distarnell's New York State Register for 1858 reports the whole number of attorneys-at-law in that State at 4607, of whom 1800 are in the city of New York. This list probably falls short of the true number.

Cellars are fruitful sources of disease if garbage and filth are allowed to accumulate for years. They should be thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed. Open the windows daily for ventilation.

A recent census of Northampton shows the population to be 6407, a decrease of 211 from 1857, and 48 less than in 1853. The decrease is attributable to the suspension of work in the factories.

The unfinished monument to Mary, the mother of Washington, at Fredericksburg, Va., is fast going to ruin, and is badly disfigured with bullet and shot marks, being used by the boys as targets.

A southern Methodist minister, detailing his experience on a "certain" circuit, counted twenty six children that were named after him, and added that during the year he received as compensation for his labor thirteen dollars.

Mrs. Betsey Eastman, of Hopkinton, N. H., on her ninety-eighth birthday spun over five skeins of stocking yarn, and has during the past year spun over one hundred skeins of yarn, and knit about fifty pairs of stockings and socks.

A special train on the Canada Grand Trunk Railway, lately, ran twenty-eight miles in twenty five minutes—a rate of sixty-six miles per hour! Such running is injurious to the machinery, impairs the permanency of the track, and is highly dangerous to those on the trains.

The widow of Joe Smith has married a tavern-keeper, and thinks the saints are humbugs.

Emigration to California began in 1853. It then had 15,000 inhabitants; now it has 600,000.

Madame Orsini has left Paris for the village in Italy in which she has long been schoolmistress.

Some German physicians have testified that it is virtually impossible for a man to contain enough of lager beer to produce intoxication.

The California Legislature has passed a Sunday law forbidding any business on the Sabbath, excepting at hotels, restaurants, drug stores and stables.

Mayor Tieman informed a Boston gentleman, recently, that he had no doubt but that the city of New York had been swindled out of eight millions of dollars, within the past few years, by officials and others.

A man was recently received into the Massachusetts State Prison, who has been an inmate of prisons almost continually since the last war with England—1812-'13. The longest period of late that he has enjoyed his freedom, was fifteen months.

Lord St. Leonards, in his "Handy Book," says: "I could, without difficulty, run over the names of many judges and lawyers of note, whose wills made by themselves have been set aside, or construed so as to defeat every intention they ever had."

An officer of the United States steamer Georgetown writes from Bombay that he had just attended the marriage of two children—with all the solemn rites of the church,—who were each only five years old. Children are there married by their parents when mere infants.

The fishermen of the lakes are about to compete with the fishermen of the seaboard. A Rochester paper records the departure of a vessel from that city on a cod fishing voyage to the coast of Labrador. The voyage is an experiment, being the first from that port.

The total length of all the canals in the United States is 5059 miles, costing on an average \$42,000 per mile, or one-sixth more than the cost of our railways. The total inland navigation of the United States is 24,533 miles in length, and is the grandest in the world.

A gang of regulators are administering lynch law in the eastern part of Florida. They hung five persons in and about Tampa Bay within a month, for various offences; in one case taking the criminal out of a court room, where he was on trial before a jury.

A new material for paper is said to have been discovered in the fibre of the beat root, which remains after sugar making and distillation. It is twenty per cent. cheaper than common paper, and has been used in cartridges at Woolwich arsenal. It is to be introduced and tested in this country.

The capital of the London General Omnibus Company is £900,000; its total receipts exceed £600,000 per annum; it disburses upward of £140,000 per annum in the mere wages of drivers, conductors, horsekeepers, and other laborers, and spends more than £200,000 per annum in provender for horses.

Merry-Making.

What relation is the door-mat to the scraper?
A step farther.

Why is petticoat government stronger now than formerly? Because it's iron-hooped.

When are the letters *s a n* and *e* undoubtedly crazy? When they are in sane—insane.

Why is a reformed drunkard like an African? Because he's a *new bein'* (Nubian).

The false impression that went abroad, returned in the last steamer.

Gold and silver are, in these days, the most prized and effective of all belle-metals.

Why is a young lady before marriage never right? Because she is all the time a-miss.

Why are swallows like a leap head over heels? Because they are a summer set (a somerset).

Punch says the smuggler inflicts an injury upon the "Fair Trader"—if that individual exists.

"Surely," says young Jones, "any one who knows how to go round a corner, could also square the circle."

At St. Louis, when a high-pressure steamer, crowded with passengers, bursts, it is called "elevating the masses."

"Did you know I was here?" said the bellows to the fire. "O, yes, I always contrive to get wind of you," was the reply.

The key to a mother's heart is a baby. Keep that well filled with praise, and you can unlock every pantry in the house.

"Too much familiarity breeds contempt," says the ancient proverb; and how many married men have been martyrs to the truth of it!

A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog who barked intolerably. "Why," exclaimed an Irishman, who was present, "would you beat the poor dumb animal for *spakin' out*?"

A sick glutton sent for the doctor. "I have lost my appetite," said he, in great alarm. "All the better," said the doctor; "you'll be sure to die if you recover it."

"When a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congealing heart, and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vel, dis a ting I seldom don't like to talk abouts, but ven I does, it seems to me about so long as it never was."

The most remarkable instance of indecision we ever heard of, was that of a man who sat up all night, because he could not decide which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

An exchange says that "a substitute for box-wood is much needed, as that article is growing higher every year." This may easily be remedied—when the wood has attained an unreasonable height, cut it down.

Mrs. Rugg, a widow, having taken Sir Charles Price for her second husband, and being asked by a friend how she liked the change, replied, "O, I have got rid of my old Rugg for a good Price."

When is the letter *a* like one of the United States? When it is in Diana (Indiana).

What colors are the wind and sea in a storm? The wind blue (blew) and the sea a rose (arose).

What is it that causes a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor? A draft.

Why are crows the most sensible of birds? Because they never complain without *caus*.

What word is there of five letters, which, if you take away two, six will remain? Sixty.

When is the letter *a* like one of the United States? When it is in Diana (Indiana).

Why would it be correct to infer that there was a mill in Eden? Because we know a dam (Adam) was there.

It is said that necessity knows no law. This accounts for people making such a virtue of necessity.

Spiggles says that although there is no such thing as muzzling the press of this country, there is plenty of book *muslin*.

"I look down upon you, sir." "Yes, you seem to be in a condition to look down for the sky, and feel upward for the ground."

Dr. Franklin used to say that rich widows were the only pieces of second hand goods that sold at prime cost.

Who was the greatest chicken butcher, according to Shakspeare? King Claudius, in "Hamlet," who did "murder most foul."

Luttrell proposed for an epitaph on a distinguished diner out—"He dined late and—died early."

An Irishman, trying to put out a gaslight with his fingers, cried out—"Och, murder! the devil a wick's in it!"

When Mrs. Chapone was asked why she was so scrupulous in coming early to church, she replied: "Because it's no part of my religion to disturb the religion of o'bers."

A New York paper says that a man the morning after he had been drunk with wine feels as though he had the rheumatism in every hair of his head.

Mr. Pepper's house was on fire. A large crowd was soon on the spot, when one of them remarked, "We've *mustard* enough to save Pepper." So it proved.

A boy was recently arrested in Hartford for theft. His father pleaded guilty for him before the court, but said, in extenuation, "James is a good boy, but he will steal."

An Irishman being asked, on a rainy day, what he would take to carry a message from Bull's Head to the Battery, answered: "Sure, I'd take a coach."

Some one says that dogs bark with such zeal when you enter their master's yard that one would suppose they owned the premises, and that their master was only a boarder.

GIVEN AWAY.

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge.
M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

PICTURES FROM OUR MUSEUM.



MR. PARROTT, IN COURT DRESS.



JOHN BULL.



A LOVER WHO HAS A CONSUMING PASSION.



A MAN WITH SOMETHING LIKE A HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS.



SUPPORTING HIS CHILD!



A WELLINGTON AND A FELLOW THAT WAS NO MATCH FOR HIM.



AN ALDERMAN.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



THE POOR CURATE.



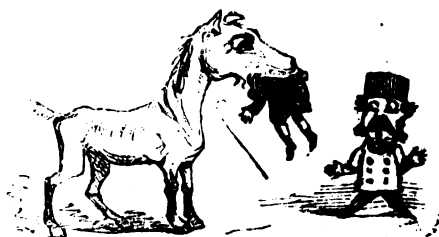
THE BISHOP.



MR. AND MRS. CAUDLE.



ALL FOR LOVE.



"WHAT A HORSE TO BOLT!"



AN ALBUM AUTHOR.



"HER MAJESTY'S FOOT."
(THE OTHER ONE'S
IN RUSSIA!)



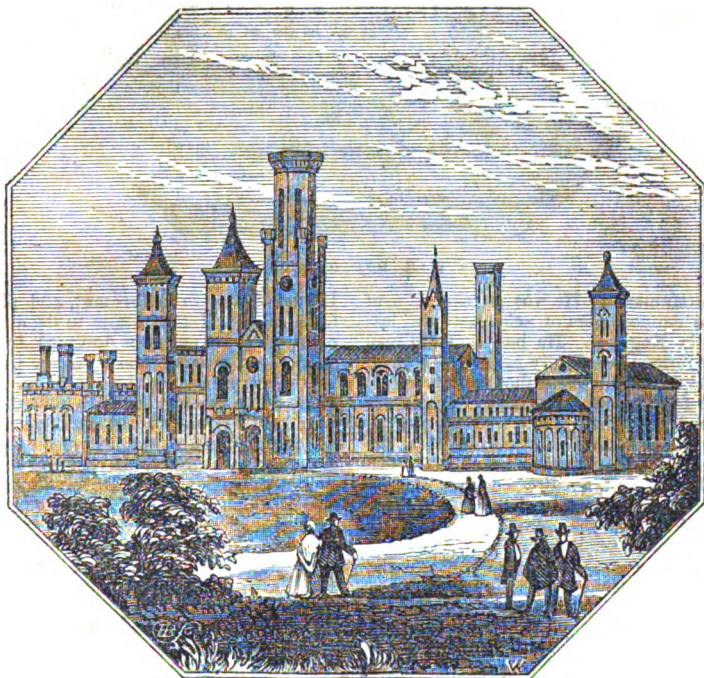
"YOU HAVEN'T SEEN A MOON
GO THIS WAY?"

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.—No. 3. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1858.

WHOLE No. 45.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AT WASHINGTON.

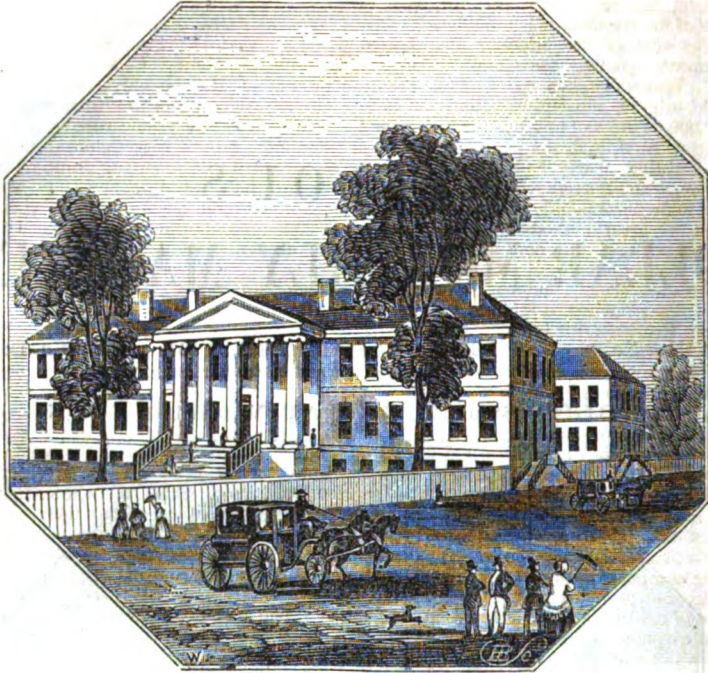


SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

THE public buildings at Washington are of a magnitude and interest sufficient to fulfil the expectations of the stranger who visits the Federal City, how much soever he may be disappointed in finding how far short it falls of the realization of the splendid plans of the founders of the metropolis. First in the series of our present illustrations we have placed the Smithsonian Institution, which stands on a gently rising ground, south of Pennsylvania Avenue, and west of the capitol. The edifice is 450 feet long by 140 wide, and is built of red sandstone, in the Romanesque or Norman style, and is embellished by nine towers of from 75 to 150 feet in height,

and when viewed from Capitol Hill, has an imposing effect. In the building is a lecture-room large enough to seat from 1200 to 2000 persons, a museum 200 feet long for objects of natural history, one of the best supplied laboratories in the United States, a gallery 120 feet long for paintings and statuary, and a room capable of containing a library of 100,000 volumes, and actually numbering about 40,000.

The Smithsonian Institution derives its name and endowment from James Smithson, Esq., of England. Mr. Smithson was a son of the first Duke of Northumberland, and was educated at Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his



WAR DEPARTMENT.

scientific attainments. He was an associate of most of the eminent men of science of the last generation in England. He had no fixed residence, and formed no family ties. He died at Genoa, June 27, 1829. From the property which he received from his mother, and the ample annuity allowed him by his father, his frugality enabled him to accumulate a fortune, which at the time of his death, amounted to about £120,000 sterling. By his will, he directed that the income of the property should be paid to a nephew during his life, and that the property itself should descend to his children, if he had any, absolutely and forever. "In case of the death of my said nephew without leaving a child, or children, or of the death of the child or children he may have had under the age of 21 years, I then bequeath the whole of my property to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Such are the words of the will, and the only words of Smithson which have come to us relating to this remarkable bequest. Of the reasons which led him to make this disposal of his fortune, we know nothing except by inference. He was never in America, had no friends or acquaintances here, and is supposed to have had no particular fondness for republican institutions. The event having occurred, in which the claim of the United States attached, the particulars of the bequest were communicated to our government, and both Houses of Congress passed a bill, which was approved on the first of July, 1836, authorizing the president to appoint an agent to prosecute, in the Court of Chancery in England, the right of the

United States to the bequest, and pledging the faith of the United States to the application of the fund to the purposes designed by the donor. It was paid into the treasury of the United States in sovereigns, during the month of September, 1838. The amount of the fund at this time was \$515,169. It was not till eight years after this period that the act establishing the Smithsonian Institution was finally passed. This act creates an establishment, to be called the Smithsonian Institution, composed of the President and Vice President of the United States, the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of War, and of the Navy, the Postmaster General, Attorney General, and Mayor of Washington, with such others as they may elect honorary members. It devolves the immediate government of the Institution upon a board of regents, of fifteen members, viz., the Vice President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the Mayor of Washington, *ex officio*; three members of the Senate, to be appointed by the President thereof; three members of the House, to be appointed by the Speaker; and six persons to be chosen from the citizens at large, by joint resolution of the Senate and House, two of whom shall be members of the National Institute, and the other four inhabitants of States, and no two from the same State. The act establishes a permanent loan of the original fund (\$515,169) to the United States, at 6 per cent. interest; appropriates the accumulated interest, then amounting to \$24,129, or so much as might be needed, together with so much of the accruing income as might be expended in any year, to the erection of a building; provides for the establishment of a library, muse-

um, chemical laboratory, etc., and left most of the details of the organization to the board of regents. The cost of the building was limited (with furniture, grading the grounds, etc.) to \$250,000. This was taken mostly from the income of the original and building funds, so as to save \$150,000 of the building fund, which added to the original fund, makes a permanent fund of \$675,000, yielding nearly \$40,000 per annum. This income, with all sums received from other sources, is to be permanently and equally divided between two great methods of increasing and diffusing knowledge—the first by publications, researches and lectures—the second by collections of literature, science and art. The first two volumes of a series entitled “Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge,” in 4to., have been issued; also several works in a series of a more popular character, and in 8vo. form, entitled “Smithsonian Reports.” It is proposed, also, to publish, for still wider circulation, a monthly “Bulletin.” Researches in various departments of science have been instituted or aided by the Institution, and several courses of free lectures have been delivered.

The War Department is one of the four buildings erected on the four corners of the President's Square, at a time when the business of the nation was trifling compared with its present extent. It has a large and well selected library, collected for the use of officers of the army. In one room are several trophies captured from different enemies, and worthy of more care. The commander-in-chief used to reside in Washington, but has recently removed his head-quarters to New York. In the yard is the immense mass of na-

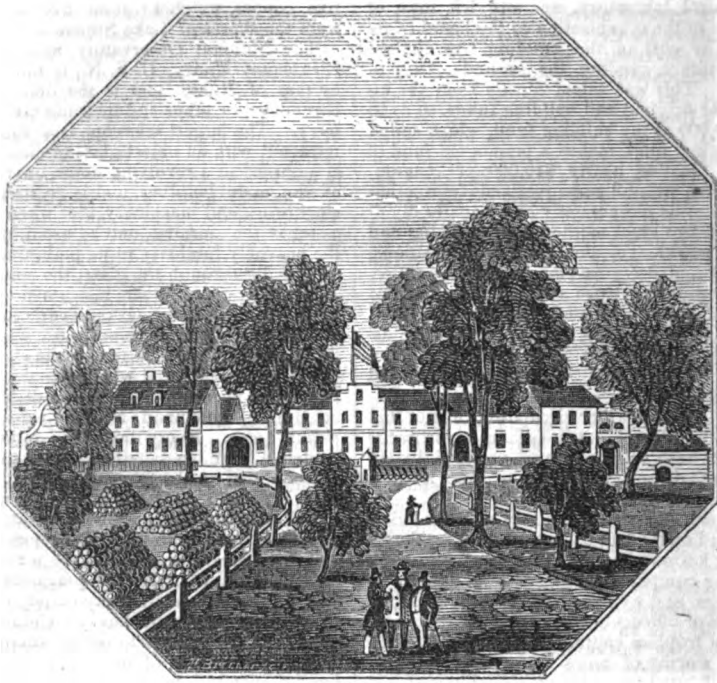
tive copper, weighing some five tons, brought from the shores of Lake Superior.

The National Observatory, under the care of Lieutenant Maury, U. S. N., is only surpassed by that of Russia, and is the depot of all the chronometers, maps and instruments used by the navy. The largest telescope is a fourteen inch refractor, with an object-glass of nine inches. It is mounted in a revolving dome on the summit of the main building, and is so arranged with clock-work and machinery, that when directed to a star in the morning, and adjusted, it so follows the heavenly luminary in its path, that at night, on looking through the glass, the star is visible. There are many other instruments—some so rarely adjusted, that their only variation is caused by the heat of the person of those who approach them; but the most curious is the electric clock. This is so connected with magnetic apparatus that, when necessary, its ticks are distinctly heard at Boston, Cincinnati, New Orleans, and other remote spots. Every day at ten minutes before twelve, a large black ball is hoisted to the summit of a staff on the Observatory, and exactly at noon it drops, giving the whole city and its environs a chance to regulate their watches.

The Arsenal, with its curious machinery propelled by steam, is used for the manufacture of cannon, small arms, bullets, percussion caps, etc. In the store-houses are every variety of arms and equipments—from the heavy “Columbus” cannon used in fortresses, to the mountain howitzer, carried on the back of a mule, and so down to holster pistols. In the model room is a curious collection of ancient and modern weapons, while outside are cannon captured at Yorktown, Sara-



OBSERVATORY.



ARSENAL.

toga, Niagara and Vera Cruz, with the guns of Duncan's noted battery. There are also complicated apparatus for testing the force of gunpowder, and for experiments with artillery.

The Post-Office is an extensive marble building, with two wings, adorned in front and at the ends with fluted columns.

The Pension Office occupies a portion of the large edifice represented by our artist, the property of Mr. Winder, who leases it to government at a good percentage on the cost. It also contains the pay department of the army, and other branches of the army and navy clerical force. The Treasury Department is a new stone building, 340 feet long, and 170 wide, but when completed it will be 457 feet in length, and will occupy the entire eastern front of the President's Square. Its front is an imposing colonnade, in the Grecian style of architecture, but ill-adapted to the building, as it occupies a deal of room, and keeps the offices darkly shaded. There are upwards of one hundred, and fifty rooms, where all the government financial business is transacted with an accuracy and simplicity of method certainly wonderful. The secretary of the treasury, who directs this immense system of accounts, has under his direction, 1 assistant secretary, 2 comptrollers, 6 auditors, 2 treasurers, 1 register, 1 solicitor, 1 commissioner, 323 clerks, 15 messengers and 12 watchmen—quite an army. The Attorney-General's Department is opposite the treasury, and occupies a spacious house, neatly fitted up when Gen. Cushing came into office. There is an excellent legal library, and every facility for promptly forming legal opinions upon matters referred by the president or his secre-

taries. The Department of the Interior, comprising the patent office, is the most interesting of the departments. The building which it is destined to occupy is yet unfinished. When the new wings are ready for use the building will contain the land office, patent office, Indian office, and pension office. The chief attraction of the building now is the spacious hall up stairs, in which are deposited the collection of the national institute and of the exploring expedition, and many other articles presented to our government by foreign powers. Among these are many relics of Washington, including his uniform, camp-chest, sword, etc., the original Declaration of Independence, Franklin's printing-press, a treaty signed by Napoleon, and other objects of priceless value. The rare collection brought home by the United States Exploring Expedition embraces almost every object used on those wonderful islands of the southern seas, and already has a box been received from Japan, containing specimens of the manufactures of that *terra incognita*. The models of articles patented are now on the lower floor, but will soon be arranged and classified in handsome iron cases. To such of our readers as purpose visiting Washington the following general description of it may prove interesting:

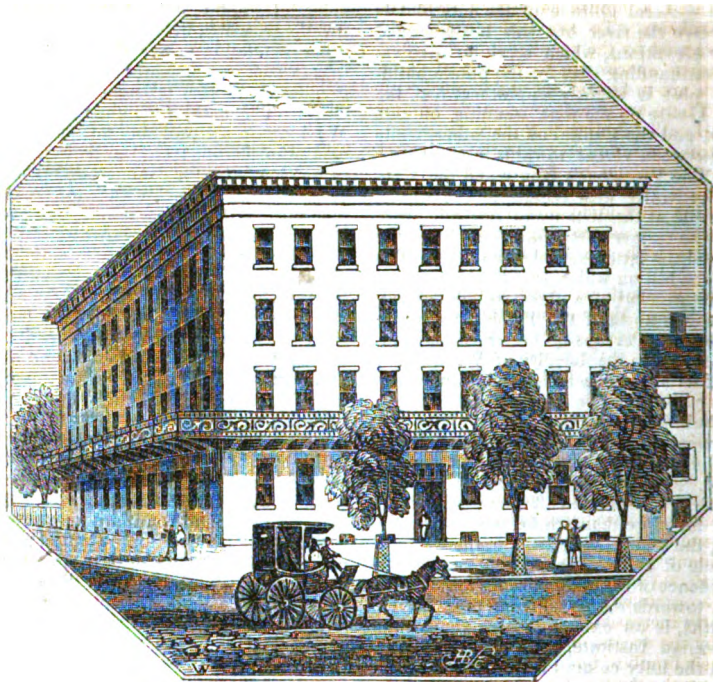
Though not a seven-hilled city, Washington has, as well as Rome, its Capitoline Hill, commanding views scarcely less striking than those of the Eternal City. It is situated on the left bank of the Potomac River, between two small tributaries, the one on the east called the East Branch, and the one on the west called Rock Creek. The latter separates it from George-

town. The general altitude of the city plot is forty feet above the river, but this is diversified by irregular elevations, which serve to give variety and commanding sites for the public buildings. The plot is slightly amphitheatrical, the President's House on the west standing on one of the sides, and the Capitol on the other, while the space between verges towards a point near the river. The President's House and the Capitol stand centrally with regard to the whole, though situated at the distance of one mile from each other, the former forty-four feet above the Potomac, and the latter seventy-two feet. The summit of the hill on which the Capitol stands is the commencement of a plain, stretching east, while that to the north of the President's House tends westward. Perhaps no better commendation can be given to the locality of Washington than that of its having been chosen by him whose name it bears. When the streets shall have been lined with buildings, few cities can ever have presented a grander view than that which will be offered to the spectator from the western steps of the Capitol, looking towards the President's House, with Pennsylvania Avenue stretching before him for more than a mile, with a breadth of 160 feet, the view terminated on the west by the colonnade of the treasury buildings and the palatial residence of the nation's chief magistrate. On his left, towards the river (itself more than a mile in width), is an extensive park, enclosing the Smithsonian Institute, with its picturesque towers, and the lofty column reared to the memory of Washington. On the right he will have beneath him the General Post-Office, the Patent Office, the City Hall, and doubtless still more

splendid public and many sumptuous private dwellings, which may have been erected ere another generation passes away. Nor would Washington lack commercial facilities, but for the still greater advantages possessed by its older sister cities. The natural commercial advantages of Washington are probably not surpassed by any capital in Europe; but our country so abounds in fine localities for commercial towns that those of Washington are thrown into the background. The plan of the city is unique, and everything is laid out on a scale that shows an anticipation of a great metropolis; and though these anticipations have not as yet been realized, they are entirely within the probabilities of the future. The city plot, which lies on the west border of the sixty square miles which now constitute the District of Columbia, extends four and a half miles in a northwest and northeast, and about two and a half in a northeast and southwest direction, covering an area of nearly eleven square miles. A very small portion of this, however, is as yet built upon. The whole site is traversed by streets running east and west and north and south, crossing each other at right angles. The streets that run north and south are numbered east and west from North and South Capitol Street (whose name will indicate its position), and are called, for example, East and West Second or Third Streets; while those running east and west are numbered from East Capitol Street, and are named alphabetically, north or south, A, B, or C Street, etc. The plot is again subdivided by wide avenues, named from the fifteen States existing when the site of the capital was chosen. These avenues run in a southeast and northwest,



POST-OFFICE.



PENSION OFFICE.

or in a southwest and northeast direction, often, but not always parallel to each other, and their points of section forming large open spaces. Four of these avenues, and North and South and East and West Capitol Streets, intersect each other at the Capitol grounds, and five avenues and a number of streets at the Park around the President's House. It will be readily seen, if this plan should be filled up, that, combined with its undulating grounds, surrounding hills, public buildings, park, monuments, etc., it will give a *coup d'œil* unequalled for magnificence in modern times. Pennsylvania Avenue, between the Capitol and President's House, is the only one that is densely built upon for any considerable extent. The streets are from 70 to 110 feet in width, and the avenues from 130 to 160 feet.

The National Institute holds its meetings at the Patent Office, and has for its object the culture of science generally. It has a library of 4000 volumes, which is open to the public, besides a cabinet of medals and coins. Peter Force, Esq., has a private library of 50,000 volumes; a rare, if not the only, instance of so large a private collection of books in our country. Mr. Corcoran, the wealthy banker, has a fine gallery of paintings, which is open to the public on Tuesdays and Fridays. The National Medical College, established in 1823, is a flourishing institution, with a faculty of seven professors. The Columbia College is located on high ground, just without the city limits, and directly north of the President's House, commanding a magnificent view of the city, the Potomac, and the surrounding country. This college was incorporated in 1821, and had in 1850 for its fac-

ulty, besides the president, 12 professors and tutors, and 100 students on its lists. There were in Washington in 1850, 20 public schools, with 1989 pupils and \$13,082 income; 35 academies, etc., with 1494 pupils and \$41,620 income.

There were, in 1852, about forty churches in Washington, of which four were Baptists, four Catholic, five Episcopalian, one Friends' meeting-house, two Lutheran, seven Methodist, six Presbyterian, one Unitarian, and about six colored churches. Among the finest of the churches is Trinity; which is of mixed Gothic and Eastern orders, with a front of red sandstone, situated on West Third Street.

We condense the following from Miss Lynch's description of Washington:—The open waste lying between the Capitol, the President's House, and the Potomac, is about to be converted into a national park, upon a plan proposed by the lamented A. J. Downing. The area contains about 150 acres, and the principal entrance is to be through a superb marble gateway, in the form of a triumphal arch, which is to stand at the western side of Pennsylvania Avenue. From this gateway a series of carriage drives, forty feet wide, crossing the canal by a suspension bridge, will lead in gracefully curved lines beneath lofty shade-trees, forming a carriage drive between five and six miles in circuit. The grounds will include the Smithsonian Institute and Washington's monument. The parks round the President's House and the Capitol have already been mentioned. Lafayette Park, on the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, in front of the executive mansion, is laid out and planted with shrubbery, etc., and contains, as we have

elsewhere stated, a bronze equestrian statue of President Jackson. To avoid the unpleasant angularity, caused by the peculiar intersection of the streets, open spaces are to be left at these points, which are to be laid out and planted with trees, etc. There are extensive grounds around the City Hall called Judiciary Square.

Washington communicates with the south and southwest by steamboat to Acquia Creek, fifty-five miles below Washington, and thence by the Fredericksburg, Richmond and Potomac Railroad. A branch road running north to Baltimore connects with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

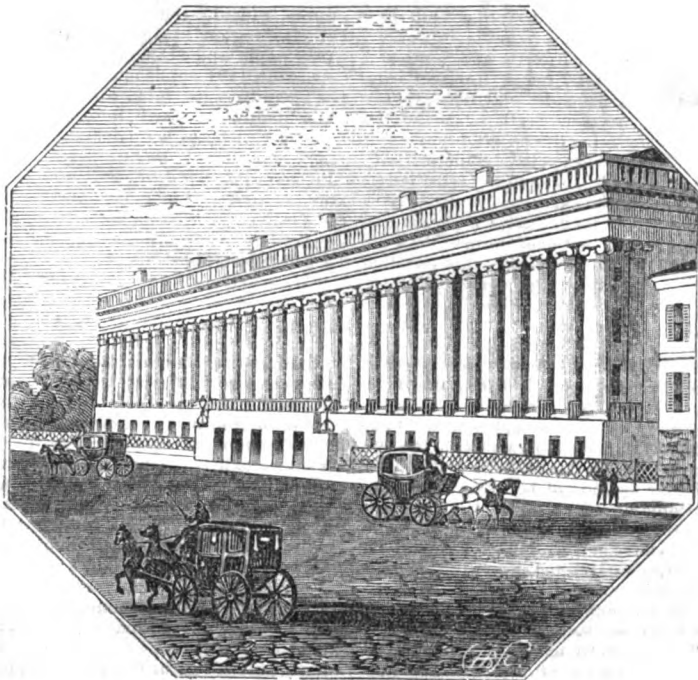
Fifteen miles south of Washington, on the Potomac, is Mount Vernon, once the home, and now the tomb of Washington. Thirteen miles above Georgetown are the Great Falls of the Potomac, thought by many to equal, in wildness and picturesque interest, any in the country. The Little Falls, which have in all a descent of fifteen feet, are only three miles above Georgetown. An aqueduct is now being constructed to supply Washington with water from the Falls of the Potomac. Washington contains six banks, and about fourteen newspaper offices, five or six of which issue dailies.

The resident population of Washington in 1850, was 40,000; in 1855, about 55,000, and including Georgetown, 65,000. But this number is greatly increased during the sessions of Congress, by the accession not only of the members and their families, but of visitors and persons spending the winter or a portion of it here, for the purpose of enjoying the society and gayety of the capital. Though the growth of

Washington has not been rapid, it has been steady, and the city has increased within the past few years in a considerably greater ratio than hitherto.

The site of the capital was selected at the original suggestion of President Washington, and by an act of Congress, July 16, 1790, the District of Columbia was formed. The cornerstone of the Capitol was laid by General Washington himself, September 18, 1793, and in 1800 the seat of government was removed hither from Philadelphia. The census of 1800 gave the population at 3210, which had increased to 8208 in 1810. In 1814, the city was taken by the British, when the Capitol, President's House, and the library of Congress were either wholly destroyed or greatly injured by fire, and other public work defaced. In 1820, the population was 13,247; 18,827 in 1830, and 23,364 in 1840. In 1846 was passed the act establishing the Smithsonian Institute; in 1850 the slave trade was abolished in the District of Columbia; and in 1851 the foundations were laid for the extension of the Capitol.

A most interesting and important paper was lately read before the New York Historical Society, by the librarian, Mr. George H. Moore, which proved beyond question, that Gen. Lee, of the Revolution, was a bold and well-nigh successful conspirator against Washington and the liberties of his country. The matter is left no longer in doubt, and that which has seemed strange and doubtful in his conduct is fully explained.

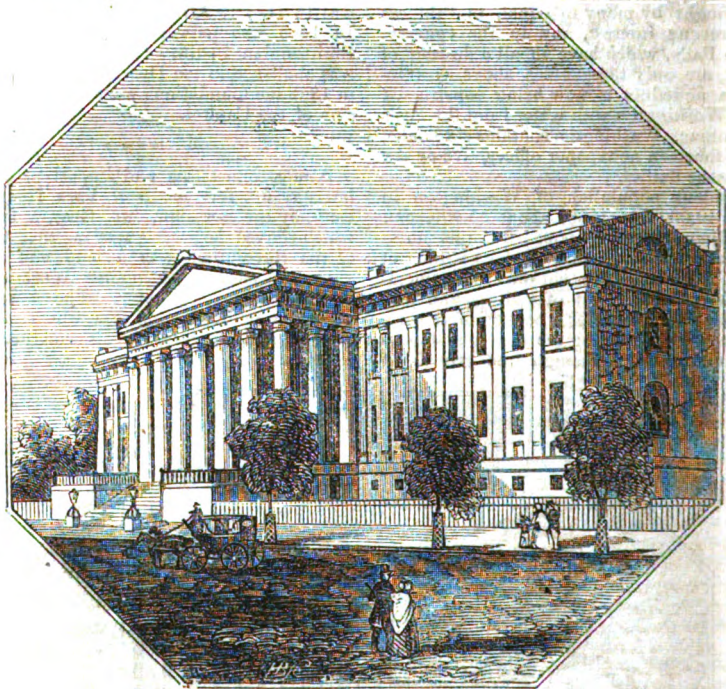


TREASURY.

NEW BEDFORD.

Among the most attractive cities of Massachusetts, is New Bedford, famed for its large participations in the whale fisheries. This city is beautifully located on the western bank of the Acushnet River, near to Buzzard's Bay. The land rises from the water with a gentle slope to the western limit of the city, displaying the buildings and gardens to great advantage to an observer on the water, or upon the opposite side of the river. It is a place of great prosperity, and much individual wealth, and a liberal and refined taste is exhibited in the public edifices. There are also many private residences that are built and furnished, without and within, with a solicity and magnificence quite unusual in American cities. These give an appearance of sub-

from there to New Bedford, he was among the first settlers. He was largely instrumental in building up the new town, and giving to its commercial enterprise the direction and impetus which have since contributed so materially to its fame and prosperity. Mr. Rotch, by his straightforward manner and persuasive address, succeeded in securing the privilege of admission of his oil and sperm, duty free, into France, and subsequently into England, to the great benefit of himself and fellow-townsmen. His name for the new town did not stand, however, without amendment, as it was subsequently found necessary to prefix the word "New" to it, in order to distinguish it from the town of Bedford in Middlesex county, which was incorporated at an earlier period.



PATENT OFFICE.

stantial prosperity to New Bedford, which is well borne out by the generally comfortable and tidy aspect of the city in all its details.

The ancient town of Dartmouth originally included the present site of New Bedford, the Indian name of which was Acchusnett. Dartmouth was incorporated by the colonial government in 1664. It is supposed that the first settlers on the part now occupied by New Bedford, were Friends, or Quakers. The town of New Bedford was incorporated in the year 1787. The land being owned by a man of the name of Russell, which was the family name of the Dukes of Bedford, in England, the name of Bedford was given to the new town at the instance of Mr. J. Rotch, a principal purchaser and settler. Mr. Rotch was a Quaker. He had carried on the whale fishery from Nantucket, and removing

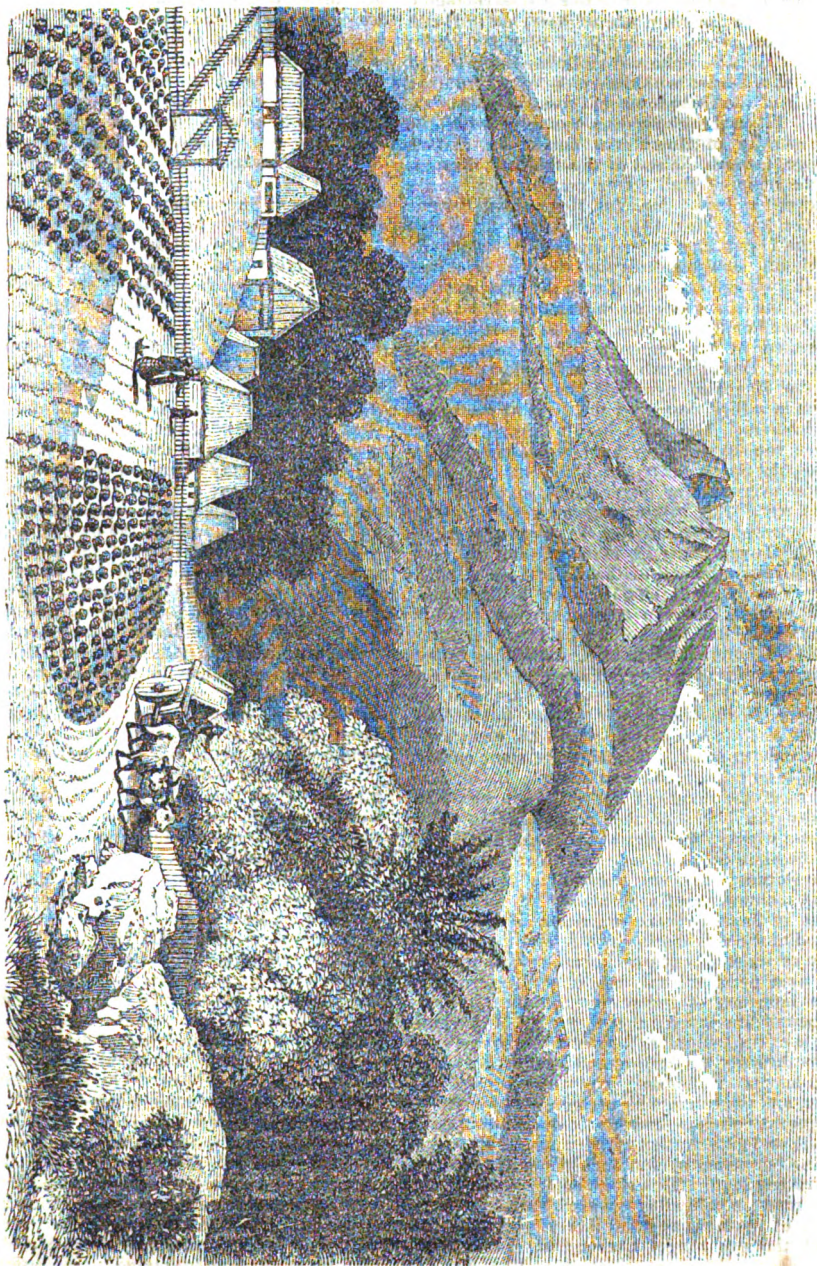
During the Revolutionary War, the whale fisheries, the chief stay of New Bedford, were necessarily suspended. The hardy mariners of that town then turned their attention to privateering upon the enemy's vessels. They did such an extensive business in this hazardous and gallant pursuit, that the British were greatly annoyed, and determined to capture and destroy the place. A very large force under Gen. Gray, landed at Clark's Neck, and marched upon the town, which they captured; burning many buildings and vessels. The value of the property destroyed, was estimated at \$326,266. At that time the population of the town was only about seven hundred. Since then it has gone on increasing with great rapidity, and now amounts to about twenty thousand. Within a few years a city government has been established.

SKETCHES OF JAVAN SCENES AND MANNERS.

On the succeeding pages we give several views illustrative of Javan life and customs, and the following geographical and historical details will add interest to the scenes. In 1847, Dr. W. R. Van Hoewell, a learned and scientific native of Holland, ten years resident at Batavia, under-

took a journey through Java, and the adjacent Madura and Bali. The latter island has just been thrown open to the civilized world by the Dutch, their motive being the extermination of the pirates who made it a refuge. Java, it is well-known, belongs to the Dutch, and is a pos-

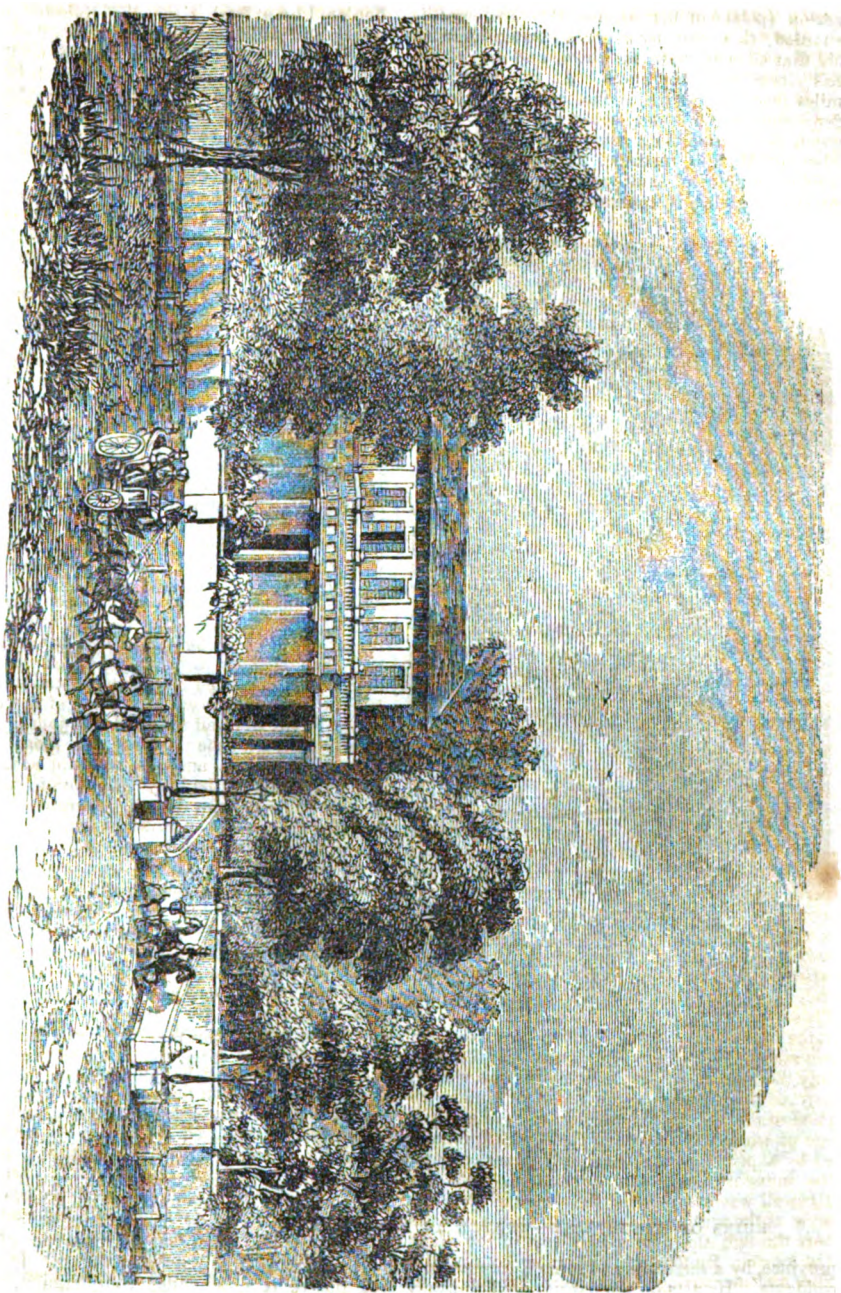
A TEA PLANTATION AT SIMPAR.



session of vast commercial importance and wealth. Dr. Hoewell's expensive work, being the most recent authority, will be followed by us in our rapid sketches. Before falling into European hands, Java had had its revolutions and its wars, and a tumultuous and sometimes brilliant career. India, at a vague and distant epoch; Arabia, in times nearer to us, brought it their civil and religious institutions, and their half-civilization. At this time Islamism reigns there, under Dutch protection, over a population of 5,000,000 souls; but minds have preserved an Indian impress, and the soil is heaped with the wrecks of art from the shores of the Gangee, or the coast of Coromandel. When this civilization was expelled by the impetuosity of Mussulman fanaticism, it took refuge, towards the end of the fifteenth century, in the island of Bali. Our present sketches are confined to Java. Mr. Van Hoewell left Batavia on the 6th of May, 1847. This city, the capital of the Dutch East Indies, has about 120,000 inhabitants, communicates with the port of Anyer on the western coast, and with the other extremity of the island by a magnificent post-road nearly three hundred leagues long—a gigantic work, executed at the beginning of this century by Marshal Daendels, whose construction, like that of the Egyptian pyramids, but differing from them in utility, destroyed the lives of thousands of laborers. You have hardly quitted the city, when you see rising on the right two giant mountains, the Salak, 6670 feet high, and the Gede, whose ever-smoking crater attains an elevation of 9326 feet. But, before reaching it, you traverse Buitenzorg, which encloses the sumptuous palace of the Touan Bezar (in Malay, Grand Seigneur), the governor-general of the Dutch East Indies. Mr. Van Hoewell stopped here by invitation, and, being a Lutheran clergyman, performed divine service in a room of the palace—the church, built two hundred years ago, undergoing repairs—in presence of a few civilians, and the garrison composed of a half-company of European soldiers. He afterwards paid a visit to the Kampong, or Chinese quarter, where he was shown, in a wooden cabin, a *batoutoulis*, a stone covered with inscriptions, and two statues, the only remains of the empire of Padzadzaran, which fell under the blows of the Mussulman invaders. These wrecks, and those discovered further off, in the plain of Bandung, consist of a *nandi* and two statues; they are remarkable as being the only monuments of art existing in the western part of Java—whence the name of Sunda applied to the neighboring straits, and the archipelago of which Java forms a part—which, inhabited by a peculiar race, has only imperfectly felt the influence of Indian civilization. But Mr. Hoewell was assured that they were of the same style as the sculptures, spread in such vast numbers through the centre and east of the island. On leaving Buitenzorg, the road continued to rise, and the carriage-horses were changed for six vigorous buffaloes, and it was found necessary to scale on foot a portion of the slope of Megamendong (shrouded in clouds), which is not less than 4620 feet high. This is the culminating point of the road; a delightful coolness succeeds to the heat of the lower regions, forests nod overhead, and the eye ranges over a vast and beautiful prospect. Tjandjor, which Mr. Van Hoewell

afterwards reached, is the chief place of one of the largest provinces or residences of Java, that of the *Preanger Regents Chappen* (Regencies of the Preanger or Prayhang), peopled by 800,000 inhabitants of the Sunda race, held in awe by a garrison of *twenty men* at the residence of Tomo. The description of this *negri* (the local name for an inhabited place of some importance), will give an idea of all the Javanese towns. "We enter the town through a sort of gate-way of stone or wood, and what do we see? Houses, of course, large and small, and palaces, is the answer. Nothing of the kind! You find broad and straight streets (*lowourong*) paved with river stones, and bordered on each side by palisades of bamboo seven or eight feet high. Beyond this kind of fortification, the eye reposes agreeably on the ever fresh verdure of trees loaded with fruit and flowers; but nowhere do you observe houses, or anything like them, for the houses of the natives are concealed behind this verdure." To this we must add a square in the European style, containing the hotel of the resident, or Dutch chief of the province, the lodging appropriated to travellers, and the houses of a few Christians; then the *halon halon*, a square plain, the south side of which is occupied by the *dalam*, or Javanese regent's house, and the west side by the *massighit*—a local corruption of the Arabic *mesjid* (mosque). After having been present at a *soirée* at the house of the resident, at which the regent and his lady figured in dresses much more rich than elegant; a party at which the chief amusement consisted in a representation of the *bedoyos*—female dancers in the pay of the regent—Mr. Van Hoewell pursued his journey, constantly busy with the physical and moral condition of the natives, and the means of advancing the civilization of the large population confided to the care of the Dutch government. The country abounds in natural objects of interest. Huge smoking craters in the midst of impenetrable forests which shelter the rhinoceros; rich plantations of tea or indigo, and fields of sugar cane, or thick jungles (the Javanese name is *halang-halang*), where the tiger watches for the brilliant-plumed and noisy peacock; huge warigins (the *Ficus Indica*), and fresh rivers glancing from cascade to cascade. Near Tjeribon, one of the oldest seats of the Dutch power at Java, is to be seen a pleasure-garden which belonged to one of the sultans of the country, a pensioner on the conquerors since 1819, and recently dead. The garden is entirely in the style of the celestial empire; and a native told Mr. Hoewell that it was laid out two hundred years ago by a Chinese, whose eyes were afterwards put out, that he might never construct one like it. There exist also in the environs the tombs of the Sheik Ibn Moulana, the first preacher of Islamism in the west of Java, and of the Sultan Togal Aroum, a sort of Javanese Nero. These are places of pilgrimage. A few miles beyond Tjeribon, you cross a bridge over the river (*Tji*) Parmali, which separates the two races, the Hendas and Javanese, and the eye embraces a vast plain terminated by the chain of Hamat, whose principal peak attains an elevation of eleven thousand feet. The sides of the mountain are covered with plantations of tea and coffee, one of the first of which is given in our first engraving. The residence of

HOUSE OF THE DUTCH RESIDENT AT SOURABAYA.



Tagal, where we now are, in 1846 produced 70,000 pounds of tea alone, to say nothing of sugar and coffee. We will not halt at Samarang and Sourabaya, considerable ports of an European appearance, and, with Batavia, the principal places of the island. We will only remark, that between these points Mr. Hoewell fixed,

from popular tradition, the seat of the ancient kingdom of Menlang Kamoulau, of which the annals and poems of Java make frequent mention, but of which not even a wreck remains. The peasants point out only, with tokens of the most profound veneration, a wood which rises, according to them, on the site of the ancient

kraton (palace of the sovereign). The spot is guarded, they say, by a contemporary tiger, so old that he cannot use his paws, and drags himself along upon his knees. At Simpang, two miles from Sourabaya, is the palace of the resident, represented in our second engraving. The population, comprising that of the neighboring island of Madura, reaches 1,230,000 souls. The resident, a political magistrate dependent on the governor-general, is commonly assisted, in each

bordered by a fresh river, the Kalimas (golden river), and which has for perspective the cone of Ardjouna, 10,820 feet high, remind us that we are in the most historical part of Java; that where Volney would have had the amplest field for meditation, and whither we must go on the track of our zealous and intelligent guide, to visit the ruins of Modjopahit, the Javanese empire of Hindoo civilization, which had the most considerable political influence, and the most

flourishing, if not the longest existence; for, founded in the year 1237 of the Javanese era, which began about 78 or 74 B.C., it fell in 1400. These ruins had met the fate of many ruins. They have served for stone or brick quarries; the road from Sourabaya to Modjokerta is paved with their spoils, and the materials for the greater part of the rich sugar establishments in the neighborhood have been taken from the same source. You reach it by a road shaded by large tamarind trees, which, through rice and sugar plantations, runs to the southwest towards the city of Kediri. The first monument you meet is only a few steps from the road; it is an almost formless mass, in which the eye at last distinguishes the remains of a gateway, doubtless that of a palace, as its fragments, as well as its ancient name, *Gapuro Gapi* (royal gate), seem to indicate. One of the piers is still forty-eight feet high, and the other is twenty-eight feet high; while the opening is twelve feet wide. Brick forms the principal material in all these ruins. Indeed, so frequently are what we usually deem only the results of modern art and labor brought to view in the explorations of this island, that one hardly realizes that they are the remains of a former state of civilized existence. Many monuments and ruins thus found, show that a people far in advance of most modern nations of the East once held dominion here, or that the ancestors of the present inhabitants had reached a point which their descendants have lost—a fact that the researches of most



RUINS OF MODJOPAHIT—TEMPLE AT MOUTERAN.

province, by a secretary and some European sub-residents. He acts on the native population only through the medium of a considerable number of chiefs, for the most part elective, who constitute a very ancient and strongly constructed hierarchy, an organization which Holland has carefully respected, with the view of sheltering itself behind it, and to soften the contact between the natives and their masters. The fragments of Hindoo sculptures, brought hither to ornament the park,

discoverers in the East corroborate. In regard to the ruins now under consideration, we will briefly enumerate them in the order in which Mr. Van Hoewell visited them. After Tjandi Pasar, come the Tjandi Brawon, (temple of dust and ashes), a pyramidal mass seventy feet high, which presents in the interior a square hall 18 feet in diameter; the Danggar Pamalongan, a confused mass of stones with some fragments of sculpture; the Badjang Raton, a square building

30 feet high, surmounted by a pyramid of the same dimensions, on which we remarked numerous heads of Siva or Kalahooden, as well as a bas-relief; this building seems to have served as an entrance to a kraton; many tombs called *Frang Woulan* (light of the moon), and finally a souvenir, the little *Moeteran* temple pictured in our third engraving. This drawing was made in 1812, and given to Mr. Van Hoewell by the artist, Mr. Wardenaar, a Dutch official who, during the English occupation, made a complete plan of the ancient city of *Modjopahit*, and sketched its monuments. The whole was given to Sir W. Raffles for his great work on Java (history of Java), and it is much to be regretted that he did not make use of this precious collection, which it would be impossible to replace now—so active has the work of nature been since then—so many warings and climbing plants; *glagahs* and bamboos have struck their roots deeply into the foundations, and disjointed the walls, which are sinking and crumbling into shapeless masses of ruins. As has happened with the immense cities of *Yutacan*, a dense forest covers the site of the ancient Hindoo Javanese city, and prevents recognition of the different parts which composed it. Before quitting this melancholy site we must halt on the borders of the immense pond or sheet of water, a thousand feet long, six hundred broad, and eighteen feet deep. The sides and bottom are of brickwork. It does not appear that the Island of *Madura*, situated near the northeast coast of Java, and whose population has the same origin, and only differs in the changes incidental to a long separation, contains any monument of art. We will not follow Mr. Van Hoewell thither, but will start again with him from *Sourabaya*. To the south, at *Trawas*, the villa of the resident, situated at the height of 2500 feet, on the side of *Pennanggoungang*, in the midst of Persian and Dutch roses, he saw various remains of Hindoo sculptures, brought from the neighborhood, and belonging to the worship of *Vishnoo* and *Buddha*. Farther on he visited the monument of *Djelok Toondo*. We quote his own words: "Here again we find ourselves on classic ground. The *Bottak*, at the foot of which is situated the *pasanggrahan* (villa), and particularly the *Pennanggoungang*, whose crest, 5500 feet high, rises before you, bear yet innumerable vestiges of the worship which was practised during the Hindoo period. The slopes of this latter mountain are heaped with antique ruins—and, on the crest even, you see a kind of altar of dry stones, around which lie defaced sculptures. From six o'clock we had been on horseback, and were beginning to climb the slope of *Pennanggoungang*. At the foot of the mountain we took a road which led towards the south, and traversed vast coffee plantations. At the end of some time we were obliged to dismount and follow the road on foot, through a path obstructed by thorns, brush and bindweed, our Javanese guides preceding us, and cutting a passage with their knives. It was a painful tramp, which lasted more than half an hour, though we made but little progress in that time; but our trouble was amply recompensed when we suddenly discovered a masterpiece of Hindoo architecture, called in the country *Djelok Toondo*." (See engraving.) The entire monument consists of three basins formed

in a square terrace, whose front border is furnished with a balustrade about two feet high. A wall 60 feet long and 16 high, backed on the mountain, juts over the basins, in which the water, brought from a distance in subterranean conduits, discharges through a serpent's head (*naga*). Mr. Van Hoewell also visited the ruins known by the natives under the name of *Matzan Pontih* (the white tiger), which seem to have formed a part of the town of *Blambangan*, formerly situated a little more to the southeast on the coast. The remains of walls seen at *Matzan Pontih* belonged, without doubt, to the general enclosure. The ruins are a complete wreck, and the process of restoration has been largely used in the engraving (No. 5), which represents a temple, the roof of which has disappeared, and of which the walls only remain. It presents four fronts, which the chisel of the sculptor has enriched with a profusion of flowers and other arabesques. The most remarkable part of this monument is the base on which it rests, and which is composed of a turtle entwined with two serpents, the whole in lava. The heads of the turtle and serpents unite on the western side, and form the entrance of the monument. The surrounding soil is strewn with mutilated statues, and the ruins occupy a considerable space. The history of the city of which these are the last remains, is truly a melancholy one. Founded towards the end of the 15th century, by the fugitive inhabitants of *Modjopahit*, who had just fallen under the arms of the Mussulmen, *Blambangan* became the seat of a little state, which, though Hindoo in religion and civilization, fell under the nominal sovereignty of the powerful sultans of *Mataram*, themselves vassals of the Dutch company of the East Indies; and it was in a war against the company that it fell in 1770, in consequence of an act of atrocious perfidy and cruelty, which forms one of the saddest episodes of the colonial history. It is a pity that the Dutch government takes no pains either to preserve the yet existing historical monuments of Java, or to publish at their expense a work containing correct representations of the more important and curious ruins. Aside from these more classic and romantic belongings of the island, the geographical features of Java present some interesting aspects. The island itself is divided nearly in its whole length by a range of mountains, running almost east and west, and rising to their greatest elevation towards the centre; but the range is much broken. In several hills of the great range of mountains are the craters of volcanoes, which formerly raged with fury, and poured forth torrents of lava; but, at present, none are known to be in activity, though many emit smoke after heavy rain. The most considerable rivers are the *Joana* and the *Sedani*, or *Tangergang*. On the bank or bar before *Batavia* the flood rises about six feet, and higher at spring-tides. High and low water occur only once in 24 hours. The island is traversed from east to west by a great military road, 700 miles in extent, constructed by General *Daendels*, a governor of the island, before it was taken by the English. The year, as is usual in tropical climates, is divided into the dry and the rainy seasons; or into the east, which is called the good monsoon, and the west, or the bad monsoon. Thunder storms

are very frequent, especially towards the conclusions of the monsoons, when they occur almost every evening. The heat of the climate is various. Along the sea coast it is hot and sultry. At Batavia, from July to November, the thermometer generally stands, in the hottest part of the day, between 84 and 90 degrees, which it rarely exceeds; and, in the greatest degree of coolness in the morning it is seldom lower than 76 degrees. In some parts, particularly among

feet. Fruits of all kinds are also abundant, many of them of exquisite delicacy and flavor. In the high ground in the interior they are found to dwindle and degenerate, in that equinoctial climate. The various kinds of plants and great abundance of herbs have afforded ample scope for the researches of the botanist, as flowers exhale their perfumes at all seasons of the year. Garden plants are produced in great variety, such as endives, cauliflowers, beans, cabbages, pom-

pions, melons, patacas or water melons, yams, potatoes, etc. Maize or Indian corn is a favorite article of food with the natives, who eat it roasted. The natural fertility of the soil of Java supercedes the necessity of laborious tillage. The staple produce of the island is rice. Sugar, to the amount of ten millions pounds annually, is also made. Pepper is produced in great abundance and perfection; also indigo of a very superior quality. Cotton is cultivated in almost every part of the island; and the coffee plantations are extremely luxuriant. The soil is also very favorable to the growth of tobacco. There are many other herbs and plants, both medicinal and balsamic, that are but imperfectly known to Europeans. Wheat and barley are only grown in small quantities, on the hilly tracts, chiefly in the middle parts of the island, and would be produced in great abundance were due attention given to their culture. The tea plant is also indigenous here and is extensively cultivated. Some slight description of the method of culture may here be given. The plant is grown from seeds, which are sown in rows four or five feet asunder; and so many uncertainties are involved in their growth, that it is found necessary to sow as many as seven or eight seeds in every hole. The ground between the rows is kept free from weeds, and the plants are not allowed to attain a higher growth than admits of the leaves being conveniently gathered. The first crop of leaves is not collected until the third year after sowing;



FOUNTAIN OF DJELOK TOUNDO.

the hills and in many of the inland towns, it is often so cold as to make a fire desirable. Java possesses a soil of extraordinary luxuriance and fertility. In the forests, especially in those on the northeast coast, is found an abundance of lofty trees, fit to be converted into masts, while forests of teak supply the place of oak for building ships, adapted to all purposes. Palms and cocoa trees are found in great variety, and are distinguished by their luxuriant growth, sometimes reaching to the astonishing height of 150

ing; and when the plants are six or seven years old, the produce becomes so inferior, that they are removed to make room for a fresh plantation. The leaves are gathered from one to four times during the year, according to the age of the tree; the most general number being three, the first of which takes place about April, the second about June, and the third about August. The earliest gathered leaves have the most delicate color, the most aromatic flavor, and the least bitterness; those of the second gathering have a dull green

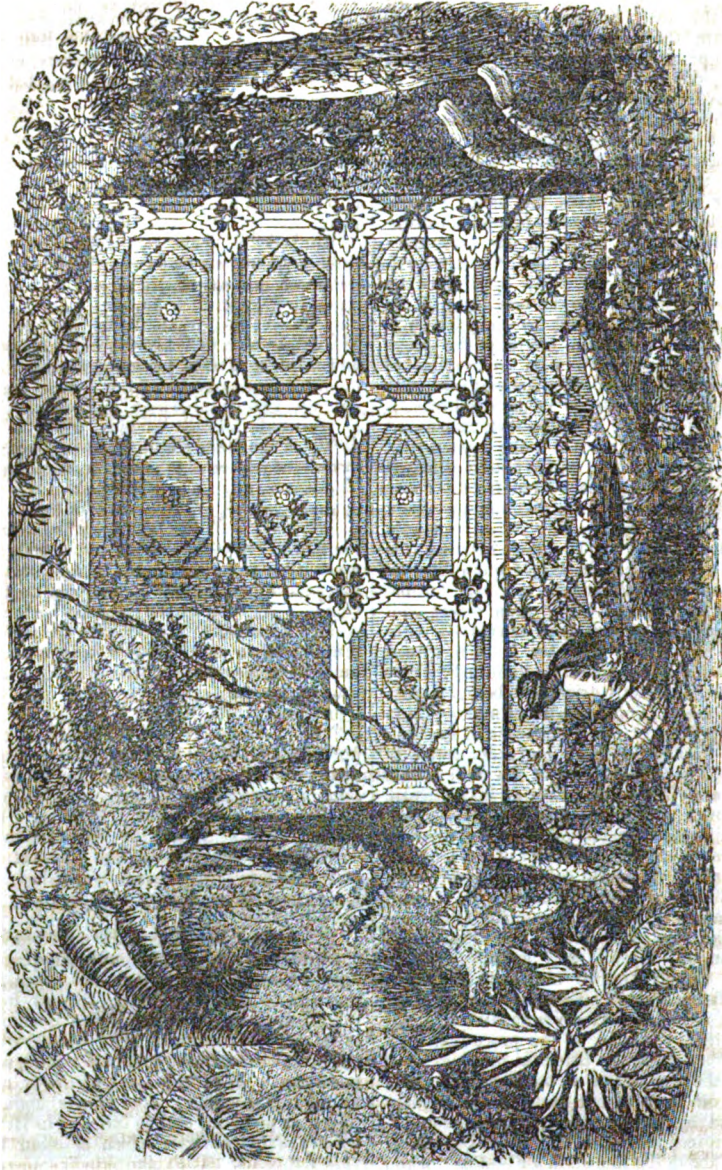
color, and less valuable qualities than the former ; while the third collection are of a darker green, and least valuable of the three. The quality is also affected by the age of the plant on which the leaves are borne, and by the degree of exposure to which they have become accustomed ; leaves from young plants, and those most exposed, being always the best. So particular are the Javanese to ensure the excellence of the finest sorts, that for two or three weeks before the harvest commences, the collectors, who are trained to this business from a very early age, are prohibited from eating fish or other kinds of food deemed unclean, lest by their breath they should contaminate the leaves. They are also made to take a bath two or three times a day, and are not allowed to gather the leaves with the naked fingers, but with gloves. These precautions, absurdly minute as they may to some appear, owe their origin to the evanescent nature of the finer qualities of the tea ; for the finest kind may be changed into an inferior tea in one night, if the proper attention be not paid to the gathering. Then ensue the processes whereby the green leaves assume the wrinkled form so familiar to us. As soon as gathered, they are put into wide shallow baskets, and placed in the wind or sunshine for a few hours. They are then transferred to a flat cast-iron pan, over a stove heated with charcoal, in quantity about half a pound of leaves at a time. The leaves are stirred briskly about with a kind of brush, and are then quickly swept off the pan into baskets. This done, the leaves are carefully rubbed and rolled between the hands, and are next put, in larger quantities, on the pan, and subjected again to heat ; but the heat on this occasion is lower than before, and only just sufficient to dry them effectually without risk of scorching. The tea is then spread out on a table and carefully examined ; every unsightly or imperfectly-dried leaf being removed from the rest. This is the usual manipulation for the larger bulk of teas ; but some of the finer kinds pass through a more elaborate series of processes. The distinctions of tea into *Black* and *Green* are distinctions rather of manufacture than of growth. The common names applied are derived in many instances from the districts where the tea is grown. Quite all of the tea used in other parts of the world comes, however, from China, and bears various Chinese names. Thus, *Bohea* is named from a particularly hilly spot covered with tea-plantations ; and *Souchong*, *Pekoe*, *Congou*, *Hyson*, &c., are all Chinese names (or rather English imitations of them), having a distinctive and efficient meaning among the natives, although rather vague with us. All teas, by a little variation of the processes, may be made either green or black at pleasure ; but in practice the preparation of the respective kinds is carried on in different parts of the Chinese Empire, and by different sets of arrangements. In the green teas the leaves only are taken, being nipped off above the foot-stalk or petiole ; while of the black tea the foot-stalk is also collected : from whence it happens that the black tea contains much of the woody fibre, while the green is exclusively the fleshy part of the leaf itself. The following is the mode of making black tea at Assam, adopted by the Chinese. The leaves being brought to the place where they are to be

converted into tea, are thinly scattered in large circular open-worked bamboo baskets, and placed on a frame-work of bamboo. Here they are left exposed to the sun for about two hours, or until they have a slightly withered appearance ; the leaves in the mean time being occasionally turned by the hand. The baskets are taken into a covered building, and placed on another open frame, where they are left to cool for half an hour. Being next put into smaller baskets, and placed on a stand, the leaves are taken up between the hands with the fingers and thumb extended, and gently tossed up and down for a few minutes. This drying and handling is repeated two or three times, by which time the leaves feel something like soft leather. The leaves are next put into cast-iron pans fixed in a circular mud fireplace, and the pan being well heated by a straw or bamboo fire, about two pounds of leaves are spread equably on or in it. While on the fire, the leaves are frequently turned with the naked hand, to prevent their burning ; and as soon as they become inconveniently hot they are received by another man in a close-worked bamboo basket, and taken to a table having a narrow rim round it. The two pounds of hot leaves are divided amongst two or three men, and each forms a ball of the leaves allotted to him, which is grasped gently in the hand, a little force being used to express any juice which may remain in the leaves. The leaves, after being worked in this way and again separated, are spread out on hot pans, again turned about with the hands, and again rolled on the table. They are next put into a drying-basket, where they are spread three or four inches deep, and placed over a glowing charcoal fire free from smoke. As soon as they appear half-dried, and while still rather soft, the leaves are taken off the fire, placed in open baskets, and allowed to remain for some time on the frame. On the following day the leaves are sorted into "large," "midding," and "small," which form so many different varieties of tea ; and each sort is again put into the drying basket. When crisp by the action of the heat, the leaves are thrown into a large receiving-basket. Again they are heated, with another basket thrown over them to reflect back the heat. When the leaves have become so crisp as to break under the slightest pressure of the fingers, the process is finished, and the tea is packed in boxes, and is ready for the market.

The domestic animals in Java are buffaloes and cattle of every description, and sheep, goats and pigs. Game, however, does not abound here so much as in other countries, though hares and rabbits are pretty common ; and deer and antelopes are also plentiful. The horses, which are very numerous throughout the island, are small but active. Wild hogs and monkeys are found in all the jungles. The forests abound with tigers, as powerful and as large as in Bengal. A species of black tiger, which is often found, is very ferocious. The rhinoceros is sometimes met with. Snakes are found here, as in all other hot countries, in great numbers, and of various kinds. Some of these are from twenty-five to thirty feet in length. Lizards of all kinds, from the variable chameleon to the guana tribe, frequent the bushes, trees and roofs of the houses. Scorpions and mosquitoes abound in the marshes. There

are, besides, various other sorts of dangerous and disgusting vermin. Of the numerous feathered tribes found in Java, we may remark the cassowary, a very large and powerful bird. White eagles have been seen here; and every kind of bird of prey is continually on the wing. The

animals, undescribed in natural history, abound in these seas. The population of Java is composed almost entirely of natives, of a variety distinct from the Malays and other inhabitants of the neighboring islands. The Javanese are small, with a yellow complexion, flattened nose,



RUINS OF PAMPANG, MATZAN FOUTIE.

aquatic tribe is equally diversified, and the extensive fisheries along this great line of coast are highly productive. At the mouths of the rivers numbers of alligators or caymans are continually lurking for their prey. In the several bays numerous sharks swim about the ships; and many

high cheek bones, and thin beard. Their language is entirely different from the Malay; their religion Mohammedanism. Three quarters of Java are in the power of the Dutch, whose immediate authority and jurisdiction extend over three-fifths of the inhabitants.

THE SONG OF NATURE.

BY GEORGE W. CROWELL.

The morn has come, and the darkness
Has fled on wings of night;
While soft up o'er the blushing sky
Rush floods of golden light.

And into my window stealing,
Comes sweet, rich-scented air,
The breath of the passing summer,
From fields thyetan fair.

I hear the tuneful harmonies,
That wild and gushing song,
Which is ever swelling upward,
In blended chorus strong.

'Tis the song of nature's minstrels,
And wrought by hands divine,
'Tis the grand old pealing organ,
In God's vast temple, Time.

While its strain of lofty music
In thrilling cadence rings,
'Tis the voice of endless praises
From all created things.

It steals from the murmuring rill,
The songster's tuneful throat,
As mid the forests deep and wild,
He trills his cheering note.

It is the sighing, moaning wind,
With ocean's solemn roar,
Which sweeps with stern, restless strength,
Along the sounding shore.

From Nature, and her vast expanse,
Of earth, of air, and sea,
Steals forth the never-ceasing strain
Of mingled harmony.

As forever onward, upward,
Through corridors of time,
Rolls the grand and swelling anthem,
Eternal and sublime.

Still shall distant, coming ages,
In symphonies of song,
Down through time's far-reaching vista
Its lengthened notes prolong.

KATIE ALLISON.

BY MRS. AGNES L. CRUIKSHANK.

FARMER ALLISON's wife was dead—the little patient, industrious woman who for eight long years had been to her a faithful loving partner—and while he sorrowed with a violence that threatened to destroy his reason, our villagers no less sincerely lamented their departed friend and neighbor. He had found her in the city, a pale, pretty little seamstress, and when he brought her to his country home, many sneered

at his choice and prophesied that he would repent before the year was out.

"What could *she* do on a farm, with those little white hands?" "What would become of John Allison's fine dairy now, when his timid little wife was really frightened at the sight of the twelve cows which nightly came into the yard to be milked?"

And so the gossips talked—each matron secretly thinking that one of her own rosy daughters would have better filled the bride's responsible place, while the girls themselves wondered at handsome John Allison's taste in choosing that "pale little thing," when so many in our own village would have jumped at the chance of taking him, with his new house and well-stocked farm. Perhaps they had made this too manifest.

It was long before Mrs. Allison became a favorite in our village. Perhaps had John made a household drudge of her (as many foretold he would), our ladies, old and young, might through compassion have visited her; but when two sturdy maids were installed at the farm-house, permanent assistants, and in addition to the little woman's other fanks, John purchased a horse and neat little chaise for her especial use, the dislike grew deeper than ever. Then her dress was another fearfully large item in the daily increasing account against her. Not that it was anybody's business, but it was so ridiculous that they should wear "such bonnets and such mantles!" Why, the daughters of the lord of the manor did not wear any better clothes—the ladies Julia and Caroline H—, whose yearly allowance would have bought half the farms in our parish. Yet truth to tell, nothing could have been neater than Catherine Allison's appearance that summer when she came among us a bride, for the white crape bonnet and dove-colored silk dress were certainly in admirable taste.

The first change in her favor appeared when our minister and his wife called on her (they had been travelling when she came), and their evident liking for the stranger did much to remove prejudice. Soon after, a great sensation was created. The ladies Julia and Caroline H— had also paid a visit to John Allison's vine-covered cottage, and spent several hours in inspecting the green-house, with its choice fruit and flowers, the fowl-yard where Catherine's pets were the wonder of the parish, the kitchen garden, the orchard—everything was seen and admired, and the ladies and their father had gone away delighted at the neatness, even elegance, of the whole establishment.

A rare taste for the beautiful and picturesque had Catherine, and her young husband loved

well to indulge it. Catherine's popularity rose from this day, for it was well understood that to none other than a superior woman could Lord S— introduce his young daughters; and the particular kindness ever after shown to John Allison was as much owing to his wife's good qualities, as to the old nobleman's avowed respect for the young farmer's sterling worth.

When the family went to London, and some choice cattle were sent down to Whittlesford for John, "some of the Duke of Devonshire's own breed," Catherine's poultry-yard received a valuable addition as well in a "few of the rarest kinds."

Two years after their marriage, a little daughter was born to John and Catherine Allison, the only addition that could possibly have been made to their happiness. A fair little lady she was, with her soft brown eyes and rose-leaf cheek, and lips like the half-opened bud. John Allison called her his "apple-blossom"—and it was no bad comparison—and he loved her until he feared to think what might be his feelings should he lose her. The Ladies H— were still away; but when the news reached their London home, a costly cradle found its way to Whittlesford, a bed fit for a little princess, all rosewood and blue silk and dainty lace—John said "far too fine for their humble home," but Catherine laid her little one on the soft pillows and pronounced it perfect.

It was only now that our good village folks began to understand and appreciate Catherine—to find out how gentle, kind and benevolent she was. No one ever heard her repeat an ill story of a neighbor, or draw an unkind inference, or knew her to regret an opportunity to do a favor. She took no additional pride with their rising fortunes (unless it might have been in her handsome, well-to-do husband), but dressed as neatly, and lived as unostentatiously as ever. She seldom went out, except on the Sabbath, when leaning on her husband's arm, she walked regularly twice to the old parish church, or when some case of sickness required her personal attendance. To the poor, out of their abundance John Allison and his wife freely gave; and the apples, the milk, the honey and the corn they annually gave away, added much to the comfort of many a poverty-stricken household. Then at Christmas, it was pleasant to see Mr. Allison's anxiety lest any one of the poor cottagers should be overlooked in the general distribution of beef and mutton, the materials for plum puddings, and the wood and coal wherewith to cook the same.

There came a year at last—a year of suffering long to be remembered throughout the length

and breadth of England—when wheat was a guinea a bushel, and bread was far beyond the reach of the poor man. It was a time of temptation to John Allison, but Catherine stood beside him like a good angel. Long years afterward, when the daisies were blooming on her grave, the villagers told how she sold all her choice poultry, the petted favorites of many years, that the money might buy bread for the poor; and her husband, with tears, declared that her persuasions alone saved him from doing as other prosperous farmers did then—take cruel advantages of the necessities of the suffering.

Lord S— lost his election that year by advocating the use of rye and other articles in the making of bread for the cottagers; but one and all blessed John Allison and his gentle helpmate, and I doubt if any of the long line of noble ladies whose ashes reposed under the chancel, were ever more generally beloved and respected than Catherine Allison, who probably could have traced her pedigree no further back than her own father.

Need I say that the child of such parents was all they could wish?—that little Katie Allison was the pride of our village, beloved equally by our good pastor and his wife (who, childless themselves, looked upon her almost as their own), and the poorest laborer on her father's farm? The gayest little singing-bird that ever made glad a home—well might her mother, with a sort of prophetic terror, clasp her in her arms and say her song "was too sweet to last long."

When Katie was five years old, her mother caught a cold—just such a cold as thousands take and say, "O, it is not much! I shall be well in a few days," and the end of that few days is—eternity! Mrs. Allison said so herself, at first; but by-and-by the cough grew worse, and the pain in her side increased a little, and a dull, languid feeling oppressed her. She made no complaint—she never did—but it was strange to miss her in the accustomed place at table, and to listen in vain for her pleasant voice about the house; John Allison found it very strange and sad, yet he never dreamed how near was the time coming when he should see and hear her in his house no more forever.

As the weeks went on, he grew restless and uneasy, watching her incessantly; and people found that it was not well to speak of his wife's changed appearance—his temper could not bear it now. To her, he ever spoke encouragingly. "She would be better when the summer came again, and they could go out once more together." He thought the weakness would all pass away again, and he "had never seen her

look better in the face than now.' This was only too true; for the hectic flush now supplied all that had ever been wanting to make her beautiful, and the brightness of her eyes, and the false, fever strength, only too sadly misled the anxious husband. But the summer came—and Catherine Allison was dying! We all knew it now; she had known it long, and vainly striven to make him believe the truth.

To her child, Catherine now clung with a fearful love; it was all that kept her from heaven—the one tie that bound her to earth. Never for an hour, by day or night, would she allow Katie from her side; and in attending to her child, were the mother's last days solely devoted. In the wild June days, they sat together in the rose-bowered cottage porch—a sad yet lovely picture; and many a stranger that summer visiting our ancient church, sighed, as they caught a passing glance of that dying mother and her beautiful child.

There came a lord, one day, to see the old monuments—a fine, handsome youth of sixteen, with a haughty, high-bred air, yet gentle too. He stopped and spoke to little Katie, asking for some of the roses with which she had filled her basket to overflowing, and thinking, while he took them from her hand, that never before had such a vision of beauty appeared on earth. The child's white dress was not more spotless than her fair, uncovered shoulders, nor the pink roses a more delicate shade than her rounded cheek.

Mrs. Allison smiled assent when the youth begged leave to rest beneath the flowing porch; "he had travelled far, and the day was warm." And he sat for two long hours and talked—not of such subjects as boys usually converse on, for he had known much of sorrow in his young life, and yet wore sombre garments for a loved mother's memory. It was a strange meeting, and neither knew the other's name; yet when the handsome young stranger, in departing, kissed little Katie's cheek, and bent one knee in lowly reverence on touching her mother's hand, both mother and child felt as if they had known him for years.

From the first cottager he met, the strange youth learned the names of his new acquaintances; but his, they could never discover. That was the last day that Catherine Allison left her room; a few more weeks of rapid decline, and all suspense was ended.

Poor little Katie was sent away, when all was over; but on the day of the funeral, the tender-hearted old farmer to whose care she had been consigned, could no longer refuse her piteous pleading to be taken to her mother. He carried

her to the desolate house, and placing her in her father's arms, recalled him thus to life and action. For Catherine's child, he must live, and no longer neglect his motherless little one, who, in the past few days of suffering and sorrow, had pined for the accustomed care.

They laid her in the quiet old churchyard, fair Catherine Allison, and they put a simple white stone to mark her resting-place, bearing her name and age, twenty-four years. She was only sixteen when John Allison first brought her to his happy home.

How soon a year is gone! and how many changes the twelve short months usually bring even in a quiet village, as Whitleysford was in the days I write of. Some of the old residents were gone to their long rest; others had come to take their places.

Among the newly-married ones, at the end of the year, was John Allison. If his first choice had given offence to our villagers, his second raised a perfect storm of dislike, and, to the credit of humanity be it said, for far better reasons. That sweet little Katie should have a strange mother, was bad enough; but such a mother! No words could express the feelings of the people on first beholding the new Mrs. Allison. She was a sergeant's widow, with all the vulgarity usually acquired from barrack life, with a loud voice and a tawdry dress, and a complexion which hinted at a love for some beverage stronger than coffee.

She had two daughters older than Katie, bold little hoydens, well versed in barrack-yard conversation and manners—in fact, such children as our quiet village folks had never seen in their lives. By what manoeuvres this woman had succeeded in entrapping the young widower, none could tell; but certain it is that he put her in Catherine's vacant place, and gave his little girl entirely to her care. That he did not love her, we all knew; and that he learned to fear her fierce temper, was also soon discovered.

Catherine's two domestics, deeply attached as they were to Katie, could not put up with the tyranny of the new mistress; and in spite of Mr. Allison's entreaties, backed by offers of double wages, both the girls left. Under their care, the child had missed but little of the mother's love, for they were faithful and good; but when given up to the stranger, she soon showed the change. Her person and dress, ever kept so neatly, were now neglected; her playthings were appropriated by the Misses Dobson, and she came at last to be little better than a slave to their caprices.

John Allison saw it all; and what he did not see, the neighbors told him. But he had so long been used to Catherine's gentle persuasion and loving rule, that he shrank in alarm and horror from the terrible passion of the sergeant's widow, instantly aroused by any remonstrance in favor of the child.

"She was well enough cared for, the idle little thing, who spent all day sitting about among the flowers! Did he suppose that she was going to slave herself to death, working for that child, while her own two poor girls were in rags?" And thus she would run on for hours, until he was fairly driven off to his farm to find peace.

Poor little Katie, when any of them struck or ill-used her, used to take shelter under the churchyard trees, where, sitting on her mother's grave, she always spent her sorrowful hours.

John Allison was naturally a peaceable man; for the sake of a quiet home, he yielded all disputed points to his termagant wife, and in secret soothed his child's wounded feelings, rather than cause more anger by openly taking her part. The home was very different from what it had been in Catherine's time. Then, all was love and peace; now, Mrs. Allison's quarrels with her servants, her ill treatment of Katie, and the boisterous behaviour of her two daughters, made it a very bedlam for a man of Farmer Allison's quiet habits.

No visitors ever went to the cottage now; the neighbors made no attempt to disguise their opinions of Mrs. Allison, and the ladies from the Manor House passed her by unnoticed. As years passed on, Katie might have grown up in ignorance but for the kindness of the good clergyman and his lady, who gave her what instruction they could, and furnished her with books to improve herself.

Mr. Allison, through the importunities of his wife, made a will giving the three children an equal share of the property at his death, a most unfair proceeding towards his own child, but as I said before, he dare not refuse to comply with his tyrant's demands. It would be vain to describe the system of saving which Mrs. Allison now adopted, in order to increase the fortune her girls were eventually to share; or to explain the feelings she entertained towards Katie for holding one third of it from her own darlings.

When Katie was fourteen, the house servants were dismissed; and as the Misses Dobson were at a fashionable boarding-school, their mother undertook the housework alone with her step-daughter. Of course, the poor child suffered; but, as heretofore, her father was helpless to relieve her. In spite of all Mrs. Allison's mean

savings, their affairs did not prosper. People said it was a judgment on John Allison that his cattle sickened and died, that the blight struck his crops, and year by year his property dwindled away.

The girls came home, when Katie was fifteen. With their increased expenses, Mr. Allison said he "could no longer afford to keep domestics; they must do the housework among them." And as *they* had no idea of burying their newly-acquired accomplishments in the kitchen, of course the additional burden was laid on the child of the house, poor Catherine's petted darling.

There was more company keeping now than the cottage had ever witnessed, for Mrs. Allison was wondrous kind to the young men who visited her daughters; but no one saw Katie, who at such times was doomed to Cinderella's fate—it being altogether against her stepmother's policy to permit the contrast of her beauty with her own children's coarse features and ungraceful forms. Almost any other child would have grown vulgar and awkward too, from the constant association; but Katie possessed her mother's own nature, the love of all that was beautiful, and the charity that thinketh no evil, and her face reflected the beauty of her disposition. She was handsomer than her mother had ever been, with more of the rose hue of health in her cheek, and a freer spring in her graceful step.

"Where is Katie? Is she not going to church this morning?" asked Mr. Allison, as the family started for the usual Sabbath walk to the sanctuary, one fine summer day.

His wife answered with more than usual asperity.

"No! She cannot leave the house to-day. Some one must do the work, Mr. Allison, and I hope you don't think that me and my daughters are going to stay at home forever?"

"No, but Katie has not been to church for two months, and you know I promised the minister she should go to-day. She wanted to so much, poor child." And perhaps never more in his life had John Allison regretted his own weakness than at that moment.

The wife's face flushed with passion.

"There were reasons, Mr. Allison, why she could not come."

Yes, three reasons; and he might have seen them at that moment on the heads of his companions in the shape of gay summer bonnets which had occupied their time and attention for the past week, leaving the neglected household work for Katie to attend to on the Sabbath.

No more words passed ; but the husband entered the house of prayer with very different feelings from what he had once experienced when Catherine's little hand rested lovingly on his arm.

Katie in the morning had felt the disappointment keenly. She had been urged to make unusual exertions all the week, with the promise that once more she should sit in her accustomed place on the Sabbath, and hear the living words of warning and advice from the gray-haired pastor ; and it required all his lessons to teach her on this occasion that her present duty was submission.

Within half an hour after the departure of the family, she took her Bible and went to her mother's grave, her favorite place for reading ; but Katie did not read to-day. She sat watching the yew-tree shadows on the tombstones, and the little birds twittering in the sunshine, and by-and-by the sweet strains of the organ came stealing through the soft air and the voices of the congregation joining in a well-known hymn. Katie thought of her mother singing with the angels, and she wondered if she could see her child now, her poor neglected girl, whom not her own father dared to be kind to ; and though the minister had said that her mother *could* see her at all times, she could in no wise believe that her departed parent could witness all that had taken place since she left earth, and still be happy. These were very puzzling thoughts for Katie, and she was too deeply absorbed in them to heed the coming of a stranger, who, pausing under the yew branches, watched her with pleased attention. He was tall and dark, with a slightly foreign look, and you would have said, from his air and appearance, that his companions had been no cottage dwellers.

Katie started and blushed a little when he first spoke ; but there was a rare charm in his conversation, and she soon forgot about her faded old muslin dress, her worn shoes, and her shabby sun hat, when he told her that he was the stranger lad who ten years before had spent that pleasant hour with her and her mother, under the rose-shaded porch. He had travelled long in foreign lands, and only within the last few years returned to England, but he had never forgotten the little girl and her roses, and had come at last to Whittlesford to find out if she still remembered him.

Katie would not have known him again, but she had never forgotten the incident and told how long she and her mother had talked about him, "even to the last day she lived." Katie's dark lashes were wet with tears, and there was

something very like a tear glistening in the stranger's eye as she spoke.

They talked very long and earnestly ; so earnestly, that they took no heed of time—that the congregation had left the church. The stranger was learning all about Katie's life, and all unknown to her, had discovered how good and truthful and humble she was—how she had crushed down her aspirations for a higher or happier life, and in silence strove to do her duty, unpleasant as it was.

"You are not happy, Katie! You do not like this life of drudgery?" the stranger said.

She glanced down at her hands—beautifully shaped little hands they were, but sadly discolored—and sighed and shook her head.

"Would you leave it, Katie? Would you leave them all, who are so unkind to you, and the home where there are none to love you now?"

He glanced at the grave, and awaited her answer with anxiety.

"I cannot leave my father," she said at last. "I am all the comfort he has now ; and *she* loved him so well ! No, I cannot leave him." And her tears fell fast, while she spoke.

"Yet had your mother lived to this day, Katie, I know that she would not have refused me her child."

Katie was spared making any reply, for at that instant Mrs. Allison appeared through an opening in the hedge ; and though astonishment prevented her making the angry speech she had intended, the tone in which she bade her step-daughter "come home" boded no good to any one. Poor Katie blushed and trembled under the look of rage and scorn bestowed upon her ; but not all the women in Whittlesford could have confused the stranger, or caused him for one instant to lose his self-possession.

Mrs. Allison was completely crushed by the searching glance bestowed upon her, and the stately air with which he replied, "I will see Miss Allison in safety to her father." Then lifting his hat from the grass, he drew Katie's little hand within his arm and followed the irate dame, who in all her Sunday magnificence of green satin gown and cap, with pink streamers, stalked moodily homeward.

The stranger did not introduce himself to Farmer Allison, save as a traveller who "many years ago had seen his little daughter, and meeting her to-day at her mother's grave, had claimed her acquaintance." He coldly refused the Misses Dobsons' pressing invitation to be seated, and, Katie having disappeared, almost immediately went away.

Of course there was much speculation in the cottage as to who he could be—the girls having formed a high opinion of his personal merits, while their mother, smarting under the recollection of that haughty look, set him down at once as a “highwayman.” The studies of her youthful days had been mostly adorned with descriptions of such characters, and she scolded with unusual bitterness both Katie and her father for encouraging such a “villain” to come about the house.

Katie went with them to church that afternoon, and Miss Dobson, in a blue muslin gown and pink ribbons, and a book in her hand, took her station in the porch, in case the stranger should pass that way again. To her extreme annoyance, he accompanied the party home from church, having joined Katie at the door and walked by her side to the cottage gate, when, lifting his hat, he bowed low and left her.

Mrs. Allison was in a rage, and avowed her determination to “put a stop to such doings at once.” But for once her husband contradicted her, and desired that “the child should be left to do as she pleased.”

Mrs. Allison feared to make him too angry then, but in her heart she determined to prevent any more interviews with the stranger—not through any interest in Katie’s welfare, but solely from a spirit of contradiction and ill-temper. Acting on this resolution, she next morning forbade any more visits to the churchyard, a cruel punishment to Katie, whose heart had throbbed all night in sweet response to the whispered request he had made to “meet him there once more.”

While going through the daily routine of household affairs, her thoughts were wandering to the kind stranger resting under the yew trees, perhaps thinking her careless or indifferent about her promise; and very bitter were the tears she shed, when the loneliness of her own room shielded her from the Misses Dobsons’ sarcastic remarks, and her stepmother’s angry reproaches.

None might know all the thoughts that passed through Katie Allison’s mind that sorrowful night; but certain it is, that the cruel treatment of her relatives but added to the attachment to her new friend, and paved the way for feelings her innocent young heart was yet a stranger to.

Three wretched days followed, and then she gave up all hope of seeing him again. He was to leave Whittlesford on Tuesday; this was Thursday. Life had lost many charms for Katie Allison!

It was midsummer. The wells were low, and Dame Allison in a fret about her new-made but-

ter. With many angry words, she at last bade Katie take the pail and go down to the spring for cool water; and “mind to hasten back in time.”

Once the young girl would have joyfully accepted the permission to leave the house for a breath of the fresh air under the beechwood boughs, where the cool water ran sparkling from the rock, and the fierce summer sun could not enter; but to-day she walks listlessly, and her father, watching her from a distant field, sends a boy to relieve her of her burden. He fills the pail, and carries it up the bank and over the fields, and Katie need not hurry now; so she stands sadly looking into the clear pool, and listening to the murmur of the little stream as it winds among the trees and through the meadow, until at last it falls into the river.

Katie is so lost in thought, that she does not hear a footstep on the mossy bank; and when the stranger’s voice breaks the silence, she starts and is in danger of falling into the pool. His arm alone saves her; nor does he withdraw it again, for overcome with the suddenness of the surprise, she is weeping.

“Katie! dear little Katie! did I alarm you?” he whispered, and drew her to his side until her flushed face was hidden on his shoulder.

He did not ask if she was glad to see him again, but when she grew calm, he spoke of the fine day and the cool stillness of the beechwood, and gradually they began to talk, as they had done at their first meeting, without embarrassment. He spoke of his intended departure.

“I thought you had gone,” Katie answered. “I thought I should never see you again, and that perhaps you imagined I did not care.”

I know not what resolutions the young man might have made previous to this meeting, but the sight of Katie’s tearful eyes overset all his previous intentions.

“I knew that you would have come, Katie, had you been permitted; I also knew that you suffered, for by my own feelings I can partly read yours; but if you imagined I could leave without seeing you once more, you sadly mistook me. I love you, Katie; I believe I have loved you since I first saw you, a little child. But I have seen and suffered much since then, Katie; and I thought, when I came here, that never more could I trust a woman. I have learned to trust and hope once more; you have taught me how much there is of goodness yet in the world, and if you can love me too, I shall have no reason to regret that my former hopes were destroyed.

“I have told you nothing whatever of myself, Katie, nor can I do so yet; all I ask is that

you will trust me, that you will let no doubt of my truth arise to make you sorrowful while I am gone, for I must leave you to-day. Already have I lingered here longer than I intended, but this interview has well repaid me."

He paused, waiting in vain for an answer, and his companion's face was hidden from his gaze. He took both her hands in his and looked into her eyes. He was very earnest in his wooing, however odd his method might be; but he read all he wished to know in the young girl's truthful countenance, and his own was perfectly radiant with joy. There was no time for many words. He put a slender chain in Katie's hand, to which was attached a ring of value; it was the pledge of betrothal.

"When I come, if you still wear this it shall be a sign that you are unchanged; but if you find that time alters your feelings towards me, give me back the token. I shall not blame you, for you are very young, Katie, and many changes may take place ere you see me again."

She was very young and inexperienced, little better than a child, in fact; but she had a true woman's heart, overflowing with sympathy for another's sorrow, and from the first she had felt that this young stranger had suffered some great grief. She laid her hand trustingly in his, and promised to remember his words, to pray for him, and to love him until he should return. And looking in her earnest eyes he once more believed and was happy.

John Allison had a short interview with his daughter's lover ere he left the village, and though he made no further disclosures relating to himself, the father felt satisfied that his regard for Katie was sincere, and his promise to return to claim her would be sacredly kept.

As the other members of the family knew nothing of the engagement, Katie was spared much annoyance, and save to taunt her with some jest about her wonderful lover, they never mentioned him. She wore his chain about her neck, and when alone, his ring upon her hand, but no other eyes than her own ever beheld either. A few weeks after his departure she received a letter, a long, loving letter, full of kind words of encouragement and advice, and so touchingly tender in its tone that many tears fell on the pages ere she had read it through. In it he told her that he was going abroad; that when she received it he would no longer be in England, but distance would make no change in his heart. The signature to this epistle was simply "Richard."

After this came long months of silent waiting, disturbed at last by the sudden illness and death

of her father. It was a sorrowful day to Katie Allison when she saw him laid beside her mother under the yew trees in the old churchyard, and knew that henceforth there was no one to stand between her and her step-mother's ill treatment. She thought with dread on the future, and a very short time sufficed to show that her forebodings were well founded. Mrs. Allison had a nephew, a graceless scamp enough, yet beloved by her almost equally with her girls. As this young man was poor, and had no taste for work, his aunt had long set her heart on his marrying Katie, thereby securing her share of the property. While Mr. Allison lived, this plan was hopeless, his dislike of his wife's nephew placing a bar to all such proceedings; but after his death, the widow lost no time in bringing her hopeful relative to the house, and by all means in her power contriving to bring about a match between him and her young step-daughter. At first this was attempted to be brought about by kindness, but that failing, Katie's ill-disguised contempt for the young man and his pretensions, gave rise to a system of persecution as cruel as it was ungenerous. If she ventured out, young Sanders was always at hand, to see her home, and if she remained at home he never left her side for an instant; on Sundays he persisted in walking with her to church, and on all occasions his aunt and cousins spread the report that they were soon to be married. Of course it was believed to be a fact in the village, and many were the regrets that sweet Katie Allison whom all loved should thus sacrifice herself.

Katie did not hear half that was talked about, but enough reached her to make her truly wretched, and but for the steadfast friendship of our minister, who loved her for her mother's sake as well as for her own, I believe she would have died under the long-continued ill treatment of her persecutors. As it was, she grew pale and slender, so pale that at last people said she was dying like her mother, of consumption.

She had never told her friends at the parsonage of her engagement—her secret had died with her father—and though no questions were asked, they saw that something more than the ill treatment at home was wearing on her mind. As their house was the only place where she escaped the attentions of her unwelcome suitor, she accepted their frequent invitations with thankfulness, but as in earlier days she was still the Cinderella of the family, and Mrs. Allison took care that her visits should be as few as possible.

To her other unpleasant habits this woman had indulged a taste for strong liquors until it grew to be an everyday occurrence to see her

more or less intoxicated. At such times Katie suffered fearfully from her violence, and one day she dared to lift her hand against the gentle girl, and finished the outrage by locking her in her room. It was not the pain of the blow which made Katie's tears fall, although the marks lay purple and inflamed on her white neck and arms, nor was it indignation at her cruel treatment, but in her hand lay the glittering links of Richard's chain, and they were broken.

She roused herself at last—she would no longer endure such treatment. Why should she allow a weak fear of causing more comment on her actions, prevent her from seeking another home? For eighteen months she had heard no tidings of her lover—he might be dead, he might have forgotten her—but she banished all doubt of his truth as she had ever done, and preferred to think him dead rather than faithless.

While making her preparations for departure, she did not see her lover approach the cottage, nor did she hear the conversation which ensued between him and the widow, a conversation in which Mrs. Allison scrupled not to tell the gentleman that her step-daughter did not wish to see him; that she was about to be married to her nephew, and that henceforth his visits could be dispensed with at their house; and when she saw how deathly pale he grew while listening to her words, she felt that she had taken a sweet revenge.

He met an old man on the farm, and asked for Mr. Allison. The man stared in astonishment. "The master be dead this year an more. Mistress be master up there now." And he pointed to the house. "But folk do say that Miss Katie, master's daughter, be going to marry young Mr. Sanders. It's a pity for her, for he be a wild one, surely."

It was true then, Katie had forgotten him, and well as he had imagined himself prepared for a disappointment, his suffering was more than he could calmly bear. He went down to the beech wood, the scene of their betrothal, and the desolation suited his feelings at that hour. The murmuring brook was choked with the faded leaves, and the trees no longer gave their pleasing summer shelter. He sat down on the moss-covered seat near the spring, and strove to calm the storm of angry feelings. He wished that he had seen Katie herself, it would have been some comfort to have received his dismissal from her; perhaps she was true after all; not so, he believed, would she have doubted him; and on the impulse of the moment he rose to seek her, when she stood before him. He sprang to meet her, scarce believing the evidence of his senses, but

there was no room to doubt when he saw her joyful surprise, and heard the piercing tone in which she called his name.

"Katie, my Katie, you love me? You could not be false?"

She could not speak, but he saw the ring upon her hand and was satisfied.

"They told me you loved another, that you were soon to be his wife, but looking in your pale face, my darling, I can read all I have made you suffer. Would that my faith had been equal to yours, we should both have been spared much misery."

From the depth of sorrow to the summit of joy and content, it was a strange experience for one short hour of life. They went together to the parsonage, and while Richard and the clergyman were in secret consultation, the tender-hearted lady wept over the story of Katie's ill usage by her stepmother.

"You shall never leave us again, dear child; we are growing old, and henceforth our home shall be yours, and here you will be safe from the ill treatment of that wicked woman." And the good lady had her benevolent plans all arranged ere she knew that there was another home awaiting the orphan.

"Love, we part only for a few hours. Tomorrow you must give me the right to protect you ever more."

When they were alone the clergyman informed his young visitor that the stranger had explained all this long and mysterious silence, and had implored him to report the same to her if she wished. Her eager refusal stopped him.

"Not for worlds would I hear it from other than himself! I trust him fully, he is good and true, and honorable; since my mother died no one has loved me as he has done, and my faith in him is far above all curiosity. If he is poor I will work for him; if he has been wicked I will forgive him, and only when I cease to live, can I cease to love him."

The good pastor was deeply affected by her earnestness.

"My child, his confidence in you is equally strong; you deserve each other, and may you both be happy through time and eternity."

There was a quiet wedding next morning in the pleasant old parlor at the parsonage, all the guests present being the village physician and his wife, the former going through the ceremony of giving the bride away. There had been no time for preparations, no satin dress, no orange wreaths, no wedding cards, no gay assembly; the bride wore simply a plain, dark travelling

dress, and when the vows had been spoken the newly married pair bade adieu to their kind friends, and entering the waiting carriage, soon left our village far in the distance.

On, on, through long miles of unknown distance, past stately homes and humble cots, and neat country villages and smoky towns they wheeled that day, only pausing long enough to change horses when theirs were weary. Neither of our travellers felt inclined for conversation, the perfect calm of content is earth's highest happiness, and these silent hours were the happiest they had ever known.

They have passed a neat country village, and the gentleman leans from the carriage and tells the coachman to drive faster, then directs his companion's attention to the glorious sunset, the broad river winding through the valley, and the distant view of the village. They enter a noble avenue, where the giant arms of the lofty trees meet far above their heads. On, on, under the shadows, then by-and-by past a rustic lodge where the great gates open as if by magic, then a long, winding drive and they are there.

It is a stately mansion, but before the astonished bride can speak, the steps are flung down, bowing attendants greet them on every side, and leaning on her husband's arm she passes under the marble archway. Before her is a lofty hall, half filled with gayly attired domestics who eagerly crowd round and greet her companion with tears and blessings. Silent and bewildered she is led along through lofty arched passages and broad oaken stairways, and at last they enter a charming little boudoir, a very gem of taste and elegance. But Katie sees not the rich satin draperies, the velvet couches, the silver-framed mirrors, the carpet like a bed of roses and lilies, nor even the birds hanging in their gilded cages, for her husband speaks.

"Love, this is your home—I would not tell you, for I wished to win you for myself alone—does this please you?" He knelt at her feet for an instant. "Will my wife forgive the only deception I have practised?" It was a moment worth all the past suffering.

LONG WHISTLE.

The Marysville Herald gives the following account of something new under the sun: "A whistling match lately came off at Mokelumne Hill. Two whistlers commenced at 9 1-2 o'clock in the evening, and kept it up till ten minutes of two the next morning, when one of them caved in, and was forced to stretch his mouth into all sorts of shapes to get the 'pucker' taken out of it. He 'allowed' his lips felt 'like they was the toe of an old boot with a large hole in it.'"

FOUNDER OF THE FIRST RAGGED SCHOOL.

The following is a brief and popular biography of John Pounds: "John Pounds, the cripple and the cobbler, yet at the same time one of nature's true nobility, was born in Portsmouth, in 1766. His father was a sawyer, employed in the Royal Dock Yard. At fifteen, young Pounds met with an accident which disabled him for life. During the greater part of his benevolent career he lived in a small weather-boarded tenement in St. Mary's Street, Portsmouth, where he might be seen every day, seated on his stool, mending shoes in the midst of his busy little school. One of his amusements was that of rearing singing birds, jays and parrots, which he so perfectly domesticated that they lived harmoniously with his cats and guinea pigs. Often, it is said, might a canary bird be seen perched upon one shoulder, and a cat upon the other. During the latter part of his life, however, when his scholars became so numerous, he was able to keep fewer of these domestic creatures. Poor as he was, and entirely dependent upon the hard labor of his hands, he nevertheless adopted a little crippled nephew, whom he educated and cared for with truly paternal love, and in the end established comfortably in life. It was out of this connexion that his attempts and success in the work of education arose. He thought, in the first instance, that the boy would learn better with a companion. He obtained one, the son of a wretchedly poor mother; then another and another was added, and he found so much pleasure in his employment, and was the means thereby of effecting so much good, that in the end the number of his scholars amounted to forty, including about a dozen little girls. His humble workshop was about six feet by eighteen, in the midst of which he would sit engaged in that labor by which he won his bread, and attending at the same time to the studies of the little crowd around him. So efficient was John Pounds' mode of education, to say nothing about its being perfectly gratuitous, that the candidates were always numerous; he, however, invariably gave the preference to the worst as well as the poorest children—to the 'little blackguards,' as he called them. He has been known to follow such to the Town Quay, and offer them bribes of a roasted potato if they would come to his school. His influence on these degraded children was extraordinary. As a teacher, his manners were pleasant and facetious. Many hundred persons, now living usefully and creditable in life, owe the whole formation of their character to him. He gave them 'book learning' and taught them also to cook their own victuals and mend their shoes. He was not unfrequently their doctor and nurse, and their playfellow; no wonder was it, therefore, that when on New Year's Day, 1839, he suddenly died, at the age of seventy-two, the children wept, and even fainted, on hearing of their loss, and for a long time were overwhelmed with sorrow and consternation. They, indeed, had lost a friend and benefactor. Such was the noble founder of the first Ragged School."

CONTENT.

Unfit for greatness, I her snarls defy.
And look on riches with untainted eye;
To others let the glittering baubles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.—CHURCHILL.

THE PUPIL OF RUBENS.

BY H. W. BENNETT.

IN a large, vaulted apartment in Flanders, surrounded on all sides by magnificent paintings, with here and there a statue, or a well-filled bookcase, sat one of the great masters of art—Rubens. Beside him sat his wife, the beautiful Flemish girl, Helen Formann, whom he married soon after the death of the first, with whom he had lived in such magnificence as to excite the envy of contemporary artists.

Afar off, at the other end of the apartment, stood his pupil, Anthony Vandyck, giving the finishing touches to his battle of the Amazons, and occasionally glancing towards the group opposite. Near him was an easel, on which was the half-executed painting of a lady, which had already assumed the unmistakable features of Helen Rubens. It would seem indeed, that no painter could do justice to that lovely face, so beautifully serene and tranquil, so undisturbed in its sweet repose. She was talking softly to her husband, as he sat, looking with earnest eyes upon her who was all the dearer for the weary absence from which he had just returned.

"And so you are now an English baronet," said Helen, laughing. "What title are you to be known by? Must I call you Sir Peter, or Sir Paul?"

The liquid laugh reached the ears of Vandyck, and he suspended his brush to hear the mimic music once again.

"Nay, darling," said Rubens, in a low voice, "call me thine own. All other titles fade before that. When the king of England conferred the order of knighthood upon me, he little thought that this little circlet thou hadst put on my finger when we parted, was worth all the honors which he could bestow."

"Hush, flatterer! thou wilt spoil me by your praise. Didst see no brave English dames who stole thy heart for a while from Helen?" she asked, naively.

"Not one. They are too precise both in figure and manners, too straight-laced, it may be, to make me forget for a moment thy soft, undulating, perfect figure, or thy serene loveliness."

"Nay, Paul, thy pupils are hearing thee. Lo, there is young Vandyck looking this way. He will think us two silly turtle doves, billing and cooing here in such a way as does not become thy dignified station, and I fear me, will make him think me a vain lover of flattery. Even from my husband's lips, dearest Paul, another might deem it worthy of ridicule."

The cheek of Rubens crimsoned, and his eye almost kindled, as he said passionately: "You care then, for this young Hollander! Take heed, Helen! once arouse my jealousy, and you would feel its effects most terribly."

The sweet eyes filled with tears; the rose paled on the cheek which Rubens had just been praising, and the whole figure seemed to contract and shrink painfully, but no word came from the whitening lips. But the tearful eyes were fixed with an open earnestness upon his face, as if they dared him to look into their now troubled depths, and then have a shadow of doubt on his mind of her faithfulness and purity.

"Is it so, darling?" he asked, kindly. "Have I wounded you? Believe me, I was but in jest."

"And you have no feeling toward Anthony?"

"None—so help me heaven! If I ever had doubts of thee, I could look in thy face, and forget them all."

Helen's tears were dried, as dry the diamond drops of dew by the warm sunshine. She had a tender, sisterly feeling for Vandyck, which it would have been difficult for any one who knew her to call wrong. He had come to them fresh from his mother's loving care, and that mother a widow. The memories of home were unobliterated, and he needed a woman's gentle sympathy. He found it in the wife of Rubens; and although it was given in the purity and innocence that marked all her acts, yet, it must be confessed that such was the depth of his devotion to her, so obvious and undisguised was his admiration, that he had, unfortunately, given rise to some observations which reflected upon both. At all events there was a blending of their names on the lips of many, and Rubens's absence had seemed to give latitude to the speeches which were floating on the wing of rumor.

No one testified more friendship for Anthony than Rubens himself. If he entertained any jealousy of his pupil, it was as a rival in his art—not in the affections of Helen. He had advised him earnestly to go to Italy; but so had he advised all his best pupils, purely for their own advantage.

Vandyck did see the little scene which took place between Rubens and his wife, and more than half suspected the cause. His blood boiled within him, to think of her being subjected to blame on his account; which he inferred from the glances both cast towards him. He resolved to finish Helen's portrait without delay, and then to depart.

By means of a carefully arranged screen, he was enabled to keep the picture concealed. He had entreated his master not to look upon it

until it was completed, and then to pass judgment upon its execution. He painted every day, and all day long, putting his heart and soul into the delightful work, subjecting the picture to all lights, and passing the severest criticism upon it himself. It was finished. Rubens was to inspect it alone. He came out from the studio, and embraced his pupil with ardor. "It is perfect!" he said. Vandyck burst into tears, nor would he enter the room while any one was looking at it. For hours, however, he gazed upon it himself, when he was not observed. Still he knew that it was wrong, and that he ought to battle with the love which he felt was doomed to work mischief if not speedily conquered; and yet he lingered, and would have lingered perhaps too long, had not something interposed. He was sent for by Rubens, to come into the court-yard. He almost trembled with the emotion which this message induced in him. He had grown weak under the influence of mental uneasiness, and the merest trifle was sufficient to overcome him. He went, however, and to his surprise, found Rubens and his wife, and the Chevalier Nanni, a young, and accomplished Italian. They were admiring a beautiful white horse, which a groom was leading up and down the court-yard. Vandyck exclaimed upon the beauty of the animal, which indeed was worthy to be gazed at by the eye of an artist.

"He is yours, Anthony," said Rubens. "It is a simple expression of my good will, and of gratitude for the invaluable portrait of my wife. Here, too, are letters, introducing you to men of wealth and talent in Italy. It will gratify me to hear of your success there, as I feel assured that you will succeed. I wish to speak with you privately before you make your arrangements."

Anthony was too full of emotion for many words. He met his instructor as he wished; and Rubens, scarcely knowing how to commence the subject upon which he wished to converse with him, sat speechless for some minutes. Then gathering control of himself he said:

"My pupil, you well know how dear to my heart you have ever been. No son could have been more to me than yourself. I have taken pride in your genius and talents, and I do most sincerely wish that you were in the place of a son to me."

His listener was confused, not knowing whither this conversation tended. Rubens went on.

"I know not how to approach this subject; but my strong wishes impel me to it, at a venture. It is of my daughter, Allegra, that I would speak. Her mother was an angel while on earth, and she bequeathed her virtues to this child.

I need not tell you how good and amiable she is. Her conduct to myself and to my Helen would establish that in the mind of any one."

Rubens cleared his throat, and seemed waiting for some assent to his words. Vandyck gave it readily, and the master resumed:

"My pupil, Allegra loves you, I believe from my heart. What does your heart say to this frank avowal? You will not despise a father who thus tries to secure the happiness of his daughter?"

Vandyck was thunder-struck. Never by thought or word had he believed himself aught but indifferent to the daughter of Rubens. Never had he dreamed of loving her. Much as he respected and esteemed his master, he felt a lowered sentiment for one who could thus offer his daughter to the acceptance of any man; while he almost questioned the delicacy which hitherto he had given credit to Allegra for possessing. He thought that the "angel-mother," in bequeathing her virtues to her daughter, had omitted maidenly modesty. He began to grow indignant that a wife should thus be forced upon one who had never shown her a particle of attention more than the strictest law of etiquette would suggest to a person resident in the same family.

Could it be that Rubens, fearing for his wife, was tempted to substitute his daughter? His reply was necessarily cold and constrained; and his master, mortified to the quick at his own fruitless committal of his child, turned away to conceal his wounded pride. When he could speak, he begged his pupil to forget all that had been said, and Vandyck readily promised. That his departure from Flanders was expedited by this little episode, may be readily believed.

In the neighborhood of Brussels, there is a beautiful little village called Savelthem. In the fine old church, which pious hands have kept from entire decay, there are still two altar-pieces, executed by an artist whose name is yet kept in remembrance through these exquisite specimens of his genius; and tradition has handed down the fact that the Madonna represented in one of them, was painted from a beautiful peasant girl, whose descendants still inhabit Savelthem. It is still further asserted, that the artist himself was the original of the figure of Saint Martin, seated on a milk white horse. This, unlike some traditions, is founded on fact. The beautiful daughter of Martin Berg, a peasant of the better sort, was in the habit of going to the church every day to practise upon the organ; her father having been anxious to give her a musical

education. There was some envy on the part of others of her own rank, when Marie Berg was appointed organist of the church at Savelthem; but the girl herself had an independent air that forbade any personal insult to her station, or any reflection upon her father's pride in her. It was but natural then, that when Marie spent so much of her time in the church, and at the same time that the artist's white horse was grazing at his ease before the church door, ill-minded people should couple their names together as lovers. How much more, when the altar-pieces were uncovered, and Marie Berg appeared as the Madonna, while in the sacred place devoted to holy St. Martin, sat the profane figure of Anthony Vandyck, on the identical white horse! From this dream he was soon awakened by the arrival of the Chevalier Nanni, who, instigated by Rubens, had followed him hither. Notwithstanding all that had passed, the master of Vandyck could not hear, as he did, of his pupil's supine life, lingering in villages, and falling in love with peasant girls, unmindful of the glorious future that he might win, without making an effort to bring him back. He implored Nanni to save him, if possible, and see him safe in Italy.

What effect his absence had upon Marie Berg, may be inferred by the fact that she soon after married in her own rank in life, and that her descendants are among the higher sort of peasants in and near her native village.

Now truly did he rise up from his dreamy life, and become an artist and a man. His reputation spread far and wide. Genoa, Rome, Florence, Turin and Sicily saw and admired. Returning to his own country, he painted historical pictures and altar-pieces, of which latter, the St. Augustine at Antwerp, and the Crucifixion at Courtray are the most remarkable. By invitation of Frederick of Nassau, he visited his court at the Hague, where he became justly celebrated. He then went to London and Paris. Returning from England, he wore a miniature of King Charles, set with diamonds, and suspended by a gold chain. Charles also bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood, an annuity, and a summer and winter residence.

Success and prosperity awaited him at every turn; and but for his extravagant habits, and his wild idea of discovering the philosopher's stone, he might have realized a vast fortune in England, where he fixed his residence for life.

Had he forgotten the Helen of his youthful dream? Never for a moment had that beautiful face faded from his memory. Who can tell how this man—stricken down by premature old age, the wine of life exhausted, the body infirm

and weak, the spirit enfeebled, dying of untimely decay at forty-two—who can tell how different might have been his life, had fate decreed him the husband of Helen Formann? Almost in his last year on earth, he met with a new realization of his dream of love. At the court of King Charles, through the intervention of Buckingham, who was the firm friend of the artist, he was introduced to the beautiful Maria Ruthven, the daughter of Lord Gowry. All that was left of a heart that had been twice wrecked; all that was left of a life that had been frittered away by passion, extravagance and the love of splendor; all that remained of the glorious artist, who *might have been* so glorious as a man, was offered to her acceptance.

For the first time—now that he was past loving, he was truly beloved. Helen Formann's love for him was but a passing fancy, which her pure nature soon scorned and repented of. Marie Berg's was that of a peasant girl, longing to distance her companions by possessing the affections of one in a higher rank than her own. But this, of the innocent daughter of Lord Gowry—the wild rose of Scotland—was the first pure, warm, tender affection that had really ever bloomed for Anthony Vandyck.

From afar he heard of the death of his old master, Paul Rubens, whose threescore years and upwards had brought nothing but honor, prosperity and fame. How his own life faded into nothingness before the truly noble and useful life of Rubens. Even then, had he not just been united to Maria Ruthven, he would have gone back to his early love; so firmly was her image fixed in his heart. His young wife knew nothing of all this. The scandals of Flanders had not penetrated into England, and she had never heard of Paul Rubens. *She*—poor, innocent child! was only looking at her husband's pale face, and wondering that her love could not win him back to health. *She* thought not of the desolate Flemish lady who, still young and beautiful, was sitting in her dreary weeds, by the coffin of him whom all Europe loved and honored. *She* dreamed not, that ere a single year had rolled round, she would be acting in the same ghastly spectacle of death.

The church of St. Paul received the dust of Anthony Vandyck, and his epitaph was written by the gentle poet, Cowley. Wept over by a lovely and innocent wife, and mourned by a king, who, however dissolute in character, was still appreciative of genius, the remembrance of his talents cherished in the heart of every lover of art, who can say that his ashes did not receive all the homage they merited?

I AM THINKING.

BY WILLIE WARE.

I am thinking, I am thinking,
Of the long and dreary past;
Of the many cares and sorrows
Old Time has o'er me cast.

I am thinking, I am thinking,
Of the friends of earlier years;
Of the days of boyish friendship,
When for me there were no fears.

I am thinking, I am thinking,
Of this weary, toilsome life;
Made up of joys and sorrows,
Heavenly calms and bitter strife.

I am thinking, I am thinking,
Of our coming home in heaven:
Where the wronged are free from sorrow,
And their wrongers are forgiven.

THE SARDINIAN PEDLER.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THE little village of Balenne, in Sardinia, is one of the prettiest that meets the eye of the traveller through this picturesque region. It is perched upon the highest range of mountain scenery commanding extensive views; and its cultivation is more than equal to the other towns in the same locality. Where the fields are not rich enough for other purposes, they are appropriated to the goats, of which there are a large number; almost every one of the farmers and the better sort of peasants possessing several, and, in many cases, a considerable stock.

As far from the din and turmoil of cities, the peaceful inhabitants of these mountains ply their humble labor, without a wish for greater distinction; except that now and then, some perturbed and restless spirit will be stirred up by strife or ambition, and seek a higher or noisier lot at a distance from the quiet scenes of the mountain villages.

"Once on a time," there lived at Balenne, a farmer who valued himself particularly upon his possessions. Indeed, his farm was the best within the village; he had a good stock of cattle, a productive farm, and a quantity of sheep which no other landholder could equal.

But there was one possession that he prized above them all, as well he might; and this was his daughter and only child, Leona, a very pretty and modest young maiden, whose gentleness of demeanor and simplicity of dress were worthy of imitation by every farmer's daughter or peasant girl in Balenne.

As might be expected, both from her own charms, and her father's profitable estate, Leona had no lack of lovers; but she withdrew herself from their notices as much as possible, seemingly with no desire for the expression of their admiration, and remained at home nearly all the time, occupied with household matters, in which she proved a most efficient helper to her mother. The broad, farm-house kitchen, an apartment more constantly occupied than any other in the house, was kept neat, fresh, and beautifully sweet by the hands of Leona; while the cooking of the establishment always received its nicest touches through her delicate taste and skill. Glad indeed was Dame Alber that her daughter signified no intention of listening to her many suitors; both because she could not bear the thought of parting with her, and also, because she believed that there was not one in Balenne who was half good enough to be Leona's husband. So the girl went on to the mature age of nineteen, without having an accepted lover. She tended her flowers, waited upon her parents, and performed all her duties with a cheerfulness of temper which made perpetual sunshine in the old farm-house; all the time apparently unconscious of the pain she was inflicting upon the youths of Balenne, or the jealousy she was exciting in the maidens. Leona knew well enough that she was beautiful. How, indeed, could she help knowing what her mirror so eloquently told her, and which every tongue about her confirmed? So, she had none of the little, silly affectation of pretending that she did not know her own beauty; but satisfied with its possession, she strove to keep the friends which her face brought her, by the charms of her mind and manners.

Among her most highly favored places of visiting, although she not often indulged in this feminine amusement, being happier at home than anywhere, was the house of a widow lady, whose husband had been a Sardinian officer, of a rather low grade it is true, but whose bravery in the battle in which he was killed would unquestionably have brought him preferment, had he lived to receive it. Madame Rayner was a woman far above the ordinary standard of the Balenne females; being of higher birth even than her husband, after whose death she retired with her only child to this mountain village, where she could practice the economy now so necessary with her narrow income, and have leisure to educate her son.

Louis Rayner was a good son to his mother, but somewhat proud and high-spirited. He disdained the unambitious youths of Balenne,

and held no intercourse with them whatever; devoting all his time to literary pursuits, excepting a few hours each week to solitary hunting or fishing, by which he supplied his mother's table. In fact, Louis was becoming a trifle indolent, and not a trifle misanthropic. His mother, alarmed at his total scorn of such society as Balenne afforded, took pains to draw some of the most intelligent to her house; but he turned away from them all, until she discovered a charm in the daughter of the farmer, Auber, which she believed could soothe the perturbed and moody spirit of her son. Very sweet and lovely was the vision of the fair Leona, as she came up the little lawn before Madame Rayner's door. She had seen the lady several times in the little, unpretending library room of Balenne, and had been introduced to her each time by some mutual friend. Each time Madame Rayner had urged her to call on her, and won by her pleasant manners, Leona had availed herself of the invitation. Louis, however, had kept out of sight at these times, until one day, unexpectedly entering the room where she sat, waiting for his mother, he found that he could not accomplish a retreat without absolute rudeness. Madame Rayner knew too well what she was about, to be in a hurry to interrupt the conversation which was going on between the two; and when, at length, she could not decorously wait any longer, she was delighted to find by the unwonted sparkle in the eyes of Louis, and the animation of his voice, that he was pleased and interested in his new acquaintance.

The result was, that while Leona went home to think of the animated and intelligent youth who had made her morning so pleasant, Louis was roused to a sentiment unknown before, and declared to his mother that he could not live without Leona Alber. For several days he talked of nothing else. His mother soothed him by continually inventing occasions for the two to meet; and when, after a few weeks madame was taken ill, Leona was sent for, and entreated by mother and son not to leave her. Leona promised; and she attended her poor friend faithfully until she died. The grief of Louis was deep but noiseless, and Leona strove long before she could rouse him from the utter depression into which he had fallen.

When all was over, and the funeral services performed, she went home, leaving him all alone, for he would have no one in the house. Finally, the Albers prevailed on him to go to the farmhouse, and he became more tranquil. As his sadness wore off, he declared his love for Leona, and she, fully reciprocating it, the matter was

laid before her father. The worldly prudence of Dame Alber and her husband forbade them to throw away their daughter upon one who had no visible means of support; but they both liked the young man, and Alber promised as soon as he could furnish two hundred crowns, he should be entitled to his daughter's hand, and a third of his farm. Stung with the impossibility of accomplishing this, in a place like Balenne, Louis had to call to his aid all his fortitude and strength, and even then he could see no hope. Added to his present distress, he was maddened with the knowledge that a richer suitor was proffering his claims to Leona's notice; and although he did not doubt her constancy, yet he feared that the avarice of her father might operate unfavorably for him. He left the farm for his own solitary home; but the lovers met every day, renewing their vows of unending devotion.

Leona came to their trying place one night with a face full of alarm. Young Launy, her new lover, had been urging her father anew, and Alber, satisfied that Louis could not produce the money he required, had made a request, almost amounting to a command, that she should receive Launy as her lover. That evening, all the young people of Balenne were invited to a wedding. The daughter of one of the richest farmers was to be married, and a grand merry-making was to succeed the marriage ceremony. Leona, for a wonder, was going; and Louis agreed to go with her, although he was in no mood for mirth. He kept out of the principal room most of the evening, and seating himself by the wide kitchen fire, he listened with growing interest to the adventures of a French pedler, who was relating his hair-breadth escapes among the mountains, in his lonely travels. These pedlers do almost the entire business that is transacted in the retired villages of Corsica and Sardinia. They purchase, at Genoa, as much as they can pack into two large knapsacks, their stock consisting of handkerchiefs, dresses, sewing materials, lace and jewelry; and they have no difficulty of disposing of the whole in a short time. The return of these itinerant merchants, at certain periods, is anxiously expected, and eagerly welcomed by the female portion of these scattered communities, and "the pedler" is quite an important personage in their houses, their food and lodging for their brief stay being always generously given without pay, the news they bring affording sufficient compensation. Sometimes, however, they are not fortunate enough to reach a neighborhood or hamlet, when night approaches. In this case, they betake themselves to some cave, where, by the help of

flint and steel, they can make a fire of dry leaves, and then lie down with their knapsack for a pillow. His experiences in these mountains often form the materials of rich stories which he relates at the firesides of future entertainers. Thus, in many ways, the pedler, without any fixed abode, becomes a part and parcel of many houses, welcomed by old men, young brides and little children, who are all consumers of his wares.

He was in the midst of one of his thrilling adventures, when Louis, whose curiosity was thoroughly aroused, took his seat near him, and listened with such undisguised interest as to cause the pedler to remark him closely. He frankly answered all the questions of Louis, as to his intended route, and the period of his return, and, apparently well pleased with each other, they separated with an express desire to meet again. Louis went home that night with a feeling of desperation. Through the open door of the kitchen where he had sat, he had seen unequivocal demonstrations of love on the part of young Launy towards Leona; and as unequivocal encouragement on the part of her father, who was present a portion of the evening. Something must be done! Leona should be his, if he risked life itself to win her.

"But no use in that," he said, bitterly, "for courage and intellect, and all that she or I prize, is nothing without money. By heaven! Alber thinks more of that stupid fellow with his purse, than he would of the angel Gabriel. I would that my father's profession were open to me now. I would carry Leona off to-night, and people would admire it in a soldier—but were I to do it now! Didn't I envy the pedler to-night, when he opened his well-filled purse, and showed the gold and silver? I wish he would loan it to me, to dazzle Alber's eyes with."

While Louis spoke, a thought came into his head, which he in vain endeavored to repel. Every time he looked at the image which it brought up, it grew less frightful than at first, and its accompanying sentiment dwindled from a crime to a mere business transaction, which, though out of the common course, could be rectified at a future time. In short, the good and exemplary Louis, whose whole life before this, had been free from any thought of doing evil, was now planning to get the pedler's money peaceably if he could—forcibly if he must. It is said, that Satan, when he makes his first triumph over the good, leaves but little space between the planning and executing the deed to which he tempts. In Louis's case, he made no exception to the general rule, for the next morn-

ing he was upon the track of the pedler, as he had described his intended route. He soon became sensible, however, that the pedler had changed his purpose of coming this way, or that he had not set out so early as he proposed, for there were no traces of him in the damp forest, through which he must have passed, had he pursued his original design. Retracing his steps, he came back to a cavern which he had accidentally noticed as he passed. It was now the dusk of evening, but not too dark for him to perceive that around the mouth of the cave, there were the marks of a man's boot. Louis crept cautiously in, and there sat the pedler, his whole figure lighted up strongly by a blazing fire, a comfortable supper on a rock by his side, and his happy face beaming as kindly as it had done by the farmer's fireside. Louis advanced toward him and bade him good evening.

"Ah, my friend of the hostelry," said the pedler. "What chance brings you to this wild place, that seems only fit for owls and pedlers?"

"I came purposely to see you," answered Louis.

"Very good; I am to have a party then, in this castle, and you see the board is laid for supper. Sit down, and partake with me."

"Not until I know whether I shall kill you or not."

The pedler's face expressed surprise, but no alarm. He evidently trusted to the good face of the young man more than to his threatening words.

"Listen," said Louis, and he stated his whole story precisely as it was, in connection with Leona, and the impossibility of his raising the sum which the capidity of Alber demanded. "Now," he continued, "it is at your option, to lend me the two hundred crowns, and trust to my repaying you, or run the risk of my taking it forcibly by despatching you. I have no time for hesitation, for already they may be forcing her to marry Auguste Launy. Here—I swear to you that I will repay you, but you may have to wait some time for me to accumulate it."

Of course, the pedler chose to loan the money, and after exacting a promise of secrecy from him, Louis sat down to supper with him in the most friendly manner. He stayed through the night, and they parted in the morning, each pursuing his own way. Before parting, Louis gave him a silver button from his sleeve. It was his father's, and he valued it highly.

"Whenever I can repay you," he said, "I will advertise this button as lost, and offer two hundred crowns for its restoration. You will receive what I owe you, apparently as the re-

ward. Do you understand? There is to be no talk whatever of the loan."

With the money so strangely obtained, Louis renewed his application to Alber, who was surprised at finding that he was now rich enough to claim his bride. They were married in the course of the following week, and the house so long desolate, seemed once more the abode of peace and cheerfulness. I say *seemed*—for in the breast of Louis there was a canker that destroyed half his happiness. True, he had not actually intended to commit a crime; and he had done no harm that he did not mean to remedy. But conscience is not satisfied with these quibbles, and he lodged to make the actual restitution he had promised.

Next year, the pedler came again, and Louis, happening to meet him, insisted on his going directly to his house, where Leona, who remembered him, made him welcome. Two or three years passed away, each marked by the annual visit of the pedler, and the earnest invitation of the Rayners to take up his abode at their house. The fourth year, Leona's father had paid the debt of nature, and Louis anxiously awaited the arrival of his creditor. He had removed from his own cottage to the farm-house, and was now comparatively a rich man. From motives of pride, he had never taken the offered portion of Alber's estate, and the farmer was too avaricious to press it upon him. But now, he came into possession of more than he could have believed that Alber owned.

It was just at the gloaming of a snowy winter day, when Louis, who was abroad on some errand, saw the pedler cross the road below him. He shouted to him to come up the hill. They entered together, and sat down to the cheerful evening meal with Leona and her oldest child. The other two were safe in bed. After supper, Louis said to his visitor:

"I have lost a button like this on my sleeve. I would give two hundred crowns to find it."

"And I," said the pedler, "have one exactly like it. But I will not take your money, for it gives me pleasure to restore the button."

Leona looked up surprised. "Send little Sophia to bed," said Louis to his wife. "I wish to speak with you."

After the child was gone, Louis said to her: "Darling, there is but one thing in which I ever deceived you, from the first hour of our acquaintance until now; and that regards the debt which I owe to our good friend here. It is to him alone that we are indebted for being together. Had it not been for him, you would have been the wife of Auguste Launy."

"Heaven forbid!"

"Most assuredly; your father had it all planned, when I appeared before him so unexpectedly, with the two hundred crowns he demanded."

"Yes, yes, love; that *was* a mystery."

"Well, I had it of our good friend——"

"Who thinks your generous hospitality is enough to cancel the debt?"

"Nay," answered Louis; "you are to take the money also."

"Certainly," said Leona; "that would be but a poor return for the happiness you have given us."

"But what would you say, darling, if you were told that I *robbed* him—that I threatened his life, if he did not permit me to take it? Would you bear to look on me again?"

"And you did this for love of me, Louis?"

"I did, indeed. There was no other way to gain you, and wrong and bad as it was, I think you must forgive me, for I was in a state of madness."

"Forgive you! O, Louis, I would forgive anything but the loss of your affections. Besides, I know well that you would never commit such a deed as you threatened—nay, you would never threaten again."

Louis smiled. "I cannot even *repent* of what I have done; and should do it again, if there were the same temptation. But of course, that can never happen again," he added, as a grave look settled upon her face. "There are no more brides to commit sin for, thank heaven! But come, my friend, let me have the only pleasure which can attach to this sad business. Take your two hundred crowns, and if you ever see an unfortunate wight in the position from which you saved me, just lend him the money without waiting to be asked."

The pedler in a few years had prospered so well, that he was able to retire from his wandering life. The former habitation of Louis was still empty. He re-fitted it, and offered it rent-free to his old friend, who had decided to be married, and settle down quietly, as the French pedlers, by their superior economy and prudence are often enabled to do.

GENEALOGICAL. — A toadying writer in a Paris paper is undertaking to show that the Bonapartes sprang from a very ancient and noble family of Lombardy. This is enough to raise the great emperor out of his sarcophagus and out of his boots—for he prided himself on springing from the people, and loved to flaunt his lowly origin in the faces of the sovereigns and aristocrats of Europe.

MOTHERLESS AND BLIND.

BY MRS. E. T. KILDREDGE.

Tell her gently in love's whisper of the sweet and fragrant
flowers,
That are opening into beauty in their green and leafy
bowers;
For I know she loves them dearly, though she never may
behold
The little tender flower-buds that so lovingly unfold.
There's a home of rest and beauty—a home of joy and
love,
For none are sad and sightless in yon spirit-home above;
And I know she will grow happy when you tell her of
that land
Where her dear and blessed mother dwells amid the angel
band.
Tell her of her baby brother, with his sweet and happy
face,
Who never knew a mother's loss—though none may fill
her place!
And perchance her lovely precepts may guide his feet
aright,
For her face is calm and holy as the beauties of the night.
Sometimes I think it was God's will to call her mother
home,
That she might guard her sightless child where'er her
footsteps roam;
For I know an angel mother must hold a child more dear,
Than an earthly mother ever could whilst with her chil-
dren here.
I know by my own feelings—by my spirit-yearning deep,
That angels love their earthly friends, and watch them
when they weep;
E'en while my pen glides o'er the page, my Lewis hovers
nigh,
And another beauteous seraph gladdens now my spirit's
eye.
Sometimes, when I grow heartsick, and feel a strange
unrest,
Because, perchance, some careless word has deeply pierced
my breast;
When I think of that sweet maiden, the motherless and
blind,
I chide myself most bitterly, and quickly bow resigned.
When I see her calmly sitting—her twin sister by her
side—
With her blue eyes closed forever—all life's sweetest joys
denied—
Then I think that God our Father is so merciful and kind,
That he never will forsake her, the motherless and blind.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

THE family of Frederick Von Bruner had numbered various of its most distinguished members as martyrs to a long descended and hereditary gout. Only one of this noble family remained, in the person of Frederick, who, while he inherited the fine qualities and handsome

features of his ancestors, was suspected, by his family physician, who had watched the symptoms of his father and brothers, to be marked out for the same fate, unless the most vigorous measures were taken to prevent the insidious attacks of the enemy. To avert this misfortune, Dr. Ebert ordered his patient to the baths of Wiesbaden. Unfortunately, Frederick, although of aristocratic birth, was poor; his sole possessions being an army officer's pay, an old lawsuit, as old and intricate as little Miss Flyte's chancery case, and the reversionary interest so deplorable in the dreaded gout. To amend these undesirable deficiencies in his fortunes, Frederick might, like other young men, have been tempted to visit the baths for the express purpose of entrapping some unwary heiress. With his youth, unblemished name, aristocratic appearance and singular beauty, it would have been no hard task to find himself a wife, not only among the rich parvenues that frequent the baths, but in the more exclusive haunts of aristocratic wealth. But vain were the advances of either of these ranks to the handsome young German. Frederick's heart had long been in the sole possession of the daughter of an old neighbor of the Von Bruners, who, though lacking the patrician *ven* to his name, was possessed of a large fortune, of which Mademoiselle Minna was sole heiress.

Frederick, with the generous unselfishness of youth, would have been truly glad, had Minna inherited only a bare competency. He could not bear to be accused of mercenary purposes, which his heart acquitted him fully of meditating. So, with the timidity, it is true, of one who seeks alliance with wealth, yet with the secret consciousness that his character and position ought to overbalance any defect of fortune, he laid the case before Mr. Engel.

The father of Minna respected—nay, loved Frederick Von Bruner. Moreover, he coveted the patrician prefix, and thought that Madame Von Bruner would sound extremely well, when he spoke of his daughter; but his desire for a wealthy son-in-law overtopped all this. He could not, however, fail of admiring the generosity of the lover, while he deprecated his romantic magnanimity in offering to renounce all that the young lady might have in expectation. M. Engel was fifty—Frederick but twenty-two. The former smiled, and thought in all probability, the young man would learn wisdom, as he had himself with advancing years.

"After all, my dear Von Bruner," he said, in reply to his earnest words, "you are presenting to me the romance, not the reality of life. A few years will change your views thoroughly."

Frederick shook his head incredulously.

"Pity it is that the world destroys this fresh, young feeling so early. But as philosophers, we must necessarily entertain views that sentimentalists despise, until they in their turn become philosophers."

"When I become cold-hearted and selfish like that, may I cease to live!" exclaimed Fred.

Engel smiled. "I will give you my daughter, my dear Von Bruner, on condition of your accumulating a sufficient property."

"And your estimate of what that ought to be is—"

"To any other man than yourself, I should say, seventy-five thousand dollars; but so much do I like you, my dear fellow, so well satisfied of your ability to make my daughter happy, that in your case I will say only forty thousand. When you can give me proof that you possess this sum, Minna shall be yours."

And so, with this very consoling prospect before him, Von Bruner set off for Wiesbaden. An interview with Minna gave him the assurance that her heart, at least, was untouched by the supreme selfishness which he attributed to the father; and hope, which seldom deserts the young, still lingered with both.

Dr. Ebert had a friend at Wiesbaden—a medical man, to whom he gave a letter of recommendation. He did this, because he thought he would be a valuable acquaintance to the young man, as well as a reliable practitioner in case of illness. At the same time he expressed a wish that Dr. Efendahl should write to him from time to time, his opinion of the efficacy of the baths upon Frederick's constitution.

The doctor did even more than this. He took a strong interest in his friend's patient, and invited him very frequently to his home, where he endeavored to make him as easy and happy as possible. He also wrote often to Dr. Ebert, and detailed his views upon the character as well as the physical organization of Von Bruner. These letters, or the sum of them, Dr. Ebert often imparted to Minna Engel, who was a great favorite of his. After an absence of some months however, on the part of Frederick, he received one from his friend, which we will permit to tell its own story.

"MY DEAR EBERT:—From the praises which I have voluntarily bestowed on your friend, you will not expect me to send you anything of a condemnatory character. Believe me, I grieve to do so; but hoping that you will have some influence upon him, I feel bound to tell you that M. Von Bruner is a gamester! You will be shocked, I know; as from the perfect confidence you have seemed to repose in me, I cannot think

you would have witholden so important a particular, had you known it. Of course, I make no such statement without having proofs—proofs which I will show you at any time, through your own vision. I can only add—come and see.

"Yours as ever, EFENDAH."

Dr. Ebert received this intelligence with a sorrow that indicated how sincerely he had been attached to Frederick. Through means of one of those gossiping creatures who infest watering places, the same story reached M. Engel at the same time; and at the doctor's second stopping-place on the road to Wiesbaden, he was surprised to encounter both Minna and her father. The young lady had not yet found out her father's object in taking her thither, but the seniors soon found that their purpose was the same. Both visited Dr. Efendahl on their arrival, and he imparted to them what his own eyes had witnessed; the nightly entrance of Frederick at a late hour, into one of the most notorious gambling houses in the city.

"Have you spoken to him?" asked Ebert.

"I have not. I preferred consulting with you as an older friend. I will accompany you both this night if you wish it."

"This night it must be," said M. Engel, "since I can no longer conceal—after to-morrow at least—my object in coming here, from my daughter. She will be expecting, of course, a call from Von Bruner the moment that our arrival at Wiesbaden transpires."

"This night then, at ten, we meet here again."

Minna sat in her room at the hotel, wondering what had become of her father, and why Frederick did not call. She dared not venture out; and altogether the morning passed very uncomfortably. When her father at length appeared, he was silent and abstracted. She begged him to go out with her, but he entreated her to remain within for this day at least, until the purpose for which he came should be accomplished. "After that, you shall be as gay as you please," he said, with a smile, which did not seem to come from the heart. He remained with her until nearly ten, and then, asking her to sit up for him, he went out. Little did Minna dream where he was going, or what was his object.

Frederick Von Bruner had been growing strong and healthful under the influence of the waters. The only inconvenience he experienced was a stronger inclination to sleep. On this evening particularly, he found it impossible to resist, and had retired before ten, profoundly sleepy and tired, and before the clock struck, he was perfectly oblivious of all around him. Not even the image enshrined in his deepest affections had power to keep him from slumber.

While he thus lay, the three gentlemen were leaving Dr. Efendahl's house. They approached the apartments most usually attended by the better sort of gamblers, and on entering, they placed themselves in a situation from whence they could see every table, but were screened from observation by the players. Every face was unfamiliar. The young and old were alike there; the experienced cheat and the "pigeon" he was about to pluck. Dr. Ebert gave a triumphant glance at his friend, as if he believed him mistaken. Efendahl interpreted the glance, and merely said, "wait!"

They did wait. Precisely at eleven, a figure, in every respect like that of Frederick entered the room, and approached a certain table. The players made way for him, and he sat down and commenced to play. He exhibited the most perfect self-possession, appeared fully occupied with the game, and showed little or no emotion at either winning or losing.

At this point, M. Engel entreated his friends to remain exactly where they were, until he should return with his daughter. Dr. Ebert expostulated, but to no purpose.

"She will not believe it, unless convinced by her own sight," he answered, and in a very short time he returned with her.

Perfectly unconscious of the character of the place, she saw in the gayly decorated and brilliant room, only an ordinary party, amusing themselves with cards, until her father undeceived her. She was startled and troubled that he should have brought her hither, and urged him to suffer her to go home.

"One moment, Minna. This is a 'hell,' and these people are confirmed gamblers. Now, look at the third table, and tell me who sits there upon the right!"

She looked, shrieked and fainted. Her father carried her out, and put her into a carriage. As soon as he saw her revive, he left her in her own room with her maid, and returned to his friends. In the next moment he strode up to the table, and was just grasping the arm of Frederick, when he was arrested in the motion by a smart tap on his own. Looking round, he discovered Professor Paul, the most distinguished physiologist of Germany, and an acquaintance of his own. Shaking Engel warmly by the hand, he apologized for his roughness by saying:

"That young man must not be disturbed. He is in a somnambulant state, and would die instantly if suddenly awakened. I have studied him here for several nights, and have trembled lest some sudden shock should kill him at once. He drew Engel off into a corner, gave him a

dissertation upon somnambulism, and while the two mortified physicians listened somewhat sullenly to his long-winded explanations, it was interrupted by an unusual confusion.

"What is the matter?" asked the visitors.

"The bank is broken," answered a gentleman near them, and, pointing to Frederick, he added, "the fortunate winner is that young man."

Perfectly calm and unmoved, Von Bruner was seen to gather up his winnings, putting them carefully in his pocket, and leave the house without a word.

The next morning he rose late and unfreshed. Putting on his clothes, he found his pockets unusually heavy, and hastened to ascertain the cause. Gold, notes and checks were successively taken out, until in his rapid counting he numbered sixty thousand dollars! Often, lately, he had been exceedingly puzzled with regard to money; sometimes finding more, sometimes less, than he imagined he possessed. It had not only puzzled, but troubled him; but having no one to talk to about it, he had tried to think he was mistaken as to the fact. Hitherto there had been only small sums, either missed or gained; but now he was perfectly confounded. While he was in this state, he was surprised at the apparition of M. Engel, followed by the trio of physicians. An explanation took place, Professor Paul undertook to cure him of his somnambulism; and the result was a speedy marriage with Minna Engel, cordially agreed to by her father, and rejoiced in by his three medical friends, and we trust also by the reader.

WEBSTERIAN.

Mr. Speaker," said Ezekiel Webster, some twenty-seven years ago, in the House of Representatives of New Hampshire, "we have heard from our infancy of the exorbitant system of taxation in England, and of the oppressive weight with which it presses her population. It is true that no people ever bore burdens like hers. Her system of taxes is felt severely in every branch of her industry—agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing. It bears with a load almost insupportable. It treads upon her people with the weight of an elephant with a war-castle upon his back."—*Boston Journal*.

LOOK AT HOME.

"John," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a tototaller, you have been drinking again to day." "Do you never take a drop yourself, meenister?" "Yes, John; you must look at your circumstances and mine!" "Varra true, sir," says John; "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John, I cannot tell you that!" "Weel, sir, it was just because every one kept his ain door clean."—*Vermont Eagle*.

A MODEL LOVE-LETTER.

BY G. S. CAMPANA.

O thou whose virgin heart I wish to please,
 My dearest, sweetest, loveliest, best Louise!
 When gudgeons build their nests in mountain tops,
 And hungry fishermen catch mutton-chops;
 When oysters upon currant-bushes grow,
 And rivulets with milk and honey flow;
 When turkeys from their spits shall fly to greet me,
 And roast-pigs cry aloud, "O come and eat me!"
 When "mountain-dew" shall need no distillation,
 And "double-~~er~~" be brewed by inspiration;
 When geese live on their livers, and paps
 Shall buy from them his *pates-de-foir-gras*;
 When pigs to philosophic truths awaken,
 And furnish plentiful extracts from Bacon;
 When "bulls and bears" shall neither growl nor gore,
 And "lame ducks" waddle in Wall Street no more;
 When gamblers' "pigeons" win back all they've lost,
 And Peter Funks sell watches at prime cost;
 When "Brindle" goes to market with her cheeses,
 And no one but her sells, unless she pleases;
 When buffaloes sell "robes" for current money,
 And bees grow rich by manufacturing honey;
 When beavers trade in furs, and shopping maids
 Bargain with silk-worms for their new breccades;
 When bats improve their sight by wearing glasses,
 And nightingales learn music from jackasses;
 When ladies teem with wit, and never show it,
 Look beautiful as angels—and don't know it;
 When ancient maidens cease to sigh for youth,
 And politicians aim to tell the truth;
 When spendthrifts learn to reckon cent. per cent.,
 And miners cease to mourn their money spent;
 When rivers upward from their sources fly,
 And pump the mighty depths of ocean dry;
 When all the lofty mountains fall, ker-alap!
 And tumble down into the valleys' lap;
 When polar suns cook beefsteaks, slice by slice,
 And Yankees go to Guinea for their ice;
 When steamers o'er the Rocky Mountains go,
 And railroads cross the Gulf of Mexico;
 When sleigh-bells ring the fourth day of July,
 And cherries ripen for our Christmas pie;
 When Turkey carpets, woven all complete,
 Shall be the grass that grows beneath your feet;
 When wool shall float in fleecy clouds above you,—
 Then, dearest—only then—I'll cease to love you.

"FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY."

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

In the still romantic region round Enniskillen, in the old kingdom of Ulster, Ireland, there stood, near the middle of the sixteenth century, a fortress covering an immense extent of ground, and occupied by descendants of the dethroned kings of that country. Since its subjection to Henry II., the different generations of these heirs had dwelt here, holding as warm a place in the popular heart as ever before; and at the time of which we write, the last male of the line had

been a twelvemonth dead, leaving one daughter, who was now in English parlance the young Countess of Ulster, but known and styled by the inhabitants throughout the north of Ireland as their queen, while they contentedly allowed his widow to remain, as their conquerors called her, Lady of Enniskillen. Of course, among the nobility of the region, there were not wanting pretenders to the hand of the young heiress; and among these, there were two who seemed to have distanced all others—one, the Earl Lawrence of Blackrocks, by his determined perseverance, the other by his own personal qualities and the favor of the Countess Clarice. This lover was Baron Harvey of Clare. The rivalry between these suitors was bitter, and neither of them lost any opportunity of presenting his claims. But the baron, though the inferior in rank and possessions, looked, spoke, danced and sang better than the earl; and it was believed that he loved better, "for," said Clarice, "he loves me, and the earl loves Ulster, and except that he hates Clare, would willingly surrender me to him could he gain thereby my wealth."

The castle of Enniskillen stood on a level about a hundred rods from the sea-shore, a bleak, rocky coast, abounding in caverns and gaps worn by the everlasting raging of the Atlantic in wild northwest storms. Behind it a wood rose, clothing a range of small hills beyond which broad, fertile valleys lay sheltered, well tilled and yielding great harvests. At the close of a stormy day, Blackrocks, as he was familiarly known, might have been seen impatiently pacing to and fro on the shore, hidden from the observation of the castle by a bold bend of the beach.

"Another such day," he murmured, "would be enough. Up should fly those gates and sluices, and flood the castle—and then it would be an easy affair to bring out the bird perched on my wrist! But Fate is against me; the west is as clear as a jewel, the sea runs too low to reach the first cave, and I must wait. What keeps Dennis?" he exclaimed, stamping his foot with an oath. But at the word, a man stole cautiously round a cliff and met him.

"I have given them your orders," he said. "Ross is in the Valley Sligo, and the Black Band at Lough Neagh, and just out of Donegal, the Slieve is mustering. There will be over five hundred, or maybe a thousand, well armed, too, though none so much powder or guns."

"A thousand spears are not to be laughed at, Dennis," said his master.

"And so the maid may find," answered Dennis, laughing.

"You'll assemble them all in the Valley Ree, just five leagues hence, where we may call them at an hour's notice. I try the dainty dame once more, and then if I leave one stone upon another of Enniskillen Castle, may Blackrocks lose its lord!"

"I hear," answered Dennis. "They shall be to-morrow where a blast of my trumpet shall summon them, and tumble the lady's towers round her head!" So they separated.

At the same time, the Countess Clarice sat with her mother in a long, low room, sumptuously furnished according to the luxury of the day, and hung with rustling silken tapestries. Before her, in a golden vase, was a bunch of roses of vivid and delicate shades, every separate tint of which she was copying into the embroidery whose finished yards lay fallen in stiff, gorgeous heaps upon the floor, while the Lady of Enniskillen was recounting some legend of the former grandeur and majesty of Ulster. The Baron of Clare had left them about two hours since, returning for a season to his distant home, and although his suit had not been crowned with any complete assurance of success, yet hope gushed through his heart, and he had never felt so happy in her presence as he did that day when leaving it; for the first time after being so long a guest, something promised him happiness.

As the darkness fell, the needle was stayed in her hand, and bending forward with the bright glow of the firelight upon her fair face and light, falling hair, she listened to her mother's recital. A prettier picture could not be imagined—the attendant maidens silent as statues, the stately lady who spoke, with her long white hand attesting her story, and the lovely maiden fair and pale as a snow-wreath melting before the flickering blaze! So rapt were they in the exciting tale, that the creaking gates, together with the entrance and quick steps of a guest, followed by the warder and a groom, were unnoticed till with a peculiar emphasis the Earl of Blackrocks was announced. The Lady of Enniskillen ceased, and a slight frown gathered on Clarice's brow, giving her an appearance more real and human than she had worn before.

"I shall believe her ladyship is what my friend the Baron Clare has so often called her," said Blackrocks, "a misty spirit of the twilight!"

But some wayward and sprite-like impulse had seized her, as he spoke, transforming her gentleness in an instant; and snatching a torch from the hearth, she had instantly lighted a half-dozen that waited in their niches, and in the sudden blaze vanished all sentiment and shadows from the room.

"For what does my Lord of Blackrocks honor us at this hour?" she asked, turning quickly towards him with the torch still in her hand.

"Certainly one would think," he responded, "to see the countess in a new character. I never knew that the shrew was a capability of hers."

"That being all, it were easy to see it and go!" she said.

"Clarice! Clarice!" cried her provident mother, "at least do not forget that Blackrocks is thy guest!"

It was the first time she had ever displayed any semblance to him but that of studied courtesy, since under the influence of her mother she had disliked to create any contention, the latter, being a partisan of the earl's, fully believing that his domineering energy and greater rank would achieve more glory to the house of Ulster than would an union with the mild Baron Clare.

"He is not likely to allow me to forget it, mother," she replied, flinging the torch upon the tiles. "Will the earl be seated?"

"Do not think I come to force myself upon your retirement," he said, still standing and leaning one hand upon the high back of the chair she offered. "I have few words to say, and shall not detain the lady long." He paused a moment, looking down upon the coals. "I have never, Countess Clarice, offered you my hand, nor decidedly asked you to become my wife, although you are well aware that such was my wish, and such the directions of your father, to which I stand pledged. To-night I do so, and excuse me if I find it necessary to declare that the answer I require must be positive, and without wavering. I am but a rough warrior, and unacquainted with the arts of love—yet Clarice!" he exclaimed, stepping forward suddenly and taking her hand, "you will be happier on so strong a bosom, and reign a prouder queen in so great a love as mine, than—"

"It is sufficient to assert your powers, and depreciate no others."

"Think, Clarice," he urged, still holding her hand, "before you sentence me either to the bliss of staying or to depart."

"If the earl has nothing more to say," answered she, after a short silence, "allow me to wish him farewell." And withdrawing her hand, she glanced at his face, and turned to leave him; but the glance of an instant had shown it under a new aspect, glowing with an unutterable tenderness, and its dark eyes full of singular beauty, yet simultaneously the face of Clare flashed across her memory and filled her with a repugnance to Blackrocks not to be overcome.

But at the moment she turned, she caught another phase of this passionate character—a countenance changing with an effect as sudden as lightning in a clear sky—and he exclaimed:

"Another moment. Remember your words are final, nor is a proposed union with Blackrocks to be answered by an insult. Countess Clarice, I await them!"

"They are already given."

"Clarice," said the Lady of Enniskillen, "tell us—do you love Clare?"

"No one has a right to ask me!" she answered, the red shooting over her cheek. "But I will answer that, too—no! Still, I had rather see one smile from him, than a year's courtship from the earl."

"It is the same thing," she replied. "O, child! are you, too, taken captive by his songs and galliards?"

"Mother!"

"Yes. I repeat it, you do love him!"

"No—not now," she answered, slowly. "Yes, perhaps, at another day. You will drive me to it."

"Madame, I did not come to disturb your family peace, nor to assist at any bickerings. Allow me to remind your daughter that I wait."

"And I have assured you," replied Clarice, "that waiting is unnecessary. You have received your answer; I will not be your wife. Go!"

"Then, since I stoop to no deception," he responded, "I consider it due myself to assure you that I shall immediately take such steps as will place you in my possession. I have sworn to the old Lord of Ulster that you shall never be the Baron Clare's, and I will keep my oath! To effect it, the only means remaining are to make you mine. Mine you might have been in love and peace, mine you shall be in force, and if you choose, in hatred. To-morrow morning there will be no escape from my power."

Anger flushing and paling her face in quick succession, Clarice asked him:

"Would a mouse in a lion's den threaten the kingly beast? You presume, my lord, because at this moment my guest, you are safe. I do not know why it should be so, yet I will not violate the laws of hospitality. You threaten to besiege me? Depart while you may!"

Her voice trembled with the intensity of her emotion, and stepping lightly forward, she touched his extended arm with her fingers—hardly knowing what she did—the quick electric force of the motion hurling it to his side, and flitted back to her mother.

"Strike your maids, Lady Clarice!" said he. "Your hands are too fair to bruise against mail!"

He strode towards her, seized and wrung them

both in his own, and was gone. Clarice sank weeping to the floor.

"O, mother, how I hate him!" she sobbed. "Dare speak thus to me? He shall rue it! Where is Clare? I will send for him. We must hasten—increase our archers and our provision. We can send out through the Water-Way. Blackrocks does not know of that, thank Heaven!" She brushed off the tears, started to her feet, and immediately left to issue her orders, and do what she could in such haste before the earl should fulfil his threat.

The night was more than half spent, when a messenger returned, bringing with him the Baron Clare and some three or four followers. They had entered by what was called the Water-Way, a series of natural caverns and hewn passages leading to the shore. This place, once quite unguarded, had a few times afforded entrance for the sea into the cellars and dungeons of the castle, rendering it impossible for a residence from the malaria that ensued, or from the depth of water that covered the inhabitable portions of the place. To provide for such occasions in the future, great iron doors had been hung here and there along these passages, and of the several sets of keys to these doors, which hung always in the hall, one set had once been given to the Earl of Blackrocks by the father of Clarice, on some sudden emergency. This he still possessed, although the countess was not aware of it.

"The Baron Clare!" exclaimed Clarice, in a joyful tone that echoed through the great apartments, as she caught sight of him.

"Much aid will he give you!" replied the Lady of Enniskillen, scornfully, as she followed her down the stairs to welcome him.

"Returned so quickly?" cried Clarice, pleasure beaming from her face. "How kind! how brave! Perhaps you do not know into what danger you have come?"

"I have come into the danger from which no man would fly—the chains of Countess Clarice!" he answered, in courtly style.

"Ah, sir, we shall soon cease to use our gallant manner! Our hearts may be too heavy."

"What! you seem to apprehend some disastrous chance—I had thought—"

"Well, what had you thought, Baron Clare?"

"That your ladyship had summoned me back."

"That we might daily the day in courtship and pleasure?"

"As we have done—"

"Perchance we have. O no, Baron Clare! you are in real peril. This fortress will be in a state of siege to-morrow."

"Pardon me. Why do you not escape?"

"Escape? From the stronghold of Ulster? From the fortress of my fathers? That is not a habit of the Enniskillens. And if I wished it, our enemies are too near to render it practicable."

"Then there is no real danger?"

"The greatest. Our yeomen are already coming in with their bows. Blackrocks cannot prevent them yet. Our provisions are sufficient for a long time. Still, the risk is not small. I requested your presence and aid in it, but it may have been wrong to recall you. Pray pardon it, and if you think best and safest, leave me for your own home, I beseech you!"

"Really—the Countess Clarice cannot suppose I would desert her now! And yet I do not see how it is in my power to aid her! Myself and servants will be so many more consuming your provisions, perhaps I had best—"

"O no! no perhaps! Without doubt you had best," she exclaimed, with a sudden intonation of disdain that he had never heard from her before. "Leave, by all means! Your fears will infect my garrison."

Perhaps the taunt stung him, for she was obliged to interrupt profuse professions by assuring him that he was not needed, and that there was no time to lose, if he intended to depart. So saying, she bade farewell, ordered him to be conducted out the Water-Way, and again joined her mother. In less than an hour, they returned. The mouth of the Water-Way, they said, was guarded by a strong detachment, and a band of Blackrock's forces were slowly investing the castle. Escape for the Baron Clare was impossible.

"The place is impregnable," said Clarice to her mother. "I do not comprehend the earl's plan. He cannot starve us out, for Lord Arthur Grey, whom the Queen of England has appointed her deputy in Ireland, will arrive in the country before that pass!"

"My dear," said her mother, "the earl will render it impossible for you to communicate with Lord Grey. It is only a question of time. He will conquer, and meanwhile we shall be amused by the valorous exploits of Baron Clare."

"Do not mention him to me again; he is only fit to carry the ribbon of a lute. I can thank Blackrocks for this, at least, that he has taught me the falseness and cowardice that may lie under so handsome a face as Harvey Clare's."

Perhaps she wronged the baron, for once barred from escape, nobody could be more vigorous than he in precaution; and during the first of the siege, no one oftener showed his head above the battlements, or uttered louder defiance

than he. But to all his boasts and threats, Blackrocks answered no word; he only proceeded on his work with a deadlier certainty of intention, and while Clare talked, he worked. The Countess Clarice now bade fair to be forlorn, indeed; for the one lover had become her enemy, and the other filled her with a contempt that increased itself by the recollection of her former favor. Frequently she saw the earl at his task below, heard him encourage the sappers, saw him draft the mines, and stand unflinching in the showers of arrows and storms of shot that now and then flew from her towers and raked his army. Unlikely as so insufficient a force as the earl's was to destroy this citadel, it is fair to presume that an ulterior purpose waited behind the array he displayed; yet that this should be, by means of his soldiers, to prevent any attempt on the part of Clarice to depart, thus retaining her before him, till "some storm great beyond a God's expression" should put it in his power to flood the caverns and obtain her, never entered any one's imagination. Now that the siege had become more earnest, Clare was less often seen, and soon he disappeared entirely from the beleaguers. In all the movements of Blackrocks, Clarice beheld nothing like triumph or exultation; it was, rather, as if he were carrying a resolve into execution, or fulfilling a promised duty, and only now and then, latterly, as success seemed to defy him, a spark of his old indomitable will and fiery courage animated him to prodigies of valor and daring attempts, which brought blushes to the brow of Clarice, as she thought of the baron sitting below with her mother, or pacing the long halls and joking and revelling and swearing by turns with the idle swarms there.

One day the bugles proclaimed a truce, and a herald bore a message to the countess inquiring if the Baron Clare were within her walls. On giving an answer in the affirmative, she was assured that the earl would never have imagined it, yet requested him to mount the outer wall, that he might be spoken with. This Clare did not hesitate to do, and in a moment more his tall, slender figure, attired in a style of costly magnificence distinguishing the courtiers of that period, was visible upon the ramparts; he leaned on a long sword, and the gentle winds blew all the short fair curls round his handsome, pale face, while with large Galway-gray eyes, he surveyed the horror-inspiring throngs below. He presented the appearance of an Apollo, God of the Lute and Bow; but however skilful at the former, he certainly drew his longest bow in the boast with which he had erst assailed the enemy.

The contrast between himself and Blackrocks was not but evident, the latter, with the gigantic thews and symmetry of the Anakim, so dark and strong as an impersonation of war itself, and wearing in bold relief the stern and rugged points of his character; yet still, as Clarice beheld him, she recalled the tenderer guise, momentary as it had been, in which she had once seen it.

"Baron Clare," said Blackrocks, "since we both contend for the honor of the Countess of Ulster's hand, I challenge you to descend to fair field, and in single combat with me, prove our rights—the unsuccessful combatant to withdraw his suit."

"I should be weak, surely," said the other, "to risk what is certain. You can do nothing with the fortress I defend, and so presume I will meet you on terms never before demanded. Mine is the right to propose conditions—not yours. It was not according to my own wish that I am here; but being here, certainly I shall not place myself in your hands."

"You defend the castle? a mistake. Both the castle and you are defended by a woman! Truly, you are not there by your own wish, for I took care that there should be a man in the fortress I attacked; but I find I have placed there only a coward. You are afraid, Baron Clare! Come down, man! Take your squire and a knight, and I alone will meet you three."

"I do not choose to place my fortune with the lady on such hazard."

There was a stir on the inner ladder, as he spoke, and in a moment Clarice sprang up and stood beside him.

"False, ingrate, timorous!" she exclaimed. "I will have no more of my noble followers slain. I will occasion no further massacre. Go down and end it with your sword, or I dismiss your suit!"

The baron paused, leaning more heavily on his weapon, and gazing down at his heroic rival. Finally he looked up, bowed and replied:

"As you will. I resign all claim to the hand of Countess Clarice!"

The earl saluted him with a smile of the keenest sarcasm, while the whole camp below echoed with a tempest of contemptuous laughing.

"Blackrocks," cried Clarice, "you have accomplished half your object! You have revealed to me the valor of our friend, in its most diminutive proportions! And you shall hear me assent to so much of the league you made with my father, that I never will wed with the Baron Clare! And you yourself see that his own words have made it impossible."

As she spoke, the baron would have given all his worldly possessions to have dared recall them; but again courage failed him, and he was silent.

"And the rest of the league?" asked Blackrocks.

"That is not my affair," she replied. "It belongs to Earl Lawrence to fulfil his own engagements!"

It was a strange mistake of the earl's that he assumed her words to be satire.

"Do not think he despairs," he cried. "If the castle cannot be stormed, wind and weather and God willing, there are other ways to capture the Countess Clarice!" And he retired to his tent.

The next morning, not a vestige of the enemy was to be seen. Like the stars stealing noiselessly from horizon to horizon, they and their tents had forsaken the region, the siege was raised, and Clarice was victorious.

Great were the rejoicings thereupon, and notwithstanding the violent storm that had set in that same night, troops of the neighboring peasants thronged the gates with congratulations and offerings; but as for the countess, she soon found herself missing the accustomed sights, and half lost at the sudden withdrawal of the enemy whose vigorous perseverance and determination had acted upon her like a fascination. This her mother also divined; and while still affording Clare all the honor due a guest, laughed at the abrupt termination of what she denominated her brace of singular courtships.

"And which of the lovers will you wed?" she asked.

"They are both foes now," answered Clarice, sadly.

"If Blackrocks should see her again," thought the Lady of Enniskillen, "the last Bride of the Ulsters would leave me for no barony of Clare."

In a day or two, scouts having returned who pronounced the roads safe, Clare prepared for his departure, and, strange to say, notwithstanding his public renunciation of the lady, not without a hope that he might yet win her by more peaceful means; and his first steps should be towards that part of the kingdom where Lord Arthur Grey, that stern disposer of justice, was remaining, that he might secure so powerful an influence in an affair whose last development his tact was insufficient to perceive.

The Countess Clarice seldom appeared to him now; but her mother, pleased at his failure, showed him more than customary civility, while he continued delayed by the long and bitter storm, and from this he drew fresh confidence.

On the night previous to his departure, Clarice stood in the hall where she had been rewarding several of those who had distinguished themselves in the siege, when a great cry and tumult became audible from below, and a flock of servants rushed up into the hall, crying—"The sea! the sea!"

"What is it?" exclaimed Clarice, springing forward.

"It is coming in!" they cried. "It has burst the doors! The dungeons are drowned in it already! The sea is coming in!"

"Some one has unlocked the doors!" she said. "Hasten! all the caverns are not flooded, and there is the long passage! We can at least secure three doors!" And she snatched the keys from the wall.

"Let the Baron Clare and the seneschal go!" cried the Lady of Enniskillen.

"I do not know the way," replied he, hanging back.

"Ha!" she exclaimed, with scorn; and seizing a torch, sprang forward herself down the passages and out of sight, followed only by the seneschal and warder.

In an instant she comprehended that it was the work of the earl, and all the admiration of his unsuccessful efforts were now curiously mingled with a resolution that she would not be baffled, and a sentiment of anger that she had already half yielded her heart to so bold an assailant. The roar of the waters resounded in the caverns beneath, the tumult of the storm was audible, beating on the coast without, while the great rush of air swept in even along the upper passage, which she was traversing before the advancing waves.

Far beyond the other two, she bounded along with eager speed. If she could only reach the second gate before the waters were so far within! She knew it must be unlocked; a moment more, and she was beside it. The other was but a few yards distant; it would be so much stronger could that also be closed. She dashed towards it. Already her hand was on it, and all her power was exerted to draw it together; yet the ponderous gate resisted every effort, and the cold, icy breath and mighty wind of the sweeping current chilled her—its noise was in her ears—it was in vain to endeavor—she left it and dashed back to the inner one. But faster than she the great waves tumbled in, with the force of the ocean compressed in the narrowest tunnel. The crest of the foremost broke over her head while she ran, and in another instant its great arms snatched her backward as she tore at the chains of the lifted gate, and buried her in the roaring

depths. The torch fell hissing into the brine, and the great iron slide fell with a muffled clang between the sea and the other victims."

Seething in a whirlpool, the great mass swayed an instant, then burst the iron with a terrible explosion, and surged on. But a hand stronger than iron, a grasp equalling a giant's, had seized her in the first moment of her fall and drawn her up through a broad fissure of the rock, the waters spouting after her in vain, and when she awoke from her insensibility she was lying like a bruised flower in the arms of Blackrocks.

Meanwhile the Lady of Enniskillen and the household waited in an agonized silence for her return. But almost before they could have expected to see her, a messenger from the earl announced that she was safe and all the inner gates closed, the last statement being corroborated by the frightened seneschal and warder, who told what they knew of the loss of their mistress, and declared that a dozen men had sprung from the sides of the passage, assisted them in closing the gates and had passed up before them into the hall. Upon inquiry it was found that they had mingled with the servants and by one of these very individuals the message had been given. From him the lady now drew a relation of the whole affair, which in nowise displeased her, since she believed her daughter to be in good hands, and entertained a sincere respect for the earl. Not so the Baron Clare; on the instant he ordered his horses and followers and departed for Lord Grey's to demand restitution of a stolen child to her mother and a lady to her lover.

When Clarice had sufficiently recovered, she was taken into a neighboring cottage where her women sent by her mother were in attendance, who robed her in dry garments, after which she stepped boldly into the next room where Blackrocks walked to and fro, and demanded to be allowed to return. Her loveliness at the moment was more apparent than ever, greatly heightened by the excitement consequent on the peril she had just escaped, and the earl pausing to look at her could scarcely withhold the wild expression of love and admiration that rose to his lips. To her demand he returned no reply.

"You have saved my life where you endangered it," she cried. "Do not believe I feel myself indebted to you for saving yourself from the guilt of murder. You have no right to detain me; suffer me to go."

"Clarice, I assured you I would yet fulfil my promise to your father. I have you now in my power to command. Again I condescend, as I thought no woman could have compelled me, to ask you to become my wife. Little wild-wood

fairy, airy sprite, is there nothing in so true a love to tempt you?"

She stood before him so doubtingly, so uncertain, as if half melted by the fervor of his passion, that he moved towards her with open arms. But as if blown by his breath, she flitted backward, exclaiming:

"Never, never your wife by compulsion! I promise nothing; but send me home—suffer me to go."

"Clarice, do you wish to go?"

It would have been a fortitude more than mortal that longer refused to confess a corresponding passion, and Clarice still remained in his charge. Suddenly he was informed that the Baron Clare, with Lord Grey and an immense retinue, were advancing up the country. Nothing daunted at this, Blackrocks prepared to obey the summons that awaited him, for though he knew the part he played was not one of strict justice, he knew also that the die was to be cast, and on the decision of the day, Clarice would be given or lost to him forever.

Never was there known such a day in all Ulster, as that when Lord Grey pitched his pavilion, commanded the earl to appear with his captive, and summoned the Lady of Enniskillen, as the bereaved, with other witnesses. The paraphernalia of justice were produced in their most impressive aspect; Clarice, who had been surrendered at the instant Lord Gray demanded her, sat in a dais chair canopied by dark curtains, her mother beside her; the Baron Clare took his station opposite. The scene was crowded with the nobility of the kingdom, for Lord Grey had declared that unless sufficient reason for the abduction could be given, and he knew none which would be so, the heaviest punishment of the law should fall upon Blackrocks, although he had formerly been his acquaintance and friend. At last Lord Grey entered; a moment afterward, Blackrocks, who advanced coolly, and after saluting Clarice and her mother, took his station opposite the judge, where he stood unsupported, awaiting the accusations, while the sheriff and other officers completed the company. After the usual solemnities the Baron Clare eagerly preferred his charges, and summoned the Lady of Enniskillen for his first witness.

"The Baron Clare is better with his tongue than his sword," said the lady, without rising. "My daughter is not stolen from me, nor has the Baron Clare any authority to conduct this prosecution. Your lordship sees the countess at my side, yet why we are here, or through what means our family affairs have become the subject of judicial inquiry, I am at a loss to know."

This was an unexpected turn; matters had been represented to the judge in a very different light. Clare, overcome with confusion, was unable to afford him any explanation. The Earl of Blackrocks he had known in England, and had previously visited him at his own residence. Somewhat perplexed he turned to him:

"I am at a great loss," said he, "and by no means at liberty to dismiss the case. If you have anything to propose that may assist us, Blackrocks, we shall be glad to hear it."

"I am not aware of any reason my Lord Grey can have for detaining us," said Blackrocks; "and the only suggestion I have to offer, is that he will request the Countess of Ulster to pronounce my sentence."

As Lord Grey courteously repeated the words to Clarice, she rose slowly, stepped down and advanced towards the earl, a look of perfect happiness suffusing her eyes and her smile. The bishop who sat by Lord Grey bent and whispered with him, and a murmur of a ceremony recently performed by him ran round the room, and reached the ears of the thunderstruck Baron Clare, when Clarice, placing her hand in that of Blackrocks, turned quietly to the bench:

"What sentence is it necessary to pronounce?" she said. "My lord, I am his wife!"

A SCRIPTURAL REPROOF.

An eminently Christian lady once administered a very salutary reproof to a minister who was too frequently in the practice of showing a bitter spirit toward his fellow-Christians. He was dining at the table of her husband, also a minister, and dealt out his accusatory and acrimonious remarks to all around him, and at length, with an air and tone bordering on rudeness, turned to her and said:

"Well, now, madam, I am determined to have your opinion."

She very calmly replied, "Why, sir, I had rather be excused from giving it."

He rejoined, "But we must and will have it, for we live in times in which all ought to show their colors."

"Well, sir," she replied, "then my opinion is this: that gentlemen had better keep their razors to shave their own faces, and not employ them to cut and slash everybody who does not think exactly as they do. I also think, sir, that Paul judged the same when he said to Titus, 'Put them in mind to speak evil of no man, to be no brawler, but gentle, showing meekness to all men.'" The gentleman soon after retired.—*Christian Secretary.*

CONTEMPLATION.

Mount on contemplation's wings,
And mark the causes and the end of things;
Learn what we are, and for what purpose born,
What station here 'tis given us to adorn,
How best to blend security with ease,
And win our way through life's tempestuous seas.
Gifford.

ANTICIPATION.

BY LENA LYLE.

The twilight has departed,
And coming is the night,
The brilliant stars are sparkling,
Those gems of radiant light.
But ah, he oft has told me,
That even starry gleams
Could never, never rival
My dark eye's sparkling beams.

I'm waiting for his coming,
I know he'll soon be here;
O, cease, fond heart, this beating!
How *has* he grown so dear?
The rose is on my bosom,
The rose he bade me wear,
My tresses are unbraided,
He says it looks more fair.

I wonder why he tarries,
'Tis really very late!
He said at half past seven,
And now 'tis almost eight!
I do declare I'll chide him,
And angrily I'll talk,—
Hark! there, I hear his footstep,
He's coming up the walk.

O, let me haste to meet him,
I cannot chide him now,
For I feel his earnest kisses
On lip, and cheek, and brow.
O tenderly he folds me
Close to his manly heart,
As he whispers, "Would, my darling,
We had met no more to part."

THE FOUNDER OF A CITY.

BY HENRY W. WOLCOTT.

"AND if I make a home in these western wilds, who is there to share the lot of the lonely emigrant?"

"Do you ask who, John Harris? Are there not lonely women here—women who have left their native country, with high hopes of usefulness and happiness here, only to find them blasted on their arrival—women whose ability and energy need but a shadow of an impetus, to make them the ornaments of these wilds as you call them, instead of the clogs which they are now forced to remain?"

"No doubt, no doubt; but you forget that I am even past middle age, that I have no wealth (that is yet to be gained), and moreover that such is my disposition that I would not marry an angel who did not love me—I mean love me truly for myself alone, and not to escape from these ills which you say women unhappily experience here."

"Certainly not; I would not counsel such a proceeding as that. I am as strenuous in favor of love marriages as you can be; and sincerely hope that you will not marry ~~one~~ of these stray damsels, unless you can declare unequivocally that you prefer her to all the world."

"I never saw but one such, Esther, and she, alas! is far beyond my hope. On the passage from England, I did hope that she regarded me with something like friendship; but since our landing, she treats me with the indifference of a stranger."

A blush, like the rosy dawn, lighted up the features of the lady, and then gave place to a paleness like death. Her companion saw it wonderingly; and he mused in silence for some minutes. Then, as he raised his eyes to hers, he saw there a truth, a sincerity, a nobleness, such as he had once believed rarely, if ever, existed in woman. All at once he knew, just as if it had been revealed to him, that he might rely upon her love for him, and that once given, it would never be recalled.

Little, however, did Esther Say realize this. She had not dreamed that she was the woman whom he had described as showing him more than common regard. On board the ship, she was a ministering spirit to all that seemed ill or homesick; and as John Harris appeared dull and depressed, she extended her cheerful cares to him also; brightening up his gloomy face by a word of cheer, but never thinking any more than now, that she had attracted more than a passing notice from him.

Esther Say was a lonely woman. Brothers and sisters she never had; but from her earliest memory her father had been her sole relative. When he died, England became a wilderness to her, and she gladly became one of the little band who followed the western star. No fixed purpose had she in this. Her only motive was to change the dreary, monotonous life which her father's death imposed on her. From the moment that she went on shipboard, until she landed in America, she was conscious of a strange exhilaration throughout her whole being. Never ill, she was ever watchful of others being so; and her name rang through the vessel as that of a benefactress to all.

That the shy and silent man who stood before her now, should have singled her out from the others whose fresh, young, blooming cheeks betrayed their fair English blood, while hers was pale olive, through which the roses scarcely ever rushed to sight, was something very strange to think of; and if her blush showed that she did dwell a moment upon its probability, her after

paleness as truly showed that the thought was transient.

But Esther Say, with her pale cheek and sable garb, had been the daily and nightly dream of Harris, ever since his foot pressed the wild shore; and now he hastened to ask if indeed there was anything to hope. And Esther, with the truth and sincerity which was her great characteristic, accepted the whole burden of his hopes, wishes, and answered him most truly that he was dear to her desolate heart.

They were married; and the strong but unobtrusive sense and judgment of Esther Say wrought marvels in the shy and silent Harris. From this time, he was a new being; unconscious perhaps of the invisible spell that had transformed him, but conscious enough of his new happiness and the treasure that was about his daily hearth.

From Chester County, Pennsylvania, the new tide of emigration carried him with it, to the mouth of Couoy Creek, on the Susquehanna, near the present site of Bainbridge, in Lancaster county. Here, amidst the terrors of a frontier life, Esther preserved the calm dignity which became her so well.

The Indians came to her house, with intentions of mischief in every look and motion. The quiet, peaceful, yet lofty air that she wore towards them, disarmed them completely. They sat at her table and ate her salt, and forever after, she was safe from their attacks. But this was not when her husband was at home; and there was no bond admitted by the tribe, so it seemed, to protect him from their assaults. They summoned him near his house, tied him fast to a mulberry tree, and left him momentarily expecting them to return and despatch him by some horrible mode of death.

With the step and air of a princess, Esther walked through the entire band as they were returning, probably to perform their work upon him, and with her own hands cut loose the cord that bound her husband to the tree, and led him in triumph to the house. A simple kindness to one of them, a glass of wine to a sick girl, brought the whole tribe to regard her as an emanation from the good Spirit.

"When I die, Esther, I—"

"Hush, dear John!"

"Nay, hear me, dearest; it will come no sooner for speaking of it. When I die, let me be buried under that tree where your courage, my precious wife, saved me from a cruel death."

It was mournful to hear her husband speak of dying. Latterly she had had strange thoughts of death for herself. She could not bear to

think of leaving the green earth, this quiet, beautiful spot, where two happy years had made her forget her once desolate condition. She looked at her husband, and tears came into her eyes.

Within the last few months, she had lain awake, night after night, thinking of her own death. But until this hour, she had not named it to him. Her saddest thought was that she must leave him. It had been late in life that John Harris had loved at all; but the sentiment once cherished in his heart, death itself could not destroy. Esther well knew this, and she trembled to think how soon death might part them on earth.

It was not thus to be. The next morning after this conversation was one that might herald in some glad event. There was not a cloud in the clear blue, July sky, as it bent lovingly over the Susquehanna, clear and blue as itself. The tree tops bowed to the western breeze that came laden with fragrance on the senses. There was joy and gladness under the roof of John Harris; for on that bright morning the first white child born west of the Conewago Hills, drew its first breath, and now lay by Esther's side.

Soon the star of prosperity shone brightly upon the wedded pair. The Indians, grown friendly to the man whom they once sought to kill, brought their richest and most valuable furs for him to purchase, and in this sort of trade he grew rich. His storehouses were filled to overflowing with these articles, and his whole time occupied in buying and selling them.

Esther was as exemplary in her maternity as she had been in her wifehood. She did not know that she was holding in her arms the founder of a great city like Harrisburg; but so it was. But future honors sank before future goodness in the high-minded Esther Harris. Nothing could give her child so fair a patent of nobility, as to have his father's simple goodness and beauty of life reflected in his own. Such a mother could hardly fail of having a good son. The younger John Harris grew up a rare youth; and Esther may be pardoned if she was deeply proud of his talents and acquirements. He had attained to an age when the allurements of the world are hardest to resist; but they failed, and his youth was as the type of his pure, unsullied manhood.

The older Harris had been long subject to fits of depression. Notwithstanding the perfect harmony and beauty of his domestic relations, the even tenor of Esther's calm and innocent life, and the rare promise of his son, there brooded over the moody Englishman a cloud as from that fated November sky which it is said is

doomed to behold the self-destruction of so many of his countrymen. The same feeling of doubt which made him incredulous as to his acceptance by Esther Say in her youth, now troubled him in regard to the continuance of her love. A morbid melancholy pervaded the whole tone of his mind, and rendered him unfit for society and sometimes insensible to the tenderest cares of his devoted wife.

He told her he must die; and from his manner she was led to dread that already he might have decided how and when. But Esther, though doomed to lose her husband, was spared the deeper grief she had feared. Slowly, but surely, John Harris yielded to decay, and just before he left her, his soul resumed its hope. A look of infinite peace and joy lighted up the dying features, and all was over. More than ever the mother and son were now united. He who had been in all to them, lay beneath the spreading branches of the mulberry tree where he had once faced a violent death. This time, Esther had walked with him to the eternal river, but human love could go no further.

With the calm dignity of his mother engrafted upon his manners, and his father's rectitude of purpose, joined with his own indomitable perseverance and energy, John Harris, the younger, was well fitted to become the founder of a great city like Harrisburg. This destiny he fulfilled while his mother lived to hear of her son's well-earned fame. An aged, but still capable and energetic woman, she accompanied him to the site of the new city, saw the work of his hands, and blessed him as the staff of her declining age. Then she returned to lay her bones beneath the mulberry tree, beside the husband of her youth. The elder Harris died in 1748; but of his wife's exact time of death we have no reliable record.

JOHN MILTON'S FAME GONE OUT.

So says William Wistanley in his "Lives of the Poets from the Conquest to James II." The whole passage is a literary curiosity. It will at least serve to illustrate how different an estimate the world has placed upon the immortal poet, from that of the fawning sycophants of royalty. It is as follows:

"John Milton was one whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place among the principal of English poets, having written two heroic poems and a tragedy, namely: "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Sampson Agonista." But his fame is gone out like a candle-snuff, and his memory will always stink, which might have ever lived in honorable repute, had he not been a notorious traitor, and most impiously and villainously bely'd that blessed martyr, King Charles the First."

DEACON BRIGGS.

Old Deacon Briggs is as remarkable for his closeness as was Dickens's man Barkis. His name had come to a proverb in our region for such an economy as ever makes a man the subject of ridicule and contempt. One bitter cold morning a few falls ago, he bade the boys drive together all the pigs that were to be fattened for the market, in a little yard just at the corner of the house. A pig was caught by one of the youngsters; the deacon with a pair of pincers in one hand, and a sharp knife in the other, seized the unfortunate by the tail, and cut it off, *close up*. So on through the whole herd, leaving not a pig with even the stump of a tail. Cort, who worked for his grandfather stood by in amazement—his hands in his pockets, his toes turned in, his old fur cap over his ears, his body warped into a crescent by the cold, and his teeth jawing about the outrage with an incessant clatter. At last he stuttered out:

"Grandpa, what are you cutting off those tails for?"

Sober and solemn was Deacon Briggs as he replied:

"You will never be a rich man, for you do not know what it is to be savin'. You ought to know, my child, that it takes a bushel of corn to fatten an inch of tail!"

Cort has gone to the West, and in the corn-growing bottoms of Michigan, has taken to raising tailless porkers.—*Berkshire Gazette*.

AN UNREASONABLE PROPOSAL.

An Irish servant, who was in the employment of an English gentleman residing in Ireland, was, on one occasion, about going to a fair, held annually at a neighboring village, when his master endeavored to dissuade him from going. "You always," said he, "come home with a broken head; now stay at home, Darby, and I'll give you five shillings." "I'm forever, and all obliged to yer honor," replied Darby; "but does it stand to reason," he added, flourishing his shillelagh over his head, "does it stand to reason that I'd take five shillings for the great big bating I'm to get to-day?"—*Irish Anecdotes*.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Why are spectacles like hay and corn? Because they are *for-age*.

When you put on your stockings, why are you sure to make a mistake? Because you must put your foot in it.

Why is Buckingham Palace in London, the cheapest house in England? *It was built for a sovereign.*

When going to bed, why is your slipper like an unsuccessful dun? *It is put off until the next day.*

THE SABBATH.

Apart from vanity and sin,
How calm the Sabbath stands,
As if our Father held it in
The hollow of his hands.

How calm! a vestibule before
Of work-days and of care,—
O, let us ope its golden door
Upon the hinge of prayer!—ALICE CARY.

THE WRECK OF THE PIRATE SHIP.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"HARK, Abel! is not that a sound of distress?" asked Miriam Hinckley, of her young husband, as the gust swept fearfully around the corner of their little sea-side home, the very next evening after their wedding.

"I hope not, dear; I would not wish to leave you so soon, to see such dismal sights as I have witnessed on this shore sometimes. I will just go to the door and listen."

He opened the door which led directly from the room to the little front yard, and Miriam hastily followed.

"Stand back, Miriam; the cold wind will freeze you. It is snowing so thick that I can see nothing, but I think I can hear a sound at the beach. I must run down, and see what it is."

"Not in this storm, Abel. O, don't go alone! Let me go with you, please?"

"You go! Why Miriam, I would not let you step across the yard. Go in to the fire, and mind and keep up a good blaze, for I shall be wet when I come home."

The terrified little woman clung tightly to her husband's arm, entreating him not to go; but he turned upon her almost a look of rebuke, as he said:

"Then if I should be driven ashore, and in danger, you would not wish any one to go out of a comfortable room to help me?"

"O, what have I said, dear Abel? Yes, go, dear, and do all the good you can to the poor souls. I did not think."

"Well, it is not strange that you should not think. This is a new life to my little country-bred wife. There, hand me my sou'wester, and don't cry; I'll be back soon."

Miriam did as he told her, and went back to the blazing fire; but her knitting-work, although it was for Abel, was not touched, and every two minutes she opened the door to see if he was coming. At last, she sat perfectly still, but looking into the fire with a troubled gaze. Then her eyes wandered to the shelf above the fire-place—so high that she could not reach up to it—and the bright, beautiful shells that adorned it, the great shark's jaw that hung beneath the shelf, and the model of a fishing boat on the chest of drawers, all told of the sea. Then she thought of what had hardly been realized in her mind before, that on that very sea—treacherous, destroying, cruel as it was, her Abel would soon—nay, often, be sailing; and how dreary all these things would look then—how should she

watch every storm, which in her country^d home had scarcely occupied her thoughts at all. O, how dismal she thought it would be thus living ever by the stormy waters. She wished that Abel and herself might be in the loneliest village in New Hampshire, where she was born and bred, rather than living here.

It was very sad for the young girl, not yet twenty-four hours a bride, to have all these thoughts of wreck, and danger, and death; and moreover, as she turned her hour-glass for the second time since Abel went out, she began to tremble and weep. At one time she sprang to the door, resolved to brave the storm, and follow him; but the snow blew in so heavily that she was nearly covered, and she went back shivering to the fireside.

It was full three hours when Abel came in, and his face was ghastly pale. Miriam met him at the door, but when she saw that look, she fell lifeless to the floor, overcome by her previous terror. When she revived, he had changed his wet suit for another, afraid to touch her while she was yet dripping with the melted snow; and had laid her upon the bed in the little bed room adjoining their only other room.

She now crept to his side near the fire, and he sheltered her with his arm, while he told her what had happened. A large ship had been wrecked so close to the shore, that already the dead were lying almost in heaps upon the beach. Two men only were saved, and these had been taken, perfectly exhausted, to the homes of the oldest fishermen. Abel, and indeed all the men who were out, comprising all who lived near the shore, could only stand upon the beach, and hear the "cry of some strong swimmer in his agony," as he made unavailing attempts to reach the shore in the darkness to which the lanterns held by the men could hardly impart a gleam of light while the snow fell so heavily. As they plunged into the boiling waves from the side of the fast-breaking ship, they could hear the heavy plash, which in most cases was followed by a silence, deep and profound, save for the rolling and surging water, as if they had dropped at once into the lowest depths of their fearful grave. Then one or two would struggle up to the surface, hold a brief strife with the waves, and they too would sink.

The young wife shuddered at the narration, and wept afresh at the thought of some night watching for Abel, and his dead body thrown upon the beach.

"Now, I am going to test the courage of a seaman's wife. I am sorry to try it so soon; but you will have to get used to it. We take turns

and watch when such a thing as this occurs, and I join the next watch. I must be back to the beach, in half an hour, and you must lie down until I come back. See, I shall put on a stouter jacket than before, and this log will burn until I come back: No one will harm you, and it shall never be said that Abel Hinckley's wife had not courage to stay alone, even in a storm."

Poor Miriam tried to be very brave, as she took down the heavy jacket, but she broke down before Abel had opened the door. He found her up, with a fresh fire, and a bowl of hot milk porridge when he returned, which was just before dawn. He had no more news to tell, except that the bodies were still being cast upon the shore.

The sun shone brightly upon the snow the next morning, and the beach at Wellfleet was covered with people who thronged to see the spectacle of death. A hundred dead bodies lay there with ghastly upturned faces. Goods of every description were being constantly thrown up; boxes, bales and cases of all kinds and sizes. Even the women came down to look—all excepting Miriam and two or three others, who could not bear to see the terrible sight. Some reckless beings were carrying off the goods, without offering to assist those who were endeavoring to prepare the bodies for as decent a burial as could be obtained.

Abel's father, an old and experienced Cape fisherman, remarked to his son the singularly ferocious and terrible look of every face that was presented to their view as they passed across the beach:

"I have often seen men thrown on the shore thus," said the old man, "but I never saw any that looked like these. Most of them that I have seen had a quiet kind of resigned look on their faces, as if they had struggled hard at first, and then all at once given up the battle, and laid down peacefully."

One of the dead was a very large, powerful man. His hands were clenched tightly together, and the mouth was compressed until the teeth had pierced the lip deeply. Something glittered in the sun, and Abel stooped down to examine it. It was a large gold breast-pin, in the form of a dagger, and was marked "Bellamy" on the reverse. Abel put it back again quickly, and asked his father if it could be the pirate, who had been cruising about the West India islands so long.

"Why not?" asked the old man. "Surely these faces look like such a crew as might have belonged to him."

"Here is his name at any rate," said Abel.

"What on that pin? Then take it out, before those thieves steal it. You must give it to Squire Preston. It may prove a good deal when they come to look into this matter. Now, Abel, look out for some other mark or proof."

But there was nothing but the pin that bore any name; and their attention ere long was turned towards a fishing smack which was rapidly making Wellfleet harbor.

"To think of that craft living out such a storm, and this ship unable to stand off! Abel, if my old eyes don't deceive me, that is the Lady Bird, Captain Pond, who went out last month."

"Your eyes are right this time, father. It is the Lady Bird."

The little craft came in with not a sail torn. She had found a safe cove for the night. Captain Pond, a capable, intelligent man, had been so intent upon arriving, that he had hardly cast a look towards shore, until the vessel was secured. Then, with even more of horror in his countenance than had rested on the others, he surveyed the scene before him. A crowd gathered around him, for some anxiety had been felt for his safety. As he looked narrowly at the faces remaining on the beach—for some of them were already removed—he exclaimed to his mate:

"Good God, Barton—here is Bellamy's whole fleet!"

"What do you mean?" asked a dozen voices at once.

"I mean that probably the whole piratical fleet commanded by Bellamy, was near the Cape yesterday. He captured my vessel last Friday; but offered me the prize back again, if I would pilot him into Cape Cod harbor, so that he might clear his ship at Provincetown. I knew, or suspected at least, who was my captor; and just at dusk I brought him so near the land, knowing that his intention was to plunder, that I fancy he must have struck the outer bar while I was trying to get safely on shore. It was dark when I got sheltered, and the storm rising suddenly, the snow prevented me from seeing any of the vessels again."

Abel showed him the gold dagger, and the captain identified it as the one he had noticed upon the pirate's breast. The pirates had met their fate then, but in a most terrible manner, without warning or preparation. As might be expected, it was long before the excitement subsided in Wellfleet. With Miriam, the images suggested by that night were long a source of unmitigated disturbance. With many others it was a matter of deep interest. It was believed that some of the smaller vessels of the fleet were not wrecked; and of course, there was deep

anxiety lest they were still cruising near the eastern shore, or at least not far from the course pursued by the vessels bound to the western islands.

Meanwhile, quantities of copper coins—William and Mary coppers, and pieces of silver, called cob money, were thrown by every troubled wave upon shore, for the remainder of that year (1717).

'On the outer bar, the violence of the sea moves the sand; and long after the shipwreck, an iron caboose was seen when the tide was lowest. Gradually the fears that had been awakened, were lulled, and the hardy fishermen, and those who traded at the West India ports, made their voyages untroubled by the vision of pirates.

Good old Abraham Hinckley had passed away, and slept with his fathers, and his son Abel had succeeded to the possession of the family homestead, which promised to be a more convenient dwelling for Miriam and her fast-increasing army of little ones, than the small cottage by the seaside, with its two contracted apartments. Their present abode was roomy and comfortable; having any number of queer nooks and irregular hiding-places. Abel had given up the sea for Miriam's sake, had hired land in addition to his own, and was now quite a flourishing farmer. Miriam, country-bred as she was, was perfectly at home on a farm, and her advice upon outdoor matters proved as valuable as her indoor work. All her little nervous ways evaporated in the broad sunshine of her husband's continual presence, and their home exhibited a degree of comfort and hospitality that was truly pleasant to see. The poor, and often wasteful and improvident fishers' wives never lacked a helping hand when their resources ran low. Miriam's heart and larder were alike open, and a little timely help from her often saved many a despairing mother the grief of seeing her children starve before her eyes when the "bread-winner" was taken away.

Miriam was a fine specimen of a good, capable, industrious, New England wife. Handsome she was not, except through her rosy, healthful color, which never grew paler. Her hair, which could not, by any stretch of imagination, be called anything but unmitigated red in color, was still soft and abundant, and her short, stout figure, although not exactly modelled on the line of beauty, was yet indicative of health and strength, and so far, was preferable to that of the delicate beauty of those willowy forms, that make no shadow on the ground when they walk. Abel and herself were, for a wonder, sitting alone one spring evening, by the kitchen fire,

which was heaped with great logs as in mid-winter, to meet the wants of the immense kettle hanging over it, as well as to obviate the chilliness that pervades the sea-shore towns, sometimes even in the summer nights. The children had had their supper, and the weary little limbs were all lain down to rest. The bright flames danced out upon the broad hearth, and threw great shadows on the ceiling, while Miriam's eyes were fixed upon a huge underbed of coals that lay underneath the burning brands.

"What do you see there?" asked Abel, laughing at her earnest look.

"Churches and steeples, and great ships of war, and wrecks. O, I cannot tell you half I see."

Abel turned his loving, good-humored countenance full upon her, and laying his hand caressingly upon her shoulder, he said:

"Speaking of wrecks reminds me that we have not spoken of the great shipwreck for a long time. I have been so busy—so happy too, with you and the children, that I have not thought of anything unpleasant. How quiet and happy we live, Miriam—so happy that time does not change you a bit."

"Ah! Abel, turning flatterer?"

"Indeed I am not. I should be sorry if I could not praise you openly, when my heart is so full of you."

There was a tender silence between them for some moments. Then they spoke of the old story of the wreck, and of how pleasant it was to be at home, and never to go to sea any more. It was pleasant too, to have an evening to themselves. Always there were hired people around, or the children absorbed their attention, or something occurred—a neighbor's visit, or a meeting of some sort—to keep them from being alone. Now, it was agreed upon between them that this hour should be their own, and that nothing but sickness should keep them from being together, either sitting or walking. A slight knock at the door disturbed their conversation; and on Abel's calling to "come in," a tall, stout man entered. There was only firelight; but that showed a face, dark, weatherbeaten and deeply scarred. Abel proffered the stranger a chair near the fire, but he seemed to prefer a darker corner, and sat down in the shadow.

"Have you travelled far, friend?" asked the farmer.

"I have been on the Cape a few days only," said the man, in a deep, harsh voice, that made Miriam rise quickly and light a candle. Thinking the unknown guest might not have eaten supper, she set out the table, and transferred

some of the contents of the kettle to a large dish, inviting him to partake of them. He sat down at the table, ate heartily, and drank a mug of cider. Then, turning to Abel, he asked him if he could accommodate him with a bed.

"I have money to pay for it," he said, "and I wish to remain here several days, perhaps a week or two."

Abel conferred with his wife, and then told his visitor he could have a room if he would be willing to step across the yard to get to it. It was a room adjoining the corn chamber, that had been built for one of their hired men, and at certain times of the year was occupied by an extra hand, but was now empty. If that would suit him, he was welcome to use it as long as he pleased.

"Nay, I am not without means to pay," said the man, showing a belt around his waist, which he said was full of gold pieces.

"Well, well, put up your money to night, my friend," said Abel. "Time enough to pay, when I present my bill."

By the time this conversation had ceased, the farm and kitchen hands assembled in the long kitchen for prayers. Abel laid the great Bible on the table, and prepared to read. The moment he took his seat, the stranger started up and asked if he could be shown to his room, and a boy was despatched to guide him. He stayed there the next morning until he was called to breakfast, and after that he wandered off by himself.

He was at the farm-house several weeks, and when he went away offered to pay, which Abel positively refused. The man seemed to accede, but two or three broad gold pieces were found in little Robert's pocket, which he said the sailor had put there. Towards autumn he came again, exhibited the same reluctance to stay in the room while the Bible was read, and wandered still longer away by himself. It was still warm weather, and the windows were open all night. The first night was one of horror to the family. The most awful shrieks came from the room across the yard, and Abel, supposing the guest to be ill, went up to his door, awoke him, and asked him if such was the case. Sternfeldt, as he called himself, apologized for disturbing him, and begged him to believe that it was only an attack of nightmare. But as long as he stayed with them this time the shrieks were nightly repeated, accompanied by profane, blasphemous, and quarrelsome words, which were heard by every one in the neighborhood.

"That lodger of yours seems to have a hull legion of devils, squire," said one of the old

fishermen to Abel, who had now arrived at the dignity of a justice of the peace.

"Poor man, yee! He has the nightmare badly," returned Abel.

"Nightmare!" said old Ben, contemptuously. "Come down in the Stevens pastur, with me, will ye, squire?"

Abel went, and the old man led him to a spot where he had seen Sternfeldt digging the day before, and at the same time putting something carefully in the leather belt which he wore round his waist, and which he never attempted to conceal at any time.

"Now, look here, squire," said Ben, "this ere man is beyond all doubt, one of that Bellamy's crew, and he is hunting up the gold that they used to bury hereabouts."

Abel started. There was indeed, some reason to think so; but his unsuspecting nature had never dreamed of this. He had fancied him a heart-broken, disappointed man—an infidel perhaps, but not so bad as he might be. His feeling and Miriam's towards him had been one of sincere pity. While he was thinking what to do or say, Sternfeldt sent for him and his wife, to step across the yard to his room. He was in great distress—dying apparently. He uttered but a few words, but they were sufficient to show that the dying man was what the old fisherman had conjectured—one of the crew perhaps of a small vessel belonging to Bellamy's fleet, that had escaped the fate of the larger ship. Indisputably he had known that treasure had been concealed in various places on the Cape, and hence his wish to remain. His terrible night sufferings were from dreams, in which, probably, were repeated the scenes through which he had passed. Byron says:

"The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
Is like the Scorpion girt by fire."

ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR.

A man was charged in one of the Brooklyn criminal courts a few years ago with having stolen his neighbor's pig. A young lawyer, a gray-haired old man now, we know him well, was appointed to defend the prisoner. The evidence was clear and conclusive, but the young limb of the law so wrought upon the feelings of the jury, picturing the desolate home of the prisoner, and the agony of his wife and children, should the husband and father be convicted, that many of the jurors were in tears, and without leaving their seats returned a verdict of not guilty.

"There now, run home," said the counsellor, "and never be caught in such another scrape."

"And am I clear?" asked the culprit.

"You are," replied his lawyer.

"But," said he, loud enough for judge and jurors to hear, "what shall I do with the pig?"

"O," replied his friend, "cook it and eat it. The jury on their oaths, declare you didn't steal it."

STORM AND STARLIGHT.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

Low, leaden clouds, with trailing edges,
Drift slowly past the mountain's side;
A chill wind shrieks among the sedges
That fringe the black and sluggish tide.

Not now the sounds of harp and cittern,
No more the gay and dreamy tune;
I hear instead, the booming bittarn,
And the harsh screaming of the loon.

Like fluttering hearts the ash leaves quiver;
Blue flashes light the craggy tops,
And, where no ripples dim the river,
'Tis circled o'er by sullen drops.

Darker and darker! How the thunder
Reverberates through gorge and glen—
As though hell's gates were burst asunder,
And tortured hosts hailed earth again!

Aslant, the arrowy rain descending
Half hides the grass with sudden mist:
'Tis gone! O'er earth an arch is bending
Of sapphire—topaz—amethyst;

And ruby—violet, and vermillion,
And purple—backed by skies of dun;
While in the west, a cloud pavilion,
Heaven's pageantry—receives the sun.

Faint and more dim;—with twilight blending,
Fades the last lingering amber bar;
But heaven's new light to earth is lending,
Lo! in yon blue, the evening star!

THE WAYSIDE CROSS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

We left the hostelry at an early hour—my guide and myself—and although the pace of the mules which we bestrode only through necessity, was provokingly slow and deliberate, in less than an hour all signs of civilization were lost, and we found ourselves surrounded and hemmed in on every side by the rugged and stupendous masses of rock which skirted the narrow path. In these wilds, ages gone by, some awful convulsions must have occurred; but whether these frightful chasms and deep gorges were caused by the sudden bursting forth of the hidden fires of the earth, or by the upheaving and rending of several mountain peaks, it is uncertain. The causes are unknown, and so they must remain.

Interested as I naturally was in the awe-inspiring spectacle, my attention was soon drawn from the contemplation of these evidences of the power of the Creator. At irregular intervals along the way, rude crosses were erected, two or three sometimes occurring in the space of

half a league, though in some instances this number was doubled. Several of these crosses that I noticed, were painted black, relieved by the letters I. H. S., in white; others were roughly constructed, being evidently put together hastily, but all had a strangely forbidding appearance, and impressed me with an undefined feeling of discomfort even before I had become acquainted with their true and fearful significance.

That travellers are generally thus affected by these monitors, I know to be true; and their object is quickly made known to them, assuming that all of the mountain-guides were as voluble and communicative as was ours upon the occasion referred to. He was a dark-complexioned, well-favored fellow, spite of his rags and dirt, the possession of which among the lower classes of Spain might be well esteemed a necessity. Since our departure from the inn, he had kept up a running fire of description and commentary, speaking in English, a tolerable knowledge of which he had obtained by frequent intercourse with travellers, but varying it occasionally, and reverting to Spanish, as necessity demanded a greater display of superlatives.

Becoming at last aware that his words were lost on me, and observing the objects which had fixed my attention, he ceased his chattering and we rode onward for some moments in silence. As we passed another cross, to my surprise Matteo reverently removed his tattered sombrero. He noticed my inquiring glance, and drawing rein, observed:

"I always do so at this spot, *senor*. This spot marks the place where a man once died."

"And is that the meaning of all these crosses which we have passed?" I inquired.

"Yes, *senor*; each has its history. The one we last saw is placed where Tomaso Gaspachi fell. You have heard of him?"

I replied in the negative.

"What! not of Tomaso, the brigand?" Matteo rejoined, in astonishment. "He was the terror of these mountains for many years; and I well remember when my father—Heaven rest his soul!—fell into the hands of Tomaso and his cut-throats. Jesu! Mercy on me! but he was a sight after he had escaped them. The villains robbed him of everything, leaving him hardly a rag to his back. But Tomaso could not always be in luck. After he had flourished for years, and robbed hundreds of travellers, of all degrees and nations, the government soldiers tracked him to his cave in the rocks. Most of the brigands were killed at once; but Tomaso and a few others managed to escape down the causeway. The soldiers pursued them closely,

and Tomaso was shot; and where he fell, they buried him and planted the cross over his grave."

"When did this happen?" I asked.

"Many years ago, senor. Perhaps you observed that Tomaso's cross is much bent over and decayed; it has stood long in the wind and rain. The one before that, if I remember rightly, is raised over the bones of a poor fellow whom the brigands murdered and robbed. The next—"

"No matter about the next, Matteo," I interrupted. "Tell me about this one." And I pointed to the cross before which we had stopped. "I am sure there is a story connected with it."

"This one? Ah, yes; you are right, senor. It has a strange history, and you shall hear it as we ride on. But first dismount, if you please, senor; this way—carefully, slowly. Now look down."

With these words, he led me to the verge of the precipice, grasping my arm firmly. I looked down, as he bade me, and notwithstanding the instant dizziness which almost overcame me, remained dumb with wonder. Far, far below—so far that it seemed as if the wearied eye needed rest to reach the whole distance—were spread out the fields and forests through which I had lately journeyed. Lying to the right, like a mere dot in the vast landscape, was the little village which we had left in the morning. The fearful precipice, at whose highest elevation we stood, was nearly or quite perpendicular, although its escarpments and rocky projections were very numerous.

As I gazed with indescribable emotions upon the scene, Matteo directed my attention to a bird which was sweeping the air in large circles, so far below us, that its form was hardly distinguishable.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Some small bird," I replied, carelessly. "A hawk, perhaps."

He shook his head with a strange smile.

"Senor is mistaken," he said. "It is the largest bird of the mountains."

"What—the vulture?" I asked, with unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes, senor—it is the vulture. We are far above his nest, and there is almost as great a distance between him and the prey he is now marking, as between us and him. Mark the place well, senor, that you may remember it."

His advice was needless; it was not of a character to be easily forgotten, even with a slight inspection. After we had remounted and continued on our journey, Matteo narrated the story

connected with the pass. I give it substantially as he related it, suppressing his peculiarities of speech and narration. The occurrence which forms the basis of the tale is known, he informed me, as *THE TRAGEDY OF THE PASS*.

"In the little village which lies at the foot of one of the loftiest peaks of the Pyrenees, lived Maria Estoval, a woman somewhat higher in rank than the herdsmen and vineyard planters of the neighborhood, her husband having been a colonel in the army during the peninsular campaigns. He fell at Badajoz, and at the conclusion of the war an ample pension was awarded to his widow, which, with her husband's previous possessions, rendered her quite wealthy.

"Her family consisted of but two persons, in addition to herself—Pedro Estoval, her son, and Carlos Estoval, an orphaned nephew of her husband. The contrast between these two was marked and striking. Both were young and handsome, possessing the rich olive complexion of the sons of Spain, and between them there was a certain degree of resemblance. This, however, was slight, and only existed so far as outward form and features were concerned. Pedro was frank, honest and brave, and a general favorite as well with the men as with the maids of the village; Carlos, on the contrary, was dark, moody and revengeful, and was hated and shunned by the whole village, with the exception of a few chosen spirits of his own ilk, and as evil in heart as himself.

"Maria Estoval had adopted Carlos, fully resolved to consider and treat him as a son, and this benevolent intention she would no doubt have fulfilled, but for the malignant disposition and bad qualities of her nephew, which seemed daily to increase. It mattered little to him what manner of treatment he received; kind words and harsh ones were alike answered morosely, and those who would have been his friends, were repelled by his ferocity and thanklessness.

"But although his treatment of all his acquaintances seemed to be marked by distrust and aversion, there was one in particular towards whom he cherished a bitter antipathy, or hatred, as it might better be called. This one, strange as it may seem, was his cousin Pedro. Even in the petty strifes and rivalries of boyhood, this sentiment was evident in Carlos Estoval, and manhood increased and confirmed it.

"This was the state of affairs at the time of the death of Maria Estoval, which event happened when the young men had respectively attained to the age of twenty-two. After the last offices had been performed to the dead, the notary, with whom the will had been deposited,

summoned the cousins before him to hear it read. It was brief and conclusive; without mentioning the name of Carlos, the deceased bequeathed all her possessions to her son Pedro.

"The face of Carlos turned alternately red and white with anger, and he gazed furiously upon his cousin, whom the reading of the will had affected with painful surprise. As he became conscious of the emotions of Carlos, he approached him with a conciliating air; but his cousin motioned him away with a stern gesture.

"Do not approach me," Carlos Estoval said, in a tone of bitterness. "Think not to insult one you have so deeply injured; smooth words and hypocritical looks cannot serve you now."

"You are rash and unjust," Pedro replied. "It is you who are striving to injure me, and that, too, without the slightest cause. But listen to me: I will divide equally with you this property which is now legally mine. Does this content you?"

"No," cried the other, passionately. "I will not take a gift from your hands—and one which should be mine rightfully, and not yours."

"Then go your ways," Pedro Estoval rejoined, suppressing with difficulty the resentment which the last words of his cousin aroused. "Go your ways; let us separate, for I see you will not be conciliated."

"I will go; but do not flatter yourself that you are now rid of me. I tell thee, Pedro Estoval, I have a feud of blood with you, and our differences can be settled by nothing short of my death or yours. I give you fair warning, then; remember that wherever and whenever you find me, I am still your bitter enemy."

"With these words, Carlos Estoval rushed from the house, and shortly after, disappeared from the village, leaving no clue by which he might be traced. His parting threats caused his cousin a momentary uneasiness—not that he feared Carlos as an open enemy, but because he knew that his bitter enmity might lead him to any act of treachery. But time passed on, and still there came no tidings of Carlos Estoval.

"There was one other who had moved the hatred of Carlos, and whom he had threatened in much the same manner as he did his cousin, before his departure. This was Nina Corbon, who, although the daughter of one of the poorest vine dressers, was the acknowledged beauty of the village. Both the cousins had devotedly loved the fair girl, and each ardently pressed his suit. But Nina was too well acquainted with the character of her two suitors to hesitate long in her decision, and it was speedily known that Pedro Estoval was the favored lover. This fact

in a measure accounts for the rancorous enmity exhibited towards the two by Carlos.

"Very soon after the departure of the latter from the village, strange reports began to be bruited about. A traveller had been robbed on the mountains, and his description of one of the brigands coincided almost exactly with Carlos Estoval. But all doubts were put to flight by an occurrence which happened the following week.

"Some distance outside the village, and nearly at the foot of the nearest mountain slopes, there is still a spring of pure, clear water, where from time immemorial it has been the custom for the maidens of the village to resort, with large goat-skin sacks, to obtain a supply of water for the following day. Upon the day in question, as usual, about the hour of sunset, the young women repaired to the spring. One, Nina Corbon, remained a few moments after her companions had departed homeward. The sound of their laughter had almost died upon her ear, and she was about to hasten after them, when she was detained by a man who suddenly rose before her from his concealment in the grass. A cry of alarm came to her lips, as she recognized Carlos Estoval! It was certainly he, although his usual dress had been replaced by a wild costume, which strangely resembled that of the mountain brigands.

"Stay, pretty Nina," he said, placing himself directly before her. "I must talk with you. How fares your lover, Pedro?"

"If he were here, he would soon teach you," the young girl replied, recovering her usual courage and firmness, although the manner of Carlos filled her with dread. "Come, senor, stand aside at once, and let me pass; I have nothing to say to you."

"By no means, Nina; you cannot escape so easily. Do you remember my words when I last left you?"

"Nina Corbon turned slightly pale, but returned no answer.

"Well, let me repeat them," Carlos continued. "I said then that when I next came to you, you must be prepared to follow me. Are you ready?"

"To go with you? Never! Carlos Estoval, my sentiments towards you cannot change—and more than this, if your dress does not belie you, you have lately increased in villany. Go: I wish to hold no parley with brigands."

"Brigands!" replied Carlos, with a sinister smile. "You are harsh, Nina. But no matter; what if I confess that I am one of Tomaso Gas-pachi's trusty followers? The knowledge will not give you greater strength to resist me, for

go with me you must, and immediately. It is a part of my revenge upon Pedro Estoval; the remainder will follow quickly.'

"As he spoke, he raised her suddenly in his arms. A succession of frightened shrieks broke from her lips, which Carlos adroitly muffled with his scarf, and then hastened to ascend the rocky side of the mountain. But his way was barred by the unexpected appearance of his cousin Pedro, who had been descending the mountain when the well-known voice of Nina Corbon called him from the path to her rescue.

"Carlos dropped his burden and started back with an oath. At first, he seemed inclined to use violence to prevent the interference of his cousin, but the stern, determined mien of the latter, as he placed the rescued maiden behind him and turned to confront him, with a carbine in his hand, intimidated him.

"'Come on, villain!' he said. 'Give me the chance to rid the neighborhood of you—for I would not murder you. Stand where you are, and we will fire together. Dare you encounter me, Carlos—*brigand*?'"

"But the latter was evidently not prepared for this reception. Surveying his cousin with a countenance inflamed with rage and hatred, he replied:

"'Not now, Pedro Estoval. You have won again; but mark me—this is your last victory over me. Nina Corbon shall yet be mine, and you will not long stand in my way. You have conquered at this meeting—beware the next!'

"Shaking his clenched hands at his cousin, before the latter had time to reply, Carlos Estoval sprang up the rocks and hastily disappeared.

"Nina had by this time revived, and Pedro accompanied her back to the village, recounting on the way the circumstances of her rescue and the threats of his cousin.

"'He is a fearful man,' she said, with a shudder. 'I hate him more than ever now, and of course my fear increases with my hate. The Holy Mother protect me!' she added, devoutly. 'I cannot help thinking he will bring some terrible misfortune upon us yet.'

"'Nay,' replied Pedro, 'do not fear him. There is certainly one way by which your safety can be secured.'

"Nina looked at her lover inquiringly.

"'It is this,' he continued. 'Give me the highest right—a husband's right—to protect you, and we can laugh at this braggart and his threats. Will you do this, dear Nina?'

"The maiden blushed and hesitated, but very little persuasion was necessary to make her aware of the pressing necessity of an immediate union.

"In Spain, even when no such necessity exists, affairs like these, when once agreed upon, are speedily consummated. Simon Corbon, the father of Nina, was made acquainted with the true state of the case; and upon hearing of the daring attempt of Carlos Estoval to abduct his daughter, made no objections to an immediate marriage. So for once, at least, the proverb that 'the course of true love never does run smooth,' seemed about to be falsified. But it was not; no, not even in this instance, when everything seemed auspicious. At the last moment, upon the very morning appointed for the marriage, it was discovered that Father Antonio, the good curate of the village, was gone upon an absence of several days.

"This discovery filled the trio with dismay. What was to be done? Simon Corbon proposed to delay the matter until the curate's return. Impossible; the united voices of the lovers overruled this proposition—for what, they argued, might not happen in an interval of three days? Besides this course, there was but one other, and this was strenuously urged by Pedro. It was to repair to the neighboring village, a distance of two leagues over the mountains, and there have the ceremony performed.

"Nina timidly held back from this plan, while her father obstinately opposed it. He insisted that they could hardly escape the brigands on the way, and might possibly fall into the hands of Carlos Estoval. Pedro, however, insisted; and having won Nina over to his views, the matter ended, as might be expected, by Simon's yielding his consent.

"Upon the following morning, therefore, the three set out upon their mission. Simon Corbon was mounted upon a mule, as was also Nina; but Pedro walked by the side of the latter, and guided her beast. The lover could not entirely repress his uneasiness, as they passed several localities rendered notorious by late attacks of the brigands; but as they continued on their way without accident or adventure, his spirits rose, and he laughed and sang with unusual gayety.

"At noon, the party entered the Pass of Terror. As they proceeded carelessly on, unsuspecting of danger, a sharp whistle echoed among the rocks, and instantly the way was barred by half-a-dozen brigands, headed by Carlos Estoval. Pedro quickly turned Nina's mule in the opposite direction; but to his dismay, he found the path blocked by as many more brigands, led by a small, thick-set man, with swarthy complexion and a piercing black eye, whom he at once recognized, from the descriptions he had heard, as Tomaso Gaspachi. Before the lover had time

to think of resistance, his arms were seized from behind, and, securely pinioned; Simon Corbon was in the same instant knocked from his saddle and grasped by a huge fellow, beside whom the terrified vine-dresser appeared like a pigmy, while the reins of Nina's mule were grasped by Carlos Estoval, who regarded the terrified girl with an expression of triumph.

"All this happened in far less time than I have occupied in recounting it, so that when the travellers had collected their bewildered senses, they found themselves securely in the hands of the bandits, and, worse than all, at the mercy of Carlos Estoval. The first thought of Pedro was to appeal to the captain of the brigands; but as the latter commenced to speak, he waited.

"Now," said Tomaso, advancing towards Carlos, who still retained his place beside Nina, 'you shall receive justice. Is this your wife?'

"Carlos replied in the affirmative.

"'Liar!' burst indignantly from Pedro's lips.

"Do you deny it, then?' Tomaso demanded.

"That Nina Carbon is yonder villain's wife. I do deny it; he has not the slightest claim upon her," Pedro boldly replied. 'Here is her father—ask him.'

"Tomaso turned quickly to Simon and commanded him to speak the truth. The latter tremblingly asserted that his daughter was not the wife of Carlos Estoval.

"An ominous frown appeared upon the brow of the brigand, as he heard his words.

"So, villain," he uttered, menacingly, addressing Carlos, 'you have deceived me. Malediction! Did you not tell me that Pedro Estoval had robbed you of your wife? Speak!'

"The face of Carlos turned deadly pale, as he observed the anger of his captain. He attempted an answer, but in his agitation he was only able to stammer an inaudible reply.

"It is enough!" Tomaso sternly interrupted. 'No more, lest you utter another falsehood to me.'

"With a gesture, the captain commanded the release of Pedro, and then signed to the latter to lead the mule which bore Nina Corbon further away. This being done, Carlos Estoval was left standing near the brink of the frightful precipice. Without another word, Tomaso unslung the carbine at his back, and placing the muzzle almost against the forehead of Carlos, discharged it. The victim tossed his arms wildly, uttered one piercing cry, and toppled over the precipice!

"Replacing his carbine, Tomaso turned to the horror-struck spectators of this summary punishment. His stern look softened, as he gazed upon the face of Nina, and taking her hand, he said, respectfully:

"Henceforth, lady, let there be at least one witness to testify to the justice of Tomaso Gaspachi. You can best tell whether Carlos Estoval merited his fate.'

"With these words, he drew off his followers and disappeared, having first detailed two of them to accompany the travellers as a guard. Pedro and Nina proceeded on their way, and it was long before they could dismiss the influence of the singular and terrible occurrence from their minds. In due time, they arrived safely at their destination, and were speedily united. Upon their return, a vague curiosity induced Pedro to gaze over the edge of the precipice. He shuddered as he saw the body of Carlos, hundreds of feet below, impaled, by some strange chance, upon a projecting splinter of rock.

"He will become food for the vultures—God rest his soul!" Pedro fervently ejaculated.

"By his direction, a cross was subsequently erected upon the spot where this tragic scene occurred. There it remains, to this day, and the tale which I have narrated will perhaps be recognized by more than one traveller as the same he heard from the lips of his guide in the Pyrenees."

The ultimate fate of Tomaso Gaspachi and his band I have previously detailed in the words of Matteo. His death, like his life, was violent and sanguinary; yet the respect with which his memory was long cherished by the simple peasants of the mountains, amply attests that his nature was not wholly perverted by evil.

TEA.

Tea, with the flowers and scents of the warm East in it, with something hearty, and of a downright domestic quality in its vivifying effect! Of the social influence of tea, in truth, upon the masses of the people in this country, it is not very easy to say too much. It has civilized brutish and turbulent homes, saved the drunkard from his doom, and to many a mother, who would else indeed have been most wretched and most forlorn, it has given peaceful, cheerful thoughts that have sustained her. Its work among us, in England and elsewhere—ay, throughout the civilized world—has been humanizing—good. Its effect has been upon us all, something socially healthful; something that is peaceful, gentle and hearty. The passionate drinker may sit by his fire, watch his kettle, and in the stream of steam rolling away from it, see all the fallen idols of the East tumbling about; the long-eared, long-nailed goddesses unceremoniously bandied hither and thither; the gaudy temples broken up; the priests disbanded.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

THE RESTLESS MIND.

The sunken cheek and lantern jaw,
Betray the venomous restless mind:
Whose only solace is to prey
Upon the sorrows of mankind.

MY MOTHER.

BY OSCAR PERCIVAL.

Sleep on, dearest mother, sleep,
Thy children mourn their loss;
Around thy silent grave we weep,
That's covered o'er with moss.

Thy voice, that once was soft and sweet
As the summer's gentle breeze;
That taught us Jesus' will to keep,
To him to give our praise.

Yet why should we so mourn and weep,
When God hath called thee home?
Yet it causes us to mourn with grief,
As o'er the earth we roam.

We cherish all thy tender love,
That once thy lips did speak;
As thou art sleeping in the grove,
Thy spirit with the meek.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND:

—OR,—

A Smuggling Adventure in Monte-Video.

BY GEORGE H. BURMAN.

I'll tell you a story about that same, youngster, which may learn you not to jabber too freely in a strange port. And, for the matter of that, not quite so freely in any port, as you green ones are apt to do.

Did you ever hear of old Stinson, who used to sail out of Boston, years ago? He went by the name of Captain Bully Black. He was short, thick set, and about as near a nigger in complexion as a full-blooded white man ever ought to be. He had the name of being a hard customer. In short, he was a good master to a man who did his duty; but to one who didn't, I won't just say what he was—I'd rather leave you to guess. Ordinarily, he was a person of few words. But when his dander was up, I shouldn't like to be the one to bear its brunt, unless the thing were absolutely necessary. He had, like many others of his profession, pretty strong prejudices; one of which was that a Yankee was by nature a little smarter than anybody else on the face of the globe. And another (in which also he was not so very peculiar), that it was perfectly proper, indeed rather obligatory, to smuggle when and where he could, out of the dominions of Uncle Sam, whose revenue laws he acknowledged with as much exactness as could be expected from frail human nature.

In the year eighteen hundred thirty odd, I was in the old Sappho as first officer, Captain Stinson, commander. At the time of which I speak,

we lay at Monte-Video, discharging a cargo which we had taken in at Liverpool. The Sappho was an old fashioned ship, built for carrying, and quite full in the counter. In addition to our regular manifest, the captain and myself had a little venture in the shape of some thirty or more kegs of old Madeira wine, which we intended to run ashore free of the heavy duties which a legal entry would have imposed. Ah, I understand what you would say. But, as we sailors used to say, "No sin in smuggling, if you are not caught." That was our doctrine.

At Monte Video, on account of the shoal water close in, ships were (and I suppose still are) obliged to discharge their cargoes into large boats or lighters, which conveyed the goods on shore. We lay off in the stream, in full view from the custom house. As soon as we reported ourselves ready to discharge, an officer was put on board ship, who checked every package as it was unloaded, comparing marks with the ship's list of cargo. The same was done on shore, where the lighters came to the landing place. The regulations were very strict, and deviations therefrom, if known at head-quarters, were severely punished. Rosas was the dictator of the city and province, and he was not a ruler to be trifled with. With him it was a word and a blow; or more frequently, the blow without the word, when his own people were found wanting. If one of his understrappers broke any regulation of his, the man would be called on by a sergeant and file of twelve, who would ask him, very politely, to step down the street a little way. In about five minutes after, one might hear some old muskets go off, and that would be the end of the poor fellow.

To come again to my story. We reported ourselves ready to discharge, and off came the *visite* boat, as it was called, and put on board the custom-house officer who was to keep ship. He was a tall, straight, keen-eyed fellow, with a nose like a hawk, and a shining black moustache, which curled like a pig's tail. The captain and myself took a survey of him; and we came to the conclusion that he might be an ugly customer to deal with, though there was no doubt that he would pocket a bribe fast enough, if we could contrive the thing aright.

"Like enough he knows a little English," said Captain Stinson; "most of these fellows do. You must parleyvoo round him, and come the polite till we can get his bearings, and then we can tell better how to manage. They tell me these things are a little ticklish here. At any rate, we can't do anything with the kegs just yet. So I'll leave the man under your care for

the present, for I am going ashore to look round."

"Thank you, sir," I replied. "I will use my best endeavors with the chap; and as for the polite, I can beat a Frenchman at that, when I really try."

"I never saw you try, then," growled the old man, as he turned to go over the side.

The coast being clear, I began to make my approaches to the Spaniard. Of course I didn't come straight out; but I edged up to him cunningly, as a cat does to, a yellow bird. I pitied him dreadfully, you know, because he was so lonesome. Says I, "*Parley voo English?*"

He shook his head, as much as to say he didn't understand, or didn't care about talking, or something of the kind. So I just walked round a while, and thought the thing over. Then I concluded to take him on another tack, for, thinks I, if he will jabber a little Spanish perhaps we can get along together, somehow. So says I, again, "*Monsieur cavaliero parley voo Spanish, then?*"

He shook his head again, and mumbled over something about *nontoudy*; I can't spell the word, but it's Spanish for not understanding. So I got pretty well convinced that we couldn't sail together in the way of talk, and contented myself with giving the wink to the steward to make everything right and comfortable for the chap, and to hand him out everything he wanted, without so much as the fiftieth part of a sour look by any chance whatever.

"Yes, sir," said the steward; "but the way he does put into that butter is awful."

"Never mind," said I, "the ship can pay for it." In the course of a few hours off came the captain.

"How do you and that custom-house chap get along?" said he.

"Can't get anything out of him," I answered. "He doesn't know a word of English, and it seemed to me as though he hardly knew Spanish either, for I tried to talk some with him. But I dare say my Spanish has got a little rusty and mixed up, seeing as how I have not been on these coasts for many years."

"No English, eh?" said Captain Stinson. "However, it doesn't make much difference. We can feel a little more at our ease, and perhaps save the hush money that we had intended to pay him. I met the captain of the French bark Louise, which lays off yonder, when I was ashore just now. We had a talk together about this wine of ours, and have arranged that on a favorable night, when we hoist a signal lantern in the foreshrouds, his boats shall come along-

side, take the kegs, and work them ashore for us. We shall have to wait, probably two or three nights, till our man begins to get a little off his guard."

We had it all contrived first rate, and felt tolerably easy about getting the stuff clear. It was grand weather—we had plenty of good cigars—and those confounded lighters worked so slow that there was lounging time enough for all the cabin people. In the afternoon, I would have a good long spell on the quarter; and Captain Stinson would come along and get into a talk about the Spaniards, berate their religion, growl about their cookery, and wish the whole country was in the hands of the Yankees, who would be able to make something of it. All this time the Spaniard, perhaps, would be leaning back against the rail, smoking his cigar, and looking as comfortable as possible, never seeming to know that the skipper was abusing him and his nation up hill and down, right within his own hearing. The fact is, as for talking, we got so that we didn't mind him any more than we would a dog about deck.

The captain had always dined on shore; but as luck would have it, he came off in his boat one afternoon just as we were sitting down to dinner. The Spaniard sat with his back to the companion-way, and as Stinson entered he could not help looking straight into his plate. The captain stopped, and his face grew as dark as a thunder cloud. I cast my eye toward Mr. Cavaliero, as I used to call him, and I saw directly what was the matter. He had just taken a warm biscuit in hand, and scooping out the inside, was proceeding according to his usual custom to fill up the shell with the larger part of the contents of the butter plate. This was a very favorite dish with our friend, though his unchecked indulgence in it bid fair to deprive us very quickly of a luxury which we could not easily replace in Monte-Video, where oil is the universal substitute. The old captain could hardly stand it to see the Spaniard fairly lading out his prime butter in that sort of way.

"Steward! steward!" he shouted, in a voice of thunder, "come this way directly. How much butter have we left?" he continued, as that functionary made his appearance in hot haste, and with rather an alarmed countenance.

"Fifty pounds, sir," exclaimed the steward, rubbing his hands in subdued glee as he saw where the storm threatened to fall.

"And two or three days ago we had at least a hundred pounds. Now I want to know if this here blasted monsieur keeps eating it at this rate all the time?"

"O, yes, sir, yes, sir," replied the steward, with the utmost cheerfulness. "He keeps doing so all the time, sir. He's only just begun, now, sir."

Old Stinson seemed ready to choke. He could only sputter it out in pieces.

"Scoundrel, hog, I'll kick him out, bundle him ashore in the boat; never saw such goings on in all my going to sea." Adding somewhat more of a little stronger nature.

Just at this instant I was taken with the most violent fit of coughing that ever I had in my life—purely accidental of course—but it stopped the captain a little; and after an instant's pause, he turned about and tumbled up on deck. His last words were, as he disappeared:

"Steward, mind you don't cook any more warm biscuit, while that fellow is on board."

All this time our foreign friend sat enjoying his melted butter as comfortably as possible, without the slightest change of countenance, though I did imagine that I saw his moustache twitch a very little once. It was plain enough that the man hadn't the slightest idea of what was going on, though he might have been bright enough to have guessed a little by the manner of the thing, if in no other way. We finished dinner, and got on deck; Mr. Cavaliero took his cigar as usual, and the captain disposed himself for a talk.

"I suppose, Mr. Wallace," he said, "that we shall pretty near finish discharging to-night, by what you have told me. It is high time we got that wine started. And, by the way, isn't it rather odd that this rascally officer should have kept up so much later than usual these two or three nights past? Here have the Frenchman's boats been laying off and on, and we can't get any chance to do a thing. You don't think that fellow there has any idea that we have got wine stowed away in our cabin, hey? 'Tisn't possible he can understand a little English once in a while?"

"Not a bit of it. He knows nothing about the wine, nor the English either, for if he did, he must be more than mortal man to stand that broadside that you let off against him at dinner time. Fact is, captain, I think you are rather hard down on these Spaniards and foreigners here. I don't see why one of them isn't just as good as a Yankee, as long as he behaves himself."

"There now, shut up. I won't hear any such nonsense as that," growled old Stinson. "But as for that wine, we must have it out to-night, if possible. I hope to mercy that chap will take a notion to go to bed to-night."

"I think he will," I said. "It is cloudy and rather unpleasant this afternoon, and these last few nights have been pleasant enough to tempt any one to stay up a few hours."

By-and-by the lighters got alongside again, and at it we went with a will, to finish off the cargo, if possible. Just at nightfall, the captain, myself and the custom-house officer were standing about the gangway, when the last package was hoisted to go over the side. In an instant, the Spaniard sprang forward, and caught hold of it.

"I'll stop this, if you please," he said.

Old Stinson started as if he had been shot; and, as for myself, I never recollect feeling just so streaked in my life.

"Hello, Mister Mounseer, let go of that, I say!" roared the old man, as soon as he found breath. "I thought you couldn't speak English, you old snake in the grass!"

"Look here, Captain Stinson," exclaimed our foreign friend, drawing himself up to his whole height, while his eyes glittered like fire-flies in the dark, "I want you to understand that I can talk English as well as you can. I was educated in New York, and spent three years there as clerk in one of the mercantile houses. And now you have had your fill in blackguarding me and my country, and I'll make that wine of yours pay for it roundly, mark my words."

It was in vain for the captain to endeavor to express his inward rage and astonishment by mere words. The occasion was too much for him. He took vent in a long, low whistle, and walked away.

"What shall I do with this fellow?" he said to me. "He'll sell the ship over our heads." Here he stopped short, as if struck with a sudden thought. "Suppose we pitch him overboard?" he added.

"'Twont pay," I replied, choking down a laugh at the half insane coolness of the proposition.

"Don't know as it will," continued Stinson, despondingly. "But that wine shall come out this night." Here he brought down his foot with an emphasis on the deck. "It shall come out this night, spite of custom-house officers, Rosas and the devil."

All this passed in a moment. He wheeled around with a rough sailor-like laugh, and seeing the steward poke his head out of the cabin, asked him if supper were not ready.

"Come," said he to the Spaniard, "let us go down and take a glass of wine over this. If I have been letting my tongue run a little loose, it is no more than fair that I should pay for it, as

you say. May as well take it coolly as any other way. However, as for that package you've just stopped, I don't think you'll find any harm in it. You can look at it at your leisure, if you wish."

The old man ordered two or three bottles of wine on the table. Prime old Madeira it was, and came from the self-same lot that we had tucked away so nicely under our berths. Our friend the Spaniard cottoned to it directly; but, bless you, it had no sort of effect on him that I could see. Old Stinson pressed him to help himself, and passed the bottle. Then the old man began to warm up, and got a-going on some of his best stories (for he could set them off when he chose), and our officer too began to thaw a little, and it was full two hours, I think, before we got up from the supper table. Then a proposition was made regarding cigars; and our choicest brands were overhauled. We smoked, chatted a little—smoked, smoked—went on deck, walked about, and smoked; went below and smoked; till finally, when we had made a pretty large hole in the night, we got so sleepy that we were forced to go to bed. As you may naturally suppose, we soon began to snore. Did you ever know a thorough-bred seaman who couldn't snore? O, it's a beautiful art; and I think we gave that rascally don some specimens, that night, which would have deceived the very old gentleman in black himself. First I whistled a tiny note, faint as the music of a far-off bird. Presently commenced a low and solemn base, by my superior's nose. Then "crescendo," I believe they call it, I rose to a clear and silvery larum, like Miss Brown when she gets clear up on the main truck of her voice, and don't hardly know how to come down again. Then I slid away down so softly, and I and old Stinson came in with a full chorus like one of your big organs with all stops off and the pipes in full blast. Ah, it was a glorious performance, and so overcame Mr. Don, that in less than half an hour he also was under the sheets, and carrying on a little song of his own, pitched in the natural key. Politely disposed as we were, we didn't like to interfere with his music. So we gradually wound up our instruments, and turned out of bed very noiselessly, being quite indisposed to interrupt our friend's healthy slumber. As an additional precaution, I slid back my stateroom door, and passed a bit of rope round its handle and that of the adjoining door where the Spaniard slept. The lantern had already been set in the rigging; the Frenchman's boat came alongside, and out came those kegs of wine from under our berths in less than no time. It is true

we made as little noise about it as possible, but it wasn't long before our gentleman in the wood got started. Out of his berth he came with a puff, and then such a swearing, rattling, stamping and swearing you never heard in your life. But the door was good mahogany, put together by old Buggins, of New York, and it held him. We worked right on, and paid no attention to him, and in less than fifteen minutes we had all still on our part, and turned in again. Our cavaliero soon gave it up for a bad job; and when he was entirely quiet, I softly slipped off the rope-fastening, and went to sleep like a lamb.

At very early daylight our chap tumbled out, and commenced such a bluster that I felt myself obliged in civility to take some notice of him. I heard his complaints with the utmost surprise. Had heard nothing at all; knew of nothing of the kind. Was he subject to nightmare? Thought it very queer about his not being able to open the door, unless it was merely a dream. Such a thing might be, however, for the varnish in very hot weather would sometimes undergo a partial melting, and cause the slides to adhere. Didn't he eat too much of that chicken pie last night? Indigestion oftentimes caused most horrid dreams. I had an' aunt who was always troubled so after eating hearty suppers. In short, I did my best to soothe him, after my fashion; but his temper was so unchristian that I couldn't mollify him a bit; and the *visite* boat from the custom house coming alongside, he ordered its crew right into the cabin and had out the bottoms of the berths in a twinkling. Asked what they were making such a stir for; what was it they wanted?

"Vine! vine!" cried a little withered up old fellow.

Told him we didn't keep it there, and brought him some of the article in a tumbler. The Spaniard shook his fist at me, and, finding that the game was up, for the present at any rate, he tumbled himself and a pair of French boots into the boat, and started with his men for shore.

Old Stinson rubbed his hands cheerily as they made off, then looked blank, then took out a prime Havana, and puffed at it unlighted with the big end in his mouth; threw it away for a failure, took out another, went down into the cabin, cocked his legs on the table and his body in a chair, and began studying Coggeshall's *Law of Nations* with the book upside down. In two minutes, up again on deck, and ordered the boat ready to go to his consignees. He was gone till afternoon, when he showed himself aboard ship with his face as hot as the cook's coppers.

"Do you believe," he exclaimed, as soon as he had got me by the button, "that I hadn't been at the consignees more than twenty minutes, before in came a billet from that infuriated Spaniard, politely asking me to send him two hundred dollars, saying he wanted it right away. Old Mirick advised me to pay it, and I vowed right up and down that I wouldn't."

"Why, you are crazy, Captain Stinson," I replied. "He'll have us in the bilboes before night, besides coming on the ship for at least half she's worth."

The old man growled like an old bear, and I went almost sick at our luck. Couldn't sleep any that night expecting the guard boat alongside every minute. Early next forenoon the captain ordered round the boat again, and told me I might go with him if I chose. I got in, and on arriving at the beach, marched up to the store of our consignees, Mirick & Sangrado. The former was a fine looking old gent, about sixty; his hair was as white as snow, and covered a knowing head too. The old gentleman came forward to us, and, shaking hands with the captain, said:

"Stinson, I am sorry for you. Yours is a bad case. Here is another note come down this morning for a hundred dollars more."

"I told you so," burst out the skipper, "I told you so yesterday; but you would pay the two hundred, and I shall have to father the bill. And now here's some more to come, and so it will be till the whole goes for it, ship and all. Dang it, I say, let her go at once, and make a whole job of it; I won't pay another cent."

"O, yes, you will," said Mr. Mirick, smiling and clapping him on the shoulder. "Yes, you will. Come, Stinson, take a glass of good wine with me, and you'll feel more reconciled."

"Not a cent, the rascally villain! I was a fool that I didn't pitch him overboard in the place. I would have done so, if it had not been for that pretty wife of his that he has just got married to. Was afraid it might make some trouble to her. Might have got somebody to pitch him under when he sneaked ashore to see her—Hello! Good Lud! why haven't I thought of that before?"

Knocking his hat jam down on his head, the old man made a single spring through the door, and rushed in the direction of the plaza, and I after him, for I had no idea what was going to happen. I overheard Mirick, in a surprised way, saying something about broken regulations; but what that meant, I knew not. Just about the moment that I caught up with the skipper, we came chock up face to face with our friend, Don

Filipe, the customs officer. The Spaniard looked as pleased as a cat with a pitcher of cream

"Have you brought the money?" said he.

"No, you rapsallion," roared old Stinson.

The Spaniard wheeled right about on his heel, his face as black as thunder.

"Any commands for President Rosas?" he hissed out between his teeth.

"No, sir-ree, I'm bound straight there myself."

The Spaniard cocked his eye round with a stare, as if he thought the captain out of his senses. To tell the truth I had a slight thought of that kind myself.

"What expect you to do there, senor?"

"Expect? I expect to have you shot, you old heathen scoundrel! Don't I know that you left the ship twice without permit, three quarters of an hour each time, contrary to the express regulations of President Rosas? Thought we weren't posted up, eh?"

The Spaniard turned deadly pale, his legs shook under him, and he almost went down on his knees in the dirt. He well knew that he was in our power.

"Spare me, Senor Captain," he cried, with an abject look.

"Hand the two hundred," cried the skipper.

Senor Filipe, with a trembling hand, counted out the gold.

"Hand out another hundred for our trouble," added Stinson, with a stern and piercing look.

Our friend essayed to murmur, but his countenance quickly sank, and out came the money. Stinson carefully examined the reckoning as before. Then, turning with a low bow to the Spaniard, he addressed him as follows:

"My dear friend, I find that I have been a little prejudiced against your countrymen, and, as I wouldn't like to injure your feelings, I would explain that I had erroneously judged their character by the example of two or three such precious scamps as yourself. I am happy to find your countrymen, on the whole, a very honorable people; and hope for your sake that they will soon be induced to offer you a passage to Guinea, or somewhere else, where you can be more at home than it is possible for you to be, here among decent people. And, before I part with you, please accept a bit of advice. Never again attempt to take the advantage of a Yankee, unless you wish to fare worse than you have done to-day. Good-day, sir, and wish you well. And now, Mr. Wallace," he continued, turning to me, "there's 'diamond cut diamond' for you; and as we've made a pretty fair speculation to day, I think we can afford a ride up town. What say you?"

THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.

BY ROSWELL RICE.

The verdant flowers are blooming,
In ample troops appear,
Their golden buds are breaking
On landscapes far and near;
The meads and gardens waving
With these rich gems of God,
Cheer up the soul that's mourning
Under affliction's rod.

These starlit flowers are bending
By every gentle breeze,
O'er earth's broad circle smiling—
The feast of toiling bees;
From sunlit waving oceans,
Lake, vale and mountain sod,
These gems in all their beauty
Display the works of God.

They come with full-orbed glory
In summer's genial rays,
And on earth's dreary surface
Console man's eager gaze;
They fill each heart with wonder,
King Solomon outshine,
From all the sweets of nature
Rich odors they combine.

If God on flowers is shining,
And gives them every hue;
How much more bless the faithful,
That in his truth pursue!
Sweet gems immortal waving,
Shall grace the ransomed soul
Of every saint in heaven,
While streams of mercy roll.

Thou Son of God! Redeemer!
Who did the lily grace,
Thy word of power has quickened
Queen Flora's blooming race;
Yet they are frail and fleeting,
Each year they pass away,
But thy unfading glory
Shall live when flowers decay.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

BY WILLIAM D. OLIVER.

FOURTEEN miles from Clonmel, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, is the town of Cashel. It is built round the southern and eastern sides of the celebrated Rock of Cashel. There is a prophecy extant, of St. Columkill, that when there was a fall of this rock, there would be a revolution in England. Not long since, a considerable portion of this rock slipped down, recalling the prophecy to many minds.

The rock of Cashel rises in a rich plain, in the very heart of the finest soil in Ireland. The summit of the rock is crowned with picturesque buildings. Here is an ecclesiastical Round

Tower; Cormac's Chapel, built by Cormac M'Carthy, king of Munster, in the twelfth century; a grand cathedral, built by Donal O'Brien, king of Limerick; two towers in the Norman style, executed in the eleventh and twelfth centuries; and a strong castle built for the archbishop's palace. The summit of the rock of Cashel commands the most extensive and picturesque view in all Ireland. The Bay of Dublin can be discerned, and the rich beauty of the county of Wicklow lies beneath it like a soft picture. On the west, the Shannon winds its lazy course like a huge serpent, until it loses itself in the Atlantic; and on the east, the Nore mingles with the Barrow, watering the rich plains below. On this rock, too, dwelt the kings of Munster, each of whose lives was in itself a brilliant poem, but whose fame is passing away from the nation, as the ancient Milesian blood grows thin and weak.

Years ago, a young girl, in whose veins a portion of this very blood was said to flow, and who resided with her widowed father on the eastern declivity of Cashel, was beloved by the son of Maurice Heath, a man of a respectable but decayed family, and now living in a miserable, tumble-down sort of place, at Clonmel. The house itself had been one of the better sort, and the land showed here and there evidences of having been laid out with taste, as a gentleman's pleasure grounds. But these traces were mostly effaced, and the soil was used now only for planting potatoes, except the small portion devoted to the pasturage of a single cow. Here had lived Maurice Heath's ancestors, however, for all remembered time; and here, although he had not a penny to keep it in repair, and it was falling to pieces about his ears, he continued to live, too proud to exchange it for a decent cabin, or to pull down any part of it to mend the leaky roof and gaping stones of the rest.

Early in life, he had married Ilda Heath, his third cousin; for which offence against the established rules of the country and religion, he was banned and excommunicated. They had but one child, Donald, on whose young life this separation from all society pressed very heavily. Fortunately, the child had engaged the attention of the priest of Clonmel, who, taking a fancy to the boy, and urging that his parent's faults should not peril his immortal soul, nor even his earthly interests, had invited him to come to his house for instruction. He found Donald an apt and willing pupil, and, proud of his progress, Father O'Brien initiated him into the elements of other studies besides that of the catechism; so that the boy at fifteen was advanced far beyond those

who had attended regular schools, and could even compete with the youths who had left Clonmel to reap the advantages of the university at Dublin.

But Maurice Heath, whose spirit was broken down by poverty and the desertion of friends, hardly appreciated this act on the part of Father O'Brien, and often reproached his son for spending so much time over his books, when it was needed for work. After these expostulations, poor Donald would sit moping about the house for days, apparently without any object in life, when his mother would urge him back to his beloved books once more, and promise intercession with his father in his behalf. But Ilda Heath's life was now in a doubtful state. The desertion of friends, while it made her husband moody and irritable, had preyed upon her inwardly until her health declined, and when Donald was in his seventeenth year, she sunk gently into the grave. From this time Maurice Heath was insensible alike to pleasure or pain, life or death, solitude or society. The being for whom he had perilled loss of caste, perhaps loss of his soul—for so did the Clonmel bigots construe it—was taken away from his eyes, and thenceforth life was a burden. No solicitations of his son could rouse him to any exertion, and the land would have been wholly untended, and the means of subsistence would have utterly failed, had not the boy seemed suddenly endowed with a new spirit. He laid aside the books he loved so well, and devoted himself to draining bogs, building stone walls around the land, and brightening up the aspect of their possessions. Only the house itself was let alone. On that, his father, though deep in his utter abstraction to all other things, resisted all innovations. Where Ilda lived and died, not a single thing must be touched; and so they lived on in its decay. Still, they were more comfortable than formerly, Donald imperatively requiring old Aileen, a woman who had taken care of his mother, and had remained at the house ever since she died, to prepare his meals regularly, and to see that his father's clothes were clean and well mended, on pain of being dismissed. Having no settled home, she was desirous of staying, and her efforts to get Maurice to dress himself decently were sometimes ludicrous enough. Her only way of success was to steal his clothes from his room after he was asleep, and substitute others for them, so that her anxiety to please Donald was generally rewarded.

After the latter had made all the improvements which he was able, he returned to his books with fresh relish, and the priest of Clonmel received

him joyfully. Still, he could only *recite* to his teacher on account of his anxiety to be with his father, in his present low state of health and spirits. Maurice Heath came in a very few years to the verge of insanity. He was very gentle, except at times, when the old irritability would flash out upon the first person who happened near him. Donald was now twenty-one, but with no profession, no means of living, save in the scanty way in which the family had always lived, and which now his taste and intellect as well as his ideas of comfort rebelled against sorely. But he saw no way at present to revive their fortunes, and almost he wished that his eyes had never been opened to any new view of life, through the books that had been his only solace, since they had given him at the same time a craving for another life than the one he was forced to lead. Musing upon all these things, he was walking home from the priest's house one day, and when near his own gate he heard the irregular clatter of a horse's feet, and almost instantly they passed, almost overturning him in the path. The rapid flight only gave him time to see that a lady was on the horse's back, and that her saddle was loose, with the straps hanging. He sprang after them, and, thanks to his wild and fearless training, he was enabled to seize and turn the horse, and rescue her from being trampled upon in the narrow pass into which the horse had entered. A sprained ankle, not yet quite strong, had alone prevented her from jumping off before, and as she reached the ground it was again strained, rendering her in a degree helpless.

To calm the frightened horse, and put him in safety, arrange the broken straps of the saddle, and set the lady upon it once more, was the work of a few moments. The glance of thanks from the sweetest eyes that had ever met his own, was ample repayment of his services. But long before he reached the gate of his own house, and at which he did *not* intend to stop, impelled to pass it from a sudden feeling of shame in letting the strange lady know that he lived there, the hurt foot began to swell and grow so painful, that it seemed absolutely necessary that something should be done to relieve it. Stiffing his pride at sight of her extreme suffering, he entreated her to suffer him to lead the horse up the pathway to the door, and try old Aileen's sovereign remedy for strains and bruises; and moaning with pain she consented. He carried her in his arms to a long, narrow room, which had once been a picture gallery, and where yet hung a few straggling fragments of paintings on the time-stained walls. Donald blushed pain-

fully as he laid the lady down on an old, moth-eaten couch, and then, with the heightened color still burning on his cheek, he left her to call old Aileen. The good creature came with an array of bandages, cups and boxes that would have served the army at Sebastopol, on the day of battle, besides cold and hot fomentations; and Donald, charging her to be gentle and tender, left her with the beautiful invalid.

"And it's himsel' that's the gintle one," said Aileen, delighted for once to have an auditor for "Misther Donald's" praises. "Sure, it's as tender as a lamb that he led me up to mees bid the other night whin I had the rheumatics upon me. Och! I sometimes think he is as good as St. Anthony himsilf, and sure the poor young mashter is full as lonesome as the saint himsilf. But look at your poor little foot, my lady!" continued Aileen, taking up the swollen limb tenderly in her hands, and placing it on a cushion.

It had evidently been bruised as well as strained, and the young lady remembered that the loose stirrup had struck incessantly against it. The fomentations partially relieved the pain, and Aileen wrapped it up carefully, but not a moment could the patient bear her own weight upon it; and when Aileen went out to find Donald to tell him of it, and ask what was to be done with the young lady for the night, although he was already wild with the thought of that beautiful face that had laid on his shoulder, he was annoyed to feel, that with their scanty accommodations, she would be forced to stay all night. When he went to her again, he asked where he should go to give information to her friends.

"Nay; I can go home, surely. My brother is doubtless even now seeking me, and I must ride on to relieve his anxiety. I can reach Cashel to-night."

"Cashel! dear lady," returned Donald, "it will be impossible for you to ride fourteen miles to night, with that ankle, which Aileen tells me is so bruised. Every step would but aggravate it. And as for remaining here, if you could submit to our poor accommodations, we will make you as comfortable as we can without removing you from this room. I will myself ride to Cashel, and tell your friends where you are."

The lady looked earnestly at her deliverer, as if she would have read his character in his face. Apparently the look was satisfactory, for she gave him her hand, and said:

"I am sorry that you should have this trouble for me, but if you will go, my brother is at the archbishop's palace, and will accompany you back. The archbishop is my brother's god-

father, and is now studying in his library. My father is too infirm to come for me; and as I was not expected home to-night, he will not be alarmed at my absence. Inquire at the palace for Templeton Moore, and relate to him my accident. Take my horse; he knows the way, and will carry you safely. Templeton will come in a carriage."

Charging Aileen to fit up the young lady's room with everything she could find to make it comfortable, and to take her a nice supper, he departed for Cashel. As he sped along on the fleet white horse, he strove hard to banish from his mind the beautiful face that he had left in the old picture-room. She was evidently no common or obscure person. Her dress, her manners, the circumstances under which he found her, riding out upon her own splendid horse for pleasure, her evident acquaintance with the archbishop, all showed her to be in a degree of rank far above his own. What then, had he to do with that face? But although he seriously asked himself this question, and arrayed his poverty, his father's almost imbecile state, and their dilapidated old dwelling all before him, still the face haunted him throughout the ride, gazing upon him with its sweet eyes, like the face of an angel, and tempting him to bestow a malison upon the poverty that kept him from seeking the love of such a being as she who wore it.

The beautiful horse took Donald to Cashel in a shorter time than he could have imagined. He sought and found Templeton Moore at the palace. He was a very counterpart of his sister; the same soft, gray eyes, dove-like in their expression, shaded by just such long, dark lashes as to give them almost a mournful look.

"I am ready to go with you this moment, Mr. Heath, as my sister informs me you are called. You have a carriage with you?"

He paused, for Donald's cheek colored painfully.

"I have none. I rode your sister's horse hither, and she thought you would take a carriage to go to Clonmel."

"Certainly; I might have known she would wish to send Lily back. Thank you for bringing her. I shall keep her here, so as not to alarm my father by sending her home."

Donald repeated what Miss Moore had said about her father not expecting her home.

"Ah, now I remember. Matilda did intend staying here to-night, and the archbishop was just wondering why she did not come back from her ride, when you arrived."

At that moment the archbishop entered the room. Templeton Moore explained it all to him,

and finding that Donald had ridden from Clonmel, he insisted on his taking some refreshment, and had a table laid immediately. Donald was impatient to get back, however, and could not be prevailed on to stay for a long repast; and the archbishop's carriage was at the door, into which the two young men entered and were driven back to Clonmel.

Aileen had surpassed herself, in order to give pleasure to her young master. She had kept carefully from Mr. Heath that a stranger was in the house. She had brought in every comfort which she could think of for the young lady, and was now intending to remain with her through the night to attend to her ankle. Templeton Moore therefore insisted on going to the inn where the horses and servant were to be quartered, Donald feeling a bitter sense of mortification, that he could not urge him to remain.

"I shall be quite able to go by to-morrow noon," said the invalid, as she bade them good-night.

Aileen's work that night was not without effect. The young lady, although not able to step, was free from pain, and could be easily removed; and she was lifted by Donald and her brother into the carriage. A cordial invitation to their host to visit them at Cashel, a generous gift to Aileen, a grateful acknowledgement of kindness, and they were gone.

Gone! How desolate the old house looked when Donald turned back to it. That night he never left the room that seemed to him hallowed as by the presence of an angel. He paced the floor with rapid steps, dwelling upon every look she had given him, or lay upon the couch she had pressed, dreaming of the future which *might have been* so bright, had fortune been more kind.

Donald had known little of women. His mother stood to him for the impersonation of the whole sex; but Ilda Heath, in the mournful isolation of her life, was not like this glad, joyous girl, who seemed to fill the whole air with sunshine, even when suffering physical pain—whose smile seemed but the reflection of her own happiness, and whose gentle, kindly manner towards himself had filled him with an inexpressible emotion.

Not many days passed away, before Donald was invited to Cashel, to the house of Mr. Moore. A note from Templeton, worded in the kindest manner, conveyed the invitation, and the day and hour were fixed. Donald remembered his scanty wardrobe, and hesitated; but the desire to look once more upon that face decided him. It was accepted. He would take one more gaze,

and then fall back into the dull life which this vision had so beautified and brightened for a brief and fleeting moment.

"What are you doing, Aileen?" he asked of the old woman, as he saw her busily steaming, pounding, brushing and rubbing something in a huge tub, two or three days before the appointed time of his visit to Cashel, and over which her face was growing still redder under her exertions.

"Faix, ye'll see sometime," she answered shortly, "there, go away now, mather dear—I hear your father call."

Donald turned away shaking his finger good humoredly at her; and on going to his room the next day, he found the solution of her little mystery. There lay his clothes, thoroughly renovated by some process which Aileen said she had learned of an old Jew clothes man at Dublin, and darned almost invisibly in places, while accompanying it was linen whose whiteness a king might envy.

"Thank you, Aileen," he said, as he came down on the appointed morning; "you have been very skilful here." And indeed, he looked what he truly was, a gentleman.

Templeton Moore met him at the door, with a warm welcome, and introduced him to his father, then took him to an inner parlor, where Matilda's ankle still chained her to the couch. If she had looked beautiful to Donald's eyes, in the close dress which she wore on horseback, she was still more so in the delicate, floating gauze dress that was falling around her like a mist. If he came here for a last look, it would be to carry the arrow more surely in his heart. There was company at dinner, but Donald was considerably seated by Templeton. Matilda did not appear, but he was rewarded for her absence, by a whole hour passed by her side alone. She drew him on to tell of himself; and before he was aware of it, he was telling her of his early life, his hopes, his disappointments, his poverty; but here he paused.

"You will carve your own way, I am certain, Mr. Heath," she said. "With a heart and mind like yours, the world must have some place for you yet. We can sympathize with you on the score of poverty. We, too, are reduced, but I do not think degraded by our poverty."

Donald sighed. He felt there was a difference between their stations, even though she appeared to be insensible to it. It was hard to tear himself away from her presence, but, although urged to stay through the night by Mr. Moore and his son, he could not think of leaving his father so long.

"A very good, sensible young man," remarked

Mr. Moore. "Fine looking, too. My little girl must not lose her heart to him, however, for Templeton tells me he is poor."

After this, Matilda and her brother called twice in their rides, upon Donald, and so far from taking his last look, he was often drinking in the sweet poison of that love which he did not now strive to repress. Something told him there was yet hope.

He was called away on business one day, to a small town beyond Cashel, for Father O'Brien, who could not himself attend to it. He was detained until late in the evening, and when he reached Cashel, the inhabitants seemed to have retired for the night. Weary with his day's work, he would have given anything to have stopped for a few moments at the house of his friends. But the clocks were striking out eleven chimes, and he rode on hastily. As he ascended a hill from which he could look down upon Mr. Moore's house, a bright light seemed to flash in that direction, which, at first, he thought was lightning, as the night was dark and warm. Pausing a moment on the brow of the hill, he saw that it was fire; and quick as thought, he spurred his horse down the other side of the hill, and reached the street in which his heart told him there might be danger. Placing his horse under a rude shed where he could not see the fire, he ran to Mr. Moore's house under dropping brands and cinders that scorched his hair and clothes. That was indeed on fire too, and as yet there seemed to be no effort made to check it. A sight now met his eyes that almost took the breath from him. At an upper window stood Mr. Moore, calling wildly to a few persons who had assembled below to bring him a ladder. The lower part was wreathed in flame that was rapidly ascending. No one heeded him, until Donald sprang forward, and placing one which he had snatched from a man who held it, against the window, he called to Mr. Moore to come down. Faint, dizzy and bewildered, he lingered until Donald sprang up the ladder, and assisted him down.

"Where are your children, sir?" he asked, eagerly.

"God knows!" he answered, not yet recognizing Donald. "Templeton sleeps just above me, Matilda on the garden side, near me—but I called, and they must have escaped, for they did not answer."

He said these last words to the winds, for Donald had dragged the ladder round to the garden, and was already half way up. There lay Matilda on the floor, the flames already near her, and she was unable, from her ankle, which

she had again injured, to get out of the room. With a shriek of grateful recognition, she uttered his name. He took her in his arms, and again descended the ladder, but dropped senseless with his precious burden at its foot. He knew nothing more, until he awoke in a splendid room, with Mr. Moore and the archbishop seated beside him.

"Thank God, you are alive, Mr. Heath!" said the latter. "Our good friend here would insist that you were dead; but I have felt too many pulses not to know that there was life under yours."

"And the fire—was that a dream?" asked Donald.

"Nay, it was a reality, and a very sad one. All is gone—but the lives of all were saved. Mr. Moore tells me that you saved him and his daughter."

"And Templeton?"

"Is injured slightly, and must have rest. One of us will stay with you—the other will attend to him. Your horse is safe, Mr. Heath. He was found in the shed by the church, and as he was known to belong to the priest at Clonmel, we concluded that you must have come on his back."

Donald started up from the bed where he had been lying. It was broad daylight; and the mention of the horse recalled to his mind how long he had been absent from home.

"I must go now," he said, but as he spoke, he fell back upon the bed.

"Indeed you cannot, my young friend," said Mr. Moore, kindly. "You are very ill, and have been bled. I have despatched the horse and a note to Father O'Brien, who will inform your family where you are. Now, I will go to my son, and send his attendant to you."

A moment after, Matilda entered the room in the arms of a stout servant-woman, but Donald was already insensible. A severe fever followed, and for six weeks his life seemed to hang suspended by a thread. Good nursing and a good constitution restored him.

"Can you bear to hear sad tidings?" asked the archbishop one day.

"Perhaps—I do not know how strong I am."

"Mr. Heath, I tremble to tell you that your father is no more."

Donald turned his face to the wall, and wept.

"You have paid dearly for helping me, and saving my daughter," said Mr. Moore. "I have felt it very deeply. Depend on it, however, that your father lacked nothing but his beloved son's presence."

"And where is Alleen?"

THE OLD TIME.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

The sea for the billows that sink with its sweep
Rolls billows exactly as blue;
Thus man in the ages now old and asleep,
Was ever like man in the new.

E'en then there were heartaches and longings to die,
Simplicity, beauty and tears;
And hopes for that future, which, hurrying by,
Has slumbered for hundreds of years.

The heart was the heart, under helmet or hood,
In castle, in cloister and hall;
Though joyous or sorrowful, evil or good,
'Twas always man's heart, after all.

And dreaming the dream that for them were unfurled
The glories of sunshine and shade,
Men fancied that scarce could the world be a world
When they in the dust should be laid.

Yet bright were the skies when they went to their rest,
The roses bloomed even like these;
The robin dropped noiselessly into her nest,
The brown sparrow sang in the trees.

And now the old time is a ship that's afar,
That ever seems smoothly to sail;
We hear not the creaking of cordage and spar,
We feel not the rush of the gale.

Yet varying e'er from the bright to the dark,
Our fathers had sunshine and showers;
That tempests and terrors beleaguered their bark,
We guess from the tossing of ours.

OLD JOHN BRADBURY'S SON.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

"He's a good son."

"Ay, is he! as good to us as if he were our own," replied the old farmer, placing his pipe over the shelf.

"He is just the same," and the farmer's wife wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"We have done wrong, John."

"Wrong! I should like to know how?"

"In not telling him."

"Well, I don't know," the farmer rubbed his hands, and looked straight into the fire—"I don't know!"

"Now he will be getting this great fortune. He is not fitted for it. He will blame us."

"Ay, there may be truth in what you say. But, wife, show me a boy that writes a better hand, or casts accounts more neatly. You can't do it."

"He was always smart—that's natural, John."

"Ay, shows what a stock he's from. Well, we can't help it—he must know. What will he say?"

"Sure enough, I wonder." The dame took the coffee-pot from the fire.

It was a December morning. The windows were done in white arabesque. The trees waved naked branches, but the sun poured some warmth on the poor, shivering things. The old farmhouse kitchen rejoiced in a blazing fire on a hearth the size of a wooden basement dining-room. Already the oven was heated; how it roared! One could smell the winter-pears baking, and the fresh, warm steam of bread filled the place with a sweet odor. The loaf was smoking on the table. Everything was ready. The door opened; John Bradbury junior came in. He was a handsome young man. His forehead was like that of a poet, so broad and white; under that the sun and wind had done their work. The clustering hair curled in thick, shining masses above his brow. His features were straight, and elegantly shaped; his form was like that of Adonis. His whole presence was strikingly noble, strikingly intellectual. He hung his cap on a peg—rubbed his hands vigorously in a pan of cold water, and drew his chair to the table.

"I tell you, father! but it's a keen, bracing air outside—" beginning to eat with a relish.

"Ay, a fine morning, my son. What were you out so early for?"

A bright red crept along his cheeks.

"O, I'm at that desk for Mary."

The farmer and his wife glanced significantly towards each other.

"How is the dominie's wife?" asked John, the elder.

"Much better; getting along nicely, I was told last night;" and the flush broke out again.

Breakfast over, John sat down by the fire to read his paper. He seemed very nervous about it, shifting the pages continually, and watching the clock. At last, he sprang up as the hands pointed to eight, put on hat and coat, and hurried out.

"He has not seen it, mother," said farmer John, with a sigh of relief.

"He was thinking so much of Mary," mused the good wife. Her face was clouded.

THE DOMINIE'S DAUGHTER.

Little Mary Worth. You would have said she was the sweetest, the most airy, fairy creature that ever breathed. The predominant expression of her beautiful face was purity. It enveloped her whole person. The clear, truthful eye—the childish lips, and the dimples in the cheeks, all suggested the same. Mary was called an angel. The light of her sweet presence made a paradise of her father's home.

Her mother was an ethereal, delicate creature, with a spiritual impress, and she had dowered Mary with her own priceless graces. Dominie Worth was a happy, because a good man. A slight personal defect but enhanced the glory of his intellect. Everybody loved him, for he won love by his urbanity, courtesy, and gentleness. His sermons were remarkable; his fame had reached more than one city, and golden offers had been made him. But, as he said, he loved his little pine pulpit; he loved his little white meeting-house—he loved his dear parish best of all. The gilding and the damask of the more splendid “courts of the Lord,” were not suited to his taste—the stifled city air—its smoke—its thunder—its crowds—no, no; they were never meant for him. The birds and the trees, the flowers and the sweet country air; the scent of hay and roses in summer, or the open white wild in winter—these he loved, they were necessary to his existence.

The same morning on which we have seen John Bradbury, Mary arose—not exactly with the lark, for there were no larks in Medway—but exactly at the hour that larks would rise, did they sojourn in this pleasant land of ours. Her first duty was to call the old housekeeper. Katy, the girl was already up. She was bringing a pail of water from the mossy well. Then, attired in her winter dress of plain pearl-color, she went into her mother’s room. The invalid (she was just recovering from a tedious illness) greeted her with a beautiful smile, and a warm kiss, while Mary, with a soft touch, smoothed the pillows and the bed, and bathed the pale face.

“You are up very early, my love, and I fear you did not retire as soon as you should.”

“It was only ten, mother,” said Mary, her cheeks growing rosy. “Mother—I—”

“Well, Mary, speak on.”

The bright head was hidden in the pillows, close to her mother’s face, and a faint voice murmured: “I will tell you to-night.”

A smile, and then a look of pain crossed the features of the invalid. But the smile returned again, and remained there. Mary raised her head at sound of her father’s step, and hastily left the chamber. A moment more, and she was busy with her geraniums. They stood on the broad window-seats, a beautiful variety. The dining-room was always warm, and the plants were well cared for. Many a scarlet bloom crowned the rich, green stems, rewarding Mary’s love and attention.

“Why should I feel so awkward whenever I speak of him?” she whispered to herself. “Do all who love feel thus, I wonder?” and the inno-

cent cheek rivalled the crimson petal over which she bent.

“Breakfast, my child,” said her father.

They sat down together, with the good but deaf old housekeeper.

“One week ago,” said the dominie, stirring his tea, “I could not sit here with a light heart as I do this morning. O, Mary, thank God with me that your mother is spared!”

“I do,” said Mary, gratefully, wondering if anywhere in the world these tender brown eyes with their long lashes *could* be matched.

“We may have her with us in another week,” murmured her father, his face lighting up with a rare smile.

“Yes, father.”

“By-the-by, wasn’t young Bradbury here last night?”

“Well, he’s a fine fellow, and I like him. Another cup of tea, little Molly.”

Mary was glad of this order, for she felt flushed up to her very temples. Perhaps her father did not observe it; perhaps he did. Fathers are not generally stocks and stones.

“And now you are off to your school, I suppose. Give me a kiss, Molly. To-day is my lazy Monday, so I shall sit with your mother—or, perhaps—I think I will though. I’ll come over to the school, and give your scholars a little talk.”

“Thank you, father, I shall like it above all things. Good morning.”

“Good morning—God bless you, darling.”

Mary looked prettier than ever in that tasteful hat, with the white lace around her face, and the chestnut curls straying out on either side the white, pure complexion. O, but Mary was a little beauty! Perhaps as she glanced shyly around sometimes,—*perhaps* she expected somebody. And so she did, but not so soon; not *the* somebody she did meet.

THE LAWYER.

Why to be sure, he was a lawyer, if he did look so green, with his thin legs in tight trousers, and his tall hat shooting up like a steeple. To be sure he was a lawyer, if he did have hair of a certain color and whiskers to match, the former very thin and straggling, the latter very thick and bandit looking. Didn’t he wear an enormous gold chain? and I should like to know if that isn’t one of the signs of a professional man? Seth Bobbin was no handsomer than his name, but he was rich. Yes, rich!! “Seth didn’t need to do nothing,” as his mother eloquently averred every time she spoke of him, for Josiah Bobbin, who had kept an immense variety store

for three and thirty years, had obligingly taken very narrow quarters, and left Seth all his money—thousands upon thousands.

So, it was Seth Bobbin who bobbed upon her path before she gone three rods from the sun-gilded parsonage, and with many bows and more "ahems," said that it was a delightful morning. Mary responded with a vexed look that it was.

"Going to school, I suppose," said Seth.

This was easily answered.

"It must be very pleasant to keep school."

Seth was offering his arm, but Mary was affected with a sudden blindness, she did not see.

"Very pleasant sometimes," she responded, looking the other way.

Now Seth had been repulsed so often and with such spirit by this fair young girl, that if he had been a man of moderate sense, he would have kept out of the way. The reason why he did not was very plain; he was not a man of moderate sense. After this, they walked on silently for a quarter of a mile, Seth carefully pointing out such places as he did not think should be honored with the little tripping feet at his side—and then they were met by handsome John Bradbury. He did look so handsome—lifting his hat from the thick curls, bowing with such natural grace, his eyes alight, his brown cheek so richly colored—that the lawyer could have knocked him down just for looking handsome and brave.

There was no mistaking the flush that flew all over Mary's beautiful face, or the manner in which she said "good morning." O, it was so different from the icy salutation that Seth Bobbin had received! Seth bit his thin under lip, and then laughed a little, turned on his heel, and was off sauntering so easily, so carelessly!

"Confounded fool!" he muttered, when he was some way beyond. "A brute of a farmer, and smelling of stables—ugh! Poor as a church-mouse, too, and pretend to like her. I'll—I'll shoot him, upon my word I will, just as sure as I get roused, I'll fire right through his head, if I have to be hung for it! A common farmer—dirt shoveller—hoe-picker—ugh!"

Mary and John were moving on though, just as contentedly as if Seth Bobbin had never been born, or having been, had never blest that particular locality with his legal presence.

"I have almost finished your desk, Mary," said John.

"Have you?"

"It will be a very pretty thing, and I—I met you this morning to ask you what color you would like it lined with?"

"O, blue, if you please."

"Yes—is blue your favorite color?"

The beautiful eyes looked upward, first to the clear, calm heavens, then in his face. "Yes, I think I do like blue best," she answered. And there was silence for a few moments.

"I told you I was reading 'Plutarch's Lives,'" he said.

"Yes;" she smiled as though she were proud of him.

"I have not told my father of my plans yet, I shall very soon though. He does not dream that I am pursuing such studies, and when I propose to fit myself for college, I am not quite sure that he will be pleased, for he is growing old, and wants me to work on the farm. But as you say, if providence intends me for another sphere, providence will open the way."

"Yes, John, of that I am sure."

"Well, good morning," and the hand was held with a loving pressure.

The children came crowding about their young teacher, all anxious for a smile, for a sweet word, and supremely blessed by a kiss. Mary paused a moment—turning her blushing, radiant face once, strangely enough to encounter his turned over his shoulder, and then went in the pleasant school-room.

A VISIT.

"Dear me! there's the black bonnet of Mrs. Bobbin," exclaimed Dominic Worth. He had just risen from his knees, in which posture he had been playfully talking with his wife.

"She will come in; she won't take no for an answer," said Mrs. Worth, smiling a little anxiously.

"But you are not quite well enough, love—shall I tell her so?"

"No—pray don't—it would be all over the village before night that I was dead and buried."

"So it would; she's the greatest tattler—but a good woman—a good woman. I'm sorry I spoke so hastily. She's a good woman, I hope."

"I'm glad you give her the benefit of a hope," replied his wife. "I question whether to keep the tongue within bounds is not as much a Christian duty as to honor God."

By this time, Mrs. Bobbin was heard deliberately puffing her way up stairs. She came in—she sat down—she untied her bonnet strings—she took off her gloves—she hung her "ridicule" on the corner of a chair—all before she spoke.

"La! you are now reely better, dear." And then she put on her spectacles, and took a survey.

Mr. Worth had hastily left the room before

she entered, because—well, it was about time to visit his daughter's little school. After a few commonplaces, Mrs. Bobbin spoke of Mary—asked after her health with a full, flushed face and laboring breath, as if that was by no means the end of it.

"Well, now they *do* say, (but I don't believe it) she lowered her voice marvellously in this parenthesis—"they do say that that John Bradbury is after your Mary. I thought I'd come right over airly this morning, and see if I couldn't stop the talk—for says I, Mrs. Worth is a lady-like woman, and Mary Worth, though she's a little too easy in her manners, is a lady-like girl, and the dominie is more of a gentleman than either; and says I, they couldn't give their only child to a poor farmer's son, who isn't worth the first cent—I reely don't believe a word of it; and I don't, Mrs. Worth—I don't," shaking her head, and the large, stiff, white frill that was gathered around it.

Mrs. Worth was smilingly silent.

"Now that John Bradbury, as everybody knows, is a stuck-up fellow, with notions a good ways above him; and as to work, I don't believe he earns his salt. I used to say—"

"O, Mrs. Bobbin, don't talk so of John—Mr. Bradbury. I think he is a very fine young man."

Mrs. Bobbin was struck dumb. Even the borders of her cap ceased to quiver as she looked fixedly at the dominie's wife.

"You think John Bradbury is a very fine young man!" she ejaculated, after a moment of awful silence.

"Yes, I certainly do." Mrs. Worth was a little excited, her cheeks were very becomingly flushed; she looked like Mary now.

"Well, I *must* say!" Mrs. Bobbin took her spectacles off and looked at them, turning them over and over. "You don't mean that Mary is reely going to have that John Bradbury, when there is men who would dress her in gold if they could have her."

Mrs. Worth did not seem to be elated by this consideration at all, and when Mrs. Bobbin repeated her question whether Mary was reely going to have that John Bradbury, she replied:

"I don't know, I'm sure. Mary may have anybody she wants. I have no fear of Mary's choice—not the least fear of Mary's choice," she repeated softly.

"Dear me—well, well! I did hope! But Mary is a schollard, and he is only a poor, hard-working farmer—a clodhopper."

"No matter, if he is upright and honorable."

"But I tell you there is men, professional men,

that would give Mary a better home, and lift her up to a high proposition in society; *professional men!*" Mrs. Bobbin nodded twice, as if to clinch the assertion, and her features were strong enough to clinch anything, while Mrs. Worth put her hand over her face and arranged her cap with both hands to conceal a smile.

"Now, there's my Seth," (the smile grew broader, but the face was partly turned to the shadow,)—"Seth would worship that girl—he'd make a real lady of her, he's a lawyer, Seth is, and having a fortune had left him, which is enough to set up any young man, of course, don't you think she wouldn't by any means, favor Seth."

"I hardly think so," said Mrs. Worth, keeping her eyes from the ludicrously anxious visage of the lawyer's maternal pleader; "I don't think she and Seth were ever very good friends."

"And would you let your Mary marry that John Bradbury?"

"Why yes, if she wanted to, to be sure I would. I have a very high opinion of John Bradbury."

"Mrs. Worth,"—Mrs. Bobbin looked awfully impressive—"I've ben a good friend to you, made you gruel, given you two quilts, a pepper box, and a mustard-pot, that was as good as new except the stopple was broken. I've always taken your part, though I maintained that you had peculiarities, and I always shall maintain that you, and Mary, and your husband, and your housekeeper has got peculiarities. But if you go for to let your Mary marry that low farmer, I shall consider, Mrs. Worth, I shall consider our friendship as it never had been."

Having thus lucidly given vent to her offended dignity, Mrs. Bobbin deliberately put on her bonnet, tied the strings, drew on her gloves, took up her "ridicule," giving ample time for the minister's wife to protest. But the poor little soul was almost choking with inward laughter, though she would have given worlds for the power of self-command just then. She did try to say "Mrs. Bobbin," but her bodily prostration would not admit of control over will or tongue, and she burst into a paroxysm of laughter that was almost hysterical.

Mrs. Bobbin arose, drew herself up, turned slowly about with a glare of tremendous import, as if all the anger she had ever felt in her life was now concentrated in her final farewell to that unfortunate woman, and giving vent to the cutting declaration, "well I *must* say!" she stalked out of the room. That afternoon poor Mrs. Worth was feverish.

THE DISCOVERY.

"Well, John, now you've read it, I'm easier."

"Why! what is it to me, father? I see that a certain Sir Robert Irving has lately died in England, leaving an immense fortune to his nearest of kin—the child of Robert Henry Irving, if he is to be found. This is all nothing to me."

The farmer's wife sat near trotting, trotting with both feet on the broad hearth; she always did this when she was in trouble. The farmer awkwardly took his pipe from the mantel, let it fall, kicked the fragments into the fire, and then blurted out:

"Well, it's got to come at last. John, you aint John; in other words, you aint old John Bradbury's son. God bless you!"

"Who, in the name of heaven, am I then?"

He said this slowly after a pause during which he had turned from one to the other—from the aged wife wiping tears away from her eyes with the corner of her apron—to the old farmer pursing up his lips, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, as if he would never find the end of them.

"You're who that man's after; that's who you are," said the farmer pointing to the paper. John threw the paper on the floor, took it up again, knit his brows, exclaimed, "I believe we are all crazy," and fell to reading the notice again. "What does it mean—what do you mean?" he asked again, still in a maze.

"I tell you you're the man they want, you're the one they advertise for, you're to have all them millions of dollars; ha! ha!—to go—to leave us, to forget we ever lived—O, dear me!" He pursed up his mouth again, and tried to dive deeper into his pockets. The old wife was sobbing.

"You see," said Farmer John Bradbury, "a fine young man, and a very genteel, came to the place where we used to live in Ohio, twenty-one years ago. Folks said he had run away to get married, and that he was an Englishman. Angelon, *she* was a beauty, that she was. Wasn't she a beauty, wife?"

"As handsome a creeter as eyer I see," said his good wife, wiping the tears away.

"Well, she died soon after she came—when you were born—and he, poor man! poor man! he loved her desprit—he made away with himself, because he said he had nothing to live for."

"Good God!" exclaimed the young man, turning pale.

"Well, now, if you go to feel like that, I'll stop," said the farmer, looking worried and nervous.

"Go on—go on—pray go on!"

"Well, my wife was in the midst of it all; we were young, married people then."

"Yes, yes," said the good dame, chokingly, "I was in it all."

"They left some papers telling who you was, telling who they was, telling, too, that they had got the everlastin' displeasure of some big folks in the old country—some relations—and their marriage stifticate. It's all up stairs."

"You was such a purty little thing," said the farmer's wife, yearningly.

"Yes, you was a nice baby, and we wanted you bad enough to keep; but thinks I, I'll get some letters writ and sent on to England. And we did, we writ letter after letter, or got Lawyer Bizzel to write them, but we couldn't get no answer. After waiting three year, we began to give it up, and my wife loved you, I guess, better than she did the Lord; I used to tell her so then."

"I *did* love you," murmured the farmer's wife.

"So, we reckoned we'd move away to another part of the country, and say nuthin' about it, knowin' you'd grow up a good, honest lad, if we raised and nurtured you in the fear of the Lord, as we've tried to do."

"And how do you know this means me?" asked the young man, tremblingly.

"'Cause in them papers I'm going to show you, that ere Sir Robert Irving's name is there, and he is called your grandsir, and he's the one I writ to, and never got no answer."

"Let me go by myself, and think," said the young man, uneasily; "I am bewildered now. I—I seem hardly to know myself."

"John, you wont—you wont feel hard agin us," cried the poor old woman, sobbing and moving towards him.

He threw one arm about her. "Feel hard towards you, my mother,"—he kissed her faded face—"hard towards you, who have loved and cared for me, and reared me an honest man, when my own kin threw me off—if this is indeed true, threw my poor father off too—forgot—disowned us? Never, never!" There was inexpressible love—inexpressible tenderness in his voice, in his manner.

"I knew he was my own dear boy!" exclaimed the farmer, gazing after him. "Wife, he'll never forgit us, mark me."

It did indeed, take a long, long while for John to realize that he was an independent man—a millionaire. Perhaps I should say that he did not, could not realize it at all. At first, he did not want to; it was rather a painful feeling.

THE CONFESSION.

That same night Mary Worth told her mother that John Bradbury had proposed for her hand. That the noble, handsome farmer already possessed her heart had been for some time apparent. The ingenuous girl could not, nor did she try to hide it from those who were nearest and dearest to her.

"I have only one objection, Mary," Mrs. Worth said gently, "and even that shall not be in the way; I fear you are hardly adapted to be the wife of a farmer."

"But John does not intend to be a farmer, mother," Mary said, hurriedly.

"Indeed! That's news to me. What will he be?"

"A physician."

"But, my child, he has not had the benefit of a good school education."

"He has had the benefit of a clear mind, mother, good judgment, and resolute will, and a splendid intellect. He has been studying these many years, mother; you have no idea how much he knows."

"I might have seen it in his superior manners, his correctness, even elegance of diction," murmured Mrs. Worth, looking away from Mary. "And does this prodigy of yours intend to go to college?"

"I believe he does, mother."

"I wonder if the old gentleman can afford it?" Mrs. Worth spoke musingly.

"Whether he can or not, John will go," said Mary, "he will find some means to pay for himself—I know he will."

Her resolute manner caused her mother to smile. "Must we then," she said playfully, "give our only, our darling daughter to a poor man?"

"But, mother, you married a poor man."

"So I did," said her mother, laughing, "and would do it again to have such a husband. But, Mary, think what a sacrifice! I never had an offer from an admiring and wealthy Seth Bobbin; if I had—"

Mary ran, or rather danced from the room. John met her at the foot of the stairs; he looked smiling, but still anxious. In his hand he carried a folded paper. Half bashfully, and wholly earnestly she greeted him, and they went into the sitting room of the parsonage together. She rallied him on his quiet manner—his strange mood, and he answered by repeating a case similar to his own, and earnestly asked her what, supposing he were that young man, she would do? Would she retain the same sentiments—regard the vows the same? What would she do?

Mary did not know. She thought that then she would be no fit match for him.

"You! you would adorn a throne!" he said earnestly—so earnestly that Mary blushed and laughed. But when he told her just how it stood, repeated what, his father (as he still called him) had divulged to him, and what probably his expectations were, she shrank back overwhelmed, exclaiming: "You must not think of me."

"Then perish the money!" exclaimed John. "I will never seek for it, nor establish my claim. There are, it is probable, those in England belonging to this family, who would make no extraordinary efforts to find me out. I will live as I am, happier in your love, than to be the possessor of millions. I will renounce all this for you, gladly, freely, willingly."

"No, you must not; I dare not take the responsibility upon myself. I believe you love me; yes, I believe you *would* renounce this great gain for me. But you shall not. One year from to-day, if you ask me to be your wife, I will not say no. In the mean time, you will travel, and meet those titled relations; you will see the world, dear John."

"But I shall not find another through all its length and breadth like my love, my own Mary!"

Of course, this was all rhapsody, but nevertheless it was said, and a great deal more like it, only more fervid, more glowing.

What Mrs. Bobbin's sensations were, when it leaked out that John Bradbury was not John Bradbury after all, but entirely another person; that he had gone to England to get a great fortune left him by a titled grandfather; that if he pleased, he could be a titled grandfather himself, some of the days to come (though he would have to stay in England for it); and what were the emotions of the round-eyed Seth, at finding that some people had more money than some other people, I will not undertake to describe.

And Mary was going to be rich after all! "That is," Mrs. Bobbin suggested, "if Mr. What's-his-name ever came after or thought of her again. She didn't believe he would. But he did, and Mary is his wife to-day. Dominie Worth still delivers his eloquent sermons in the little village church, though his daughter married a millionaire.

Sorrow.

Sorrow is the messenger between
The poet and men's bosoms:—Genius can
Fill with unsympathizing gods the scene,
But grief alone can teach us what a man.

SIR E. L. BULWER.

THE TRIAL BY COMBAT.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

THE little brown, English cottage at Albury had been standing vacant for nearly a year. No reason could be assigned for this, except that it was rather a lonely place. In winter, it certainly was so; but in summer, when the green lane in which it stood was fragrant with apple blossoms, or with dropping fruit, there was not such a delicious little nest in all England.

It was not, however, such a spot as a cit would covet, being too far from stage or omnibus accommodation; and there was not sufficient land to tempt an agriculturist. But there was room for flowers; and when it came to be cultivated, it looked like a vast bed of roses. For, in the spring of 1817, the cottage was taken by a young man and his sister, by the name of Ashford, and before they had been there a month, the dwelling and all around it was transformed into still deeper beauty than before.

Philip Ashford was a mere youth, scarcely nineteen years old, his sister being two years younger. They were all in all to each other, having no other relatives in the world. A small property, left by their father, was invested in the Bank of England, of which they drew out enough to purchase this spot which in future was to be their home. To increase their income, Philip proposed that they should cultivate flowers and the smaller fruits, and that he should buy a pretty, light wagon and a pony, which would answer the double purpose of affording them rides about the country, and at the same time of conveying their garden treasures to the nearest market town.

Inside, the house was as neat as the willing hands of pretty Mary Ashford could make it. The simple cottage furniture always looked bright and shining. There was a good fire nearly the year round upon the polished stone hearth in the kitchen, to keep off the damps of the thickly clustering trees; and the clean, white-draped bedrooms and the little sitting-room with its narrow casement, overhung with woodbine, were the cosiest little places in the world.

Then they had brought from London, where they had lived all their days, a very tolerable collection of books, many of which were their inheritance from their father, who was a curate in one of the small parishes of the outskirts of the metropolis, and the remainder were selected from newer publications by the good taste of Philip, whom Mary called a perfect bookworm.

It was true that the young man did love to dream away a good deal of his time over books;

but then he spent but little in other ways, when out of his pet garden. Altogether, the life at the cottage was in the most primitive simplicity and beauty. The brother and sister had no wish for any other society than each other; and their days passed on in a soft quiet, that contrasted strangely with the turmoil of their former existence in London.

A few hours in the house was sufficient each morning for Mary's work; and when everything there shone like polished silver, she joined Philip in the garden, where they wrought until the sun became too oppressive. Then their simple dinner of bread, milk, fruit and vegetables, all from their own resources, and sweetened by their easy toil of the morning, was followed by an afternoon of quiet reading.

They had been here nearly a year, and the spring was again opening in beauty, when, at a rural fair, Mary Ashford was introduced by a passing acquaintance to young Llewellyn Draper. At the same time and place, Philip had somewhat unwillingly complied with a request from a young man by the name of Thornton, to present him to his sister. He had met him several times on market days, and Thornton had proffered a friendship which was peculiarly unwelcome to Philip. There was something in Thornton's appearance that predisposed one to dislike.

He was handsome—eminently so—but there was a freedom in his speech and manners that bordered upon coarseness; and Philip shrunk from allowing him even to speak to his young sister. But he could not refuse without appearing churlish; and as Thornton dogged his footsteps continually, he was obliged to introduce him, not without a secret reservation that he would offend him if he dared to be too presuming.

Llewellyn Draper was just the sort of person whom it might be supposed that Mary Ashford would fancy. He was as gentle as a woman; yet brave when needful, and, if not so intellectual as Philip, he was far from being uneducated. The worst part of the case seemed now to be the unavoidable absence to which he was destined. A friend and relative in Wales required his presence there; and as the person had no children, and had promised to make Llewellyn her heir, his father insisted that he should attend her as she wished.

Now that he had seen sweet Mary Ashford, this condition seemed very hard to him; but Philip represented to him that it was right and proper, and that the obedient son would be likely to win his approbation as a husband for his beloved sister. To Wales, therefore, Llewellyn went; but before his departure, it was settled

that on his return, he should marry Mary Ashford.

"Not to leave Philip," said Mary. "I will never marry to leave my brother. If you consent that I shall still live here and take care of him as before, I will be yours; otherwise, I cannot be tempted by any consideration."

"Be content, dear. You shall never leave him unless he wishes it. Your home shall be mine, as long as it pleases you and Philip to have us live together." And so it was settled.

A few natural tears were dropped on Llewellyn's departure; but Mary soon resumed all her old habits, and as she heard often from her absent lover, she did not pine away her beauty in vain regrets at what could not be helped.

But one thing did trouble her; and that was the frequent presence of Abraham Thornton in their house. On the most trifling errands, he would come, post haste, on horseback, and for hours his horse would be tied to the gate. Mary avoided him, and generally turned him over to Philip's society; but he always asked for her, and not always could Philip make a reasonable excuse for Mary's non-appearance.

Besides, the hour of dinner or tea was almost always included in his visits, and common hospitality made them invite him to the table; so that gradually he became a frequent guest, and conducted himself on the most familiar terms. Still Mary, though annoyed, was not unhappy, and she waited patiently for Llewellyn to return and free her from her pertinacious lover.

The second summer was wearing away, and her lover wrote confidently of his return before harvest, or at least by that time; and Mary was making her simple preparations for the event which was sure to follow. Thornton had declared his love for her, and pretended not to believe her, when she told him that it was impossible. She referred him to Philip for her truth in the matter, and her brother told him, very gently, for he never would injure any person's feelings, that his sister was already engaged.

For some days after this, Thornton did not make his appearance. When he did, there was a wildness and haggardness in his look that betokened extreme suffering. Mary declined staying in the room with him; which excited him so much, that Philip entreated her to come down stairs and speak to him. After this, she frequently saw him in the garden, in Philip's presence; and he acted the part of a disappointed and heart broken lover with such extremity of grief and affliction that showed that his part was overstrained, and excited rather mirth than anxiety in Mary's heart.

Another letter announced Llewellyn's almost immediate return; and Mary, full of some work that she wished to execute before he came, omitted to accompany Philip on his usual ride to the market town, and he set off without her. On the way, however, he met Thornton, and in the course of their conversation, he happened to tell him that Mr. Draper was expected daily. Thornton received the news quite coolly, and rode on. As Philip turned round to look after him, he saw that he took the road leading to Albury; and he checked his horse with a vague feeling of restless uneasiness that he in vain tried to subdue.

"He will go and annoy Mary all day if I am not there," he said, somewhat pettishly for Philip's usual gentleness. "Well, never mind; I can go and get back in a few hours."

But destiny comes to us in strange freaks sometimes; and this day Philip was worried and bothered by fifty little aggravating circumstances, which were nothing in themselves, but collectively they were sufficient to detain him in town all day, so that the light was fading when he rode up the lane. He was not surprised that there was no light, for he knew Mary loved the soft twilight hour; and he pictured her sitting at the little casement, with the tea table awaiting his arrival, and watching for the sounds of Dapple's hoofs on the green herbage. Then came the glad thought that, although she had given her heart's deepest love to another, he should have her still with him. His home would not be darkened by her absence.

"She is a darling sister," he said, aloud, and as he spoke, his horse suddenly started aside. "There, now, did I speak too loud for you, Dapple? Poor fellow, afraid of the dark, are you?"

It was dark in the lane with its overhanging trees meeting above; but still Philip saw some moving object beneath them, and as the person moved stealthily along, he was reminded by the size and gait, of Abraham Thornton. He called his name, but the rapid footsteps were all he could hear. The few moments passed before he reached the door were spent in wondering whether indeed he had been hovering about Mary all this long day, and fancying that she must have been greatly annoyed by his presence.

He took care of Dapple, and went into the house, which seemed strangely silent. No one was at the casement where he thought to find Mary. He called, but she gave no answer. An indefinite dread came over him. He lighted a lamp and went to every room. She was not there. To the garden he carried the light, look-

ing carefully lest he might find her in a swoon at his feet, and as he went he kept repeating, "Mary! Mary!"

He was at the bottom of the garden now, where the little brook ran softly by the wall. He held the light close to it, and there—merciful heavens! what a sight for a loving brother!—there lay Mary in the water, her face downwards, and the shallow stream running scarcely less rapidly than when her slight figure was not there. To draw her from thence, to bear her into the house, to try every known restorative, and to continue for hours in the attempt to recall life, was all that saved Philip from going mad. When he ceased from the fruitless work he fell down in a long swoon. For a moment, after he recovered, he thought that he had only dreamed this great woe; the next moment he saw Mary's chill white face, and motionless figure, and knew that it was only too bitter in its reality.

Then he laid the image on her little white bed, and sat down to think what could have caused Mary, happy and blissful as she was, to commit self destruction. He gazed at her with awe and terror, and as he was gazing, he saw what he had not seen before, the mark of fingers upon her neck, just beneath the ear. The terrible truth burst upon his mind. Some one had done this. Ah, how the thought of the man whom he had met came with it. This then was Thornton's work; for he was now positive that it was he whom he had met.

Locking the door hastily, he ran nearly half a mile to the nearest magistrate, and related his suspicions of the perpetration of this terrible deed. The magistrate was a kind and friendly man. He saw the excitement under which Philip was laboring, and carried him home in his own chaise, followed by the necessary officers. A desire for vengeance seemed to pervade every bosom, as the gazers looked upon the lovely sister of Philip Ashford; and before morning Thornton was arrested. When found, he protested that he had not been at the cottage since the previous Wednesday, and, in fact, no one could be found that could testify to having seen him there, or even near it. He was tried, but failing in evidence to support the accusation, the court was obliged to acquit him. It was then—1818—lawful for a relative to prosecute by an appeal of murder, and Philip took advantage of this law, and made a private accusation. Upon this, Thornton made use of a right, the existence of which had been long almost forgotten—the summoning the accuser to a trial by combat, instead of submitting to a trial by jury. No one could question this right; and the court reproved

Philip's counsel severely for calling it barbarous and unreasonable.

Philip Ashford was a slight, weak and delicate youth; Abraham Thornton strong, sinewy and athletic. A contest between them would have been simply suicidal on the part of the former. The first blow with a club—the prescribed weapon—would have inevitably despatched the boyish accuser. And, maddened with grief, and defrauded of vengeance, Philip returned to his lonely home, where Llewellyn soon joined him, and together they could only bewail their mutual loss.

Thornton was again acquitted; but the public feeling was so bitter against him, and the belief so full in his guilt, that he was obliged to flee to America. He did not live long, his death being probably accelerated by remorse; for, dying, he confessed that he had destroyed Mary because she would not consent to give up Llewellyn Draper, and become his wife. This event caused the right of appeal to be abolished by an act of parliament in 1819, it being the last case where a trial by combat could be called for.

Philip and Llewellyn heard of Thornton's death, in their retirement. Dwelling always together, each loves the other for the sweet sake of her whose grave is beneath the tree that she most cherished; and although forty years have passed away, the brother and the betrothed still weep upon the consecrated spot that covers the gentle Mary—still strew there the fairest and most beautiful of the flowers she loved.

HOW TO MEET TROUBLE.

We should brave trouble, as the New England boy braves winter. The school is a mile away over the snowy hills, yet he lingers not by the fire; but, with his books slung over his shoulder, and his cap tied closely under his chin, he sets out to face the storm. And when he reaches the topmost ridge, where the powdered snow lies in drifts, and the north wind comes keen and biting, does he shrink and cower down beneath the fences, or run into the nearest house to warm himself? No; he buttons up his coat, and rejoices to defy the blast, and tosses the snow wreaths with his foot; and so, erect and fearless, with strong heart and ruddy cheek, he goes on to his place at school. Now, when the fierce winds of adversity blow over you, and your life's summer lies buried beneath frost and snow, do not linger inactive, or sink cowardly down by the way, or turn aside from your course for a momentary warmth and shelter, but, with a stout heart and firm step, go forward in God's strength to vanquish trouble, and bid defiance to disaster. If there is ever a time to be ambitious, it is not when ambition is easy, but when it is hard. Fight in darkness; fight when you are down; die hard, and you won't die at all. That gelatinous bodied man, whose bones are not even muscles, and whose muscles are pulp, is a coward.

EDWIN TO ADA.

BY W. FELIX TIMBER.

'Tis vain, alas! 'tis vain to sigh,
'Tis vain to dream of thee!
A boding marmur ever nigh
Bids thy loved image flee.

When thy fair, radiant light of love
O'er my charmed vision stole,
Soft strains of music from above
Thrilled sweetly through my soul.

The light of heaven was on thy brow,
And round my form divine,
My love-lit eyes beheld the glow
Of God's own glory shine.

Thou art a lily gemmed with dew,
Fairer than earthly flowers;
More pure, more bright, than those that grew
In Eden's holy bowers.

God made not man to dwell alone!—
Sweet spirit! tell me why
The roses of thy cheek are gone,
The diamond of thine eye.

Thy name, thy fame, thy beauty's spell,
Thy utter loveliness;
To me peal out a warning knell
Of long and deep distress.

Full oft, at twilight's stilly hour,
While falls the pearly dew;
Fond memory culls from every flower
Remembrance sweet of you.

O, bliss it were, could I but cheer
Those dear, dark eyes of thine;
Ere sorrow culls the jewel there,
Or dims its glow divine.

Far, far on glory's wings I'd fly,
To realms of light above;
I'd weave a strain of melody,
And crown thee queen of love.

ORIANA THE CREOLE.

A ROMANCE OF THE SOUTH.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

"Come closer—closer to me, Esther. It is growing dark; I cannot see you in the darkness. Where are you? Where is your hand?"

"Here, mother—here!"

"O, Esther! never, never forget! Guard her as you would the apple of your eye. Be to her parent, sister, friend. Do not let the air of heaven visit her head too roughly. Shelter her from ill, from sorrow, from the grief and shame—O, Esther! are you listening?"

"Yes, mother—yes."

"Let no knowledge of human weakness and

human depravity bow her young head in humiliation. In you I trust—to you I confide. O, Henry—husband in heaven—is my duty accomplished? Have I kept your trust? Does aught remain to be accomplished before the fleeting moments land me by your side?"

There was a pause in the darkened room—a silence broken only by the fluttering breathing of the dying woman, and the quick, half-stifled sobs which came from a dark figure kneeling among the shadows at the foot of the bed.

I looked in Esther's face; it was stern, calm, and very pale, but not a tear disturbed the brilliancy of her beautiful eyes. She was looking, not at her dying mother, not at me her betrothed lover, not at the passionately sobbing slave woman, who dwelt among the shadows, but far out upon the dying sunset lying so bright on hill and tree. Yet there was no speculation in her burning eyes. She saw neither the sunset in its purple beauty, nor the broad river whose merry ripples had toned down into quietude beneath its warmth of sunset glory, nor the vast hills rising higher and higher in the dimness of twilight; but there was an absorbed, patient, far-seeing look, which seemed to be searching into the future as if it would rend the curtain of fate and see what lay beyond.

"Esther!"

She came back with a start and a sudden flushing of the face, and bending nearer her mother, waited her wishes.

"Is the lawyer still here?"

Yes, he was there. Esther could hear his impatient tramp, tramp, tramp, up and down the floor of the next room. At a motion from Esther, I summoned him. He came, treading lightly, cringing and wringing his hands as if the only friend he had in the world was dying. I had gone back to the bed, and was standing by Esther, trying to restore warmth to the cold little hand which had hung so listlessly by her side.

"You will excuse me," whimpered the lawyer, drawing his handkerchief from his pocket and applying it to his wicked-looking eyes. "They were the best friends I ever had in the world—Mrs. Lascelle and her husband."

"Mother," whispered Esther, bending over her, without taking the slightest notice of the lawyer, "he is here—"

"He! Who?"

The mind had evidently wandered.

"The—lawyer."

"O, yes! O, yes! Tell him to be sure—"

"If I might be allowed to suggest," crooned the lawyer, "I do not think your mother would like a third party in our conference."

"Sir!" exclaimed Esther, flaming up as I had never seen her before. "This gentleman, Maurice Stark, is my betrothed husband. I have no secrets from him!"

"What—what—is it? I—I—Esther—Esther—don't leave me in the dark!"

The dying woman, with most unnatural strength, raised herself in bed upon her elbow. In doing so, her eye caught that of the lawyer.

"I merely suggested that you might not like our business talked over in the presence of this young gentleman; but as he is to be one of the family—"

"Not for the world! not for ten thousand worlds!" screamed the dying woman, in a frantic voice. "He would never forgive me. Esther, tell him to go!"

I left the room, but not before I had seen the flashing glance which passed between Esther and the lawyer. On the face of one was written dark, stern, fearless determination; on the other, mockery, defiance and triumph. It needed no more to tell me there was a fierce battle to be fought—a battle wherein woman's strength and resolution were to be pitted against low cunning and unscrupulous meanness.

What was the battle? and would Esther win? or should I ever be allowed to aid her in whatever extremity lay before her? A low scream broke in upon my imaginings; I entered the room hastily. My forebodings were true—Mrs. Lascelle was dead! It was Esther's hand that closed the lustreless eyes; Esther's hand that gathered the clothes away from her and folded the thin palms, as if in prayer; Esther's hand that bound up the thin face and drew the sparse hair around the marble brow, that her mother might seem as little repulsive as possible in her dead slumber.

The lawyer had taken leave immediately the last struggle was over; but in parting from Esther, I saw again that same defiant glance flash from face to face. The scream that startled me had not come from Esther; one glance at her cold, pale face assured me of that. She was moving about the room, apparently trying to give it some appearance of order before the arrival of relatives or friends; while Lisbia, the slave woman, now crouching by the side of her dead mistress, gave vent to bitter and passionate moans. I confess I was surprised and mystified. I would rather have seen some demonstration of affliction, under circumstances so sad and solemn; but this marble coldness, this seeming indifference, the looks of defiance and mockery which I had detected! There was evidently a secret between herself and the lawyer which no

one else was expected to share, and this secret I began to fear had paralyzed her heart.

While I was still watching her movements, the curtains parted, and stepping from the balcony into the room came one of the most beautiful children the world ever saw. She was springing towards the bed, when Esther caught her hand and held her back. Lisbia had also started forward to detain her; but meeting the eye of Esther, she slunk away into the shadows and so out of the room. Here was another enigma. Lisbia had been the nurse mother of Esther, loved by her as only children of the South know how to love their nurses, beloved in return with a passion amounting almost to idolatry.

Perhaps my readers have a right to know something more of the family into which I have so unceremoniously introduced them. Henry Lascelle for many years was considered the richest planter in New Orleans. At an early age, he married a woman some years his senior, with whom, if he did not live happily, at least the world were none the wiser for it.

Esther and Oriana were not the only children whose piping cry had been heard in the Lascelle mansion. First came Esther, a weak, puny child, whom no one thought they could ever raise. Henry Lascelle was disappointed; he wanted an heir to his estate. As her husband wished, so wished his wife; his will to her was law and gospel. So Esther was allowed to pine away and die, or come up among the hundreds of negro children which infested the plantation, as fate might decree. This carelessness for her welfare probably saved her life. Lisbia took her home to her mother's cabin, and from that time forth was her exclusive attendant.

A couple of years more, and the long-coveted treasure was laid in his father's arms—there was an heir to "Lakeleath" at last. But such an heir! With so small a lease of life!—scarcely the measure of a day! Henry Lascelle's life was never the same to him after his great disappointment. "Lakeleath," the family mansion, was neglected and suffered to go to ruin. Some said he gambled recklessly; that he drank to excess. The nightly orgies held at his house, no less than the bloated, heated countenance he wore, were proof positive. Whatever suffering his wife must have endured, she never complained. She had married him for love; and not even the physical debasement she was nightly witness of, had power to check its intensity.

At the age of fifteen, Esther scarcely knew she had a father—or, indeed, a mother beyond the poor slave girl who waited upon her so devout-

edly. Her education was rigorously attended to. She had the advantage of the best of teachers and the best of schools. Lisbia was her constant attendant, and for a wonder was allowed to sit under the droppings of the same wisdom which was to form the mind of her young mistress. Being a smart, shrewd girl, she did not allow this advantage to escape her. She made the most of the few crumbs which fell to her share; so that when Esther's education terminated, she returned to her home with a waiting-maid nearly as accomplished, certainly as lady-like in appearance as herself. At this period, Esther was fifteen and Lisbia twenty-five; yet judging from their faces, their ages might have been reversed—Esther being, from the circumstances of her childhood, grave, stately, and quite too womanly for her years, while Lisbia was just her reverse in every way. If there was one thing more than another on earth, that Esther prided herself upon at that period, it was the beauty of her maid. It was more than beauty—a something that, meeting the eye, was hard to baffle from the heart. Her bright, creamy complexion, her great oriental eyes, her massive midnight hair, which hung in waves upon a pair of shoulders most superbly rounded by nature's great architect—you could not forget her, no more than you could forget Powers's "Eve," or Raphael's "Madonna." That she should have been a slave! Why, there was scarcely a woman she encountered, whose complexion could compare with hers for purity!

I have said that Esther and her beautiful waiting-maid had come home to Lakeleath for good. About this time, a most astonishing change was visible in the career of Henry Lascelle. He began to take a deep interest in his daughter, to overlook her studies, plan pleasant excursions for her, always to be attended by Lisbia, and try, in various ways, to make up for the negligence of her youth. Like father, like mother! The pale, careless woman, from whom Esther had shrunk abashed, now overloaded her with caresses. There was nothing too good for her. Parties were made to bring her out in style, the most costly dresses and jewelry were purchased to enhance the not over-brilliant beauty of her person, and it grew to be an understood thing that she was the acknowledged heiress of Lakeleath and its surroundings.

Nearly a year had passed in this manner, when to the surprise of the circle in which they revolved, another child was born to the house of the Lascelles. Of course this unheard-of wonder brought out all their callers, far and near; but Mrs. Lascelle was too ill to be seen. The

child of their old age, a healthy, hearty girl, was duly admired and petted. Esther was in raptures—the more so, that her maid Lisbia had been visiting on a neighboring plantation for a couple of months, and she had felt lonely; but anxious as she was to be perpetually in attendance upon the little stranger, her mother was too ill to admit even her. A compromise was effected, however, and she was allowed to take her sister to her own room, where she could pet and love and kiss it to her heart's content. It would be difficult to say which was most enamored of its infant sweetness, her father or herself. As for Lascelle, he would sit for hours by its lace-lined crib, tracing out every feature in the beautiful face, folding the tiny hands in his big palm, or, sillier than all, trying to count the little blue veins which seemed bursting through the skin, so white and pure as it was. In a few weeks, however, his amusements were somewhat curtailed. Lisbia returned, Mrs. Lascelle was able to leave her room, and the old routine of life re-commenced where it had been thus broken.

I am taking too much time over this portion of the lives of Esther and Oriana Lascelle. Suffice it that their father did not live long to enjoy the society of the pet of his old age. A fall from a horse, from which he never recovered, kept him many months a prisoner, from which imprisonment he was released only by death.

It was some years after this, that I became acquainted with the family. Then the sweet gravity of Esther, the delicacy and womanly reserve of her manner, the beauty and purity of her life, so enchanted me, that I asked permission to continue my visits. Need I tell you how, step by step, our hearts ran out to meet each other? how soon I learned that beneath that calm, pure bosom there burned a flame, strong and passionate as it was pure? how the knowledge came to me, at first slowly and scarcely to be recognized, that with all the power, with all the strength and might of my manhood's heart, I loved Esther Lascelle, and that even as I loved her, even so did she love me? She did not hesitate to tell me; she did not practise upon me any of the airs and coquetries which so perplex men and degrade women. She merely laid her soft little hand in mine, saying:

"I have loved you always—always, it seems to me. I am so glad no one ever even asked me to love them. I should have felt degraded; as if I had wronged you. I always pity women who have had lovers, and who have loved before the right one came. I think one ought to be very certain that one really loves, before giving a man encouragement. Don't you?"

The question was so sincere, and so earnestly asked, that but for the truth and simple purity which beamed from her questioning eyes, I should have felt inclined to laugh.

Her mother offered no objection to our betrothal. Her affections, never very strong, waned greatly after her husband's death, or seemed rather to centre entirely on Oriana. You will not be surprised, then, that knowing Esther as I did, my perplexity nearly overshadowed my affection, in view of the calm, almost heartless manner in which she superintended her mother's deathbed. She refused me an interview that night, although she was well aware that the morrow's sunset would find me "on the deep, deep sea," in quest of knowledge and happiness on another continent.

I would willingly have deferred my voyage, if I could have prevailed on her to be my companion. I was to take the tour of Europe. I was to visit the mighty ruins of Rome, to stand where sacred feet had pressed the sod, and to worship amid the relics of the sublime and holy past, against which no man can quite shut the door of his heart. I knew how greatly the pleasure of this visit would be enhanced by her society. But her mother was ill, perhaps would never recover; she should never forgive herself, if she were to accede to my wishes and her mother were to die during her absence.

I said no more; but when the worst was over, when her mother was dead, it seemed hard indeed that I should be refused an interview, especially when I knew that favor had not been denied her detested lawyer.

Later in the evening, I saw her walking in the garden—if walking it could be called, which was a fierce tramp up and down, up and down, crushing alike with remorseless cruelty dewy blossoms or tender buds. I could almost distinguish the different perfumes, as they drifted up on the light breeze. I know that among them, heliotrope was the most conspicuous; and it was many years before I could govern myself sufficiently to tolerate that perfume without the same sad and sickening sensation which overcame me on that sorrowful evening. She must have kept up her march for more than half an hour—it seemed an age to me—when she stopped suddenly and looked up through the leafy shadows to my window.

"May I come?" I whispered, in a voice which could only reach her ear.

"For a moment—yes!"

Her voice was tremulous, and I saw by the moonlight that her eyes were glittering with tears. Sooner than I can write it, I was by her

side, with my arms about her waist. Then her grief gave full vent. I let her weep until the fountain had exhausted itself.

"Esther! Esther! what is it?" I pleaded.

She started from my arms, a strong shudder seizing upon every nerve.

"I dare not! I dare not! O, if I only could! Why must the sins of the guilty be visited upon the innocent? What had I done, that my life should be darkened by this dreadful—"

She did not finish the sentence, but the hand which I had regained grasped mine with a frenzy that was almost painful.

"Has that wretch of a lawyer any claim upon you? Only tell me so far—"

"Claim? N—n-o! Don't question me, if you love me. I cannot tell you part, without the whole—and God help me! I dare not break my oath!"

She sank upon a garden chair, and seemed trying to collect herself.

"Yes—I would say this, before I go. If anything should happen, if you should never see me again, remember you are almost the first man I ever knew—certainly the first who ever interested himself in my favor. It would be an insult to ask if you love me, to say that I love you. I know there is peril, temptation, perhaps crime in the distance; it may be far away, or it may be near my own door. I know it will come—a wild, sad trouble, against which there will be no resistance; against which I may beat my helpless wings till every pinion lies soiled and broken, yet with no avail."

"And you think I will leave you to bear it alone? I will not go—"

"You must—you must"—all her calmness suddenly returning. "It is not now, not for years to come, that I have anything to fear. Believe me, it is best, wisest, safest."

I do not know what arguments I used, what prayers I urged. I would not be denied. I had the right to protect her, and be the dark shadow what it might, I would stay to penetrate it. She let me rave on, pouring the most passionate protestations into her ear; but when I turned from her ear to her eye, I knew it was useless. Esther was determined! We thought it best to make that scene our last parting. There was nothing stirring in its excess, however deeply our hearts were wrung. Hand in hand we wandered past the garden down to a pond whose bosom was white with water lilies, and where we had often walked when the evenings were bright as now. There seemed to be a fresh sparkle in every lily, an Undine in every cup. The air was heavy with their fragrance—

the soft, sweet, peaceful air, which fell so gently on our heated brows. There were but few words said, on either side. I took her in my arms, kissed her again and again, and then put her from me.

I watched her firm tread, as she passed on, over the green lawn and on through the garden, home. At the door, I saw her little white hand waving me a kiss; then the door opened, then closed again, and there was no more fluttering figure, no more dainty hands, no more loving, trusting, tender face—nothing but a blank darkness between me and my manhood's idol. Need I blush to own that then and there, on the very spot her feet had made sacred, I knelt and wept such burning tears of bitter sorrow as only the most poignant grief can wring from the bosom of hardy manhood?

I went to Europe, but my soul was sick and unsatisfied. If I could only know my enemy! but even that relief was denied me. And so, for two years, I wandered alone, oftentimes on foot, and was at least in mind the veriest Pariah the earth contained.

For eighteen months, Esther's letters were frequent and tender. Much she had to say of the rare and wondrous beauty of her young sister, Oriana, begging of me to steel my heart against her triumphant charms, that she might have no occasion to regret the blooming in her garden of this most gorgeous flower.

"She is a perfect enchantress," one of her letters said; "to resist her is impossible, as many a man has found to his cost. But, thank God, up to this day, which completes her seventeenth year, her own heart has remained free!" And again, in a later one: "Do you know a Judge Gordon? A West Indian, I believe, but so magnificent! He is wondrously attentive to Oriana, and I begin to fear she is rather inclining towards him. If it *should* be—"

And why did she fear? Know Judge Gordon, one of the best and noblest of men? Of course I did; and so I wrote her—and wrote her, too, that if she was looking for a large-brained, large-hearted, brilliant, eloquent and most honorable man for her sister's husband, nowhere on the earth could she find an equal for Judge Gordon! Long before she could have received this last letter of mine, I had another from her. Such a letter as it was! not in quantity, but in quality. You would have thought that all the rage, the grief, the madness of her heart, had converged itself through her pen to her paper.

"It has fallen!" she wrote. "The cloud has fallen! The heartless, the contemptible, the cowardly villain, warring against two weak women! ~~My~~ ^{My} Grange has set his beastly

eyes upon my sister—my beautiful Oriana! I was mistaken in my forebodings. I knew his craven soul was determined upon a victim, but I thought it would have been the *heiress*, not the *beauty*! I was prepared to fight my own battle, but not the fiercer one of Oriana. But I will foil him! be sure of that. He shall not desecrate the pure shrine of that beautiful bosom." Again: "Oriana loves Judge Gordon! I have made sure of that. O, how my brain throbs! how my soul sickens! But do not fear for me! It is not Lawyer Grange who will conquer me. Oriana is growing paler and thinner, day by day. She sees there is something mysterious going on about her. She thinks me harsh and cruel, that I do not meet her lover with open hands. And so I am cruel! and so I despise myself that I dare not do so!"

I did not wait even to answer the letter, but hastily packing my trunks, I took the first steamer for America, determined, if there was any fighting to be done, Esther should not be without an aid. I found them at Lakeleath, under the management and supervision of Lawyer Grange, who, as manager of the estate and as guardian of Oriana until she should come of age, had taken the liberty of making it his permanent residence. At the first encounter between himself and me, although scarcely lasting the sixtieth part of a minute, there was proclaimed war to the knife. If Vesuvius had taken an aerial flight, settling itself down for a quiet smoke on the Lakeleath grounds, he could not have been more unwelcomely astonished than when his little gray eyes first became aware of my presence. Esther was in the garden, reading some book under shelter of a vast prairie rose which ever and anon mingled its beautiful blossoms with the braids of her rich brown hair.

"I knew you were coming," she said, after the first greeting was over.

"How could you have known it?" I queried. "I never even wrote."

"But I knew it all the same. My presentiments are seldom incorrect."

"Only when they lead you to fancy Lawyer Grange has a design upon you."

"Not upon me—upon my fortune! But, Maurice, it is ten times worse as the case stands now."

A garland of roses and lilies strung together by bits of honeysuckle and grape vine was suddenly flung over both our heads, while a roguish dimpled face beamed in between us, and looked straight into my eyes. A little scream, a hurried exclamation, and a deal of confusion was the consequence, in the midst of which there came an apology in the sweetest tones I ever heard.

"I beg ten thousand pardons—I thought it was James you were taking such liberties with, and I did it just for a lark."

"My sister Oriana, Mr. Stark." We had risen from our seats and turned toward the blushing truant.

Beautiful! I think for a moment my very heart stood still in homage to such illustrious and overpowering beauty. Scarcely up to the medium height of womanhood, yet with every outline of her willowy form marked with nature's most brilliant handiwork, it was impossible not to count her perfection. I could not, if I would, describe her face. I had seen the luscious demoiselle of France, the dreaming-eyed Georgian, the voluptuous Italian, the fresh and hearty English woman, and the delicate American, but among them all I could find no comparison for Oriana. In vain I tried to trace the smallest likeness to Esther—it was not there. That rich, dark complexion, those large, almond-shaped eyes, the long, massive curls, crimped clear up to the broad, pure temples; I had seen something somewhere (in a dream it must have been) like, yet unlike to this most gorgeous specimen of oriental loveliness; but it was not on the face of my betrothed. Forgive me, my beloved, if for a brief and passing moment, I almost, ay, quite wished it might have been there; but alas! Esther, with the shadow of twenty-eight years on her brow, made poor show beside her fresh, youthful sister. Do not think I would have made an exchange even for the space of a moment. If time had taken the freshness from Esther's brow, it had left there something far more endearing, far more enduring—a tender, gentle, loving trust which no circumstance, no chance of circumstances could ever obliterate.

Oriana's embarrassment was of short duration. There was evidently something very funny upon her mind, for the dimples kept coming and going upon her cheeks, and occasionally a single little gleeful laugh would ring out and far away upon the wings of the wind.

"What is it, pet?" said Esther, toying with one of the long curls which had drifted into her face.

"Something so funny. Who do you think has proposed to me?"

Esther turned pale as a lily, but kept her face from Oriana.

"Who, dear?"

"Old Grange, of all persons in the world." And a merry, pealing laugh woke the echoes for a mile in circle.

"And you?" Esther's voice was slightly tremulous, and I could see the old-time shiver

creeping over all her frame. "What did you do?"

"Do! What should I do? What would you have done? What would you have had me do? I laughed in his face—asked after his pet corn and his 'rheumatiz'—told him when the world had got so run out of men as to be under the necessity of calling him one, then I might perhaps listen to his suite."

"O, rash girl—rash girl! O, Heaven help us now—he never will forgive us."

"Forgive us! I think the shoe is on the other foot. I think it is me who should be expected to forgive him. The impertinence of the thing."

"But you do not know—you cannot conceive—"

At that moment Lisbia came to the garden to announce the arrival of Judge Gordon. Oriana was off like a shot, while Lisbia lingered to gain some directions from Esther relative to household arrangements. It flashed over me in a moment. That creamy clearness of complexion; those singularly fascinating and beautiful eyes! Had I Esther's secret at last? I dared not ask. If so, and she had taken an oath to keep it, I knew she would be torn to pieces by wild beasts before she would reveal it even to me. I determined, however, to keep my eyes open; and if needs be, to caution my friend, Judge Gordon, to be on the alert. This was probably the hold Lawyer Grange had upon the susceptible mind of Esther. She had a great horror of shame and sin, come in whatsoever form it might. Pure herself, she had judged others by the instincts of her own sweet life. There had been a deeper, perhaps more charitable judgment in her heart for the errors of poor humanity since the fatal evening of her mother's death.

Yes—I saw it all now—Lawyer Grange had, as solicitor for her mother, become aware of a disgraceful secret which threatened her honored father's memory. Had she been a lawyer like myself, she would have known that at least in the frame of Oriana the trace of negro blood was so far extinct, that the most venomous of petifoggers would fail to make out a case against her.

That evening, I joined and walked home with Judge Gordon. He was in the very poorest of spirits. The judge was a handsome man, not far from thirty, and I confess it sometimes puzzled me to account for his passionate attachment to the wild and spirited creole.

"I do not understand it," he said to me, as we were on our way into town. "I love Oriana

with all the might and mind of a man who has loved for the first time in his life, and she loves me; but, impetuous, passionate, wildly worshipful as she is when we are alone, the moment her sister enters the room, the change becomes appalling. The beating, burning heart seems suddenly turned to marble; the fond, loving face assumes an expression of the most stolid indifference; the tender, worshipful tones grow harsh and unmusical. If it was only for the deception of the thing, I should feel annoyed. Such good acting in one so young, is fearful; and yet I love—I love her! I cannot tear my heart from its allegiance—I cannot bid the waves of passion ‘peace’—I cannot say to my heart’s great craving, ‘thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.’ When she is her own, blithe, brave, true, happy little self, there is not that treasure in the world I would change her for. But—”

“I see—I see. Now let me ask you a question or two. If by chance some tale of wrong or shame, not committed by herself, herself in no way responsible for it, yet at the same time, a tale compromising her name in the eyes of the world, should meet your ears, do you love her well enough to take her to the home of your heart as the wife of your bosom, the mother of your children?”

“Stay; let me understand you. A tale compromising her name, a crime of which she is innocent, a shame of which she is ignorant? You speak in riddles.”

“If you knew she was good and pure, and innocent, that she was all a man might wish for in a wife, and that only for this taint—”

The judge laid his hand heavily on my arm. “The sins of the father shall be visited upon his children,” he said, in a most solemn and impressive voice. “I have feared this before.”

I saw he had understood my meaning, and launched at once into the very heart of the story. I knew Mrs. Lascelle well enough to know that there was no sacrifice on earth that she would not have made to save her husband’s honor, and so I told him. This, with the singular circumstances attending her deathbed, confirmed me in my suspicion.

“But what is to be done? That scheming lawyer has evidently determined to make the most of this knowledge, and Esther as evidently believes Oriana to be irretrievably in his power.”

“Let us watch our chance, and by the by, it is early yet—scarcely nine o’clock. I have an idea there will be trouble at Lakeleath to-night. We can but retrace our steps, and be on hand in case of need.”

At the family mansion, there was a long, low

room on the ground floor, used as the sitting-room for its occupants. Old-fashioned windows, reaching to the ground, and opening in the centre like folding doors, gave usual ingress and egress to the family. In the summer time these windows were curtained only by vines of climbing roses which grew in great profusion in that locality. Among these vines, Judge Gordon and myself took our station, looking through its leafy curtains into the room beyond. And such a sight as met our eyes; Esther was standing in the centre of the room, calm, pale, with a set determination upon her face that I had never seen there before. At her side, half crouching, half kneeling, with both arms wound firmly about her sister, with her great dark eyes, wild with fright, with her long hair torn and dishevelled, Oriana appeared, looking the very image of terror and despair. Her eyes were fixed on Lawyer Grange, who stood with folded arms against the door as if barring all egress. The burning glances of Lisbia wandered first to him with indignation and rage, then to the trembling and affrighted girl who clung almost with a death-clasp to her sister. Judge Gordon made one spring, and would have dashed in through the window if my strong arm had not detained him. It was not my purpose to appear until I had made myself acquainted with the circumstances of the case. If anything in the world could have appalled a man, it would have been the indignant, burning glances of those three injured women; but no muscle of his face was disturbed.

“You think you have foiled me,” he hissed out between lips white with passion. “You think I shall never dare a second attempt. No more shall I; I thought to carry her off by force, as making the least scandal. Let the scandal come now; you have brought it on your own head. The girl is mine. You know she is mine. No law on earth can keep her from me. Do you comprehend it, girl? You are mine, my property, my—”

“Silence, villain! This insult is between yourself and me. Do not dare breathe another word in the hearing of my sister.”

Oriana was gazing from one to the other with eyes distended in dread and horror.

“And why not? She has got to know it sooner or later. I may not be so young or so handsome as Judge Gordon; but I shall make her just as good a husband, or master—it rests with her to say which. Come, now, no more squeamishness—I offered you honorable love, you returned me hate and scorn.” He was advancing toward Oriana, but there was something

in the eye of Esther that checked him. "Very well, very well, all this has got to be paid for. That lovely face will make quite a show on a plantation of field niggers; those beautiful limbs give a new grace to the whipping—"

The words were not out of his mouth before he found himself whizzing away to another part of the room rather more expeditiously than it was agreeable. Oriana bounded into her lover's arms, and lay there, peaceful and at rest. Poor girl! she thought at least there was shelter and protection on his broad breast.

"All to be paid for; all to be paid for. All your love, all your money can't save her. She is mine. Look here, and here," he screamed in demoniac rage, producing from a dirty and begrimed wallet, two large and formidable looking law papers.

Esther paid no attention to his claims. She merely asked Judge Gordon to take her sister from the room, and return alone. Her voice was as calm, her face as determined as on that long ago night of her mother's death. When the judge returned, she requested him to hand her the papers, which the lawyer was still waving triumphantly above his head.

"Ay, you find it all right—signed, sealed, and to be delivered when called for."

Esther read the paper as calmly as if it had been any ordinary document.

"It is a forgery," she said, after a moment's pause. "That is not my father's signature."

Lawyer Grange went white to his very lips. "Prove it, prove it!" he almost screamed.

"I will," Esther went to a secretary standing in a corner of the room, and took therefrom a small iron-bound box.

From this box she selected a couple of papers bearing resemblance to those held by the lawyer. These she handed to Judge Gordon, telling him he would understand their purport. The first was a paper, filled out in form, by which Lisbia was made free for life. The second, a most carefully worded one, went on to explain that Oriana Lascelle, though the child of Lisbia, was free according to law; but fearing that in the future some accident might happen whereby her liberty would be curtailed, he had made this provision against the possibility of accident. Lucky that he had done so.

"This then was your secret?" I said to Esther, as she refolded the papers.

"It was my mother's secret. Her whole heart and soul seemed set upon its being kept inviolate. I think she would not have died in peace had I not taken an oath never to reveal the birth of Oriana to mortal man. Lawyer Grango had

prepared her will, and in that manner, became possessed of her secret. My poor sister, it will break her heart to know of this taint in her blood, slight as it is."

"Why need she know it?" It was Judge Gordon who spoke, his noble face flushing with the triumph of a good action.

"Surely, surely, you will not think of marrying her now?"

"Am I a man? Do you think I will visit on her innocent head the sins of others? But where is that wretch of a lawyer?"

Where indeed? In the excitement of the moment he had slunk away, and it was many months before he ever ventured again near Lakeleath. Poor Lisbia was almost wild with joy; and Oriana—it is not for me to describe the holy, happy, blissful hours in which her lover explained to her that she had no more to fear from Lawyer Grange. Ah, well—we have been married these ten years—Lakeleath is big enough for us all, little ones included, and I think I may venture to say that a brighter, happier, or more beautiful creature moves not on the earth, than Oriana, the lovely creole.

LAMB-ING AN ASS.

A pompous young ass of the English navy had mainly monopolized the conversation at the table of a friend, where Charles Lamb was an honored guest. His conduct appeared to show that he considered that he alone had a right to talk, which, Lamb observing, he became the subject of some of those keen satires which the latter was capable of administering.

"That is a most extraordinary circumstance which you mention," said Lamb, "I wonder he had not immediately ceased to exist."

"O, no o-o, not at all; *bullet* wound, don't you see; but a *cannon-ball*, don't you observe, is a different matter? Once on the 'Terrific Johannesbull,' (478 gun-ship, ye kno') there was a sailor who mounted the swawouds—a ball came, and took off his 'ands and harms. He dwopped of caws; but *wile* he was dwopping, don't you see, there came *another* cannon-ball which struck him abaft, and took off both of his legs. It couldn't possibly 'ave 'appened, you observe, in ten cases out of five, in the most tewific engagemment."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Lamb, "and you *saw* this yourself?"

"I saw it as plain, p'rhaps, on the 'ole, plainer than what I see you at this moment."

"Ah! was the seaman saved? You say he was dropped a 'elpless 'ulc into the hocean; but was he ultimately saved?"

"Good heaven! no!—harms gone—legs shot hoff, don't you see?—ow could he swim? *Lost*, of caws!"

"What a pity!" said Lamb, musingly—"if that man had been saved, he *might* hav' become an ornament to society!"—*London Times*.

Curious Matters.

The Romance of Life.

Thirty years ago a man named Wood sailed from New Bedford as mate of a whaler, leaving at home a young wife and an infant child. The ship in which he sailed was cast away in the South Sea Islands, and he was reckoned among the lost. Six years ago the child, now grown to manhood, removed from New Bedford to Cincinnati, taking his mother with him. One morning recently a gray-headed stranger called at his residence and inquired for his mother. She was called into the room, and after gazing at the stranger a moment, asked his business. "Do you not know me, Martha?" he said, and as the sound of his voice, like the memory of an olden melody, met her ear, she gave vent to a hysterical cry, and fainted in the arms which were opened to receive her. The long lost husband, after numberless reverses and incredible hardships, had returned to find her whom he had left a young and blooming bride, far advanced in the evening of life, while the infant, upon whose lips when last he saw him he had imprinted a father's kiss, and who could then scarcely lip his name, was now a stalwart man, and the head of a family.

A Starvation Religion.

A sect has sprung up in Liverpool, England, under the lead of Mr. Thomas Angel, calling themselves "Angelites, or Human Nature Conquerors," who live without food, and who meet daily, mornings and evenings, in Sunderland Street, to illustrate their doctrines and to enroll members, by signing a declaration that they will neither eat nor drink. They have put forth a printed pamphlet stating their views, and including a report of their sermons and the manner they adopt to overcome languidness and the total want of food, also, the eminent physician, Dr. Bickerstith's, certificate of the excellent health of the members of this extraordinary society, with their apology for "eating no food."

Singular Encounter.

A few days ago a Glasgow gentleman, while standing on Strone-pler, heard an unusual sound proceeding from below, and on looking down he saw a water-rat in the claws of a large crab. The rat occasionally brought his antagonist to the surface, when the latter seemed to give him a sharper nip, as the rat no sooner got above water than he squeaked dolefully, and began to sink again. Unfortunately, victory remained with neither, for the gentleman gave the crab a gentle tap with his stick, when our crustaceous friend let go and sank to the bottom in a great hurry, while the rat swam to the stone-work of the pier and boiled into a hole.

Remarkable Courage.

An instance of extraordinary courage and presence of mind occurred recently at St. Joseph, Missouri. A Mrs. Wake, who lives on Grand River, went, about midnight, to the river bank to call her son, who lives on the opposite side, but approached too near the edge, and was precipitated some distance over a steep bank into the rushing waters. She recollected hearing that if a person would keep the arms under water, and attempt to swim, there was no danger. She did so, and by this means gained the opposite side of the river, but found the bank so steep and high that it was impossible to get out. She took courage, and with great presence of mind, deliberately swam back to the side from which she started.

Habits of Grasshoppers.

A Gilded correspondent of the *Colorado (Texas)* Citizen gives some curious facts in relation to the grasshoppers which have recently swarmed in that region. He says: "They have an especial fondness for wheat and cotton, but don't take an kindly to corn. The only vegetable they spare is the pumpkin. The most deadly poisons have had no effect upon them; fumes of sulphur they rather like than otherwise; mosquito nets they devour greedily; clothes hung out to dry they esteem a rarity; blankets and gunnysacks they don't appear to fancy. They swim the broadest creeks in safety, sun themselves awhile, and then go on. The whole mass appear to start and move at the same time, travelling for an hour or two, devouring everything in their way, and then suddenly cease, and not move perhaps for a week, during which time no feeding is noticed; and finally, they carefully avoid the sea-coast."

Burying alive.

The recent news from Utah contains an item which illustrates the burial customs of the Shoshonee Indians in rather a striking manner. A brother of the chief of the tribe recently died, and his relatives, in addition to the killing of his favorite horses over his grave, buried with him, alive, a little boy of whom the deceased was very fond, so that he might accompany him to the spirit land. They wrapped the boy up, alive, in a blanket, and placing him in the grave with the corpse, buried them together.

Curious Will.

An eccentric person, the Marguis Mahair, of Florence, just deceased, has ordered by his will, a portion of his fortune to be invested, and the interest to be paid to the most hump-backed man in Tuscany. The recipient of the income is to be chosen by twelve other hump-backed men, each of whom for his trouble is to be rewarded with a gold medal bearing the effigy of *Æscop*.

Curious Freak of Nature.

The Hightstown (N. J.) *Essex* gives an account of a curious freak of nature, in the shape of a log containing three different kinds of wood—white oak, maple and hickory—all grown together in the most perfect manner. The outside of the log had the appearance of white oak, and only after cutting off the end could the strange amalgamation be discovered.

Singular Discovery.

A singular discovery was made at Provincetown, Mass., lately, of a stone wall seven or eight feet below a surface of sand. It is supposed to have been built more than a century ago, and probably soon after the landing of the pilgrims, as the earth above it was sixty years ago covered with a growth of small trees and shrubbery. The stones of which it is composed must have been conveyed there in small vessels.

A Novelty.

There is a tame rat on board the "City of Memphis," says the Appeal, which stands up on his hind feet when ordered, lifts his master's hand, and kisses him, climbs up over him, holds a stick in his fore paw, and stands up like a soldier; comes when called, goes away when told to do so, and enters his box or cage as an obedient child would at the request of its parents.

Curious Dove Story.

A gentleman of this city, says the Boston Traveller, who has a dove-cot at his residence at the west end, relates the following incident as having occurred last week: In the cot were a male and female dove and two squabs. The male squab having died, the elderly dove drove from his nest his female mate, and promoted to his bed and board the young female squab, pecking at and driving from his cot the female dove. Finally upon one occasion, when the female appeared at the door of the cot, the male sallied out, pecked at her, and then drove her away. The persecuted mother flew down to a perch below, where, with her head under her wing, she remained for a short time, and then fell suddenly to the ground. The inmates of the house, who had witnessed the proceeding, immediately went out, and ascertained that the dove was dead, but no wound was found sufficient to cause death. Possibly she died of a broken heart, from the brutal treatment of her false and sickle mate.

Singular Cases of Fatality.

In Switzerland once, a man was shaving at a window, when some comical fellow threw a snowball. The missile struck the razor, and cut the man's throat, and he died from the effects of the wound. This was in the canton of Claris, and since then the authorities have decreed that whoso throws a snowball shall be sentenced to six years' solitary confinement. Sixteen years after the dire event, the youth, Hans Hallschider, now grown to manly years, stood, on the anniversary of the dread deed, at the same window, shaving himself with the razor of the snowball victim. He raised the low sash, and while holding the glittering blade in his left hand, stretched out his neck to gaze upon a beautiful young girl going by. Suddenly a wild blast of wind howled through the air—it shook the window, which had lost its lead—the sash fell on the back of his neck—the upturned razor edge was against his throat, and his head, completely dismembered by the blow, fell in the street at the feet of the lady, who was his affianced bride.

Children poisoned by India-rubber Air-balls.

Two children have been poisoned at Hoxton by inhaling colored matter used in the manufacture of India-rubber air-balls. The evidence of the father showed that when one of these balls burst, a powder would fly around the room like smoke, and then disappear. The children sometimes picked up a ball and sucked it. The cause of death appears to be traced to the deleterious ingredients used by the poor man in his trade.

Singular Suicide.

A widow named Rogers, residing at Watertown, New York, aged seventy years, lately committed suicide by hanging herself. It was evident she had been carefully planning her death beforehand, for her grave clothes were found laid out upon her bed, and arranged in such a manner that they would be the first object to attract the attention of any person entering the room.

A Curious Truth.

The bones of a bird are hollow, and filled with air. If a string be tied tightly around the neck of a sparrow, so that no air can enter its lungs, and its leg broken, it will live. Respiration will take place by means of the broken bone.

A Century Woman.

Mrs. Rodah Douglas, of Freetown, Mass., now in her ninety-ninth year, has just recovered from a severe attack of erysipelas, and bids fair to see her 100th birthday. A few days ago, by way of pastime, she went up stairs, and spun six skeins of linen. She distinctly remembers events which occurred more than ninety years ago. Not long ago, while sitting alone, by some means she rocked over backwards, and was considerably hurt; but, as she said, "scrabbled up before any of the folks could come into the room, and said nothing about it for several days." She thinks young people like herself should not fuss about trifles.

Rules to administer Medicine.

For an adult, suppose the dose to be one drachm; under 1 year will require only one-twelfth 5 grains; under 2 years, one-eighth 8 grains; under 3 years, one sixth 10 grains; under 4 years, one quarter 15 grains; under 7 years, one-third 1 scruple; under 14 years, one-half 1-2 drachm; under 20 years, two-thirds 2 scruples; above 21 years the full dose of 1 drachm; 65 the inverse gradation of the above. This is an excellent table for regulating the doses of medicine: a mixture, powder, pill or draught may be proportioned to a nicety by attention to the above rules.

Manuscript Copy of Dante.

From Florence news comes of a manuscript copy of Dante turning up, all in the handwriting of Petrarch. It has stood the test of careful comparison with all the known specimens of his penmanship, which are by no means few or scarce. Almost all the books he read were enriched by marginal notes from his hand, and there is one touching memorandum in a volume kept at the Laurentian Library, "This day I learn the death of Donna Laura."

Something Wonderful.

The Richmond (Kentucky) Messenger mentions a circumstance which is probably without a parallel in the animal kingdom. It is a colt with but one eye. It was foaled on the farm of Mr. Elisha Roberts, in Madison County. The eye is considerably larger than the usual size, and in the middle of the forehead.

Quaint Title.

The following is the title of a pamphlet in verse, written two hundred years ago: "Tobacco battered, and the pipes shattered (about their ears who idly idolize so base and barbarous a Weed), by a volley of Holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon." It is perhaps the earliest satire on the use of tobacco.

Woolly Calf.

A curious freak of nature has appeared in Hartford, in the shape of a woolly calf. The whole body is covered with black wool, the horns look like a lamb's, and he butts with them just as a sheep does.

Treasure Trove.

A child in Birmingham, not long ago, putting his hand into a hole down which a mouse had run, found a tin box containing a hundred £1 notes, issued thirty or forty years ago.

The Florist.

Fair is the rocky fount, the blossomed hedge,
Groves stained with golden light;
Fair is the star of eve, that on the edge
Of purple clouds shines bright.

FREDERICK VON MATTHISSON.

Ornamental Gardening.

In the ornamental department of gardening, in this country, there is room for many improvements. The immense number of indigenous trees, shrubs and plants, which are scattered through our woods and forests, afford facilities for beautifying the pleasure garden, which is often overlooked. The passion for exotics which often disappoint the ardent cultivator, has caused the almost total neglect of the humble native plants and splendid shrubs. The Shad tree and flowering Cornel are worthy a place in any hedge. Look into our own woods and hedge-rows, and there will be found many plants beautiful as they grow, but susceptible of vast improvement by careful cultivation.

Cuttings.

Cuttings may be struck in the open ground, and in any common soil, without covering; but these cuttings are only of those plants which strike readily. When struck in pots, it is customary to fill the pots half or entirely full of silver sand, to prevent the stalk of the cutting from having too much moisture round it. Those cuttings which are most liable to be injured by moisture, such as heaths, etc., are struck in pots filled entirely with sand; but as there is no nourishment in sand, most cuttings do best with the lower end in earth, and with sand about an inch or two inches deep at the top of the pot to keep the stem dry and prevent it from rotting.

Faded Flowers.

The withered roses and other flowers should be cut off as soon as they fade, as nothing disfigures a flower-garden more than dead leaves and flowers, and they are often injurious to the plants, as insects are very apt to collect on the decayed blossoms—especially of roses. Some of the herbaceous plants that have done flowering may be cut down, and Pelargoniums, German and Russian Stocks, etc., should now take the place of the common bulbs. The annual plants sown in May should now be thinned out, and cuttings of greenhouse plants put in the open border under hand glasses.

Cosmos.

Mexican plants, generally grown as annuals, but which have tuberous roots like the dahlia, and may be treated like that plant. The flowers are very showy, and of a reddish purple; and the seeds, when the plants are grown as annuals, should be sown in March or April in the open ground, or in autumn if the young plants are protected well during the winter. The plants will grow four or five feet high in any common garden soil.

Hieracium.

The common Hawkweed. British plants, with large yellow flowers, which will grow freely in any light rich soil. They are propagated by seed or division of the roots. The name is said to be derived from the juice of these plants being formerly given to hawks to clear and improve their sight.

Chinese mode of Layering.

The Chinese method of layering consists in wounding a branch, and then surrounding the place with moist earth contained either in flower-pot or basket. The manner of layering has the one great advantage of producing a young tree which will flower and fruit while yet of very small size. It is generally applied to camellias, orange-trees and magnolias; but will do equally well for any other tree or shrub. When a plant is thus to be layered, a ring of bark is first taken off, and then a flower-pot is procured, open at one side, so as to admit the branch, and some moss and earth is put in the pot, and the opening in the side of the pot closed with a piece of wood or bark. It may be kept in its place by wires or strings. When the layer is well rooted, the branch below the pot is cut off, and the young plant transferred with its ball of earth entire to the ground. A simpler way is to substitute a piece of lead for the pot.

Grafting.

The kinds of grafting best adapted for ladies, are the common splice; the most simple and surest—cleft-grafting, side-grafting and in-arching. In splice-grafting the scion and stock are of the same thickness; both cut slanting, so as exactly to fit; and there is a dovetail notch in the stock for the scion to rest on. When the scion is perfectly fitted to the stock, it is tied with bass matting and afterwards covered with grafting wax or clay. Few of the climbing roses are fragrant, but that defect, if defect it is called, may be remedied by grafting fragrant scions upon the climbing stock.

Props for Plants.

Props for border-flowers may be made of laths split, but perhaps the best mode, because least artificial and ostentatious, is that of using straight rods of hazel, or some such wood, with the bark on. The object in using the rods of this kind is to avoid display. The walls against which plants are trained should never be of red brick or white washed, but should be painted a subdued tone. A brown color or tint like the bark of a tree displays the best taste, and improves the appearance of the foliage and blossoms.

Feather Grass.

A beautiful kind of grass, well worth growing to form tufts in flower borders, from its feathery lightness and graceful habit of growth. It should be grown in light rich soil, and it is propagated by seeds or dividing the roots.

Erythraea.

The lesser Centaury. Little pink-flowered plants, mostly annual, suitable for rockwork. The seeds should be sown in autumn, in the open border, and the plants removed in patches, with earth attached to the rockwork in the spring.

Groundsel-tree.

A shrub with bluish green leaves, and rather pretty flowers, which are produced in autumn. It will grow in any common garden soil, but is killed in severe winters if in an exposed situation. It may be propagated by cuttings or layers.

Helenias.

Perennial plants, natives of North America, which produce spikes of pink or white flowers: are generally sown in peat soil in a moist situation. They are propagated by seeds or division of the roots.

Management of Oleanders.

Oleanders should be regularly watered every day; but as no water should ever be allowed to remain in a stagnant state about their roots, the pots in which they are grown should have no saucers. They should also, in order to insure the highest degree of thrift, be re-potted once a year, and the soil be shaken out from the roots, as they are plants which throw out a good deal of excrementitious matter, which poisons the soil in which they grow. This re-potting should take place in spring, and after it has been performed the plants should be watered and set in the shade for a day or two. As soon as they begin to grow, they should have plenty of light and air, and they should be regularly watered twice a day. Thus treated, the oleander will grow rapidly, and throw out such large bunches of flowers as to form truly splendid objects.

Shading.

A very important point to be observed in transplanting is shading. Tender plants often die because not carefully protected from the heat of the sun. If it were possible to transplant without injuring the tiny fibrous roots, and if the plants were immediately supplied with plenty of water, shading would not be required. An inverted flower-pot is useful for that purpose. Let it be placed over the plant during the day, removed at night when the dews begin to fall, and replaced before the moisture is dried from the leaves.

Rule to be observed in Transplanting.

Never bury the collar of a plant, except a few annuals, such as balsams and a few other plants which send out roots above the collar of the plant. Most plants thrive very much better after a careful transplanting. Hyacinths do not bear transplanting at all; in fact very few bulbous rooted plants do. As a general rule it is best never to bury the collar of the plant, and take up a large lump of earth round the roots.

Benthamia.

A very handsome evergreen shrub, with large, white, showy flowers, which are succeeded by scarlet fruit having the appearance of a large strawberry. It is somewhat tender, and requires the protection of a wall. It thrives best in loam, and may be propagated by layers, cuttings or seeds, which it produces in abundance.

Flower-Pots.

Flower-pots of red, porous kind of earthenware are much better for the plants than the more ornamental kinds. Glazed pots are most suitable for plants kept in balconies which are much exposed to the air, as they do not admit of transpiration from the sides, and consequently the earth contained in them does not soon become dry.

Celsia.

Half hardy annuals and biennials, with showy, yellow flowers. They are generally raised in a hot bed, though if the season be a forward one they may grow freely in the open air. The *C. urticifolia* bears scarlet flowers, and is included in the genus *Alonsoa*.

Glechoma.

The Ground Ivy. There are two species: one with blue flowers, which is a British weed; and the other, with pink flowers, which is a native of Hungary. They will both grow in any common garden soil, and may be increased by dividing the roots.

Plants for Dwelling-Houses.

Among the flowers and plants which thrive well in dwelling-houses, none altogether excel the various scarlet and other bedding geraniums. There is a large family called "bedding," because they are used in great numbers to turn out in beds, and they are adapted for this purpose because they continue to grow and bloom all the summer and autumn, and in that particular differ from the still larger family of show geraniums—called more generally pelargoniums—which have their season of flowering only a month or six weeks. Of the bedding kinds, the best are those with red or pink flowers; there are some with white, but they are tame and uninteresting. By obtaining a few of the best scarlet and pink, at bedding-out time, at a nursery, and ordering the dealer to pot them in a size large enough to carry them through the summer, we may, with care, have them in good bloom almost up to Christmas. But now we come to an important contingency—we ought to have said with good management—never water them till the surface of the pot is dry, and then give it them so that all the soil in the pot is wetted; let the water all drain through, and throw it away, for they must not stand in it. Occasionally stir the surface of the mould in the pot, and take care that there be no vacancy between the earth and the side of the pot where you water them, for if there be, the water will run through without soaking into the middle of the ball of earth the plant is growing in. The stirring of the surface is to prevent that kind of shrinking that may be observed among plants that are undisturbed for a long time. All discoloured leaves should be picked off.

The Passion Flower.

The annexed interpretation of this justly celebrated and much admired flower will be found interesting: "The leaves resemble the spear that pierced our Saviour's side; the tendrils the cords that bound his hands, or whips that scourged him; the ten petals the apostles, Judas having betrayed, and Peter deserted; the pillars in the centre the cross or tree; the stamina the hammer; the style the nails; the inner circle around the centre pillar the crown of thorns; the radiance the glory; the white in the flower the emblem of purity; and the blue the type of heaven. On one species, the *passiflora alata*, even drops of blood are seen upon the cross or tree. This flower continues three days open, and then disappears, thus denoting the resurrection."

Herbaceous Plants and Bulbs.

All herbaceous plants and bulbs should be set out in the fall. Many wake up to the importance of these flowers when they see them in bloom, but when the time for planting comes they are forgotten. Take plants of all desirable sorts in the spring or summer, when in flower, and plant early in the fall, and the following spring you will have plenty of flowers.

Flowering Rush.

A British aquatic plant, producing pretty pink flowers. When cultivated, the seeds should be sown in loamy soil at the bottom of the aquarium or pond where it is to grow, or in a pot plunged to a considerable depth; or it may be increased by dividing the roots.

Monocanthus.

The Monk Flower. An orchideous epiphyte from Demerara and Brazil, requiring the usual treatment of similar plants.

The Housewife.

A nice Onion Sauce.

Peel and thinly slice four or five onions, put them into a saucepan with a piece of butter; stir the onion until browned; then stir in slowly a spoonful of flour, four tablespoonsful of any kind of nice broth, a little pepper and salt; boil this for a few minutes; watch, to prevent its scorching; then add a wine glass full of claret, and the same of mushroom catsup. Strain it through a hair sieve. Serve hot. This is a very nice gravy for steaks.

Potage a L'Anglaise.

Put a good sized marrow bone into a soup pot, and pour on it one gallon of water; wash one pint of split peas and put in; let this simmer slowly three hours; add a half teaspoonful of salt and a little black pepper. Toast nicely two or three slices of bread, butter them and cut into square pieces. Put them into the tureen, and pour the potage through a cullender, and mash the peas through into the tureen. Serve hot.

Lamb.

This requires much attention in the roasting. All young meats should be well cooked. For a sauce, wash clean a handful of fresh green mint, remove the leaves from the stems, mince it very fine and put it into a sauce boat, and stir in one teaspoonful of brown sugar and four tablespoonsful of good wine vinegar. Green peas is the vegetable eaten with lamb.

Hard Tea Biscuit.

Two pounds of flour; a quarter of a pound of butter; a salt-spoonful of salt; three gills of milk. Cut up the butter, and rub it in the flour; then add the salt and milk. Knead the dough for half an hour; make it into cakes about as large round as a small teacup, and half an inch thick. Prick them with a fork; bake them in a moderate oven, until they are a light brown.

Champagne Cider.

Good cider, pale, one hoghead; spirit, three gallons; honey or sugar, 20 pounds. Mix, and let them rest for a fortnight, then fine with skimmed milk, 1-2 gallon. This will be very pale; and a similar article, when bottled in champagne bottles, and stoppered and labelled, has been often sold to the ignorant for champagne. It opens very brisk if managed properly.

Arrow-Root Blanmange.

To two and a half spoonful of pure Jamaica arrow-root, a quart of milk, a large spoonful of crushed sugar, a spoonful of rose-water and a little salt. Reserve a gill of milk to wet the arrow-root, and boil the rest. When it boils up, stir in the arrow-root, and boil it up again a minute or two; add the sugar, salt and rose-water, and put it into the mould.

To pickle Cucumbers.

Trim and wash them in salt and water, drain, and put them into the bottles, add a little mace, cloves, capsicum and mustard-seed, then cover them with white vinegar nearly boiling hot; cork immediately.

Fresh Fruit Trifle.

Stew gooseberries or apples, or bruise raspberries or strawberries, lay them upon soft custard or upon cake dipped in cream, and cover it with whip.

Cream Fritters.

Mix a handful of flour, with three whole eggs, and the yolks of six, four pounded macaroons, some dried orange-flowers, browned in sugar, a little candied lemon-peel chopped very fine, half a pint of cream, half a pint of milk, and a lump of sugar; boil the whole over a gentle fire for a quarter of an hour, till the cream turns to a thick paste; then let it cool in a dish well floured, shaking flour all over it. When cold, cut the paste into small pieces, roll them in your hands till they become round, and fry them of a good color; when you serve them, powder them all over with sugar.

Gooseberry Champagne.

"Ferment together," says Mr. Francis, "five gallons of white gooseberries, mashed, with four and a half gallons of water, add six pounds of sugar, four pounds and a half of honey, one ounce of finely-powdered white tartar, one ounce of dry orange and lemon-peel, and half a gallon of white brandy. This will produce nine gallons. Before the brandy is added the mixture must be strained and put into a cask. This will be found equal to Mrs. Primrose's celebrated gooseberry wine (See the "Vicar of Wakefield")."

Soups.

Vegetable soup. Two turnips, four carrots, four potatoes, one cabbage, one parsnip, parsley or celery; chop them all fine, add a spoonful of rice, and three quarts of water, and boil them three hours. Strain through a cullender, let it all boil up again, and add a pint of milk or cream, thickened with flour.

Cheese Cake.

Mix together one quart of cheese (curd), four eggs, half a grated nutmeg, a small portion of cream, a piece of butter as large as an egg, and as many dried currants, and as much sugar as is agreeable to your taste. Flavor with brandy.

Calf's Foot Blanco-Mange.

One quart of the stock, prepared as for jelly, one pint of cream, flavored to the taste, and half a pound of sugar. Let it boil up once, and strain it into the moulds through a gauze sieve. Cool it upon ice or in cold water.

Boiled Oustard.

Beat—very light—five eggs; place one quart of milk over the fire, and when it comes to a boil, take it off the fire and stir in your eggs; season with whatever essence you prefer, and let it again come to a boil.

Of Beef as Food.

Ox beef is considered the best; heifer beef is excellent where well fed, and is most suitable for small families. If you want the best, choose that which has a fine smooth grain—the lean of a bright red; the fat white or nearly so.

To keep Muslins of a good Color.

Never wash muslins or any kind of white cotton goods, with linen; for the latter deposits or discharges a gum and coloring matter every time it is washed, which discolors and dyes the cotton. Wash them by themselves.

Fried Sweet Corn.

Cut tender corn off the cob. Put it in a pan, and add sufficient water to moisten it, a little salt and butter, and fry to the liking.

Bedding.

Many persons think it conducive to health to sleep very hard. This is only the case with peculiar constitutions. Generally speaking, most people will sleep more comfortably, and feel more refreshed afterwards, on a moderately soft bed or mattress. Even in summer, and in warm climates, a mattress should not be so hard as to have no elasticity. If the mattress is sufficiently thick to prevent the feather bed beneath from rising or swelling around you, the proper end is answered as far as health is in question; and certainly the comfort is much greater than if all beneath you is so hard and compact that you cannot but feel as if sleeping almost on a floor of wood or stone; as is often the case, when a thick, solid, hair mattress has nothing under it but one equally solid of straw.

Irish Stew.

Cut up two pounds of the neck of the mutton into small cutlets, which put into a proper sized stewpan with some of the fat of the mutton, season with three spoonsful of salt, half an ounce of pepper, the same of sugar, six middle-sized onions, a quart of water; set them to boil and simmer for half an hour, then add six middling-sized potatoes, cut them in halves or quarters, stir it together, and let it stew gently for about one hour longer; if too fat remove it from the top, but if well done the potatoes would absorb all, and eat very delicate; any other part of the mutton may be served in the same way.

Bed-Room Carpets.

The carpet on a chamber will last and look well much longer if there are extra places to lay round the bed, tacking them up and shaking them every day. In front of the washing-stand, and some distance beneath, it is well to have a breadth of oil-cloth nailed down upon the carpet, which will thus be saved from much injury by the splashing of water in emptying pitchers and basins.

Yellow Almond Sweetmeats.

Blanch a pound of sweet almonds; wash them in cold water, and when quite dry, pound them with a sufficient quantity of yolks of eggs into a fine but rather stiff paste; add to them a pound of powdered sugar, and the rinds of two lemons grated; knead the paste well with your hands, first sprinkling the table with sugar. Form the paste into what figures you prefer.

Yeast Dumplings.

Make a dough with a table-spoonful of yeast, a little salt, and warm milk, and flour; set it to rise. When light, flour your hands, and make it in balls the size of a common apple; throw them into boiling water, and cover close. In half an hour take them up with a skimmer; serve plain, with butter or with a sweet sauce.

Cabinet Pudding.

Boil one pint of milk, with a piece of lemon-peel, pour it on one ounce of sponge biscuit, let it soak half an hour, then add three eggs, half an ounce of currants, and a very little sugar; steam it in a buttered mould, lined with raisins, one hour.

Bread and Butter Pudding.

Butter a tart-dish well and sprinkle some currants all round it, then lay in a few slices of bread and butter; boil one pint of milk, pour it on two eggs well whipped, and then on the bread and butter; bake it in a hot oven for half an hour.

Beefsteak Pudding.

Prepare a good crust as for a fruit pudding. Take beefsteak cut in small pieces, a few slices of very nice salt pork, season with pepper, salt, summer savory and a small piece of onion if fancied; dust flour in your meat, put the crust in the cloth, the meat in the crust, tie tightly and boil three hours or a little more. When cut open pour in a little melted butter. A very little experience will teach any one to make this pudding, and to those who are in the habit of broiling or frying steak, it will soon commend itself for the saving.

Cleaning Knives and Forks.

It is an excellent way to have, at dinner-time, on a side-table, a deep, tall, japanned or painted mug or can, filled with sufficient hot water to cover the blades of the knives and forks, but not enough to reach to their handles, which the hot water would split or loosen. As the plates are taken from the table, the servant who waits should at once stand the knives and forks upright (blade downwards) in this vessel of water, which will prevent the grease from drying on them, and make them very easy to wash when dinner is over.

Fig Paste for Constipation.

Cut up small one pound of figs, and mix it with two ounces of senna carefully picked over, and one tea-cupful of molasses; stew it till it becomes thoroughly mixed and firm; then cool it. A piece about half as large as a fig will generally be sufficient.

Freckles and Sunburns.

After washing in cold water, use a little of the following lotion: mix a teaspoonful of diluted muriatic acid with an ounce of rose-water, eight ounces of water, and one ounce of rectified spirits of wine.

Spice Plaster.

Pulverised cloves, cinnamon, and Cayenne pepper, half an ounce each; mix, and add flour and wine of galls, or diluted spirits, to form this plaster; lay it hot on the region of the stomach. It is excellent for pains and spasms.

To make Yeast.

Boil five large potatoes, mash them fine, add gradually one quart of cold water and three table-spoonful of sugar. Stir in half a pint of yeast, set it to rise; when light, cork it, and keep in a cool place.

To make Sticking Salve.

Three pounds resin, half a pound of mutton tallow, half a pound of beeswax, and a table-spoonful of sulphur; melted, poured into cold water, and worked and pulled an hour.

Keeping Cider sweet.

A pint of mustard seed, put in a barrel of cider, will preserve it sweet for a number of months. I have drunk fall cider in the month of May, which was kept sweet by this means.

Fever Draught.

Boil an ounce and a half of tamarinds, three ounces of currants, two of stoned raisins, in three pints of water. Boil them down one-third, and strain them.

To remove Freckles.

An ounce of alum, and an ounce of lemon juice, in a pint of rose-water.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

BLEEDERS.

In Felt's Annals of Essex County, we find a very curious account of families in the town of Hamilton who are called *bleeders*, from the great propensity of their bodies to bleed profusely even from very slight wounds. He says that there are four families in the town, all of which are more or less related, some of the members of which exhibit this peculiarity. There are five individuals in all, and they have inherited this tendency to hemorrhage from their ancestors, some of whom have died from wounds which are not considered by any means dangerous to people in general. These people are afraid to submit to the operation of the lancet, for fear of fatal effects. A cut, or other wound upon them, at first assumes the common appearance; but after a few days, the injured part begins to send forth almost a steady stream of blood. This continues for several days, when the discharge changes to a colorless fluid, resembling water. A cone is in the mean time formed over the wound by the coagulated blood, and the discharge continues through a small aperture in the centre of this cone, until the latter falls off, when the discharge ceases. These bleeders often bleed abundantly at the nose, and are subject to severe and unaccountable rheumatism. This hemorrhage first appeared in a family by the name of Appleton, who brought it with them from England, and it is transmitted from generation to generation. None but male members of the family are bleeders, and their immediate sons are not so; but the sons of their daughters exhibit the peculiarity. There is, however, no definite information as to what proportion of the male children of the bleeder's daughters resemble him in this respect, and that proportion has been found to be altogether uncertain. The circumstances narrated by the historian are certainly very remarkable, and seem to indicate some law of human generation which has heretofore been guessed at, by those who have noted the resemblance in the mental peculiarities of sons to their mothers, and daughters to their fathers.

CHARLES MACKAY.—This gentleman is so well pleased with America, that he is coming back again in a couple of years.

PAPER FROM BEETS.

Among the new inventions recently made in England, is the preparation of paper from beet root. The beet is extensively used in making sugar, and this new invention converts the pulp of fibrous matter, which is left after extracting the saccharine properties, into paper by a very easy and economical process. This pulp is mixed with cotton or linen, in various proportions, from ten to eighty per cent., and the result is, a paper stronger and more durable than that composed of any other materials, and, at the same time, more compact, tenacious and flexible. This paper is also impermeable to humidity, under all circumstances, and is therefore unaffected by climate. The beet pulp also operates as *sizing* for the paper, so that the use of rosin, glue, etc., for *size*, is dispensed with. It gives a fine, vellumy surface to the paper, which fits it to be printed upon without wetting down; and to the dry printing it gives a clear, sharp impression, like wood engraving. The resemblance, in this respect, to Chinese paper, leads us to suppose that a similar ingredient has long been in use among that ancient people. In the proportion of fifty per cent. to cotton, the beet makes a very superior paper, equal in strength, flexibility and color to linen, but with a much finer surface. The London Times is to be printed on this new paper, and it is estimated that the saving thereby will amount to \$100,000 a year, in the expenses of that establishment. The British government have also adopted a coarser kind for cartridges, which is pronounced by the authorities at the War Office to be "vastly cheaper and better than any material heretofore used." It is quite natural for John Bull to resort to anything that will enable him to beat his enemies—even to beet root cartridges.

BACK NUMBERS.—We can still supply all the back numbers of our magazine to January 1st 1858. When subscribing, please say at what time it is desired to have the subscription commence.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.—There is one thing a drunken man cannot do—drive a sulkey without getting his legs mixed up with the wheels of the vehicle.

MODERN FIRE-ARMS.

The past twenty years have witnessed many wonderful discoveries in the arts and sciences, and many practical improvements based thereon. Man is naturally a fighting animal, and therefore, as a matter of course, a due share of his attention has been devoted to perfecting his implements of strife. The improvements in guns and cannon have fully kept pace with those in the more peaceful implements of human occupation. The Paixan and the Lancaster cannon have offset the sewing and the reaping machines, as well as the Colt's revolver and the Minnie rifle, the steel pen and the magnetic telegraph. Gun cotton has sprung up to rival gunpowder, and that in turn has been so far improved upon, that the Italian assassins who lie in wait to murder Louis Napoleon, make use of an exploding powder sixteen hundred times as powerful as common gunpowder.

Even sedate old Massachusetts is brushing up her old firelocks, and swapping them off for something more powerful. The volunteer troops of the State are henceforth to be armed with the rifle musket, a newly-invented arm, of great power, which has recently been adopted by the United States. It is to be used with an elongated, expansion ball, and provided with rear sight, for greater accuracy of aim. A clasp bayonet is also attached, and the famous Maynard primer, to be used instead of the percussion cap. This new weapon, with a charge of powder one third less than that used in the present musket, will drive a ball one half heavier than is now used, completely through a three inch pine plank, at a thousand yards distance; while the old musket will send its ball only three hundred yards, and barely penetrate the plank. The rifled chamber also renders the aim of the new weapon much more accurate than the old one, even at a larger range than the latter will carry. With this superior piece, the Massachusetts volunteers will be a much more effective substitute for regular troops than heretofore; and they will now take greater interest in target practice than heretofore, because steadiness and accuracy of aim, and not chance, will decide the contest, and award the prize.

While on the topic of fire-arms, we desire to make mention of an application of the revolver principle and electric discharge to cannon, recently invented and exhibited at Buffalo, N. Y. The piece exhibited was a small brass gun, mounted upon wheels, and so constructed that a rotary cylinder, containing four charges, constitutes the breech. The charges in the cylinder are replenished to any extent, by means of a

hopper, and the piece is fired as rapidly as a man can work an ordinary lever backward and forward. The piece is discharged by electricity, at the rate of thirty rounds per minute; and what is most singular in reference to the process, is, that the cylinder does not become heated, however rapid the discharge. This singular phenomenon is attributed to the electric fluid, the cylinder being rendered perfectly electrical by means of its connection with the battery and wires by which the ignition is caused. After two hundred rounds, fired in rapid succession, at the rate of about thirty rounds per minute, and without once using the swab, the breech, instead of being hot, was found to be much cooler than when the firing commenced. The inventor is confident that with good powder he can fire sixty rounds per minute. In this experiment the powder used was of very poor quality. The Buffalo Express states that the experiment was completely successful in demonstrating the utility of the invention, and that the inventors purpose to lay it before our government at an early day, in the meantime securing patents in Europe and this country.

THE ART OF WAR.—Marshal Piussegur affirms that all we know of the art is, "principally nothing." Some slight smattering of knowledge in the manner of fortifying places, and the attack and defence thereof, together with the evolutions and exercises of the battalion (many of which are perfectly impracticable in the face of the enemy), this is the summit of our acquirements, and we neither know nor trouble ourselves further.

JAPAN.—Mr. A. M. Gaskewitch is appointed Russian consul to Japan. He will be there with his wife who will be the first European woman ever allowed a residence in Japan. It is a nice country to keep house in, Japan blacking and candlesticks are so easily procured.

DRINKING SONGS.—A modern writer says that Bacchanalian songs can hardly be said to form a distinct or original department in the literature of this country. We are not at all ashamed of the fact.

ROSES.—Professor Agassiz thinks the creation of roses was coeval with that of the first woman—the fairest flower and the fairest creature given to the world at the same moment.

THE DEER IN FLORIDA.—The deer in Florida are said to be dying off rapidly of a strange disease, which nobody can account for.

BRITISH MILITARY SCHOOLS.

Whatever training British military officers have received, that has redounded to the credit of their nation upon the battle field, has been acquired, not in her military academies, but in actual service. While Great Britain was almost constantly engaged in war, their officers had abundant opportunity to learn by experience, and they did not fail to profit by the teachings of this severe school. In later days, however, since the field of Waterloo, she has had a period of comparative peace; her old generation of officers has passed away, and those who have succeeded them, have had little or no opportunity to learn the art of war by practising it. The substitution of military schools for the tented field, has not raised up for her a race of officers of which she has any great reason to be proud. Unlike France, she has not kept up a vigorous and effective system of military education in time of peace, but has trusted to luck for the capability of her officers. The consequence of this neglect of military training was strikingly manifested in the course of the Crimean war, where the British officers showed to great disadvantage beside the French. Superannuated drivellers or effeminate dandies, commanded her troops in many cases, and with little ability to serve the cause, or win honor for themselves. Not so the French. They had well-trained and disciplined officers, who understood their duty, and had the physical and mental force to perform it; and to them in a very great measure is due the partial success which crowned the cause of the allies in that war.

The foolish system of purchase which prevails in the British army, whereby a man's purse or that of his friends procures his commission, instead of his own qualifications or merits, has a direct tendency to bring persons of inferior abilities into the offices, and repress the promptings of emulation. If this privilege of buying commissions was restricted to those who had pursued a regular course of military education, and given evidence of their proficiency, it would be much less injurious in its effects upon the efficiency of the officers as a class. But it is not, and for the great majority of the army officers, it is open to any man who is a gentleman by birth, and can command the price. Consequently, though there are military schools in England, no young man who is desirous of having office in the army, feels at all obliged to commence his education in those seminaries, or in fact sees any feasible road to the object of his ambition through their portals. This non-essentiality of military education necessarily un-

dervalues it, and leads the majority of aspirants for military commissions to look upon it as a thing of very little consequence.

There are in England three military seminaries, neither one of which, however, is designed for the general service of the army, like our own national academy at West Point; and neither of them is as thorough and effective as ours for educating and training young officers for the service. The first of these seminaries in point of age, is the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, which was founded more than a hundred years ago. This academy, as at present regulated, educates cadets for the artillery and engineer service, and to the extent of its capacity is open for the admission of any youth in the kingdom, whose friends may have interest to place him there. Successful graduates from this school are entitled to commissions in the artillery and engineer corps, without purchase. But the commissions thus acquired are regarded as inferior to those bought by money in the cavalry and infantry service, thus rendering military education a badge of inferiority among officers. The moral and intellectual discipline of this seminary is, however, very inferior, as confessed by British authorities, and the royal commissioners have recently condemned the whole system as failing in the object of rearing up competent officers.

The second seminary is the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, which was established in 1804. It was designed as a school for the sons of officers in the army, and bears somewhat the same relation to the line that the Woolwich academy does to the artillery. That is, cadets who go through the whole course of studies prescribed, and pass the requisite examinations in a satisfactory manner, are entitled to a commission in the cavalry or infantry, without purchase. But this college course is not the only avenue to a commission in those corps; and as matter of fact, very few of those who enter there go through the whole course, but are provided with commissions by their friends, by purchase, before their time is out; while at least five sixths of the candidates for commissioners never enter this college at all, but are appointed direct from civil life, either to the staff by family influence, or to the line by the weight of their purses. It is the decided opinion of the most competent judges of military matters in England, that this college neither exercises, nor in the nature of things, can exercise, any beneficial influence whatever upon the tone of the British army. So far as the standing of the institution is concerned, it is very low indeed, and it has comparatively few

pupils. Any other nation but the English would sweep it away at once, as a useless expense; but John Bull's bump of veneration is so large that he can never allow that there is more wisdom to-day than there was yesterday.

The third educational establishment alluded to above, is the East India Company's College at Addiscombe, which was started in the year 1818. Here, cadets appointed by the directors are educated for the engineer, artillery and infantry service of the company. This is the best military school of the three, not only in its course of studies and discipline, but also in its bearing upon the military service. Excellence in this school is stimulated by the reward of merit; the best scholars being selected for appointment to the most desirable arm of the service. But the establishment has no effect on the army generally, it being confined solely to the East India Company's service, and being only a part of the machinery by which it carries on the gigantic scheme of plunder and outrage with which it has cursed India. For this kind of service no high-minded man would ever feel a preference; and therefore the aspirants for military honors, in England, are left entirely without a suitable establishment to qualify them for the duty which they seek. How different is this from our own country, which possesses in the West Point Academy an adequate, popular, and economical seminary for the thorough education of all the military officers which we require, in every branch of the service, and receives annually from its graduating class a body of officers fully accomplished in all the requisites of thorough soldiiership.

WAGGISH.—A dry sort of humorist complained to his minister that he must get a seat nearer the pulpit, "for," said he, "by the time your words reach me, they are as flat as dish-water." Not a very complimentary parishioner, certainly.

AN EXCELLENT INSTITUTION.—In Freeport, Illinois, they have a society called the "Anti-poke-your-nose-into-other-people's-business Society." That's a good institution.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.—Mrs. Partington said her minister preached about "The Parody on the Probable Son." Another old lady called the young gentleman the "Prodigious Son."

FLARE UP.—Peter Flare, of Middletown, Md., has fallen heir to \$50,000 by the death of a relative in Germany.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

One morning, just at the dawn of day, the great Abbas was going forth to hunt in a narrow valley which lies between two high mountains, when he met an uncommonly ugly man, at the sight of whom his horse started with such violence as nearly to unseat the king. Being greatly enraged at the bad omen, the monarch instantly ordered the ugly man's head to be struck off. The trembling peasant, while held fast by the executioner, in readiness to receive the death-blow, humbly supplicated to be informed what crime he had committed. "Your crime," said the imperious Abbas, "is your unlucky countenance, which is the first object I have met this morning, and has nearly caused me to fall from my horse." "Alas!" said the despairing victim, "what term must I apply to your majesty's countenance, which was the first object that met my eyes this morning, and is now to cause my death!" This witty reply so pleased the king, that he ordered the prisoner to be released, and gave him a purse of gold, instead of taking off his head. If we would, all of us, reflect upon our own short-comings and imperfections, when we feel inclined to censure the evil which we see in others, there would be fewer heads snapped off, and more gold purses circulating in community, greatly to the enhancement of our own peace of mind and the happiness of our fellow-creatures.

A SUBURBAN DIALOGUE.—"Mother wants to know if you wont please to lend her your preserving kettle, because as how she wants to preserve?" "We would with pleasure, boy; but the truth is, the last time we loaned it to your mother, she preserved it so effectually that we have never seen it since." "Well, you needn't be sassy about your old kettle. Guess it was full of holes when we borrowed it, and mother wouldn't troubled you again, only we seed you bringing home a new one."

COFFEE AND A COFFIN.—The following affecting epitaph may be found upon a tombstone in Connecticut:

"Here lies cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Nanny Deminy eighteen forty."

CANINE.—A citizen of Hallowell has taken a fancy to a head of a dog that howls in his vicinity, and offers a reward of five dollars for a sight of the head, minus the body.

UNFORTUNATE.—Chicago has a public park, but its gates are too narrow to admit crinoline.

POPULAR ELOCUTION.

Our people are proverbially speech-makers—made so by our institutions of popular government, and encouraged to the effort by the general intelligence which prevails. Elocution is generally an exercise of our public schools; and debating clubs, town meetings and caucuses, confirm the habit of declamation in after life. It must have struck our readers with surprise to observe how few good public speakers there are, when they reflect upon the great number which we find among us, and the frequent opportunities they enjoy for exercising the talent. Why is this? Why is it that so few lawyers, ministers, and public lecturers, really speak well? We observe an almost universal deficiency of easy, natural and effective elocution. School teachers encounter it in their scholars, and labor in vain to obviate the objectionable tendency and supply the deficiency. It would seem that some earlier example than that of the teacher is before the mind of the child, which influences his habit of public speech.

This example continues through all the school training of the youth, and remains to influence him in after life. It is the example of the preacher of the gospel. This is constantly before the child from his earliest days of observation, and makes the first, the strongest, and most frequently repeated impression upon his mind. Every week the elocution of the minister in the pulpit is before him, to form and shape his impressions of public speaking; and the inevitable effect is to establish a habit of elocution which will resist the training of the school, and the experiences of after life. How important, then, does it become that the minister of the gospel should be a good speaker—that the indelible impression which he makes upon the habits of the young may be good, and not bad. This consideration is not sufficiently attended to by those who have the selection of public teachers of religion, elocution being regarded more as a pleasing adjunct to a minister's talents, than an all-powerful example for the unconscious imitation of the young.

We have often recognized the snuffing tone and twang of the conventicle, in the elocution of celebrated public speakers, and wondered where the obnoxious habit was contracted. A little reflection has satisfied us that the influence of the pulpit on the youthful mind has produced the mischief, and led us to the conclusion that the importance of correct pulpit elocution is not sufficiently appreciated. As a matter of curiosity, we have sometimes traced the early religious attendance of speakers to the same place of wor-

ship, simply by the peculiarity of their elocution—so marked and prominent were the characteristics implanted in their minds by the preacher whom they listened to in youth. This is a subject of great moment, and should command more attention from parish committees and others upon whom devolves the selection of ministers; for unless their ministers are good speakers, the children of the parish will contract vicious habits of elocution which can never be effaced.

GAMBLING IN LONDON.

A few years ago there were clubs, at which fines were inflicted on any member who was not drunk when the sittings were closed; whist clubs, where the members sat up to their knees in the rejected packs of cards, curtains being drawn between their faces to conceal any expression of disappointment at a bad hand. The practice is said to have been introduced in consequence of Mr. Fox losing a large sum of money by the cards being reflected on the bright surface of some large steel buttons which he wore. One of these card clubs had a singular constitution. It was called "The Never-Ending Club," and the law was that no one should quit the table until relieved by the arrival of a fresh member. Days passed, and even nights; and the fresh dawn beheld the *parti carre*, after a snore or two, commencing a new game.

OMNIBUS RULES.—Property left in an omnibus may be, and is usually, claimed by the passenger sitting next the leaver. Drivers of omnibuses must set the passengers down in the mud, so as not to obstruct the crossing; but if hard pressed by an opposition, need not set them down at all. Omnibus windows must be so constructed that they will not let down in summer, or pull up in winter.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.—Why is dew seldom formed at sea? Because most people object to a sea dew-sir in any shape. What has become of the candle, when it has been burnt? It has gone the way of the wicked. Why is a parson asking questions, the strangest of all individuals? Because he is the querist.

CONSCIENCE.—A retired merchant of Hartford acknowledges the receipt of \$150 by letter, dated and postmarked New York city. It was sent for the purpose of making restitution.

MANKIND.—Mankind may be divided into three distinct classes: Superlative honest men; confirmed scoundrels; and—no men at all.

THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

This illustrious lady, the widow of King Louis Philippe's eldest son, and at one time almost within reach of the throne of France as regent, died suddenly at Richmond, England, a few weeks since. She appears to have had the good fate to die serenely, as she, for her own part, chose to live. It is, of course, the contrast between the glorious promise of her youth, when a place on one of the chief thrones of Europe seemed secured for her, and the quiet and premature close of her days as a refugee, like the rest of the ex-royal family of France, in England, that offers to the moralist the latest illustration of the uncertainty of fortune. Six years before the fatal days in February, 1848, when the crown of France, her son's inheritance, was dashed to the ground in the shock of revolution, she, and the country of her adoption, suffered an irreparable bereavement by the accidental death of her husband. The Duke of Orleans was the only one of the sons of King Louis Philippe for whom the French people seemed to have any personal liking or respect, and it was believed that had his life been spared, the calamities that overtook the self-willed old king, involving in common ruin not only his whole family, but, temporarily at least, France itself, would in all human probability have been averted. Though throughout her widowhood she had lived in strict retirement, yet during those terrible three days of the year of revolution, the duchess showed herself thoroughly worthy of her husband, and of her position as a royal princess. Her courageously presenting herself to assert the claims of the Count de Paris before the tumultuous assemblage that filled the Chamber of Deputies, on the second day of the outbreak, was one of the heroic and romantic incidents of that period. But "the age of chivalry was gone" for her, as for Marie Antoinette; no generous intercession arose, and the latter princess passed into obscurity, exciting as little sympathy as did the other, in still more evil days, in passing to the scaffold. In all the calamities that have overtaken her, domestic as well as public, the duchess exhibited true dignity and resignation, bearing her misfortunes as becomingly as her honors; and love, admiration and respect, which accompanied her through life, follow her to the grave.

Lamartine claims that he had but to speak the word and the duchess would have been regent, and her son king of France. He had but to say: "Arise! You are the widow of the Duke of Orleans, whose death and memory the people have crowned in you! You are children

bereft of their father, and adopted by the nation! You are the innocent victims of the throne, the guests and suitors of the people! You take shelter from the throne in a revolution! This revolution is just, it is generous, it is French! It does not war with women and children. It does not grasp the inheritance of widows and orphans. It does not plunder its prisoners and guests. Go and reign! It restores you from compassion to the throne which was lost by the faults of which you are only the victims. The ministers of your grandfather have injured your inheritance—the people restore it. They adopted, they will fill for you the room of your grandfather. You had but a prince for your guardian—you shall have a mother and a nation." But Lamartine did not speak the word, and the duchess with her children fled into exile.

DIAMOND DUST.

It is stated that the demand for diamond dust within five years has increased very materially, on account of the increased demand for all articles that are wrought by it, such as cameos, intaglios, etc. Recently there has been a discovery made of the peculiar power of diamond dust upon it; it gives the finest edge to all kinds of cutlery, and will doubtless displace all other substances for that purpose. It is well known that in cutting a diamond—the hardest substance in nature—the dust is placed on the teeth of the saw, to which it adheres, and thus prevents the instrument from making its way through the gem. To this dust, too, is to be attributed solely the power of art to make brilliants from rough diamonds; from the dust is obtained the perfection of the geometrical symmetry, which is one of the chief beauties of the mineral, and also that adamantine polish, which nothing can injure or affect, save a substance of its own nature.

SCION OF THE CHARTER OAK.—A gentleman in South Coventry, Conn., has on his grounds an oak tree, now eight feet in height, which he has raised from an acorn picked from the old Charter Oak seven years ago.

THE CLERGYMAN'S RAIMENT.—A calf ate a minister's shirt, recently, at Calama, Cal., with \$114 in gold, which was in a pocket of the shirt. The minister gives up his shirt as "done gone," but hopes to recover his gold.

CRUEL RACE.—Two men have been running horses in a twenty-mile race at Detroit. One of the horses dropped on the last mile from sheer exhaustion, and has since died.

Foreign Miscellany.

The French *Gazette Medicale* says cold charcoal laid on a burn will stop the pain and heal it.

The total rateable property in Birmingham, last year, was valued at nearly £850,000.

The English marquis of Westminster has an income of sixty-seven thousand dollars a week.

The French government is boring an artesian well in Paris, which is already 1742 feet deep!

The British government are building 36 steamships to mount, in all, 1960 guns.

The Earl of Derby recently lost \$300,000 at the Epsom races. He is an inveterate turfite.

There are about 30,000 blind persons in France, of whom about 5000 are children.

The French have abandoned the idea of rivaling our Southern States in cotton-raising.

The authorities of Geneva have entered a protest against the expulsion of refugees, and demand that no expulsion act shall be enforced.

A company has been formed for a submarine telegraph between England and India, via the Red Sea, capital one million sterling.

A manufacturer of pianos at Berlin, C. Malitz, has taken out a patent for a new method by which octaves are produced on the piano by striking a single key.

The condition of the river Thames is the topic of serious discussion in the British Parliament. The London Times declares it to be "the uncleanest, foulest river in the world."

The hotel of Mdlle. Rachel, in the Rue Trudon, Paris, has been sold by public auction. The upset price was 120,000*fr.*, and the sum for which it was adjudged was 220,000*fr.*, exclusive of costs.

The Pau journals announce the death, at that place, aged 84, of the Baroness Bernadotte, widow of the brother of the late King of Sweden. She leaves one son, Baron Oscar Bernadotte.

Alexander Dumas means to crown his literary career by the publication of a cookery-book, destined to eclipse every culinary book ever published.

DICKENS AND BULWER.—Both of these great novelists are living separate from their wives. Each of the two seems to be idolized by almost every lady in the world, except the one he interchanged vows with at the altar.

"Steel biscuits" are among the novelties advertised in the London newspapers. They are represented to be an elegant and very palatable preparation, and medical men pronounce them a most useful and agreeable tonic.

It is now denied that Nena Sahib is accomplished, or that he speaks French or English even tolerably. He has a steward, however, whom he sent to England and France, and who is supposed to have put him up to the revolt by incorporeal representations of British impotence.

Dr. Schwarz, in Hamburg, editor of the *Handelsblatt*, has published a work on the crisis of 1857, which contains, among others, a complete list of all the suspensions of payment and failures which occurred in all parts of the globe during this period.

It is said that the hiding place of Mr. Alsop, Orsini's fellow-conspirator, is known to the British government.

Two successful novelists are now members of the British Cabinet—Benj. D'Israeli and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Steps are being taken in Southampton, Eng., to erect a statue there to the memory of Dr. Isaac Watts.

Athens, Greece, is to be lighted with gas, but it has already taken three months to dig the foundation for a gasometer.

Hendrik Conscience, the well-known Flemish novelist, has been elected Professor of Flemish Literature in the University of Ghent.

The British Parliament has expelled a bankrupt member, and it is reported that there are other members to be ejected from their seats.

There are twenty universities in Germany, having about 1400 professors and teachers, and 13,000 pupils, of whom twenty per cent. are foreigners.

The ostrich has been domesticated in Algeria. Nine young ones are now in a brood. The flesh of the grown bird is expected to become eatable in its new state. The feathers and eggs are profitable.

At her majesty's last state ball, the Marquis of Westminster, the richest man in England, wore four splendid jewels, amongst which was the famous diamond valued at £30,000, in the hilt of his sword.

There has been a terrible railroad accident in Belgium (a very seldom occurrence in Europe), by which 21 were killed, and 52 wounded. The engine came in contact with two team wagons, when at its highest speed.

In the Island of Rhodes, according to recent letters, all the crops were perishing from drouth, murrain had broken out among the cattle, and extensive depredations were committed by birds of passage. The governor of the island had formed a corps of 150 practised marksmen to kill the birds.

Some unknown donor has just released the English Church at Paris from debt, by handing in a check for the whole amount—\$19,000. Some people imagine this regal donation to emanate from Lord Ward; others declare that it can proceed from no hand but that of Miss Burdett Coutts.

In Leipsic there are 116 publishers' and large book-selling houses, nine type foundries, and twenty printing offices, the annual consumption of paper averaging about 15,000 bales, at 5000 sheets each bale. Two hundred years ago, the printing interest of the same place was represented by five master-printers and eleven compositors and pressmen.

At Bona, Africa, the native Algerines, angry at no rain falling, seized half a dozen marabouts, and plunged the holy men into the sea, keeping them in the bath until a shower came. It actually began to pour down at once. The Lazaroni at Naples are trying a similar experiment against the lava of Vesuvius with a wooden doll of St. Januarius.

Record of the Times.

The Moravian congregation at Bethlehem, Pa., have over a million dollars at interest.

There are said to be sixteen thousand more women than men in Philadelphia.

The Bryan Gallery collection of pictures has been removed to the Cooper Gallery, New York.

The success of the French theatrical company in New York will establish a French theatre.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania lately passed a law sanctioning a freer trade in money.

The whole number of land-warrants issued in June was 963, requiring over 142,000 acres to satisfy them.

One thousand barrels of flour are contracted for in Cincinnati, to be delivered in September, at \$3 per barrel, by parties in Indiana.

A suit for slander has been commenced in New Orleans, in which Pierre Soule is counsel for plaintiff, who lays her damages at \$100,000.

E. C. Goodwin, late editor of the Litchfield Enquirer, has exchanged poverty and printing for wealth and matrimony.

The Central Park in New York will progress rapidly, \$300,000 having been appropriated to begin with.

Dr. Wynne, of Baltimore, has received the great Victoria gold medal for his report on the cholera of 1849.

The grapes near Cincinnati are beginning to show the mildew. Scattering powdered flour of sulphur over them is the remedy employed.

A lady the other day, visiting the White Mountains, saw and captured a young bear at Gorham. "Alone she did it."

In California they frequently devote Sunday to public amusements. At San Francisco the race course is crowded on that day.

Dr. Nettleton adopted the following as a maxim for the government of his life: "Do all the good you can in the world, and make as little noise about it as possible."

Col. John O'Fallon, a St. Louis millionaire, has signified his intention to donate \$100,000 for the endowment of the O'Fallon Polytechnic School in that city.

An infant son of a clergyman named Alexander, has recovered \$3333 damages from the Cleveland and Fitchburg Railroad Company, for having his hand cut off by a train of cars.

The longest straight stretch of road in the south, is on the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad, where for seventy-five miles the line is perfectly straight.

Deming Jarves, of Boston, has commenced the erection of buildings for the manufacture of glass, at North Sandwich, on the site of the Monument Iron Company's Works, which were destroyed by fire last year.

A Mississippi paper tells how a fellow of doubtful character was induced to leave. Some of his neighbors made up a sufficient sum of money for him to travel on, and left it lying about loose. He found it, but supposing he had stolen it, he left—not the money, but the county.

A young sculptor, Mr. Galt, is executing a marble statue of Jefferson, for Virginia.

A speculator in lotteries lately testified that he had lost \$30,000 in the purchase of tickets.

The remains of beet root, after it has been used for making sugar, are found to yield good paper.

Edward Everett has delivered his oration on Washington eighty-two times, for the Mount Vernon fund, and the receipts, with the accumulations thereon, now amount to \$42,000.

At a recent sale of literary property in London, the copyright and stereotype plates of Jeremy Bentham's complete works, in eleven volumes, sold for £145.

During the year 1857 over twenty millions of passengers were carried over the city railroads of New York on the third, the fourth, the sixth, and the eighth avenues.

Hon. Robert Dale Owen, U. S. Minister at the Court of Naples, has written home to his friends in Indiana that he has become converted to Christianity. Mr. Owen has heretofore, we believe, been an infidel.

Rev. T. O. Lincoln, of Utica, was presented by the youth of his congregation (Baptist) with a pair of kid gloves—each of the fingers and thumbs of both gloves had folded in it a ten dollar bill.

Mr. Wm. B. Astor, now in Paris, has bought Powers's statue called "California," for the sum of \$7500, and the Hon. Hamilton Fish has bought a third duplicate of the same artist's "Fisher Boy," for the sum of \$1000.

Augustine Heard, Esq., of Boston, has presented to the First Congregational Church in Ipswich the house and land formerly occupied by the late Dr. Thomas Manning, to be used as a parsonage.

The number of emigrants who arrived at Quebec up to the 11th of June during the year 1857, was 13,225, while the number arrived up to the same date this year is only 4175—a decrease of about 9000.

The amount of copper shipped the present season from the Lake Superior region up to the last dates was 1085 tons. The shipments from the Superior region for the season are expected to reach 7000 tons more than last year.

About a year since, a young man named James Doan, at that time working as a journeyman carpenter in Chicago, received a legacy of forty thousand pounds by the death of an uncle in Australia. The New Covenant announces that he died lately from the effects of dissipation.

It is calculated that a fluent speaker utters between 7000 and 7500 words in the course of an hour's uninterrupted speaking. Many orators of more than usually rapid utterance, will reach 8000 and even 9000. But 125 words a minute, or 7500 an hour, is a fair average.

A fly lays during the summer, each time eighty eggs, making 230, of which half are supposed to be females. Now calculate the generations and it will be found that in one summer a single fly produces over two millions. Let alone birds and toads and everything else that are continually eating these pests.

Merry-Making.

"Mind your eye," as the thread said to the needle.

A man down East advertises a cordial preparation from woman's kisses.

If you'd learn to bow, watch a mean man when he talks to a gentleman of wealth.

The speaker who was "drawn out," measured eighteen inches more than he did before.

If the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl?

What is that which, when brought to table, is cut, but never tasted? Cards.

The anxiety that a man feels for the want of funds is called *capital* punishment.

"A penny for your thoughts," as the cheap newspaper reader said to the editor of a daily.

The musician who composed the "march of intellect" is engaged on a new opera.

A drop in the eye causes blindness, and a drop in the head puts out the eyes of the understanding.

In what part of London should Rarey reside? In Horse-ly-down, surely, the other replied.

In Mexico, everybody is supposed to be an ex-president who wears a clean shirt and keeps his hands washed.

A vocalist says he could sing "way down on the old Tar River," if he could only get the pitch.

Contradicted—The report that a Yankee had invented a machine to take the noise out of thunder.

Why is a reporter like a pickpocket? Because he takes notes, and must have quick fingers to ensure success.

A minister prayed fervently for those of his congregation who were too proud to kneel and too lazy to stand.

Attend to your own business, and never trust it to another. "A pot that belongs to many, is ill stirred and worse boiled."

Ladies of a certain age may perhaps envy the Emperor of China one of his luxuries; his birthday is celebrated only once in ten years.

A young carpenter, having been told that the course of true love never did run smooth, resolved on going to court his young lady with a fore plane under his arm.

A late Dublin paper contains the following advertisement: "To Let—The upper part of a cellar—to a small family, rent low. P. S. Privilege on the sidewalk for a pig."

The convivial Charles the Bold, being seated at a dinner table opposite the learned Scotus, asked him jeeringly what was the difference between Scot and sot. "They are only divided by the table," was the reply.

"Well, I suppose you have been out to look at Texas; did you see anything of our old friend—out there?" "Yes, gone deranged." "Gone deranged! how? what does he do? real crazy?" "Yes, indeed; he doesn't know his own hogs from his neighbor's."

Why are a young lady's affections always doubtful? Because they are mis-givings.

Betting is immoral; but how can the man who bets be worse than the one who is no better?

Why are persons with short memories like office-holders? Because they are always forgetting everything.

"I'm particularly uneasy on this point," as the fly said when the young gentleman stuck him on the end of a needle.

Why do young people go to a confirmation always in new clothes? Because they do not wish to be confirmed in their old habits.

Why are "colored gemmen" merchants, and friendly to home protection? Because they deal in ebony and ivory, and wear their own wool.

Why should our merchant tailors form themselves into a regiment of heavy dragoons? Because they are splendid fellows for charging.

Of all the arrows shot at our miserable nature, is there one that is not made keener if whetted on the poor man's hearth?

Tiger hunting is very fine amusement, so long as we hunt the tiger; but it is rather awkward when the tiger takes it into his head to hunt us.

"Mynheer, do you know what for we call our boy Hans?" "I do not, really." "Well, I will tell you. Der reason we call our boy Hans, it ish his name."

"Here's Webster on a bridge," said Mrs. Partington, as she handed Ike the dictionary. "Study it contentively, and you will gain a great deal of inflammation."

"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?" "No sir-ee!" "What makes him stop, then?" "O, he's afraid somebody'll say 'whoa!' and he sha'n't hear it."

A dish for epicures was presented at a dinner-table in Philadelphia, a few days since—eggs fried in butter, with their shells on. The dish was invented by a young lady from Ireland, who said she could "do that and a dale besides."

A contemporary, noticing the appointment of a friend as postmaster, says: "If he attends to the mails as well as he does to the females, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer."

A correspondent of a New York paper writes that while travelling at the South, he attended a negro meeting, where the sable preacher offered an earnest prayer for "de white element in our population."

A lady asked Dr. Staats if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain. "O, no," replied the doctor; "ladies who have brains don't wear them."

"Husband, why do you destroy all my sweet Williams in the garden, and leave all the bouncing Betsies?" "Because the Betsies are all favorites of mine, and I wont have any sweet Williams about my premises."

☞ GIVEN AWAY. ☞

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge. M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

COMIC SKETCHES.

From the Stage Box of Comedy and Farce.



Spriggins's feelings are overcome entirely by Mrs. Barrows acting in *The Lady of Lyons*;



But as entirely recovered by the astonishing comicalities of Wood in *The Lottery Ticket*.



Mrs. Jawbeater, who does not see why that exceedingly improper play, *Camille*, can be allowed;



Yet is delighted by *The Serious Family*, although a member of the church.



Young Bob quite appreciates the clowning of Gabriel Ravel;



But sees a horrid example in his fate when he goes down through the stage with a clang like copper.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



The poet of the "Lillville Banner" trying to suppress his feelings when Mrs. Skerret recites her wrongs to a full house;



And violently applauding Warren's attempt at comfort, when he offers her a drink from his bottle of whiskey.



The country schoolmarm's disgust at that young Davenport's peculiar way of kissing a lady before all the people.



Her virtue not alarmed, however, when John Gilbert does the same thing in the character of papa.



Gripes the money lender watching the career of a fashionable rascal—and



His satisfaction at the close of the play at seeing the swindler led off to prison, while everybody gets their rights.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.—No. 4.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1858.

WHOLE No. 46.

MASSACHUSETTS SCENERY.

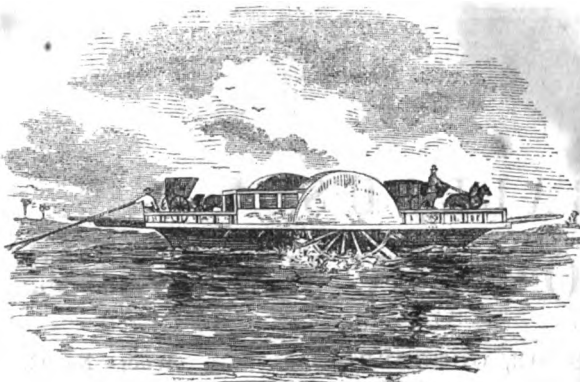


MOUNT TOM, FROM THE HORSE-FERRY ON CONNECTICUT RIVER.

In the present article we propose to devote pen and pencil to the illustration of some of the striking features of the scenery of the State of Massachusetts. This State abounds in subjects for pencillings and "inklings," from its irregular and indented seacoast on the east, to its borders on the west, embracing a wonderful variety of natural characteristics. It is true that our landscape does not rise to the highest level of the grand and sublime, in any locality. Yet all beneath that, within the range of the impressive, the romantic, the pastoral, it certainly contains. For the Switzerland of America we must look farther north. To find the majesty of falling waters we must go to Niagara; still we will match our beautiful Merrimac or our Connecticut against any rivers of the north, and there is many a sweet valley, nestling in the hollows of the hills, nameless and almost unknown, save to its

tenants, that we would match against similar retreats with sounding names that have been sung in verse and recited in story.

Until within a few years, some of the finest scenery of Massachusetts was inaccessible to the many. The old stage-coaches, travelling on various routes, could convey but a limited number compared to the multitude transported daily by the railroad cars. In the match of horseflesh against iron the former is beaten out and out. Yet if travelling by stage-coach was confined to few persons, those few, under favorable circumstances, enjoyed it immensely. Our most satisfactory studies of Massachusetts scenery have been made from the driver's box of a stage-coach on fine autumnal mornings. The vehicle, with its uniform ten miles an hour, moved quite fast enough to permit the eye to take cognizance of objects in the foreground and in the middle dis-



FERRY-BOAT.

tance, and then, as your progression was not mechanical, the driver would pull up in some romantic spot and permit you to take a long gaze at a bright sheet of falling water, or a peep into some sylvan glen. No such advantages are presented by the railroad cars. Nothing arrests their momentum. They are pitiless as fate. On—on—they fly like the wandering Jew, and if the steam-horse had a bit of poetry in his iron noddle he would snort forth in the words of Beranger:

"Ever, ever
Whirls the earth o'er which I fly—
Ever—ever—ever—ever!"

To gaze upon scenery as you are tearing along at thirty or forty miles an hour is about as satisfactory as it would be to try to take account of the figures of a kaleidoscope driven by a high-pressure steam-engine. It is confusing, and rather tends to produce insanity to see fences flying back and trees running forward, and hills dancing country dances and bobbing up and down with the motion of the cars, which, by an optical delusion imparts itself to all the surroundings. You hear about some gray old mountain, thunder-scarred and venerable, seated on an adamantine base, the type of changeless grandeur, and you look out for it with a degree of expectant reverence; but it gives a severe shock to your feelings to behold that respectable eminence going through the figures of a country dance, as if it was a thoughtless young hill, and rushing away at top speed like a cowardly Titan soundly threshed in a battle of the giants and scouring off in a panic *saute qui pent*. From the deck of a slow-going Rhine steamer you may take in all the characteristic features of that lordly stream; the panorama moves moderately enough to enable you to daguerreotype vine-clad crag, and purple mountain, and feudal tower on your memory. But we defy you to make any such record in a railroad car. Yet let us not undervalue the railroad. It has thrown open to hundreds of thousands the glories of nature. It carries people who would never otherwise have seen them within reach of the most glorious, the most elevating scenery in the world. At morning you eat your breakfast in Boston; at night you gaze on the White Mountains, "pointing their bold outlines on the evening sky." Swiftly and cheaply

the flying car carries you whither you please, but arrived at a place of interest, the scenery-seeker must leave it. Let him then mount a horse and pursue his search and study of the picturesque in the saddle. There is no mode of locomotion so exhilarating as this; yet perhaps the care of your horse may divert your mind too much from the study of the landscape.

Your true lover of nature is best satisfied, after all, to take his knapsack on his back, his staff in his hand, and perform his pilgrimage on foot. You are then unconfined to the highway—you can follow winding lanes and seductive glens; you can ford brooks, climb hillsides, plunge into valleys, repose under branching oaks; in a word, you are master of your own time and movements, untrammelled by any regulations save those of your own will. Hazlitt is decidedly in favor of this mode, but according to his opinion, the pedestrian should make his tour alone, in which we do not agree with him. He says:

"One of the pleasantest things in the world is a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

'The fields his study, nature was his book.'

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising hedge-rows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow room, and fewer incumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

'a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet.'

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

'May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.'

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise, or in a tilbury, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with imperinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hour's march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I

A STREET IN HADLEY.

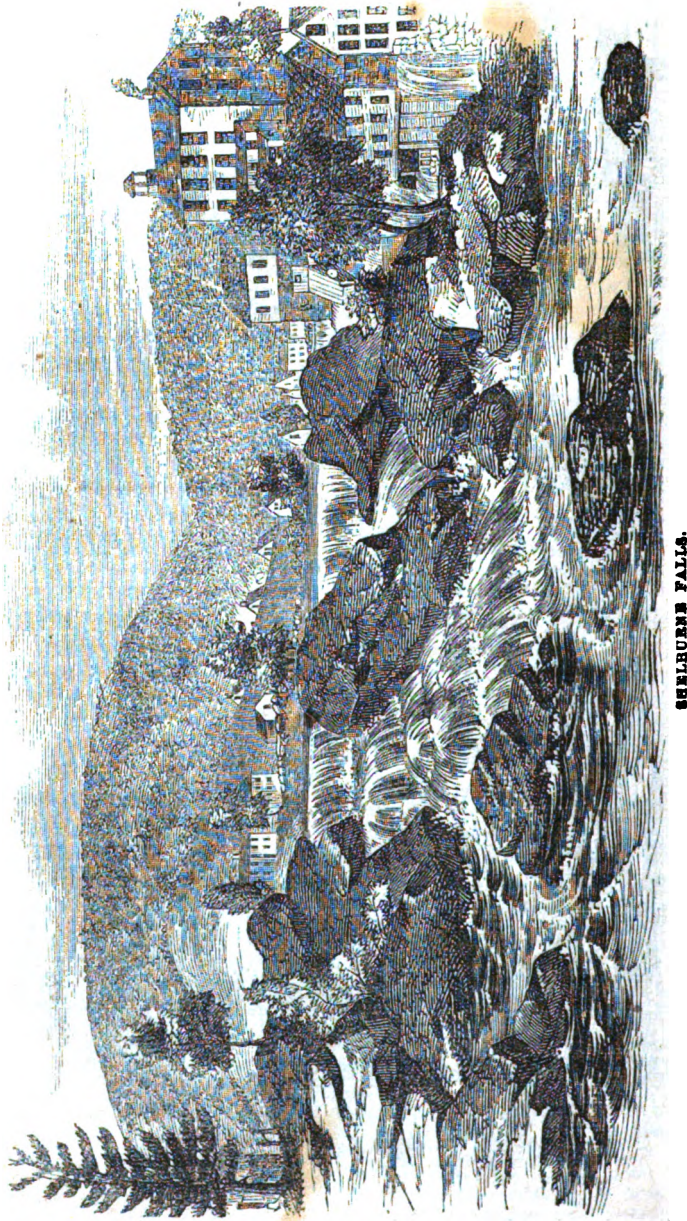


sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like 'sunken wrack and sumless treasures,' burst upon my eager

sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull common places, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis

better than I do ; but I sometimes had rather be without them. 'Leave, O leave me to my repose!' I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me 'very stuff of the conscience.' Is not this wild

and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way and therefore prefer being alone."



SCHELBURN FALLS.

rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself,

And Rousseau says, in one of the most eloquent passages of his "confessions:—" "Never did I possess such activity of thought, never was I so sensible of my being, so full of the enjoyment of life, so much myself, if I may dare use the ex-

pression, as when I travelled alone and on foot. There is something in walking which animates and enlivenes my ideas; while I remain still, I am scarce capable of thought; my body must be set in motion if I would rouse my intellect. My gaze upon the country, the succession of pleasing views, the open air, my keen appetite, the flow of health which walking earns for me, the ease of a country inn, my distance from all that can make

awhile, I take pleasure in describing them to myself, what boldness of pencil, what freshness of color, what energy of expression do I give them! This is all to be found, they tell me, in my works, though written towards the decline of life. O! if they had seen those of my early youth, those which I made during my walks, those which I composed, but which I never wrote!

But waiving the question of how to see, let us glance at what is to be seen in Massachusetts. To us there is a wealth of beauty within our own borders, which only involves us in what the French term the "embarrassment of riches." Are you for the sea-shore? You are hard to please if you cannot find food for admiration along the countless beaches and headlands, the stern promontories and deep bays of the seaboard, from Cape Ann to Cape Cod. If you seek higher emotions, thrilling associations, a stimulus to patriotism—is there not Plymouth Rock? "No New Englander," says Dr. Dwight, "who is willing to indulge in his native feelings, can stand upon the rock where our ancestors set the first foot upon their arrival on the American shore, without experiencing emotions very different from those which are excited by any common object of the same nature. No New Englander could be willing to have that rock buried and forgotten. Let him reason as much, as coldly, as ingeniously as he pleases, he will still regard that spot with emotions wholly different from those which are exhibited by places of equal and even superior importance." And the Frenchman, De Tocqueville, in his celebrated work on this country, makes the following beautiful comment on Plymouth Rock. "This rock," he says, "has become an object of veneration in the United States. I have seen bits of it carefully preserved in several towns of the Union. Does not this show that all human power and greatness is in the soul of man? Here is a stone which the feet of a few outcasts pressed for an instant; and the stone became famous; it is treasured by a great nation; its very dust is sacred as a relic. And what becomes of the gateways of



ROADSIDE CASCADE, SHELburne.

me feel my dependence, from all that reminds me of my situation, all this disentangles my soul, gives me a daring grasp of thought, throws me, as it were, into the immensity of created things, where I combine, select, appropriate them to myself, without restraint and without fear. The whole of Nature is at my control; my heart, wandering from object to object, unites, identifies itself to those which are congenial to it, is surrounded by enchanting illusions, is intoxicated with delicious sentiments. If, to fix them for

a thousand palaces? who cares for them?"

But setting aside historical associations, the intrinsic beauty of the sea-shore, the hills, the woods and the rivers of Massachusetts commend them to every lover of nature. Let us proceed to cite a few examples selected from the western part of the State. Our first view represents Mount Tom, as seen from the horse-ferry on the Connecticut River. The ferry-boat, as another engraving shows, is propelled by horses. It does not run at stated times; but whenever a carriage



NATURAL BRIDGE, NORTH ADAMS.

wishes to cross, and the boat is on the other side of the river, a blast from a tin horn (it ought to be a bugle) summons the ferryman to come and get you. On the passage across the river, you have a fine view of Mount Tom, as shown in our first engraving. This mountain is in the town of East Hampton, and is separated from Mount Holyoke by a narrow cleft or notch, as shown in our next engraving. Mount Tom is 1200 feet high, and rises in rugged majesty, the sole object in the landscape, which frowns eternal defiance on the march of human improvement. It has been remarked that "even here, if the not improbable theory of some geologists be correct, the modifying hand of nature has accomplished one of its most remarkable achievements in the excavation of a rocky channel for the Connecticut, between these two mountain heights, which are supposed originally to have formed a connected chain, at a considerable elevation above their present bases. The appearance of the bold cliffs at the Rock Ferry crossing, as well as the form of the vast alluvial basin which would be embraced within the sweep of this mountain range, if only a connection here were formed, together with other geological characteristics, render this theory, extraordinary as it may seem, almost a matter of obvious demonstration." There are few mountain scenes accessible as these, and all persons who desire to form an acquaintance with the romance of nature ought to visit them. The variety of the views they present, the mixture of wildness and cultivation, and the extent of landscape commanded from their summits, amply repay the expense and toil of a visit to Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke.

After returning from Northampton, we may make a visit to Hadley, a street in which forms the subject of our next engraving. It is a handsome town on the east bank of the Connecticut River, united to Northampton by a fine bridge

1080 feet in length. The village covers a sort of peninsula formed by a bend in the river. The principal street is about a mile in length, and presents the usual features of a New England village. It is wide, and shaded by noble elms. Its Indian name was Nornottock. It stands in the midst of a fine agricultural region, and the annual overflow of the river renders its meadows remarkably productive. It is eighty-eight miles southwest from Boston. The village consists of two principal streets, running parallel with each other, and crossed at right angles by smaller ones. Our engraving shows the most westerly of these, and the view is taken nearly at the upper end. The first building is the town-house, the next the Congregational meeting-house.

After leaving Hadley, and passing up the river to Greenfield, we take the road from that town to North Adams, in Berkshire County. The scenery on the road between Greenfield and Shelburne Falls is quite diversified, and abounds in beautiful cascades, one of the most striking of which is depicted in one of our engravings. The village of Shelburne Falls is upon the western border of the town of Shelburne, and the eastern of Buckland, lying upon both sides of Deerfield River, which falls forty-seven feet in a few rods, and affords a fine water-power, which is well improved. The building on the right belongs to the Shelburne Falls Cutlery Works. Until 1768, Shelburne formed a part of Deerfield, and was called Shelburne Northwest. At its incorporation it was named for Lord Shelburne. The village of Shelburne Falls is neat, handsome, and surrounded by charming scenery. It contains a well-endowed and flourishing academy; population, 1239. Our fifth engraving represents a picturesque cascade in Shelburne. After leaving this village, our road passes along the banks of the Deerfield River, one of the most romantic and beautiful streams in New England. The hills rise so abruptly from the banks of the river, that there is barely room for the carriage way, which of necessity follows all the turns of the river as it meanders between the hills, giving glimpses of the most enchanting landscape. We now come to the town of Charlemont, in Franklin County. This was formerly a frontier town, and the scene of many bloody encounters with the Indians; there are yet traces of the old colonial garrisons. The scenery is bold and romantic. The town is rough and craggy, but contains a good deal of valuable land. Passing Charlemont, we leave the Deerfield River, not without regret.

We now ascend the Florida Mountain, which comprises the town of Florida. Florida comprises a part of Zoar, an unincorporated district. The town is situated on the height of the Green Mountain range; its climate is severe, and its surface rugged. Hoosac Mountain is 1448 feet above Deerfield River, which washes its eastern boundary. Here is the locality of the famous Hoosac Tunnel, which, when completed, will permit the passage of railway trains through the bowels of the mountain. The ascent is very great, and on reaching the highest part of Florida,

the town of North Adams is only distant one mile in a direct line, but owing to the steepness of the descent, the road is obliged to wind in a zigzag course, making the actual distance travelled little short of four miles.

The natural bridge over Hudson's Brook, faithfully depicted in our sixth engraving, is a curiosity well worthy of a visit. The waters of this brook have worn a fissure from thirty to sixty feet in depth, and about five hundred feet in length, through a solid mass of white marble rock, and formed a natural bridge of that material fifty feet above the bed of the stream. Our view is taken from below the bridge. The descent is dangerous, owing to the slippery state of the almost perpendicular rock. Large chambers are worn in the side of the rock by the action of water upon small stones which have lodged in cavities, and which gives them a rotary motion

the crest of the huge wave that defies and rests immovable upon its mighty base. "These mighty works of nature," says an English writer, "speak aloud of Omnipotence. Nor is it one mountain's height alone, but where they 'each on others throng,' together with their grand accompaniments, which affect the mind so intensely—the fearful precipices, the overhanging rocks, now dimly seen through a passing vapor, or hidden for a while behind some sweeping cloud. The soul is bowed down before them, and our imaginations are carried back, ay, even to a date beyond the creation of man!" Mountain scenery always possessed a powerful charm for the eloquent Rousseau. He says, somewhere, "Never did a level country, however beautiful it might be, seem beautiful to me. I must have cataracts, rocks, fir trees, dark forests, steep and rugged pathways, with precipices at my feet, to make



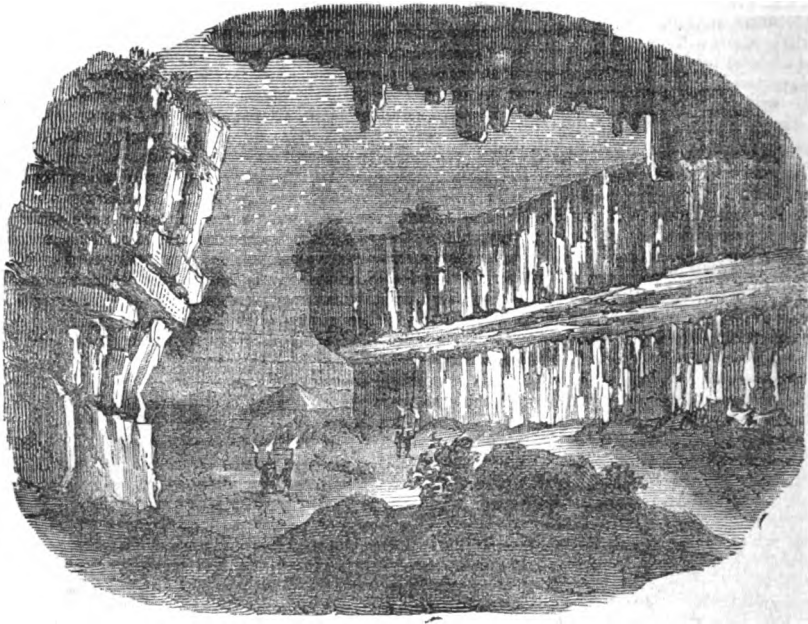
SADDLE MOUNTAIN, FROM WILLIAMSTOWN ROAD.

when the stream is full. In summer the water is quite low, and has the appearance shown in our view; but in spring it nearly fills the cavity to the brim, and even in summer it sometimes rises suddenly several feet, the bed of the stream being very narrow and easily acted upon by rain upon the mountain, where it takes its rise.

Our seventh engraving is an accurate representation of Saddle Mountain, the most elevated place in Massachusetts. The view is taken from the Williamstown road. The mountain rises 3580 feet above tide-water at Albany. The most elevated peak on the left is called Greylock, the other, Saddle Ball, and the depression between is the Notch. The mountain derives its name from the accurate likeness of a saddle which its topography presents. Climbing to the highest peak, the tourist finds his toils amply repaid by the bold scenery with which he is surrounded. He can now understand the enthusiasm of the mountaineer for his native land, as he stands on

me shudder." This reminds us of Burke's assertion, that terror was the ruling passion and common stock of everything sublime. Mountains seemed formed for the dwelling place of freemen. Centuries ago the gallant Switzers threw off the yoke of Austria, and the Alps, in the heart of king-ridden and priest-ridden Europe, are still free. The first Circassians still maintain their independence in defiance of the gigantic power of the czar; and were liberty to be driven from all the lowlands of the earth, she would still stand at bay in the mountains. On the mountain tops our souls seem nearer to heaven, and every trivial or unholy thought is swept from the mind on these high places. It is from these lofty stand-points alone, that we can obtain just views of the grandeur of creation—that we can realize how utterly insignificant are the works of man when brought into comparison with the handiwork of God. The mountaineer, no more than the astronomer, can be undevout.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.



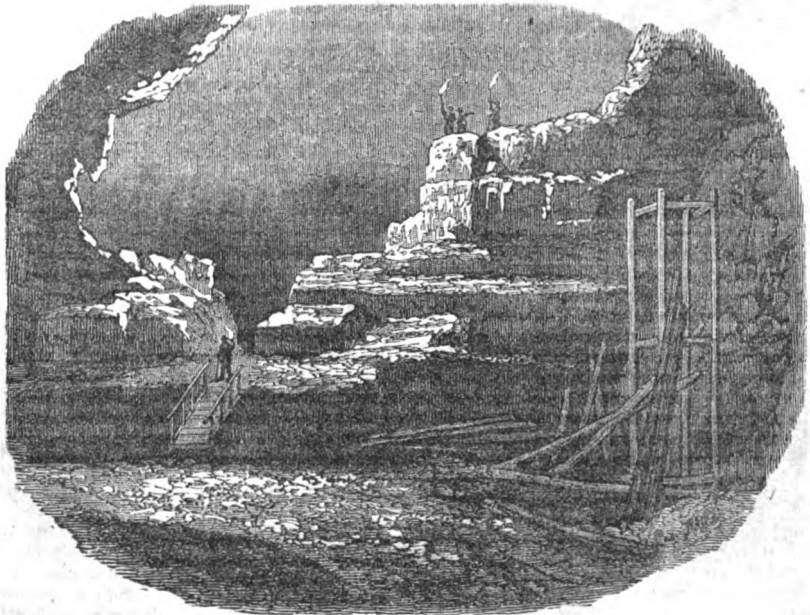
ENTRANCE OF GOTHIC AVENUE.

North America, the primitive country in which nature assumes forms that belong at once to the sublime and the impossible, had no marvel which could be compared to the cataract of Niagara till 1820, when some miners, who were employed in extracting saltpetre from one of the numerous caverns in the State of Kentucky, lost their way in the midst of its then unexplored meanderings, and remained thus separated from the world, buried far from the light of day, and sequestered from the rest of living beings for the space of seventy hours. Thanks to the search of their comrades, these unfortunate persons were found; and, once recovered from the terror this terrible interment had occasioned, described the astonishing discoveries they had made during their sojourn in the bowels of the rock, and stimulated the desire of their auditors to explore with them the interior of the cavern, provided with an Ariadne's thread, by means of which they escaped the troubles and terrors of an unknown research. To these hardy pioneers in the subterranean regions of the Mammoth Cave, we are indebted for a knowledge of this peerless marvel. The Mammoth Cave is situated in Edmonson county, Kentucky, about 90 miles southwest from Nashville, not far from the banks of Green River, on which steamboats are constantly plying, and land passengers a few hundred feet from their place of destination. The country in the midst of which the entrance to the cavern is found, is traversed by a range of gray, bald, calcareous rocks, which suddenly sink into a valley filled with oaks, nut trees and elms, as regularly ranged as if planted by the hand of man. Here you find a splendid hotel, furnished with taste, and excellently kept,

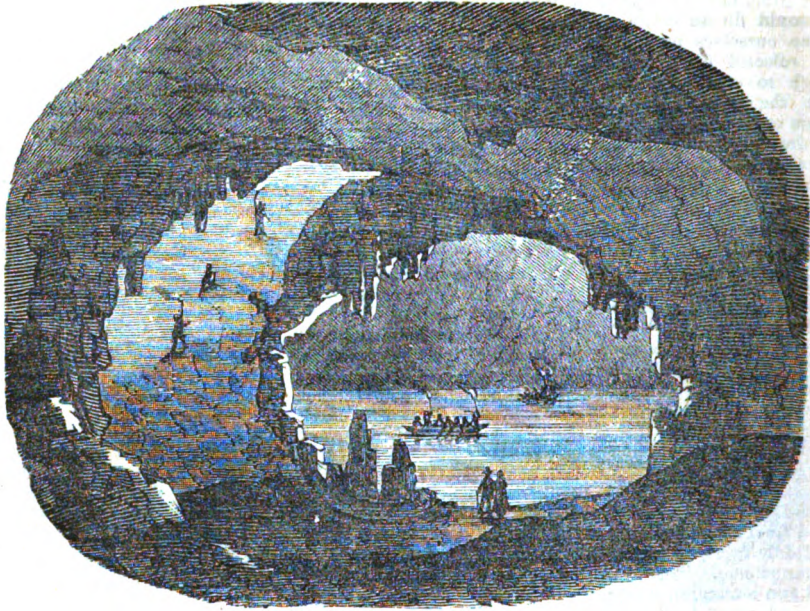
where the traveller, in going or returning from his expedition, is sure to find comfort and elegance. The opening of the cavern is at two hundred paces from the hotel, at the extremity of a glen shaded by pines and larches, interlaced with the tendrils of the wild vine and flexible convolvulus. There rise heaps of ashes on the right; at the turn of a rock, a current of fresh air announces that the opening is before you, dark and silent as the cave of Delphos, though it utter no oracular warnings. A rivulet runs noiselessly at the base of a hundred steps, hewn in the rock by the hand of man, and its waters disappear in an abyss dug by the Great Architect of the world. Then begins for travellers that series of emotions which will continue for three days and nights, if they choose to remain that length of time in the cavern. The three guides who are to direct their steps through the subterranean labyrinth, light and distribute their resinous torches. The first place to which they conduct you is the hall, where, in 1823, the miners discovered the skeleton of a giant, who must have been a remarkable person when in the flesh, for his bones measured eight and a half feet long. They remained for a long time exposed, but at last the superstitious fears of the workmen induced their foreman to bury these curious relics, which time has now reduced to dust. A few paces further, you perceive a worm-eaten, but still solid door, which, turning on its hinges, gives passage to so strong a current of air that the torches are immediately extinguished; this is the true opening of the cave. We cannot in this article attempt to follow the guide and those he precedes through the multiplied windings

of the Mammoth Cave, as the details of the journey would fill an entire volume, and we must confine ourselves principally to those scenes we have selected for pictorial illustration. It is enough to state that this subterranean region, which the hand of man has never sought to change or modify, which presents itself to tourists with the virgin purity of a flower half-opened to the freshness of the breeze, contains 226 passages, 47 chambers or halls, 8 waterfalls, and 23 rivers or lakes. You pass through walls of polished stone to Audubon Avenue, at the end of which is a crystal well, 25 feet deep. On the right is the Bat's Chamber, where these winged rats take refuge in winter. The Great Gallery is a vast tunnel which leads to the Kentucky Cliffs. Descending thence, you find yourself in a vast hall, like the interior of a cathedral in appearance, capable of holding five thousand persons. A single torch is enough to illuminate the whole interior; for the flame, striking the points of the stalagmites and stalactites, is reflected and multiplied by the diamond faces of the crystal, till the whole scene is dazzling in splendor. An inexhaustible saltpetre mine is found in the neighborhood of this chapel. Gothic Avenue, so named from its resemblance to the architecture of the Middle Ages, strikes the eye by its grandeur of arrangement. There, five years ago, were found two mummies, wrapped in deer-skins, tattooed and painted white. One of them, belonging to the feminine sex, was of lofty stature and elegantly formed. An examination of the objects found near these human remains, such as four pair of mocassins, two sacks of different sizes, five ornaments for the head made of high-colored feathers, seven bone needles, whistles, and a variety of household utensils, proved that the skeletons deposited here belonged to the In-

dian race. One of them was placed in the Cincinnati Museum, and destroyed by fire with the rest of that collection, and the other is still to be seen in the British Museum. The Hall of Stalagmites is one of the most remarkable monuments of the Mammoth Cave. The imagination cannot form an idea of the beauties which nature has created three hundred feet below the surface of the earth. Heaps of diamonds, brilliant pearls, resplendent emeralds (seemingly), all the marvels of a jeweller's workshop, are encrusted in the ceiling, the walls, and the slender columns of this hall. On seeing this regularly ranged and uniform stalactites, one might fancy himself beneath the roof of Notre Dame, when it had just come from the hands of the architect. Further on, the guide makes you take a seat in the "Devil's Chair," at the top of a massive column. Afterwards you visit "Napoleon's Fortresses," the "Elephant's Head," the deep abyss called the "Lover's Leap," the "Crystal Pillar," the "Salt Cave," and a beautiful cascade, whose waters are lost in a bottomless well. From the Great Gallery, the visitor enters the "Ball-Room," a vast dome of elliptical form, in the centre of which rises a rotunda with colonnades, which nature seems to have formed to contain an orchestra. At the right is the "Great Sepulchre," a monumental rock resembling a sarcophagus. The "Sick Rooms" are so called from their curative properties in pulmonary complaints. Sometimes fifteen or twenty patients are assembled here. Nurses and a physician live with them, and minister to their wants. The Star Chamber offers to the eye a most wonderful optical effect; the ceiling, very lofty at this place, seems starred with all the diamonds of heaven, and when the flame of the torches irradiates their crystal faces, the eyes close involuntarily before



THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.



THE DEAD SEA.

their incandescent splendors. At the foot of the "cataract," a vast sheet of water lost in a terrific yawning gulf, the tourist commonly rests and eats his dinner. The Bottomless Well is of a horseshoe form, in the midst of which a rocky point juts out; the guide here lights pieces of paper and throws them down the abyss, but they are soon lost to the eye in the obscure and terrific depths of the chasm. The Dead Sea is a sheet of water which seems to have no current. Here the guide catches a number of small fish, the peculiarity of which is that they have no eyes. Boats tied to the shore, and holding four persons each, allow adventurers to embark on this infernal lake. You fancy, as you look at them, that mythology is no fable, and that you see Charon ferrying over the Styx the passengers who have paid him the indispensable obolus. To the right, on a cornice which extends above the Dead Sea, the glare of torches imparts a lurid effect to this thoroughly Satanic scene. Another scene of interest is the "Holy Sepulchre," a perfect imitation of the tomb of Christ in Judea. There the stalactites have assumed the form of long draperies, arranged with elegance, while from the roof depend natural chandeliers like the lamps suspended in the Holy Chapel. Cleveland's Cabinet is another splendid hall in this noted cave, a perfect arch of about fifty feet span, of an average height of ten feet, extending in a direct line at least a mile and a half, the whole of this long ceiling glittering like diamonds in the light.

Such is a rapid sketch of some of the one thousand wonders of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. It contains no reptiles or noxious animals, and the air is so pure that no decomposition or putrefaction of bodies ever takes place, and a fire is always kept up there. The temperature is equal the whole year round—the mer-

cury, winter and summer, indicating fifty-nine degrees Fahrenheit. Our engravings of the entrance to Gothic Avenue, the Bottomless Pit, the Dead Sea, the Hall of Stalagmites, and the Star Chamber, may be relied upon for accuracy.

It is only within a few years that this cave has been very extensively explored; and it is still supposed that but a small part of it, in comparison with the whole, has ever been trodden by the foot of man. It has been estimated that the length of all the different avenues and branches, when added together, would make more than 600 miles. The darkness, deeper than that of the blackest midnight, which pervades these subterranean recesses, and which is little more than rendered visible by the torches which the visitors carry with them, renders it difficult for the spectator to form anything like an adequate idea of its vast dimensions, its great heights and depths in the different apartments, and of the singularity and beauty of the natural decorations they contain. The recent attempt of an adventurous artist, however, to obtain drawings of a number of the different avenues, halls, and chambers, for the purpose of illustrating the hidden wonders of this natural phenomenon to the eye by the aid of the beautiful illusion of the moving panorama, has been, in a great degree, successful. The different parts of the cave selected for this purpose were illuminated by hundreds of lights, placed at different points, so as to give the most powerful and just effect to the ever-varying perspective within.

Immediately upon entering the mouth of the cave, the visitor perceives a sensible change in the temperature of the atmosphere. Visitors going in and out are not liable to contract colds; but, on the contrary, colds are commonly relieved by a visit to the cave.

The cave is inhabited by two species of rats and a species of crickets, neither of which partakes of the peculiarity of the fishes—of the want of eyes,—for in both of these animals that organ is very largely developed. These rats are white and very large. Professor Agassiz has some specimens of them in the collection at Cambridge. In the winter, millions of bats find here a resting-place well suited to their wants.

During the last war with England, a saltpetre manufactory was established in this cave; and, although it was discontinued in 1815, wheel tracks are still to be seen as clear and distinct as if made yesterday. The guides also point out corn-cobs which were brought into the cave at that time, and which are perfectly fresh and sound.

The waters of the cave are of the purest kind; and, besides the springs and streams of fresh water, there are one or two sulphur springs. There are streams, lakes and waterfalls of sufficient width and depth to compare well with those of the world above ground. Some of these rivers, as they are called, are navigated by boats of sufficient size to carry twelve persons; and one of them, called the Echo, is said to be broad and deep enough, at all times, to float the largest steamers. The rivers of the Mammoth Cave were never crossed till 1840. Some of them flow in deep channels, the sides of which rise high above their ordinary level. After heavy rains, they are sometimes swollen so as to rise more than fifty feet. At such times the streams, and especially the cataracts, of the cave, exhibit a most terrific appearance. Great exertions have been made to discover the sources of these streams, and where they find their outlets; yet they still remain, in this respect, as much a mystery as ever.

"Darkly thou glidest onward,
Thou deep and hidden wave!"

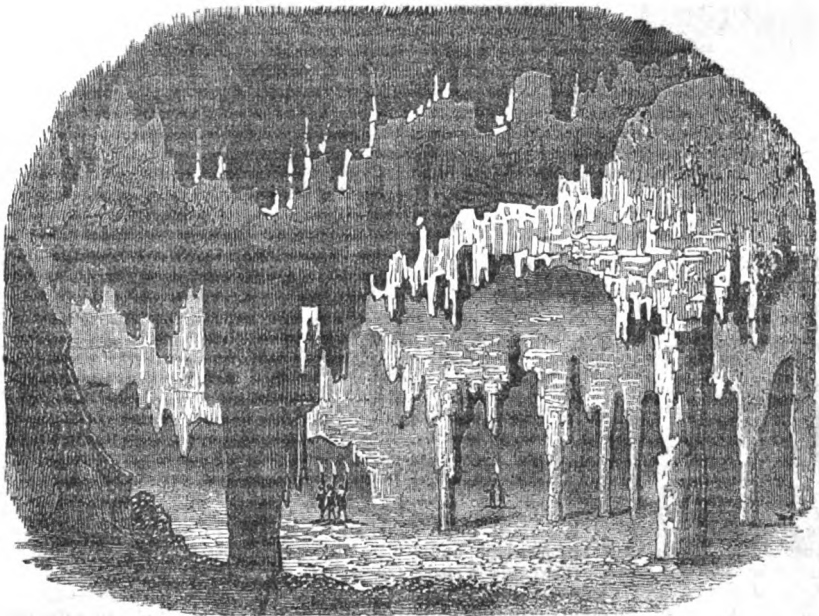
The laughing sunshine hath not looked
Into thy hidden cave."

The different apartments and passages of this wonderful subterranean labyrinth have many of them received names, from their resemblance, more or less real, to the most celebrated interiors and decorations of architectural design. A few only can be here described.

The air of the cave, as you enter, gives a pleasant sensation of refreshing coolness. As you continue descending some irregular stone steps, the daylight fades and the gloom deepens. Nothing is heard save your own footsteps, and the sound of the waters leaping from a precipice over your head, and falling on the rocks below. A beautiful stream of water falls over the mouth of the cave, as one writer has remarked, as if it were the remnant of a graceful curtain, which had formerly concealed this wonder from the gaze of man. Looking back towards the orifice, the light of the external day appears dim, as if it were the twilight of evening. Looking before you, if looking it may be called, what a world of darkness! With all your torches how little can be seen! A strange sensation comes over you, as with hesitating step you proceed.

The first great expansion of the cavern which you enter is the Great Vestibule, an immense hall, covering an area of an acre and a half, with a dome, lost in the darkness, 100 feet high, unsupported by a single pillar. By kindling a fire at this spot, the vast dimensions of the chamber may be faintly discovered. "Far up above your head," says one, "is seen the gray ceiling rolling dimly away like a cloud, and many buttresses bending under their weight begin to project their enormous masses from their shadowy wall."

A good road extends through the entire length of Gothic Avenue, and so pleasant is the tempe-

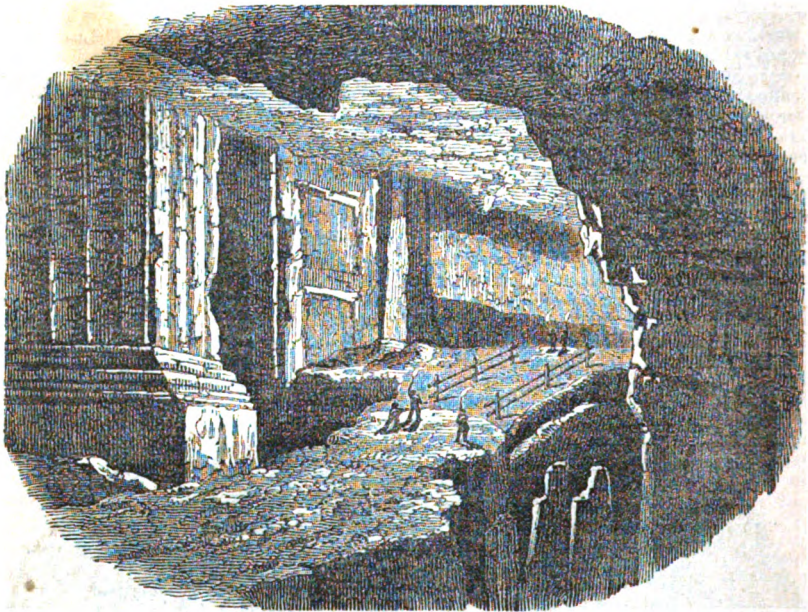


HALL OF STALAGMITES.

nature, purity and salubrity of its atmosphere, that it has been selected as a most desirable promenade for invalids, who have sometimes resorted to this cave for their health. In one of the recesses of this avenue were to be seen, as late as 1813, two mummies in a good state of preservation, one of which was a female, in a sitting posture, with arms folded, and having before her various articles of her wardrobe. When or by whom these remains were placed in this dark and silent sepulchre, is of course unknown. A little farther on in this direction, are the Registry Rooms, the ceiling of which, being perfectly white and smooth, serves as the register of the cave. Thousands of names have been traced upon it with the smoke of the torches. Next is the Gothic Chapel, a hall of almost overwhelming grandeur, elliptical in form, and 80 feet long

follow the spectator, like the sky in passing from place to place on the earth. In comparison with this dome of nature's rearing, the most celebrated of human structures sink into insignificance. There are, however, other domes in this wonderful cave, which, for height and extent, are even more extraordinary than this. Such is that, especially, which is called the Mammoth Dome. This dome of domes is nearly 400 feet above the floor of the room which it covers. Its elevation has been carefully determined by a competent civil engineer.

Cleveland's Cabinet, which we have noticed before, is a singularly beautiful display of subterranean wonder. The base of the whole is carbonate of lime, in part of a dazzling whiteness and perfectly smooth, and in part crystallized, so as to glitter like diamonds in the light. Growing



THE STAR CHAMBER.

by 50 in width. Immense stalagmites have been formed at each end, which almost close the entrance. There are also two rows of smaller pillars, extending from the ceiling on each side of the wall through its entire length. These impart to it, when strongly lighted up, the grand and solemn effect of a Gothic cathedral. Near this place is Brewer's Studio, a small room to which this name has recently been given by Mr. Brewer, author of the celebrated Panorama of the Mammoth Cave, from whose descriptions many of these notices have been compiled. He finished many of his sketches in this room.

The Chief City, or Temple, is formed by an immense dome, which rises 120 feet high, and covers an area of two acres. It exceeds in size the Cave of Staffa, and rivals the celebrated vault in the Grotto of Antiparos. In passing through it from side to side, the dome appears to

from this, in endlessly diversified forms, is a substance resembling selenite, translucent and imperfectly laminated. Some of the crystals bear a striking resemblance to branches of celery; others, a foot or more in length, have the color and appearance of vanilla cream candy; others are set in sulphate of lime in the form of a rose; and others roll out from the base in forms resembling the ornaments on the capital of a Corinthian column. Some of the encrustations are massive and splendid, others are as delicate as the lily, or as fancy-work of shell or wax. Think of traversing an arched way like this for a mile and a half; and all the wonders of the tales of youth—Arabian Nights, and all—seem tame, compared with the living, growing reality. Indeed, the most imaginative poet never conceived or painted a palace of such exquisite beauty or loveliness as Cleveland's Cabinet.

THE OLD OAK.

BY MINNIE MORTON.

The sky was clear, the breezes mild,
With glittering gems each spear was piled,
As, bending down each tiny blade,
Into the forest dim I strayed,
And wandered on in fancy's mood,
Till at a giant oak I stood.

Then recollection glided back,
Swiftly retracing old Time's track,
Till many years it had passed o'er,
Back to the pleasant days of yore,
When to this giant oak I strayed,
In times long past—a happy maid.

I gathered violets, white and blue,
Plenteous sprigs of meadow rue,
The tall anemone, flower of May,
Many a blossom from the spray;
I wove within my golden hair,
Blossoms and leaves both fresh and fair.

With happy hopes raised high and wild,
I then appeared a merry child,
Entrapping sunbeams on my way,
Joyfully holding them all day,
Careless and laughing, full of glee,
To every one seemed glad and free.

But still I had my pensive moods,
Within those dark and old oak woods;
I often mused on what might be
The fate God held in store for me;
Whether good or whether evil,
It yet remained for time to tell.

Time speeds his course; he flies apace;
More than five years have marked their space;
Again beneath that oak I stand,
Clasped in another's is my hand;
The autumn sun, from sky of blue,
The colored leaves shine gently through.

Weeks have passed; at the altar stand
Kind friends, collected in a band;
Happy looks from bright eyes beaming,
While around us friends are blessing;
"Those whom God has joined together,
Let no person put asunder."

The scene is changed; months, years sped on,
With autumn's wail and summer's sun
Thrice has the snow been on the hills,
Thrice have been filled the gushing rills;
Towards my favorite tree I go,
Filled with sorrow, gloom and woe.

Dark, angry clouds spread o'er the sky,
Hiding the sun from mortal eye,
Flashes of vivid lightning dart,
Rending the sullen clouds apart,
While far and wide the thunders roll,
Spreading the sound from pole to pole.

Just so my heart by sorrow broke,
Flashes of angry wrath outspoke
Against the Ruler of the storm,
Who thus afflicted this poor worm:
"My husband dead, myself alone;"
This was the burden of my moan.

Murmuring words are wafted up
To Him who is the widow's prop,
That he had left me all alone;
My hopes and pleasures all were gone;
O'er my heavy laden soul
Stormy billows of passion roll.

Clouds of adversity sever,
Sorrow does not last forever,
Pleasure still will come to mortals,
Standing e'en at sorrow's portals,
Through the dark mists thick and dun,
Still again we see the sun.

So my soul, the light perceiving,
As it flowed upon it, gleaming,
Turned my thoughts to heaven above,
To the spirit divine of love;
Then I felt that his correction
Was a proof of his protection.

THE DOUBLE PLOT.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"NEVER, never, never!"

Ah! what a pretty picture Georgie Abbott made, as she stood up in the might of her pride and anger, and repeated the words quoted above. Although I was her teacher, and should have felt a keen pang of regret at heart at such a display of temper, I found myself instead, admiring the queenly poise of her head; the full height to which she had drawn her well rounded figure; and even the very way in which her little foot was set upon the gravelled walk. Her straw hat had fallen back from her face, and its white satin ribbons lay loosely about her bare neck, like bands of silver; while the moonlight stole over the golden-brown braids of her luxuriant hair, tinging them softly with its radiance.

Should I speak to her, as was most emphatically my duty, or like a true daughter of Eve, sit by my window and watch the closing of the little farce? Alas, I was but a young teacher, comparatively speaking, and the stern, practical life of two years in Wells Seminary had not quite rooted out the love of sentiment and romance that from early youth had known a welcome home within me. So I did the latter—I watched.

"But, Georgie," spoke a voice which I at once recognized as belonging to my young friend, Walter Marston, "you appear like one insane. Will you not listen to reason?"

"Not from *you*, most assuredly, though you speak with the power and force of a very god! I hate you for the words you have spoken to me!—I hate you—hate you!"

There was a moment's pause, during which Walter retired a few paces, putting on the airs of

a prince, while Georgie fretted out the ends of her blue sash with her slender white fingers.

"Very well," said Walter, tossing the brown hair which the damp evening air had made into soft, brown rings, from his forehead.

Georgie bowed.

"If I am ill and send for you—"

"I'll never go to you, Walter Marston, never!" interrupted the young girl.

"Very well," came again from the lips of Walter, as he turned half reluctantly away.

"Take, this, if you please!" cried Georgie. And I could see her draw hastily a golden circlet from her finger. "And this," snatching from her hair a golden cross—"I want nothing of yours about me!"

"Do not dare thrust such paltry trifles in my face, Georgie Abbott, or even you may find there is a bound to my endurance."

All the blood of the proud Marstons in Walter's veins was aroused, I knew at once by the quivering tone in which he spoke, as he tore the baubles from Georgie's grasp, and ground them into the dust with his foot, turning away from her without further word or comment.

There was something in the young man's voice, something in his firm tread, as he walked away, that roused into life memories that had slumbered for years within my bosom. In vain I tried to crush them back into oblivion as they came up before me; but it was a useless task, and like a weary child I buried my face in my hands, and burst into tears. When young, like Georgie Abbott, for a cruel temper I had allowed the sweetest years of my life to slip away from me in a moment's time of anger. How the little scene I had just witnessed called back into the living present a far-past evening of my life! How the old yearning for love and tenderness sprang up anew within my woman's heart, and went searchingly out for a dear one whom I had taught myself to look upon as dead—forever dead to me. How I recalled looks, tones and words that had been so long hushed in the chilly tomb of forgetfulness. And how I prayed God to give me strength to walk firmly and without wavering, my cruel way of thorns, though my feet were torn and bleeding all the while.

As I sat swaying myself back and forward in my rocking-chair, trying to soothe my perturbed thoughts back to the quiet channel in which they were wont to flow, I heard the quick step of Walter Marston in the hall that led to my room, and before I could wipe the tears from my eyes, he rapped hastily upon my door.

"I came to bid you good-by," he said, as I met him. "I shall start for home to-morrow."

"So soon, Walter—how is this?" I asked, placing him a chair.

"O, there seems little use in remaining here longer. I am not feeling very strong yet, and a home-atmosphere is better than any other for an invalid."

"In some cases, though I should hardly think so in yours," I answered. "Will Georgie return with you?"

"I think not."

"And why?"

"Because, Elsa, Georgie hates me—because she has never loved me!" he answered, with a vehemence that quite startled me.

"It was useless for me to try to conceal from Walter my knowledge of his quarrel with Georgie, and so I told him as plainly and simply as I could, what I knew of it, begging him to be led by a calm, cool judgment in the affair, rather than the fierce, passionate counsellings of his meaner nature, which threatened to overpower the good."

"But Georgie does not love me!"

"You are mistaken, Walter, she does love you. She has been hasty, even as you have been, but can you not pardon her as you hope to be pardoned?"

"Did you ever love?" he asked quickly, fixing his dark hazel eyes upon my face, regardless of the question I had asked him. "And if so, would it have been possible for you to have allowed such words to have fallen from your lips, as did from Georgie's this evening?"

"I have loved, Walter," I said in a quivering voice. "I loved fervently, and with all the strength of a warm, passionate heart; and more, I spoke just such cruel words to the man I loved as Georgie gave to you this evening. My words were like keen blades of steel. They ran between his heart and mine, severing them forever. That is why my life is a sad and lonely one; why my lot is not blessed like other women's. O, let it be a lesson to you!"

Tears shone in the dark eyes of Walter, and with a quick, rapid movement, he was by my side with outstretched hands, saying:

"O, Elsa, I have your secret at last! Elsa, dear sister Elsa, you once loved my brother Robert! Do not shake your head—I am sure of it; and that is why you are moping your life away in this miserable seminary, and why Robert stays away from home so long. I have it—I have it!"

"Do not speak of this, Walter," I said, eagerly, clasping his hands. "If you have any regard for me, do not speak of it to—"

"Whom?"

"To him."

"To Robert?"

I bowed my head.

"It shall be as you wish," he answered, very thoughtfully.

"And now let us talk of Georgie," I said, anxious to turn the conversation into a new channel.

"And what of her?" asked Walter, growing chilly as an iceberg at the mere mention of her name.

"She loves you," I repeated.

"That remains to be proved," was the crustily given reply.

"And may I prove it to you?" I asked. "Will you allow yourself to be convinced?"

"If I cannot help it, most certainly," was the answer.

"And will you trust everything to me, and do as I bid you?"

"Even as you wish, my counsellor."

"Then you may be as happy as you choose, for I am certain of my success."

Walter shook his head moodily, but I saw that there was a new light in his eye, and that in spite of his assumed air of unbelief he really trusted in what I had told him. And so we parted.

"I have a letter containing news from Walter Marston, written by a friend of his," I said, in a matter-of-fact tone to Georgie Abbott, as she lingered by my side one afternoon in my recitation-room. "It is very sad, too—very sad. But, excuse me, you wished to know something of your French lesson. How many pages did I give you in *Le Grand Pere*?"

I looked up from my book as I asked the question. Georgie was clinging hold of a chair, looking as white and ghastly as the muslin robe she wore. The pallor of her face frightened me, although I assumed an air of easy indifference, and assured her that the next day's translation was exceedingly simple.

"Will you go up to my room with me?" I asked, rising and locking my desk.

"No—no; do not go—" she half gasped—"tell me what you know of—of—Walter!"

"O, of Walter! Didn't I finish telling you about him? Why, he says, or rather his friend writes for him, that if any of his friends at Wells Seminary wish to see him, they must go to Elton at once. That is all."

"All, Miss Herbert, all—and is it not enough, in Heaven's name? When did you receive the letter?"

"Yesterday morning."

"And are you not going to him?"

"I fear I shall not be able to," I replied, coolly.

"And is this your boasted love and friendship for him? This, your sisterly tenderness, that congeals into ice when he is most in need of your sympathy and kindness? May I be delivered from all such!"

"You are getting excited, Miss Abbott," I remarked. "You are one of Mr. Marston's friends, why do you not go to him?"

But she did not deign me an answer, as with curling lip, and cheeks like the pale petals of the lily that hung upon her bosom, she swept from the room.

"I wonder what will be her next step?" I said, mentally, as I followed her moodily from the school-room, and up the long walk that led to the boarding-house. "Will she go to Walter alone—will her pride allow her to do that?"

"A letter for you, Miss Herbert," said Professor Howard, at that moment, coming suddenly upon me from a by-path. "I have had it in my possession all the afternoon. My neglect is quite inexcusable, I am well aware."

With an eagerness that I could not well account for, I took the missive from his hand, and turned unceremoniously into the walk he had left. The superscription of the letter was in the familiar hand-writing of Walter Marston. Why did I tremble to break the seal? With fingers that seemed loth to do my bidding, I tore it open and read:

"DEAR ELSA:—Come to Elton at once. I have not time now to explain, only to say, if you value the happiness of a human heart, or care to prolong for a few days one human life—come!"
"Truly yours, WALTER MARSTON."

What did it mean? Whose life could I prolong—whose happiness ensure by going to Elton? Was it a little hoax of Walter's? No, it could not be—the note was too earnest and emphatic for that, beside, the freak was not at all like one of his. Had Robert returned? No, that was not possible, for but a few weeks before I had been told that he was thousands of miles away. I was in a maze of doubt and wonder, looking about me vainly, for something that would throw the faintest ray of light upon the mystery. But the light did not appear, and so I set myself rapidly about preparing for my sudden departure. All this while, as I bustled hurriedly about my chamber, I was conscious that the occupant of the room above my own was preparing, as well as myself, for something aside from the quiet, monotonous routine of every-day, school life. I could hear the moving of trunks, the hurried

orders as to the disposal of this thing and that, given to the servant in attendance, and occasionally recognized the fleet step of Georgie Abbott, as she sprang nervously up and down the stairs. My suspicions that she was making ready for a visit to Elton were confirmed beyond a doubt, when the carriage came to take me to the depot, for the same one started her upon her momentous journey.

"It seems you have changed your mind, Miss Herbert," she said, haughtily to me, as we stood together while buying our tickets in the ladies' room.

"I have received another letter since I conversed with you," I replied.

"How was he?" she faltered.

"In such a condition that my presence was demanded there at once. I could not treat the urgent request lightly, and so have left everything for the sake of complying with it."

"God grant that I may not be too late!" murmured Georgie, sinking back upon the seat beside me. "O, Miss Herbert, I am so very, very miserable!"

I drew the trembling form of the young girl close to my side, and bade her be of good cheer. Looking upon her pale face as she leaned her head upon my shoulder, I condemned myself bitterly for the part I had taken in the really cruel affair. For a moment, I resolved to confess it all to her, trusting to her good sense and her warm love for Walter for her forgiveness, but the thought of the strange, mystical letter I had received checked me, and I determined to let the affair terminate in its originally planned *denouement*.

It was very late that evening when we arrived at the fine old home of the Marstons. The family carriage was waiting for us at the depot, but only servants were with it to escort us further. Every moment the mystery grew more incomprehensible to me. What could it all mean? Why, on entering the house were Georgie and I conducted formally to our chambers, as though we were entire strangers? Why did the servants shake their heads silently when we asked for the sick—for Walter? O, it was very, very strange to me!—and more inexplicable still was it, when a servant came up to our rooms to conduct us down to the supper-room. Not to the family dining-hall, but a quiet, luxurious little nest of a room that led out of the library. What could it mean?—ay, what did it mean? When we entered the room we found two gentlemen apparently waiting to receive us. Into the arms of one Georgie rushed very unceremoniously, crying at the top of her voice:

"Dear, dear Walter, you are alive—you are alive!"

The other stood looking earnestly and anxiously at me, while a mingled tide of hope, fear and uncertainty swept over my soul. With a tottering, feeble step I went forward, led by the quick, sunshiny smile that broke gloriously over his face, while the joy and thanksgiving of our hearts went forth in these words:

"Robert!"

"Elsa!"

That evening's happiness I will pass over, because I have a horror of depicting accurately a love scene, more especially a two-fold one, as in this case it proved to be. But the next morning I attempted to reprove Walter for the fibbing letter he had sent me the day before. But he only laughed merrily at the mention of it, assuring me that he was convinced beyond the possibility of a doubt before he wrote the letter, that Robert's life and happiness were both in imminent danger. And then Georgie shook her white finger menacingly towards me, and bade me not complain of other people's deception, while there was such a load of guilt upon my own shoulder.

But what is best, reader, this double plot is to end in a double wedding next Sabbath evening. Who will come to it? Echo answers, "w-h-o-o?"

CULTIVATE CHEERFULNESS.

An anxious, restless temper, that runs to meet care on its way, that regrets lost opportunities too much, and that is over painstaking in contrivances for happiness, is foolish and should not be indulged. If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another, and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head, or in his hand. Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine; yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.
—Richard Sharp.

SONNET.

It must be so—my infant love must find
In my own breast a cradle and a grave;
Like a rich jewel hid beneath the wave,
Or rebel spirit, bound within the rind
Of some old wreathed oak, or fast enshrined
In the cold durance of an echoing cave:—
Yes, better thus, than cold disdain to brave,—
Or worse to faint the quiet of that mind,
That decks its temple with unearthly grace.
Together must we dwell—my dream and I,
Unknown must live, and unregarded die,—
Rather than soil the lustre of that face,
Or drive that laughing dimple from its place,
Or leave that white breast with a painful sigh.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

I PRAY FOR THEE.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

I pray for thee when the faint primrose flowers
 Waken in beauty 'neath the first pale star,
 When dew and freshness hallow all the hours,
 And Luna shines from far.
 As in the west the sunset's golden splendor
 Fades from the valleys and the lake's blue sea,
 'Tis then I kneel with memory pure and tender,
 And pray for thee!

Amid the glory of the year we parted,
 In earth's sad, changeful realm to meet no more,
 And yet the prayers I proffer, faithful hearted,
 Are pure as those of yore;
 Although I know not wheresoe'er thy dwelling,
 On coast or distant island it may be,
 Ever at eve the same fond thought is swelling,
 I pray for thee!

I list the twilight bell's low undulations,
 As on the mournful winds they faint and fall,
 I dream beyond that fairer habitations
 Will one day hold us all.
 O, by the memory that is true and tender,
 My fond remembrance of what used to be,
 Now in the sunset time of youth's gay splendor
 I pray for thee!

And yet I know not but thou little heedest
 The chaplet that unchangingly I twine.
 The vestal holy flame that Memory feedeth
 Forever by her shrine;
 And e'en though time may gather gloom without me,
 Whether in grief or gladness we may be,
 That every joy and blessing be about thee,
 I pray for thee!

HARRY ROMAIN'S MISTAKE.

BY EVA MORDAUNT.

HARRY ROMAIN was young, handsome and rich; he was esteemed a "first-rate fellow" among his bachelor friends, and as for the gentler sex, anxious mamas assumed their blandest air when he approached, and their lovely daughters greeted him with their most bewitching smiles. Ah! Harry had no reason to complain of the world's treating him ill—he was blessed with everything needful to make him the happiest of dogs—and very well satisfied was he with himself one fine morning as he stepped aboard the cars bound for his country-seat. It was a new acquisition of his—this country-seat. An old uncle, whom Harry's parents had honored by giving his name to their son, and for whom Harry entertained about as much regard as for the man in the moon, or any other antiquated individual, had bequeathed it to him when he departed this life some months before.

So Harry was going down to examine his

20

new property, and though he thought it would have been quite as convenient if the place had been a little nearer civilized beings, still, if there were good fishing and hunting in the neighborhood, he doubted not he might kill some time there in company with two or three of the fellows whom he would send for. Though rather out of humor with the long journey, yet on the whole, Harry was pretty good natured as he stepped from the cars, and proceeded to the flourishing hotel which adorned the village of B—. Making himself known to the landlord, that individual, with much respect and great ceremony, informed him that his carriage was in waiting.

"Jupiter! that's not so bad," ejaculated he, as a plain but elegant carriage, drawn by a splendid pair of iron-greys, met his view. The coachman, evidently an old family servant, bowed low as the landlord presented his master, and opened the door with as much *empressement* as if for a prince. The ride over a smooth, hard road, on the softest of cushions and the easiest of springs, relieved Harry's cramped limbs, and by the time he reached the mansion, he was in a sufficiently comfortable state of mind to note and appreciate the beauties of the place. The house was a quaint, irregular pile of buildings, part of which had been added from time to time, evidently with more regard to convenience, than beauty of architecture, surrounded on every side by far-stretching plains of verdure, thickly studded with noble trees of many years' growth. The domains were skirted for near their whole extent by a thick wood, and far away in another direction, rose the blue tops of the distant mountains.

Harry had written to the housekeeper of his coming, so that she was expecting him, and evidently great preparations had been made to receive the new master. And Harry liked the looks; here was a nice place for him to rusticate, and he resolved not to let his sisters Fan and Sue get wind of it, for they would be sure to be charmed with the romantic situation, and insist upon taking possession immediately. After attending to the wants of the inner man, he sauntered out for a stroll over his extensive grounds, and wandered on till he reached the forest that skirted them. Following a well-trodden path, he entered the forest, and as he strolled on, he was charmed, as many a denizen of the close city has been before, with the fresh air, and bright, clear sky of the country. The breeze fragrant with the odor of the pine trees invigorated him, and as he wandered on, he revelled in a sense of buoyancy which he had seldom experienced. Suddenly he came upon

an opening amid the trees. The setting sun tinged the bright hue of the grass with a soft radiance, and cast a glittering shade upon the waters of a little brook which murmured near.

"Truly, this is a very Eden, and there, as I live, is an Eve, or rather a naiad, just risen from the pearly wave," he said, as he saw a maiden laving her white feet in the gurgling stream.

She turned around at his words, and disclosed a countenance of fresh, young beauty. Glossy brown locks dishevelled by her employment, fell around a face of the most perfect oval, which was lighted up by lustrous orbs of the richest blue; while a pink flush, which had risen to her cheeks at the sight of a stranger, heightened and greatly enhanced her beauty. Accustomed as Harry was to the surpassing loveliness of ball room belles, he thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as this barefooted maiden, as she stood with the unconscious grace of a startled fawn.

"Pardon me, fair maid," he said, advancing and bowing low, "pardon me for thus disturbing your gambols in your native element. 'Tis seldom that the goddesses of the wave deign to show themselves to mortals."

A look of innocent wonder overspread her face as he spoke, and her blue orbs dilated as she looked at him.

"I am no goddess, sir," she said, "only a simple cottage maid wading in the brook."

Her words recalled Harry to himself, and smiling at the thought of what his aristocratic mama and elegant sisters would say to see him thus entranced at the sight of a country girl, he again addressed her, but this time in language suited to her comprehension. She replied fearlessly, for child of the woods as she was, she knew not fear, and charmed by her beauty and artless grace, Harry Romaine lingered long by the brook in the forest glade.

But the deepening shadows at length warned him of the lateness of the hour, and accompanying the rustic maid to a cottage not far distant, he bade her good night with as much deference as he would have shown the most polished belle of his acquaintance, and then pursued his homeward way. But thoughts of the beautiful creature he had left accompanied him, and for the first time in his life, the vision of a beautiful maiden mingled with his dreams. It was not strange then that he wondered somewhat when he remembered it the following morning, and still more, when in the course of his rambles about the grounds, a fair young face, with eyes of richest blue would rise before him, and make itself the centre of his thoughts. He was not

wont to be taken in that way, it was something new to him—rather ludicrous to be sure—that he was so struck by that pretty little rustic, and yet at the sunset hour he found himself pursuing the old path to the forest glade.

As he expected, its presiding deity was there, seated on the moss-covered roots of a stalwart oak. A bright flush rose to her cheek as she acknowledged his greeting, and she made a slight movement as if to rise as he seated himself beside her, but he detained her, and with the address of a polished man of the world, placing her entirely at her ease, he entered into conversation. Her *naïve*, artless innocence charmed him, man of the world as he was, and accustomed to the wiles and arts of fashionable women, and the atmosphere of freshness which seemed to encircle her, refreshed him, *blaze* with fashionable dissipation. And as for her, child of the woods, she could sit for hours listening to tales of the gay world, of which hitherto she had scarcely dreamed, fascinated by his polished manners, so different from those of the boors around her, from any one she had ever seen.

And thus it happened that for many days the same sunset hour found them sitting side by side at the foot of the moss-grown oak, but now his arm encircled her waist, and her head rested on his bosom, while he taught her the blissful lesson of love. And she was an apt scholar—that young, tender thing—she had learned to love him, and her life, before his coming as calm as the unruffled bosom of a peaceful lake, was now rendered tumultuous and fevered by the strange passion that throbbed in her veins. Through the long day she waited wearily, performing mechanically her accustomed duties, till the round, red sun trembled on the horizon, and then, as his last bright beam sank behind the distant hills, she sought the forest glade to drink yet deeper of the intoxicating draught which she had already quaffed nearly to the dregs. But the awaking came at last—her brief, bright dream was rudely interrupted. Harry was going to leave B—. Messages and letters innumerable had come to him to know what he could find to do with himself in that dull place—what could possess him to bury himself alive all summer, and at last came a summons from his proud mother to meet her immediately at a fashionable watering place. He was well situated, he was not suffering with ennui—not at all—but like many another brave man, Harry was not insensible to the ridicule of his acquaintance, or, still more, to the sneers of his haughty sisters. He must go—he must obey his mother's summons; but as he pursued the old path that

night, he thought remorsefully of the young Being who confided so trustingly in him. He hated to leave her—but what could a fellow do?—he might marry her, as he had half a mind to do, but then he thought of the appearance she would make beside his haughty sisters, so queenly and so proud, and his heart failed him. She was a sweet little wood flower—a tender violet, breathing fragrance in its native air—but if transplanted to the hot house of the gay world, and placed beside the showy exotics of its belles, would she thrive as well? No; his mind was made up when he joined her, though he wavered somewhat as he took her in his arms, thinking it was the last time that he should hold her thus, and looked down into the clear depths of her blue eyes.

"Meta," he said, at last; "Meta, I am come to bid you farewell. I must leave you to-morrow."

Ah! in her wild dream of love she had not thought of separation. Delirious with the joy of the present, she had not glanced to the future, and as the terrible truth forced itself upon her that she was to be alone again—alone with nothing to look forward to—she sank upon his breast in a perfect *abandon* of grief. It distressed him—this poor child weeping so bitterly for his loss—and with gentle, tender words he sought to soothe her.

"Look up, darling," he said, "look up! Do not grieve so. I will come again in a few weeks. I must go now, but I will come to you again very soon."

It comforted her—his promise to return soon—for trusting in him as she did, she thought not of his breaking it, and she smothered her sobs that they might not distress him—unselfish, even in her grief. A long time the lovers sat there, Harry cursing the fate that loaded him with chains stronger than those of iron, and wishing himself for the nonce a rustic youth, with no conventional fetters to bind him; and Meta, poor Meta, longing vainly to leave her country home and enter the gay world which seemed so beautiful to her. At last the heavy night drowsed Harry, and plucking a tiny violet from its mossy bed by the rivulet's bank, he placed it in her hand, saying:

"Keep that in remembrance of me, darling."

Then, after one wild, passionate embrace he left her. His reappearance in the fashionable world created some excitement, but answering all inquiries by saying that he had been rusticated a little, he plunged anew into the vortex of dissipation, which after his long absence had somewhat the zest of novelty. And alas for

Meta, left behind in the lonesome village! At first, Harry had intended to return to her, but as the weeks sped on, the memory of her grew fainter and fainter, until at last all thoughts of the beautiful being who was once so dear to him had entirely vanished from his mind. And while Meta watched for him with an eagerness which quickened every pulse, and sharpened every nerve, refusing the terrible thought that he had forgotten her, which sometimes would arise down in her heart, he was bowing low before another and more pretentious shrine. New York was ringing with the praises of a Southern belle, who was beautiful, accomplished, and better than all, rich. Harry had joined the train of her admirers, and incited to exertion by the number of competitors, he at last won the prize, and gave his mother and sisters the pleasure of superintending one of the most brilliant weddings of the season. A fashionable couple they made—Harry loved his wife as he did his horses—she added to the eclat of his establishment, and she esteemed him as she did her bouquet holder, or her opera-glass—he was necessary to her convenience.

The opera house was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the city. A new star was to make her appearance, and the vast sea of waving plumes and sparkling gems surged and swelled with expectation. But suddenly every voice was hushed, and every eye turned toward the stage, as a tall, graceful form glided silently on, and commenced her role. Wave upon wave of liquid melody floated out upon the air, and enchained the audience as by a strange spell. When it ceased for a moment none stirred, and then a perfect ovation of applause greeted the fair *debutante*. Again and again the silver tones were heard, and each time greeted with the thunders of applause. She was successful—it was a proud moment for the fair singer, as she heard the deafening cries which called her before the curtain to receive the meed of her success.

Harry Romaine was at the opera, of course—everybody was there—and as he gazed upon the great songstress, he was startled by the memories her pale face called up. It seemed familiar to him—he must have seen it before—and yet he could not remember where. Again and again he was at the opera, again and again he gazed upon the strangely familiar face, till one night as she was electrifying the whole audience with her passionate rendering of *Norma*, he recognized that terrible look of agony, and as by an electric flash the memory of where he had seen

her came to him. Yes, he remembered it all now—the verdant glen in the wildwood shade, and the fair maiden laving her feet in the pearly brook. The slight form had rounded into the fuller beauty of womanhood, and the chestnut locks were darker than when he saw them last. But the eyes, the deep blue eyes, were the same, and as he thought of them he remembered the days of long ago, when he sat by her side and gazed into their clear depths, reading her whole soul there. His conscience reproached him now for having neglected her so long, and he wondered if she still remembered those old times, and would recognize him now. He would try her at any rate, he thought, and the next night of her appearance found him at the opera, with a tiny violet of precious stones in his hand.

She had finished her last song, and was retiring, when among the deluge of bouquets that were showered upon her, a garland of snow-white roses, with the glittering toy attached, fell directly at her feet. The curtain fell and concealed her from view, but in a moment she appeared again in answer to the loud call which resounded from every part of the house. Harry Romaine bent forward, and gazed at her eagerly as she advanced—yes, there gleaming amid the tresses of her beautiful hair, was the jewelled flower. So, she had not forgotten him; she remembered him yet, and with a thrill of something like the old passion at his heart, hardly knowing his own purpose for doing so, he sought her behind the scenes.

She sat alone in her dressing-room in an attitude of thought, her hands clasped upon her bosom, and her eyes looking away into the land of dreams. She looked up at him as he entered, and rising slowly greeted him with a languid air.

"Meta," he said, passionately, "why this cold welcome?"

"Why should you expect otherwise?" said she, looking at him coldly.

"Why," exclaimed he, "you wear my flower—surely you mean that to signify that you have not forgotten me—that you will hear me?"

"I have forgotten everything, Mr. Romaine," replied she, "excepting that you are a married man, and that I am a virtuous woman. Under these circumstances, you must see plainly as I do, that it is useless for us to meet."

He had not thought of that—he had been impelled by a blind instinct to seek her. Of what avail if she would hear him! he was tied to another, and even if he were not, could he marry an actress—a public singer? Alas, no!

"But why then, did you wear my flower?" he asked, at last.

"That I might tell you this once for all," she said. "Take it—I want it not," and disengaging it from her hair, she handed it to him.

He dashed it passionately to the ground.

"Tell me that you love me, Meta," he exclaimed; "tell me you love me still."

"I love nothing," she said, a gleam of triumph flashing from her blue eyes—"nothing except my art. If you think one lingering ray of love for you prompted me to grant you this meeting, Mr. Romaine, you are deceived. I have recovered from that little folly long ago. It was as I said, because I wished no lovers dancing attendance upon me, and I thought I would tell you so myself."

Ah! the shaft had hit. She could see that by the deadly pallor of his face and the relaxing limbs. She was richly repaid for all he had made her suffer, her revenge was ample, and pressing her hands to her bosom, upon which, close to her heart, lay in a golden case the little, withered violet he had given her long ago, she left him—left him forever.

Alas for those two young hearts, severed by one fatal mistake. Bitterly now did Harry Romaine lament the accursed pride which had made him desert the poor cottage girl, and hope vainly to find his happiness in the hollow glare of fashionable life. From the fatal night when the consciousness of his mistake forced itself upon him, he sought the wine cup and the gaming table, and when at last his high station or his immense wealth could no longer conceal from the world his degradation, who guessed the terrible sorrow which had driven him to the brink of the precipice from which he had fallen? None—none save one—and though his set whispered it about among themselves, and wondered how his haughty relatives could bear it, yet they never thought that the brilliant singer, whose very name was a household word, could reveal aught of Harry Romaine's heart history.

THE LESSON OF THE GARDEN.

A garden is a beautiful book, writ by the finger of God; every flower and every leaf is a letter. You have only to learn them—and he is a poor dunce that cannot, if he will, do that—to learn them, and join them, and then to go on reading and reading, and you will find yourself carried away from the earth to the skies by the beautiful story you are going through. You do not know what beautiful thoughts—for they are nothing short—grow out of the ground, and seem to talk to a man. And then there are some flowers, they always seem to me like over-dutiful children: tend them ever so little, and they come up and flourish, and show, as I may say, their bright and happy faces to you.—*Jerrold.*

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

[By an oversight the concluding portion of this story, following page 268 of our last number, was omitted. It is here given.]

"Here!" said Aileen's own voice, as she came forward, and bent over him. "My dear young master, I have not been absent from you night nor day for a week."

"You are kind, Aileen, but now let me sleep."

He lay in this state several days. Some internal disease the surgeon said was coming on, the effect of fever. Donald knew what the trouble was, better than any medical man. During his sickness he had an impression that a fair face had sometimes bent over him. Now it was withdrawn, and he began to think it might be only Aileen's. Where was Matilda, that she did not come to him if only for a moment? He questioned Aileen one day.

"Bless you, master Donald! hasn't she bin here day after day, as soon as I tould her yees were asleep, and she standing by your bed and crying and moaning like a Banshee, and kissing your poor white lips?"

"Hush, Aileen, you will kill me with joy."

"And it's all true, master Donald."

And it was true. Donald had injured himself, by carrying her down the ladder that night, and her grief was only equalled by her love.

"How shall I ever pay you for all you have suffered through us?" asked Mr. Moore, when Donald was pronounced well enough to go home. "The little I am possessed of is yours. Stay with us, and share it. Would that it were more for your sake."

Donald smiled. "Are you willing to give me all?" he asked. "You have only one treasure which I covet."

"And what may that be?"

"Your daughter," said Donald, softly, for he just saw her enter the room.

"Come here, Matilda, and hear what this rash youth is asking me for."

She approached, blushing as if she knew already. That morning she had a long conversation with Donald, and she conjectured what he might now have been saying. Her father took her willing hand and placed it in her lover's.

The fifth of October, 1770, saw the marriage of two young persons in the grand cathedral. The service was performed by the archbishop himself, and all Cashel witnessed the ceremony. The next year the fortunes of Donald were considerably altered by the death of an uncle, of whom he had never before heard; who left him a free and unincumbered estate, to which he gave the name of Heathcliffe.

AN ECCENTRIC ENTHUSIAST.

In Koslin, a small town of Pomerania, one of the most wonderful testaments ever made has lately been executed. Twenty years ago a surgeon named Kauffmann died there, bequeathing his whole fortune to the town. As soon as the yearly interest of this legacy amounts to about £1000, which is now the case, a place of public amusement is to be founded for the use of the poor. Here botany and agriculture are to be taught in an entertaining way, and 65 beehives (to denote his age) are always to be kept. Those persons who most diligently attend his institution are to be rewarded for their zeal by premiums and advertisements in the newspapers announcing their merits. Once a year a great banquet is to take place. The principal dish is to consist of sour milk, and it is a law of the institution that, through the whole course of the year, everybody who desires to have sour milk shall receive one portion a day gratis. The next dish at the banquet is to consist of honey and apples. Salt and pepper are to stand on the table, guarded, however, by three large locks, which, according to the testator's will, must be rather difficult to open. Every one of the banqueters who makes use of this salt and pepper has to ask formally the permission of the company, which is to be given. Nobody, however, is to assist the man in his suicidal design of helping himself to salt. The servants at the banquet are to consist of two persons only, viz., a midwife and a grave-digger. When this sumptuous banquet is over, a solemn farewell is to be drunk to the shadow of the testator in the following words:—"Yea, he was right; tea, brandy, wine, coffee, and spices are the most fearful enemies of humanity if used otherwise than as medicine. Yea, he was right." The institution is to bear the name of the "Gall Stone."—*English paper.*

AN INFAMOUS DEED.

In the middle of the eighteenth century there was an actress on the French stage, of the name of Chantilly. She, though beloved by Maurice de Saxe, preferred a more honorable attachment, and married Favart, the well-known writer of songs and comic operas. Maurice, amazed at her boldness, applied for aid to the French crown. That he should have made such an application is sufficiently strange; but the result of it is hardly to be paralleled except in some eastern despotism. The government of France, on hearing the circumstances, had the inconceivable baseness to issue an order directing Favart to abandon his wife, and entrust her to the charge of Maurice.

These are among the insufferable provocations by which the blood of men is made to boil in their veins. Who can wonder that the greatest and noblest minds in France were filled with loathing at the government by whom such things were done? If we, notwithstanding the distance of time and country, are roused to indignation by the mere mention of them, what must have been felt by those before whose eyes they actually occurred?—*Buckle's History of Civilization.*

Scandal will rub out like dirt, when it is dry.

CLOUD IN THE CLOUD-LAND.

BY DI VERNON.

Cloud in the cloudland,
 Whither art thou winging,
 Lightly and free?
 If from the southward
 Breezes sweet thou'rt bringing,
 Bear them to me!
 Cloud in the cloud-land,
 Whither art thou roaming
 O'er the blue sky?
 Art thou from the tropics!
 From the Indies coming?
 Hither, O, hie!

Cloud in the cloud-land,
 Tell me of the summer
 Yonder, afar!
 Tell of the orange groves,
 Whence comes the murmur
 Of love's guitar.
 Tell of the minstrels,
 With their tresses flowing,
 And their dark eyes;
 Eyes like the eagle's
 Burning glances throwing,
 'Neath twilight skies.

Cloud in the cloud-land,
 Whisper of the flowers
 Blossoming fair;
 Radiant in the gardens,
 Purest in the bowers,
 Fragrant and rare.
 If from the southward,
 Cloud, thou art winging
 Lightly and free;
 Bear from the flowerets,
 Sweets ever flinging,
 Fragrance to me!

THE UNFULFILLED PROPHECY.

BY MAURICE SKILTON.

THIRTY-NINE years ago, on a cold, blustering March morning, cloudy, gray and comfortless, Agnes Murray was born. The old nurse, Elsie Cameron, full of proverbs and fancies brought from the Scottish hills where they are so rife, shook her head, and predicted a dark and stormy life for the wee lassie, and the young mother whose childhood opened in the same land, watched her ancient attendant with anxiety, to see if she was thinking of a cloudy future for her bairn. The child showed no token, however, of any storm pent up within her little frame. She lay for weeks perfectly quiet when undisturbed, whether sleeping, or with large dark eyes wide open, with a look as if she too could look into the future, but not as if it betokened dread or dismay.

Meantime she was growing every day more lovely, filling the hearts of the parents with a calm, satisfied delight that showed itself in no extravagant expressions, but in a gentle, placid look which betokened depth and strength. The father of the child was also of Scottish descent, although born in America; and he too, possessed many of the peculiar traits of character that are usually found in the people of that race. He was in the enjoyment of a small clerkship in one of the courts of law, and his savings had enabled him to make a comfortable home, as neat as it was unpretending. A cottage, simply furnished, whose crowning beauty was a garden, carefully tended, and over whose low roof the vines lay purpling in the autumn sun, was his only visible possession. But Andrew Murray's best wealth lay in a quiet and contented spirit, and to this inheritance his little daughter seemed born to succeed, even in spite of the stormy accompaniments of her advent.

Two years afterwards, another child came, not in tempest, but on the first, sweet, dewy morning of the poetical month of May, when crocus and violet, and the pure white strawberry blossom had begun to creep on the side of the garden, and the blithe song of the robin in the trees before the window was almost the first sound upon her infant ear. They called her Helen, in memory of Mrs. Murray's own mother, who died just after her daughter married Andrew Murray.

It was rare to see the little "wiselike" Agnes, as old Elsie called her, taking upon herself the care and motherly ways of a much older sister, and bestowing upon the somewhat peevish baby the full measure of an affection as devoted and untiring as her mother's. This care over her sister continued without interruption, until the children were respectively twelve and fourteen years old. Their childhood had passed almost without a cloud; for although Helen had not the sweet and contented disposition of her sister, yet, as she was constantly yielded to by the whole family, she had no occasion to indulge the wrath which only waited an opportunity of provocation to break forth in true Highland fashion. Their dispositions were not more unlike than their persons. There was scarcely a shade of resemblance in their faces, although each was very lovely. Agnes had the dark eyes and hair of her father, and the same softly pencilled eyebrows and long lashes that made Andrew Murray distinguished everywhere for his beauty, while she inherited also, his tall, elastic figure, and the unconscious grace and dignity of manner so observable in him. Helen was like

her mother—*petite* in form, and a blonde in complexion, with fair, light hair, and eyes that showed sometimes blue, sometimes gray, and in moments of intense excitement, were nearly black.

Andrew Murray's health had been declining almost imperceptibly for four or five years. A slight pain in the side, a failing appetite, and a gradual wasting of the whole frame, were the only tokens; but they were sure ones. They came so slowly that the wife scarcely saw the signs at all. But he felt that the destroyer was doing his work, although secretly and silently. A few days of respite from the pen, and inhaling the fresh air from the sea, as he walked in his pleasant little garden, restored him temporarily; but he soon sunk into a state from which he never rallied. No sick bed nor darkened room would he consent to enter. In the pleasant little summer home, overhung with grapevines, and the roses climbing round its sides, he was sleeping in the sultry noontide, when scarcely a breath came from the sea. His easy chair had been carried thither, and pillows were piled up, so that his faint breath might have the freedom which only a sitting posture could give. Around him sat his wife and children, half unconscious of his true state, and coming in and out with a hurried and anxious air, was old Elsie, still the faithful nurse, whenever she was needed at the cottage. She was now calling them to the noon meal, and took her own place beside the invalid. There were unmistakable tokens of approaching death to her practised eye; but she would not call them yet. "He will waken first," she thought, "and they will only disturb this quiet slumber." But while she watched, she saw that no breath came through the open lips. She placed her hand upon his heart, and there was no pulsation there. Without pain or suffering, without even a struggle, Andrew Murray had closed his eyes upon all things dear and beautiful on earth—passing away without even a farewell to those whom he loved.

We will not describe what followed. Every day, every hour, perhaps, there is death somewhere, and everywhere the living mourn; each with an intensity proportioned not only to the loss, but also to the peculiar temperament of the individual mourner. Such occasions do not change persons. They only bring out the depth of feelings never suspected to exist in them before; or they develop calmness and firmness which no one ever gave them credit for possessing. So it was with poor Agnes Murray and her children. For many months, the cottage looked too desolate for endurance; but as time

softened imperceptibly the memory of their great sorrow, they lifted up their fair heads, like flowers after the storm, where the rain of yesterday gives place to the soft dew of to-morrow.

Often there is a tale, a mournful one, too, of poverty and distress, after the beloved head of a family is removed, causing trials only inferior to the actual loss of the object who was the only stay of their life.

But not so here; for Andrew was exact and punctual in all his affairs, and he had provided against want with a care and forethought which it would be wise for every man to imitate as far as possible. His will had been made on the very day on which he had first felt within him the seeds of death, and as far as human foresight could arrange, there was nothing for the bereaved wife to do, but to live on in her accustomed way with her children, and old Elsie Cameron, who had long made her only home with the Murrays. And when the memory of the dead became softened in the lapse of years, there was even happiness in that quiet household. The mother did not forbid her daughters' participation in the pleasures and amusements natural to their age; and there were few hearts that were not deeply interested in the two orphan children of a man widely known and generally beloved like Andrew Murray. They had grown up to womanhood with their distinctive traits growing stronger and deeper—Agnes still peaceful and serene, diffusing calm and quietude wherever her presence fell, like the soft waving of the dove's wing—Helen growing more passionate as she came out from the brooding peace of her own home, and mingled more with the world.

To their quiet, sea-side town, there came one summer an unusual number of strangers. They who had been there before, induced many of the rambling tourists of the season to accompany them thither, and among the crowd came Norman Ross, a rich Southerner now, but of old, only of moderate fortune. He had emigrated South at a period when fortunes fell like rain upon those who would risk most to obtain them; and he risked all but honor, and won the prize. People said he had come to the North to carry off a New England bride, in preference to wooing the luxurious and indolent Southern dames. Be that as it might, it was not long before the individual bride herself was pointed out in the person of Helen Murray. That she favored him none could doubt. The pride which had hitherto kept all other suitors at a distance, vanished before the hope of winning Norman Ross. Not that she loved him, for she had not come to that

point yet. But such a conquest would be grateful to her ambition, and moreover, her intellect would be satisfied with such a companion. Some thought it would be hard to say which of the sisters was the attraction, but all agreed that it lay in Mrs. Murray's house, and would end in his becoming her son-in-law. Agnes, ever looking at her sister's interest more than her own, persuaded herself and her mother, that Helen was the one sought, and she managed always to have them alone if possible, or to busy herself with something that required her at the farthest window of the little parlor where Norman Ross seemed to spend the most of his time. If a look of impatience followed her retreating figure, no one saw it, for Helen's eyes were cast down with ill concealed triumph.

"How can I make Agnes understand that it is she that I wish to see?" was his daily question to himself. "I cannot tell her so in the presence of her sister, and Helen never leaves the room." And all the time Helen was wondering that the declaration did not come, which she thought was trembling on his tongue; and she grew more and more gracious.

The season was waning, and many were leaving the sea-side for more sheltered quarters, but Norman Ross still lingered. The change brought him more frequently to Mrs. Murray's house, and she had begun to like the really true-hearted and companionable young man, whose society enlivened them all so much. Helen, never very communicative, said nothing of her own hopes, and Agnes was equally silent. One evening Mr. Ross announced his intention of leaving the next day. The news was received by Helen with surprise and disappointment, for she had fully expected him to say something about an engagement before he went; and now it was the last evening of his stay. It was late when he rose to depart. He went up to Mrs. Murray's chair, and bade her adieu. Some emotion seemed to possess him which he could not conquer. At last, he spoke:

"I may as well tell you, my kind friend, what has happened to me, since my idle, rambling life commenced. My partner at the South has absconded, and I am a beggar, or nearly one, I suppose. I tell you this, so that you may not think of me again as a rich man."

"Believe me, Mr. Ross," said Mrs. Murray, "that no change could alter you in my eyes. Our friendship for you did not grow out of your wealth, nor can the loss of it do anything but strengthen it. For yourself, I am truly sorry, and trust that all is not lost, and that you will regain at least a competency."

He bowed his thanks, and turned away to where Helen was sitting. Poor Helen! old Elsie's prophecy was beginning to work for her instead of Agnes, for already a storm was in her heart that could not be dissipated in any sun that might shine. She felt mortified at the evident encouragement she had given to Ross; for not a particle of true, unselfish love had been its source. Almost formally she returned his good-by clasp. Agnes was the last, and she had tears in her eyes. Perhaps a suspicion of the truth darted across his mind, for she gave him her hand far more cordially than she had ever done before. A gleam of joy lighted up his features; and for a moment he was almost tempted to tell her what he had hitherto felt in regard to her.

"But no," he said to himself, "I will never ask her to wed my poverty. Ah, now comes the sting. And yet," he added, musingly, "it would be worth the experiment to know which would accept me now." He looked at Helen who had sunk back, cold and stately—it was only for a moment—he drew Agnes to the door. "Tell me, Miss Murray, if your sister—if you think I have shown her too much attention?" He spoke quickly, almost wildly.

"I have no right to tell you her thoughts, Mr. Ross. For myself I can answer. You have shown her sufficient to entitle her to an explanation."

"She shall have it," he answered. "Go to her, will you, and say that I wish to speak to her alone."

Agnes opened the door of her own little conservatory near, and promised to send her sister. "Go to him, Helen," she said, "and perhaps you will comfort him in his misfortune."

Helen's lip took a scornful curve, but she went in, and received his cold, calm offer of marriage. He was rejected, and his heart told him it was because of his poverty. He received his refusal with as chilling an air as her own. They came out together, and Helen escaped up stairs without a single word. He went back to the room where Agnes was sitting. Her mother had retired, and she sat there, musing, in the dim light of a small lamp, and the imperfect fire light, for it was a chilly evening, and required the warmth of a fire.

She started when he came in alone, but tried to smile, and said, half gaily, "May I greet you as a brother or not?"

He sat down by her and told her all, from the beginning up to that very hour when he had offered his hand to Helen. "I would have married her when my fortunes should have changed," he said, "and she should never have known that

she was not my first and only choice. I know what you must think of my doing so; but I believe it was the best way. I was, however, almost perfectly sure that my misfortunes would alienate her. Now she cannot complain, because she has chosen her own course. I am free. Tell me, then, if when I regain my wealth, I may hope to prosper my cause with you, now that you know all I have experienced."

Agnes looked up, all radiant with tears. "If indeed he had loved her first, and her sister's interests would not suffer, she would bind herself to him now. Wealth nor poverty should ever be a question with her. She would glory in the love that could not bestow aught but itself upon her."

And so the contract was made that bound the two together. Helen knew all the next day. Apparently there was no pang followed the announcement, and that evening saw her flirting with young Sherwood, who was both rich and handsome, while Agnes gave herself up to the new joy of being beloved, even though she had parted, perhaps for a long time, with Norman Ross.

His first letter arrived early after his departure. His affairs were not so much involved as he expected. With the second, came the news that nearly the whole had been refunded by an act of sudden penitence, occasioned by a severe illness on the part of the offender. Helen's face turned crimson, and her eyes flashed, when this was told by Agnes; but the happy girl saw it not. She believed that Helen's heart was given to young Sherwood, and that her attentions to Ross were only to cover her attachment to the other.

But Helen could bear it no longer. She burst out into an indignant storm of passion, accused Agnes of treachery and double dealing, and taunted her with the preference of Norman Ross for herself. Altogether, a scene most unworthy of a sister was enacted, and the heart of Agnes was wounded to the quick by her unjust imputations, although she answered her with as much gentleness as she could command.

There was an unwilling listener to this conversation. Unknown to either, young Sherwood had been shown into the next room, and heard what forever deterred him from engaging himself to Helen Murray.

The home of Agnes is in the sunny south, where her sweetness and goodness form its best charm to her husband. Helen received with coldness every invitation to visit them; and when her mother passed a winter with Agnes, Helen went to visit a friend, to spend the time until she returned.

"You saved me from ruin, Agnes," said Norman to his wife, the only time which the subject was ever mentioned after their marriage. "I should infallibly have taken to evil courses, had I a wife like your sister."

And Agnes so earnestly implored that he would not judge her too harshly, that he dropped the subject forever, thankful that the angel of peace brooded over his home.

Does Helen live unmarried? No; for her beauty gained her a lover, and his wealth supplies her every whim. As the world goes, she is a very tolerable wife to a husband who cares little for his home, and finds more congeniality among his boon companions, than in the calm sunshine of domestic peace. But to this day, she has not forgiven Agnes for marrying Norman Ross. Elsie died many years ago; leaving her prophecy for Agnes unverified.

SHIP-BUILDING EXTRAORDINARY.

It is clear, says Punch, that ship-building is merely in its cradle. The Yankees are determined not to be out-reached by the *Leviathan*. We are informed that, at New York, they are building a ship so tremendously long that there is no part of the ocean sufficiently broad to enable it to turn. This difficulty is to be obviated by the ship having two wheels—one on the American end, the other on the English. The passengers will simply have to walk across. Long before you have had time to stroll from one wheel to another you will be at your journey's end. There will be cabstands at various points, for the convenience of those who cannot keep up with the speed of the vessel. An omnibus will also start at the commencement of each trip. It guarantees to reach the other extremity of the vessel precisely at the same time that the vessel touches at the desired harbor. For the accommodation of pedestrians, persons going from England to America are requested to keep on the right hand side of the vessel, whilst passengers walking from the American continent to the European are directed to go on the left. There are to be shops on both sides all the way. The mere rent of these is expected to pay for the outlay of the building. The ship is not yet christened, but it is expected that, out of compliment to the Yankees, it will be called the *Stretcher*.

GERMAN EMIGRATION.—Every day brings to light some new proof of the effects produced on the population of Germany by the extensive emigration which has been going on for some years. The most recent instance has occurred in the district around Elberfeld. When the allotted contingent of recruits was called out, it was found that of 1300 of the male population, reported for service, not more than 95 made their appearance, and these, upon examination, were found to be unfit for military duty.

Many speak the truth, when they say that they despise riches and preferment, but they mean the riches and preferment possessed by other men.

THE BONNIE BLACK EYE.

BY DR. FRED. HOUCK.

O, I care not for pain or for sorrow,
 They'll pass like the clouds soon away—
 For the sun may shine bright on the morrow,
 Though shrouded in darkness to day.
 Then away with the gloom dark as night,
 And let joy and pleasure draw nigh,
 For the heart is illumined by the light
 That beams from thy bonnie black eye.

And if still by hard fate I am driven,
 Through paths that are darksome and dread,
 O, that beam, like the Iris of heaven,
 Will renew the bright hopes that had fled.
 Then away with all grief and all pain,
 And gloom from this bosom shall fly—
 And the heart will reflect back again
 The beams from thy bonnie black eye.

Though the world should prove false and unkind,
 If thou look kindly on me,
 Earth's troubles would pass like the wind,
 I'd think but of joy and of thee.
 Then away with dull sorrow and care;
 But still the breast yields up a sigh,
 For I feel there is something to fear
 From the glance of thy bonnie black eye.

I ask not for worldly called pleasures—
 I ask not in story to shine;
 But what's richer to me than earth's treasures,
 I ask this—that thou wouldst be mine.
 Then, O soon would this heart be at rest,
 And its joy with angels would vie—
 For of mortals I'd be the most blest,
 With her of the bonnie black eye.

THE INVISIBLE ARTIST:

— OR, —

THE QUADROON SLAVE.

BY MARTHA WHORTLEY BENTON.

THE castle of Otranto was situated among the most delicious scenes of Southern Greece. It was a bold ruin—a landmark whose veteran towers told a tale of other years, and with its fountains, lawns and galleries, was unmatched, grand and venerable.

Oswald, the primal hero of our story, was the last heir to these veteran towers, the doted-upon and only child of Sir Censtans Cremorne. He was haloed by that golden crescent which wealth throws about its proteges, and long descended from the patriotic and noble-born, and the fond father saw in the future a brilliant and starlit career for this pride of his life. It was, indeed, sufficient to gladden any parent's heart. And with his deep bright eyes, his classic mouth, and beautifully-moulded head, crowned with an infin-

ity of soft fair ringlets, could any mother but fold him to her heart and shut away all that was discordant with the peace of his early years?

Overpassed that rosy lawn that lays so smiling and enchanted between the cradle and the university, our hero began to manifest those attributes which so eminently characterized him in after years. Poetic, passionate, keenly alive to the beautiful, proud, and a little bit of a tyrant withal, he was a worthy scion of so venerable a stock.

A few years tuition among the master spirits of literature and elegance gave what Sir Censtans considered the *coup de grace* to his noble son; and Oswald, ever restless for adventure, and at restraint, essayed a pilgrimage to the ruin, the hollow cave, the steep, crowned with the cypress and the olive, and hallowed by battle memories of the past.

In travelling far to the north of Greece, across the limpid waters of the Golden Horn, and through the classic dells of the Drave and the Danube, there flitted before his vision one of those types of perfection which haunt the poet's dream, and live in the painter's ideal, and flourish in freedom throughout that morning land, that Valley of Sweet Waters, which gives the East its fitness for an Eden.

This Haidee, which overturned the ambitious schemes of young Cremorne, he first saw as she sported with her gazelle among the fountains, graceful in every gliding motion, and musical in every light laugh that echoed, in her sports, from faultless lips slightly parted, in their ruby richness, like the cleft of a pomegranate blossom. There was a deep magic in her sparkling eyes, so oriental and so deep, and in the exuberant folds of raven hair that fell around her neck with a

"Grace beyond the reach of art,"

adding much to the languid beauty of her passionate eye, and this, combined with a form Praxiteles would have worshipped, wrought Oswald to ecstasy.

Though the incautious youth, springing to her side to breathe out his enrallment, was shut out from the fair face by the veil that modesty drew before her features, and he saw the fairy disappear, with her drapery floating in the wind, like a cloud around a statue—though the first prelude was quite unsuccessful in its completion, yet he had the satisfaction, ere long, to feel confident of the spell he exerted over this "bird of paradise," and in perfect freedom they flirted together, thinking only of each other, of the present—not of the past or the future.

The oft-written epistles, which had formerly

sped away to Otranto castle, were now discontinued entirely; and the ready brain, and the willing pen, were only occupied now in celebrating this "*Tulip Cheek*." Even to the confidential fellow-traveller, the intimacy was not confided. Solemn, sweet and secret it existed, until it grew into genuine love—that mysterious union of soul and sense in which the lowliest dew-drop reflects the image of the brightest star.

Leila, for such this oriental beauty was named, was sequestered among the wealth and magnificence of one of the nabobs of the East, to whom our hero had been presented and recommended. The infatuation had so rapidly grown between the two new friends, Leila and Oswald, and the honeyed draught of rapture so intoxicating to the latter, that he had not stopped to inquire into the ties that bound the fair *inamrata* to his host; that she existed, and called him sire, sufficed.

Morrelli was a stern man, and his eye kindled at any humiliation of his dignity; yet he seemed to be fully aware how great an ornament the graceful Leila afforded to his establishment, and no pains had been spared to mould her in accordance. She played the harp, was the first in the dance, and the sweetest-voiced of all the damsels that warbled by the Danube.

At length Oswald dreamed out his unreal dream, in which but a temporary link seemed to bind their hearts with a silken tie, and he thirsted to claim her, entirely, supremely, irrevocably his, and only his.

Morrelli had long looked upon this amour as inexpedient and wayward, and by indifference and sternness made our hero understand his primitive right to dictate the beautiful Leila. Here Oswald betrayed his devotion and enthralment, and meeting with scorn and defiance, persuaded Leila secretly to fly with him, become his bride, and share his fortune, promising that he would lay his heart and life at her feet to serve her; and at length their love was consummated by that binding vow that binds two hearts together, never to be separated without severing the vital cords of each.

And then Oswald, for the first time, realized his true position. He had scarcely breathed the fragrance of twenty summers, and Leila was plucking the roses of her fifteenth. He was without any fixed principles of life, and he was no longer to please himself alone, but must also be the protector and the guiding star of one younger than himself, beautiful, erring and frail. He knew the great hopes that, as the "heir of Otranto," were built up upon him, and this liaison of his, he felt, had rendered him unworthy, and it galled his pride. Morrelli, too, com-

menced in threatening terms to upbraid him for his presumption; and, with his beautiful Leila, he fled to Venice, and, ingenious and versatile, and nerved to energy at thought of his fair bride, he entered the studio of an eminent artist, determined to sooner die than call upon his father.

At length the love of Oswald and Leila is crowned with life's deepest, purest joy; their united lives have reappeared in a new existence, and they feel that without this rich experience, the human heart can never know one half its wealth of love.

Lesandro (for so it was Oswald's fancy to name their boy, in commemoration of an old ballad) was of a lighter brown than Leila in complexion, but rich and glowing as an autumnal leaf. The iris of his large dark eye had the melting, mezzotinto outline, which gives so plaintive and languishing an expression. He was flexible in form, and graceful as an antelope; and in the warm atmosphere of father's and mother's love, he grew like a flower open to the sunshine.

We need not tell what commotion and chagrin was felt in the Grecian home at Otranto, when the youthful folly of our hero was made known. Sir Constans was haughty and defiant, at first, and then there came a yearning towards his second life; and he travelled into the East, to learn from the fountain-head the humiliating tale of Oswald's infatuation. Some startling facts were gathered, in this quarter, respecting the birth and descent of the beautiful Leila, and armed with these, Sir Constans prepared to wrest home again the heart of his noble son.

Meanwhile, Oswald was advancing in his new employment to a great degree of perfection; while Leila and Lesandro adorned his cottage home, and offered to his heart and to his pencil the ideals of love and beauty.

Ten years of happiness had now passed over the head of Oswald, and then the scene changed. The ambition, which had characterized Sir Constans, seemed to have been transferred to the son; an enemy had been at work, and he who so late had been hedged about with love's tenderest guardianship, now spurned at its solicitude.

The name of Oswald Cremorne already stood high in the world of art, and each day was adding some new triumph to his exertions. But he grew careless of his home; and though the light in Leila's eyes was just as fond and bright, and the guileless heart as warm, yet discord prevailed where harmony once reigned. The love claspings of the darling child were less frequent, the regretful lingering, ere the farewell was taken, almost forgotten. Sir Constans had been

at work—selfish of the idolatry of Oswald with other images than the parent heart could offer.

Leila was the daughter of an African slave who had, likewise with her child, borne the palm for beauty. She was the property of Morrelli, and when she laid her own life down to give existence and beautiful aspiration to her child, Morrelli placed it among the fountains and gazelles, reared it with tenderness, and loved it as his own. But there yet remained that curse upon her brow—the glowing tinge—the curse of Cain. It was of course a profound secret to Oswald, and when Sir Constans insinuated the whole, he denied the possibility.

“’Tis false—a base fabrication to effect the purposes of a tyrant!” he exclaimed, as he rose from his easel, beside which the father had breathed of the unworthiness of Leila. “Another word, and you leave my studio! You have never seen her, or you could never lisp the words you now dare! And were it all true, do you suppose it could make any difference with me? You are mistaken in your son!”

But the insidious tongue had breathed out its venom, and Oswald grew restless and impatient, oftentimes gloomy, and Leila was often startled to find how searching was the gaze he rivetted on her face. Lesandro, too, seemed to have lost his power to please; he less often climbed his father’s knee, or ran by his side with glad laugh and lightsome bound, and Leila pressed him to her own bosom with a vehement love and agony that made him shudder.

Pride at length did the work. Oswald had absented himself considerably from the hearthstone where so much happiness had formerly been his lot. Often for whole nights he came not near the threshold of his home; and when once more with his wife and child, in answer to her solicitude and caress, his dogged answer was “of some pressing engagement in his studio, or new dream image to be portrayed, requiring application and solitude.”

One night, left alone through all the dreary hours, Leila felt the sad forebodings that there were dark clouds passing over her life’s bright sky; and as she listened to the still breathing of her beautiful boy, she pondered on the strange, wild conduct of his father—of her dear Oswald. Long into the dread, silent midnight she waited, and listened for his footstep; and as he came not, she bent her head low, and covering her face with her hands, gave way to the pent-up agony which her neglected heart had so long stifled. Sleep, that comforting friend of the heart broken and disconsolate, at length hushed the low sobs of the lonely Leila, while dreams of

her old home, of her gazelle, and her lute, made her rest a fairy Elysian of happiness.

Bright, beautiful morning was gilding the fairy land of Venice, cresting the blue waves with beauty, and lighting up the curtained apartments of the beautiful quadroom, who was startled from her slumber by the soft pressure of child arms about her neck, and moist, warm lips on hers, and again she waked to the fair, bright face of her petted boy.

“Dear mother,” exclaimed the boy, “my father was here this morning! He waked me from sleep with a kiss, but he was strange and wild, and when I sprang to caress him, he put me aside with, ‘child of a slave!’ What does it mean, mother? not that beautiful lady in the picture, with chains about her ankles and arms, and big tears in her eyes, that hangs in my father’s studio? He told me *that* was a slave! O, it must be dreadful, mother, to be a slave! I called him father, and he snatched his hand away from mine; but when I told him I was his own darling boy, he folded me as he used to do in the good old times when he used to stay at home with you and me. O, my father! my father!”

The passionate child buried his face in his mother’s lap, and wild with grief, made the whole air resound with his cries.

And then the horrid truth came at once to the grief-stricken Leila. What could she say to comfort her child, when her own heart was bursting? Patiently, day after day, the mother and her child waited for the return of Oswald; no greeting and no parent came. The studio was closed, the Venetian cottage desolate, and the mother and her child, who had been so loved and so caressed, were homeless, friendless and forlorn.

Troubles never come singly; and ere a month had passed over the heads of the outcasts, rough hands had been laid on the once cherished wife, and bold claims maintained to the possession of their bodies—and they were slaves!

Oswald, over-persuaded by the promises and ambitious interference of his father, and fanned by that pride which was stronger than affection (as well as threatened by the tyrannical father of Leila, who was likewise her master and her child’s), at length fled from the cottage, the love-nest of many happy years, from the arms of one whom he had chosen from all the world beside, from the fond caresses of their beautiful child, and was deemed, as of old, the manly, the handsome, and the noble heir of the noble house of Otranto.

Courted and canonized for his perfection in the

art of picture-poetry, and so gallant, how Oswald was fawned upon and preferred! Reminiscences of his once-loved Leila kept all vague ideas of feminine attachment for some time in check, until so often had the attentions of the great painter been elicited, that his vanity became aroused, and Leila and Lesandro became unwelcome intruders in his thoughts. And silken ringlets of the brightest gold, and blue eyes, to which the violet was harsh now, shone—love-tokens for the wealthy and popular, and laid on the same breast where tresses dark as night, and eyes dreamy, shadowed and darkling, had once wept and smiled; and here, for a brief space, allow us to leave the great Cremorne, and over the boundary of other lands, amid very different scenes, seek the welfare of Leila and Lesandro.

Back, amid the old scenes of girlhood, pleasure and maiden love, ere cruel Fate, which had been born with her, had ever been allowed to darken her bright years, the mother and her child were borne. She pined in heart, and made loud lamentation for the being she had so loved, and when they told her of the marriage of Oswald, the life-blood in her heart stood still, and she folded it away within her, in loneliness, misery and despair. Fate had decreed a separation between the mother and child, though Leila exerted herself to the utmost to preserve her beautiful boy to herself, as the last remnant of that other life she had led, so brief and so blissful, and of him who had turned its bright pages for her; but it seemed inexorable, and distance divided the mother and her lovely and loving child.

Several years had now passed over the characters of our story, and in the studio of one of the greatest painters in Venice several students were engaged at their easels—all of them bright-eyed and bold-browed, as geniuses are generally. The materials and the morceaus, which characterized the detail of their wonderful art, lay in graceful confusion in all parts of the room, and as they plied the pencil, the following unique conversation circulated:

"So the great maestro is to visit us! Signor Angelique will have to apply himself somewhat, methinks, to finish that *extraordinaire*, he has plotted so deep, to be able to present it to my lord! A worthy *chef d'œuvre* of so talented and popular an artist! What think you, Sebastian, of signor's 'Descent from the Cross?' The arms of the beloved disciple seem rather extended, in my opinion."

"Hush, Francois! senor will overhear—and you know his petulance!" exclaimed the one

addressed, turning round, and casting a hasty glance at the first speaker. "He knows it as well as you do, and it makes him vexed; he spoiled the outline of my 'Beggar' this morning, out of mere nervousness. But take care, maestro! or you will blanch the cheek of your Madonna out of shade! And you remember the Ave Marias you have to weep, when carelessness is the father of mistake! What of my lord, this great critic, and the monseigneur of art, of whom all Venice stands in such awe? He is human, I suppose?"

"Ask Senor Angelique! All I know," replied Francois, "is that he once took up painting out of spite, and being rich and powerful, became the tyrant of his brotherhood. The most laudable and peerless of his productions is said to be the 'Mother and Child,' in the ducal palace, and that was by his own experience in the beautiful."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed a smaller youth, who had not before spoken. "But that is only one half the story; Michael Steno was in the studio with him when he was painting it, and he said the original was his own wife and child, who were beautiful enough to turn even the head of an artist!"

"Really, Vincenza, you are quite an enthusiast! Let the great maestro and Signor Angelique both beware of a rival. But hold! here comes monseigneur!"

Signor Angelique was a tall, dark man, with piercing black eyes, and, from all outward appearance, proud and bigoted. At his entrance, the merry gossip of the students ceased, and each one profoundly bowed, as he entered. After surveying the several endeavors of his students, he walked to his own easel, and removing the shading drapery, regarded it for a moment with a searching look, and then turning suddenly upon Francois, exclaimed:

"Which of you has dared to piece out my imperfection with your own light and shade?"

"Surely it is none of us, I can answer," replied Francois, as he looked upon the graceful akimbo arms of the Apostle John, which the maestro had left awkward and unfinished.

"Then I must have corrected *en sonambula*. Andy, bring my palette and brush! It is time I had put the finishing touch here."

At this command, a youth of fourteen summers made his appearance from behind a screen where the tools of the studio were bestowed. He was eminently handsome, slender, and dark-eyed; and with a melancholy radiance in his dark features, which was as unusual as his motions were graceful, he glided to the side of

Angelique, performed his bidding, and again disappeared to resume his occupation.

The maestro said but little; but the conversation of the young students was particularly rife with anticipation of the criticisms their creations were soon to undergo. And after several hours of application, as the day faded into twilight, they one by one folded up their endeavors. Angelique was the last to leave his task, giving the boy Andy double charge to be upon his guard lest the same invisible artist, who had taught him the lesson the previous day, should strew more colors over his *chef d'œuvre* during the coming night.

So, day after day, the young students and their morose tutor labored and conversed—the workmanship of Angelique always presenting a different phase of beauty, and a nearer degree of perfection in the morning, than he left upon it at night. Irritated and nonplussed, he harangued his pupils and suspected and belied them all.

"To-night, Andy, I forbid your retiring at all," exclaimed the artist, as he once again prepared to leave. "To-morrow I must add the last touch to my masterpiece, and prepare my studio for the reception of our honored guest, Monseigneur Cremorne! and should the invisible again ply palette and brush, my wrath will be unconquerable. And on your vigil it depends. Mind, now! don't be caught napping, on your peril!"

The boy received these commands in silence, and again the door of the studio was locked.

"Francois," exclaimed the artist Sebastian, as they loitered on the threshold of the gallery, "Angelique is anxious about the phantom of the night that haunts his studio and teaches him such errors in his art. For our own gratification, let us watch with the boy Andy to-night! To-morrow is a great day for Angelique, remember."

"Well, well! anything that suits your fancy. So here goes."

It was midnight in the studio of the painter Angelique. Sebastian and his friend Francois laid perdu in the antechamber; and the boy Andy, entirely unconscious of their presence, was stretched, half asleep, on the carpet. The clock struck one, and the boy started up as if alarmed that he had dared to slumber. He took from his breast a crucifix, and kneeling down, bent his head over it in the most reverential manner. Then rising to his feet, he grasped the taper and the palette, and casting a searching glance around the apartment, removed the covering from Angelique's *chef d'œuvre*, and scanning it for a brief moment, began to trace a halo

around the Saviour's head, to tinge the limbs more perfectly, and with the taste of an artist, to complete the picture. The clock struck four, and again the youth started. The palette was put away, the light extinguished, and the boy shrunk away behind his screen silently and unseen. Francois and Sebastian looked at each other with astonishment; but they placed their fingers on their lips and withdrew, hardly acknowledging to themselves the wonder they had discovered in the invisible artist.

It was morning in the studio of Senor Angelique Lioni. Earlier than usual, the maestro and his pupils had resumed their preparations for their honored guest. With an eager hand, Lioni dashed away the drapery from his easel, seized the brush, when lo! the most perfect and finished picture was presented, that ever adorned his gallery. He was bewildered! Seizing Francois by the arm, he drew him before the tableau, exclaiming:

"By St. Mark! the heavens help me! The invisible artist again! Summon the boy Andy, and threaten to cut out his tongue, if he reveals not this mystery. But make way! here comes monseigneur!"

Upon this, Oswald Cremorne, the courted and polished friend of art, and man of taste, entered with a courtly bow; and after examining the creations of the pupils of Lioni, and bestowing much commendation, proceeded to the long-cherished masterpiece of their master.

"You well deserve the praise I have heard bestowed upon your brother!" exclaimed the delighted Cremorne. "This is assuredly matchless! I should think an angel must have guided your pencil in those fine touches which give the exquisite expression to the features! But as you know its perfections, what need to praise!"

"And so I think our holy mother did grant me aid!" returned Angelique. "I have no recollection of gilding those rays of glory, or plating that crown of thorns; but if such angel visitant came here, none knows of it save the boy Andy. Where are you, boy? If you have seen any white-browed dignity at my easel, come reveal!"

Trembling in every limb, the terrified boy made his appearance; but he did not speak. Cremorne looked at the youth's bright eyes, and a film for a moment came across the clear vision of the noble man. The boy, too, ~~was~~ ^{was} stricken with pallor; but terrified at the fierce command and rough grasp of his master, he ~~clung~~ ^{clung} his deep eyelids and again he hesitated and faltered in his speech.

"Give the boy fifty lashes for his dogged-

ness!" exclaimed Lioni, wrought up to a perfect frenzy of vexation.

Here Francois and Sebastian came to his relief, and in a few brief words, explained the wonderful talent and singular conduct of the invisible artist.

"Down on your knees, Lesandro, and beg pardon of my lord for your presumption!" ("Impudent fool!" exclaimed Angelique, aside, as the suppliant knelt at Cremorne's feet.)

"Ask gold, Lesandro!" exclaimed Francois.

"Ask to be received as a pupil into our studio!" preferred Sebastian.

"Ask for your freedom!" whispered Vincenza in the poor boy's ear.

And here the electric chord was touched. He raised his hands, and letting his head fall upon his breast, faltered:

"The freedom of my mother! I am the child of a slave."

Oswald Cremorne bit his lip, as he raised up the prostrate suppliant. He asked of him his name, his birth and memories.

Believing the reader can find the mysterious link that bound the nobleman and the boy-slave into father and son more gracefully than we can portray it, allow us to drop the curtain over the studio of Angelique Lioni, and shift the scene to the emancipation of the life servitude, of the pent-up feelings of broken hearts, and of the freed spirits, to better worlds.

"Mother, mother, you are free—you are free—and I am no longer a slave!" were the glad, dear words that broke from the lips of the boy, as half frantic with joy, he sprang into her arms. "And see—he is come back! I told you he would. Ah, he did not forget Leila and Lesandro."

Less beautiful Leila might have become since Oswald last turned away in scorn from her tenderness; but as she sprang with a glad, wild scream of joy to his breast, he only saw her the same pure, bright gazelle she appeared when his boy-heart first greeted her among the roses in the Valley of Sweet Waters. And all the past of joy, bliss and sorrow, passed in quick review before him.

His noble boy knelt beside him, while his darling Leila, pressed fondly to his heart, still better recalled that moment of triumph when, with his eager, poet eyes and his artist's pencil, he created on the canvass the masterpiece of the ducal palace—"The Mother and her Child." Exquisite of happiness, the other partner of his bosom, wooed in ambition, he had long before laid to sleep among her native hills and waters, and he only dreamed now, with Leila and Le-

sandro, "to remount the river of his years" and live in an Eden of his own creating.

He bent low his head to whisper of hope, of life and love in the ears of the broken-hearted; but the transition from despair to delight had been too much for the beautiful quadron, and the pure, warm heart was pulseless within the frame where it had quivered, thrilled and overflowed. Under a spreading tree beside the Venetian cottage, with a small white cross at her head, twined with the cypress vine, Leila the quadron slave was buried, and Lesandro and monseigneur often lingered long with memory at her grave.

No longer the child of a slave, Lesandro was received into the studio of the greatest artist in Venice. And as his infancy and boyhood had been sacred as his own life, so his dawning manhood and renown shed perfume on the declining intellect of Oswald, as the rose-tree hallows the decaying petals of its former sweets with the aroma of new and fresher blossoms. "The Mother and Child" was purchased and restored again to the walls of the Venetian cottage, where the last days of Oswald Cremorne were passed, and the "Descent from the Cross," by The Invisible Artist, hung for a hundred years amid the magnificence of St. Mark.

BOYHOOD OF LORD BACON.

Francis Bacon was born in the Strand, in 1651. His health was delicate; and by his gravity of carriage, and love of sedentary pursuits, he was distinguished from other boys. While a mere child, he stole away from his playfellows to a vault in St. James's Fields, to investigate the cause of a singular echo which he had observed there; and when only twelve, he busied himself with speculations on the art of *legerdemain*. At thirteen, he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, which he left after a residence of three years, "carrying with him a profound contempt for the course of study pursued there, a fixed conviction that the system of academic education in England was radically vicious, a just scorn for the trifles on which the followers of Aristotle had wasted their powers, and no great reverence for Aristotle himself.—*From Timbs's School Days of Eminent Men.*"

DISCOVERY IN ELECTRICITY.

It has been discovered that positive electricity will extinguish the flame of a lamp, and negative electricity will increase it. When the flame of about two inches in height is charged positively, from a powerful machine, it is rapidly shortened to total extinction. When the flame is charged negatively, it is immediately enlarged, a portion of it being impelled down around the wick tube for the distance of an inch, and a portion also elongated above. This is one of the many interesting discoveries that are constantly being made in electricity.—*Scientific American.*

HOME IS SAD WITHOUT A MOTHER.

BY H. D. L. WEBSTER.

Home is sad without a mother!
 Gloom and darkness hover there;
 Eyes of childhood, wet with weeping,
 Speak of sorrow and despair.
 "Kiss me, sister! love me, brother!"
 O home is sad without a mother!

Home is sad without a mother!
 Mouldering yonder in the tomb,
 Hands we've often felt caressing
 Silken curls in childhood's home.
 "Kiss me, sister! love me, brother!"
 O home is sad without a mother!

Home is sad without a mother!
 Vacant is the "old arm chair;"
 Lips of love are cold and silent—
 Silent in the church-yard there.
 "Kiss me, sister! love me, brother!"
 O home is sad without a mother!

Home is sad without a mother!
 Up there in the spirit land,
 Father, mother, sister, brother,
 Form a circle, hand in hand.
 "Kiss me, sister! love me, brother!"
 O angel home, where dwells sweet mother!

THE DUKE'S BRIDE.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

THE grand drawing-rooms of the Palais Royal were a-blaze with splendor and echoing with all the gayety of the court, for the Regent, Anne of Austria, gave this night a ball at which all the beauty and nobility of the court were assembled. The little king, Louis XIV., still a boy, in a magnificence of royal array, stood on his dais floor receiving the guests with the dignity of an older person, and his mother, her beauty yet unimpaired, and enhanced by gorgeous jewels, sat at her proud ease with the crafty Cardinal Mazarin standing by her side. The beautiful Duchess de Longueville, the Prince Conde, the intriguing M^{de} Chevreuse, the Cardinal de Retz, with a hundred others whose names are familiar as household words, all mingled in the crowd, beneath whose light airs and merriment lay that keen wakefulness and wary scheming characteristic of a French throng in all ages. More conspicuous than any courtier in the dazzle of a rich uniform, and the haughty height of a superb figure, was the young Duke of Guise, and being so nearly related to the reigning family, every motion of his, both here and elsewhere, was closely observed. He was but lately returned from the campaign, and the

marriageable beauties of the court were alert to obtain the first glimpse of his countenance, or the first mark of his favor. It was a handsome face that overlooked the throng so seriously, although beardless—soft, olive skin, dark eyes and hair, fine features with a somewhat scornful turn of the mouth, and the martial fire of his ancestor, Henry of Navarre, flashing from his eyes—and so, perhaps, thought not a few of those who, floating here and there, suffered their glances to follow the wandering figure. He had roamed through several rooms of the imposing suite, without finding anything to arrest his regard, when, moving aside to admit the entrance of another party, his eye was caught by what appeared a miracle of beauty, and he paused gazing as if spell bound. A lady past the prime of life, yet still preserved by friendly embonpoint, very sumptuously dressed, preceded, leaning on the arm of a marquis whom he knew, and followed by one apparently her daughter. The last was in the first glow of her youth, more lovely than there are words to say; tall, slender, and passing fair, she needed no ornaments to increase her beauty, and accordingly wore none but the clasps of frosted silver that bound her classic and snowy robe upon her pearly shoulders. Loads of golden hair perpetually striving to break forth in curls were caught back into a Grecian knot fastened by an arrow in whose head glittered a priceless diamond; and a skin of delicate brilliancy, large, sunny, blue eyes, radiant smiles hovering round a cherry mouth, presented a masque of beauty. The simplicity of her costume was the perfection of art, the gentle ease of her manner, the low melody of her laugh, the grace of every motion, all bespoke an exquisite cultivation, while the duke confessed to himself that purity and truth were throned on the clear brow.

"We are late, Gabrielle," said the elder lady, as they passed. "The cardinal is already surrounded, it will be impossible to speak with him concerning M. du Pons, to-night."

"It is quite as well," he heard the most musical voice in the world reply, and he turned to follow it.

As he would have advanced, De Retz caught his arm, and being delayed by his witty catechism he lost them entirely, but on entering the inner room saw Gabrielle standing beside the queen, who was bestowing upon her the special honor of a conversation without sneers. He hastened to approach, that it might be incumbent on Anne of Austria to present him to her fair companion, but as he drew near, the Queen Regent, breaking off her affable smile, said:

"Another time, my dear," motioning her away, and in turn delayed the duke till Gabrielle had become indistinguishable.

"Madame, you are generous," he said, "it is only royal beauty that can afford to share its dazzle with such as Mademoiselle Gabrielle."

"You know her?" cried the queen, taken unawares. "Yes, she is indeed beautiful; we intend her for the bride of our good M. du Pons." But glancing quickly round for Mazarin, who spoke apart with the marquis, she added as if fearful of committing herself, "At least, that is M. du Pons's wish." Yet here the crafty queen saw in the quiet wonder of her auditor's face that she was blundering, and anxious to extricate herself, exclaimed, "It is no state affair, that is, it is not a matter of policy at all—"

"Madame, it is not necessary to inform me of your majesty's intentions regarding the dowry of your ladies," said the duke, bowing low, and willing to depart, but the regent at once opened a less delicate topic, and detained him till the cardinal required her attention.

Stepping down, the duke sought round vainly for the lady, and at last entered the dancing hall, where the gallant young king was just opening the ball by leading out as his partner, Mlle. Gabrielle. The duke advanced through the hall, and when the graceful sport was concluded, the king led his partner to a seat near him.

"It is the duke," cried he, springing forward to embrace him, but remembering himself, only extended both hands, exclaiming, "You are returned, M. de Guise. You have had great success, my cousin. You are a hero such as Francis. Navarre lives again in you, they tell me. I thank you. Mlle., you should know his grace, my very good friend, he is a victor, beware lest he conquer your heart." And with all the naivete of an artless child, the boy performed the very ceremony which his mother had wished should not be done at all.

It was soon easy to escape from the hall to the balcony, from the balcony to the conservatory, to linger hours in the mazes of the latter place, to increase momentarily his acquaintance with the beautiful being on his arm, to feel himself the slave of her fascination, to open before her the stores of his vivid memory and imagination, and on resigning her to her chaperone, to be convinced that the rumored marriage with M. du Pons was not a thing desired by her. The next day's call upon Mlle. Gabrielle and her mother was only a matter of courtesy, and when it was repeated, the circumspect parent saw how much grander would be the Duchess de Guise than Madame du Pons, and the queen and cardinal

soon felt that madame was not so urgent for the marriage as she had been, and immediately discovered it as the effects of the duke's frequent visits. To-day they rode together in the public gardens, Guise and Gabrielle, to-morrow they sat side by side in the theatre, again they floated in sumptuous barges down the evening Seine, or danced in the salons of the noblesse, yet not once had the queen, though perfectly aware of their companionship, been able to surprise them together. In so close an intimacy as this now existing, while the fall and winter months slipped away, no wonder if between the charming girl and the young martial hero something very like love sprung up, though still unconfessed. For the marriage of Gabrielle with M. du Pons, there were a hundred reasons, the chief one being that M. du Pons desired it, and M. du Pons was so immensely wealthy that his least smile was worth a principality, and he had moreover promised the queen a gift amounting to some millions of francs if her friendly agency succeeded in bestowing on him this bride. Gabrielle was to a certain degree a favorite of the powers that be, and they even believed that in so wealthy a marriage her happiness would be promoted beyond that point which any union could afford with the Duke of Guise, who, though of royal blood, was for his rank what might be called poor. Above these considerations, M. du Pons was a leader in the parliament, and his powerful influence once turned against them, in the approaching contests with the people, might be more than they could sustain, and should Gabrielle, who, from her own and her mother's benevolence, and the memory of her father, was extremely popular in her *quartiere*, marry with Guise, who as the grandson and image of Henry of Navarre was almost idolized over the whole city, it was impossible to tell what disasters might ensue, even to the destruction of the present dynasty. Previous to the return of Guise, Gabrielle had not shown herself averse to M. du Pons; but now it was impossible to extract a word from her in relation to him. One spring day when the sweetest of winds drove all the southern country scents into the city, and the woods were all a flame of green, the whole court deserted the palaces and prim garden walks for a *fete champetre* in the beautiful forests around Fontainebleau. The queen and her sons and ladies, the cardinal and his suite, and all other solemn dignitaries, did not disdain to honor the occasion, all being in the simplest apparel, save only a narrow band of gold about the brow, which as a badge of sovereignty, the queen wore. Dispersed here and there through the vast alleys and re-

cesses of the wood, it was almost impossible to maintain a complete surveillance, yet notwithstanding, one spy and another sought the queen with desired intelligence, and at the last one she looked up, laughing, towards the cardinal, and saying :

"Now, my Lord Cardinal, Jove grasps his thunders," she gathered up her train and disappeared among the tree-boles.

A few moments rapid walking brought her to a little clearing, carpeted with the greenest turf, and shaded by immense trees, through which yellow patches of sunshine fell and illumined the scene. Across it, leaning against opposite trees, were the Duke of Guise and Gabrielle, she half shrouded in a net of ivy falling from the great boughs and transfiguring her fair face into that of a smiling wood-nymph. The duke seemed to have been speaking earnestly, and she, about to reply, paused with the smile frozen on her face, as the queen, entering, paused on the verge of the place. The duke saw the direction of her terrified eyes, and stepping to her side took her hand.

"Mademoiselle—Gabrielle! I may call you so?" he murmured hurriedly, "give me a right to protect you against what you fear. Speak quickly, tell me if this passion of mine, which you have not failed to see, offends. Do you love me? Give me some sign; speak, Gabrielle."

She slowly turned the great blue eyes, all the terror vanishing from them, and the beautiful smile beaming full upon him.

"Do I love you?" she replied. "Is it true that you ask it—do I not dream?"

"You wish it should be true? O, Gabrielle, is my love accepted—returned?"

"Do you really love me? I hardly hoped so much. Returned—can you doubt it, dear?"

"We wear, then," he exclaimed, "an armor in which we are strong against all fates."

It was impossible to say more, for the queen was drawing near, wondering at the scene whose low words and impassioned accents were inaudible to her. Her laugh turned their eyes upon her.

"What act of tragedy is it?" she cried. "Or the fate of what nation do we decide? You love solitude, mademoiselle, and your grace loves mademoiselle. But we are sorry for that, are we not, Madame du Pons, that is to be?"

The duke's eyes flashed, and with difficulty he restrained an indignant response. As for Gabrielle, after having saluted the regent, she remained without replying to her interrogatory.

"I am accustomed to be answered, Mlle. Gabrielle," said the queen.

"Your majesty's pardon," said Gabrielle, "you did not address me."

"Did I not? I will teach you that I know my subjects' titles! I gave you yours."

"No, madame."

"You are not to be the wife of the person in question?" cried the queen, angrily.

"Never, your majesty, to be the wife of M. du Pons."

The queen surveyed her in utter silence for a few moments, then without a word turned on her heel and swept away, while Guise took the trembling girl in his arms, and kissed off the starting tears. Anne of Austria hastily rejoined the cardinal, and pacing up and down the avenue where they were, detailed to him with angry gestures, the scene she had witnessed. Mazaria walked with her a few moments lost in thought. At last he said :

"If there were any disturbance here in which this troublesome fellow might be implicated, and shot or confined! But none—no war to which he can be dismissed. The war with Spain does not need him, and makes him too popular. The colonies are quiet, there is nothing—"

"Naples has revolted from her rule, at Masaniello's signal, and he is ill," said the queen, meaningly.

"Ah, that is well. Your majesty's suggestions are always apt. Your majesty is aware that an ancestor of Guise married in that kingdom. He has, therefore, Neapolitan blood. Let Masaniello die, and this hot-headed duke can claim it, to do which he will be obliged to leave Paris, and during his absence, the marriage we desire can be arranged."

"But will Masaniello die?"

The cardinal answered by a glance and a laugh, but said no more. From this day intimations were everywhere heard respecting Masaniello's failing health, of the Duke of Guise's right to the sovereignty of Naples, till the conjectures and assertions reached his own and Gabrielle's ears. Immediately the spirit he had inherited inspired him, the chivalric idea also irradiated Gabrielle, for she urged him to leave her, and go to Rome where he would be ready to declare his claim, assuring him that she was safe and capable of preserving herself so till he should inform her of his success, when she would go to him.

"I am poor," he said, bitterly, "I have to-day but four thousand gold crowns in my treasury, and shall have no more this three months, and while the cardinal keeps hundreds, there are but six gentlemen in my suite."

"But my love has the sword of Francis, and

the heart of Henry, and is never poor," she said, clinging fondly to him as they parted.

He divided with her a gold coin, she retaining one piece, and promising to obey no message from him unless accompanied by the half which he took with him, and thus suddenly departing, he reached Rome unobstructed by any adverse influence from France. Meanwhile the days slipped on; there had been sufficient time for a messenger to travel post haste to the neighborhood of Masaniello and back to Paris, and for another to follow, bringing news of his sudden and unaccountable death.

"Now," thought Gabrielle, "he has plunged into the wild waters of that revolt, he is struggling for his crown." And she offered a thousand prayers for his safety and success.

No sooner was the news of the coveted death confirmed, than Gabrielle was summoned to the queen, and closetted with her during a stormy conversation on one side, and of quiet firmness on the other.

"You must be prepared this evening, and you shall not leave the palace until it is done," said the queen at last, "to sign your marriage articles with M. du Pons."

"Your majesty can require nothing of the kind from me," returned Gabrielle, "when as you are aware, my faith is already plighted to M. de Guise."

"Your faith!" sneered the queen. "Break it!"

"That is easy for your majesty to say," was the significant reply. "But not being a queen, I have no royal prerogative to do so."

Something like a blush overcame the hardness of Anne of Austria before she replied:

"But at least, Mademoiselle Gabrielle, I have never broken faith with you."

"Forgive me, madame; but you request what is impossible."

"I request nothing. I command! And obeyed I will be, or this night you shall sleep in the bastille! And remember, Gabrielle, remember on how few its doors ever unclose."

So saying the queen abruptly rose and left her alone. Hardly was the door closed when through another one Mazarin stepped cautiously along, his head bent forward on his breast, but his eyes steadily surveying the horror-stricken girl.

"O, monseigneur, save me—save me!" cried Gabrielle, springing towards him, and seizing both his hands in hers.

If there had been any pity in the man's breast, or any tender remembrance, it could not fail to have been touched by the beautiful woman en-

treating his protection; but his sardonic smile and hypocritical courtesy remained unaltered.

"I wish it were in my power to be of assistance to mademoiselle. May I ask her perplexity at present?"

"The bastille," she replied.

"Ah, mademoiselle, its iron doors never are unlocked, nor its thresholds twice crossed by any. Sad indeed is the lot of those who enter. Stone walls are a poor exchange for fair, free landscapes, prison fare for luxurious tables, hard jailors for friends, husbands, lovers, wives. But what has mademoiselle to think of in relation to so terrible a place?"

"You know all I can say, of what use is repetition? O, had you never any mother or sister, any one who was a woman, and whom you loved, that your great power will fail me now who need it so much?"

"You do not mean that any friend of yours is in danger?"

"Do not play with me, monseigneur."

"If mademoiselle will not explain, most certainly I can be of no service to her."

"I cannot marry M. du Pons—I do not wish to be imprisoned," she replied, clasping her hands.

"It is painful to be obliged to inform a lady that one or the other step is inevitable."

"What interest can your eminence have in my marriage?" she asked, suddenly.

"Only the interest which the king's minister must feel in his majesty's subjects."

"Then is there no hope?" she murmured in a low tone of despair.

The cardinal sat down, and remained a few moments.

"Your case touches me," said the wily dissembler. "I will do what I can, which is in fact, nothing; merely to extend the time of your decision; it would be indeed hasty to expect one final to-night. I will vouchsafe your safety with the queen, and your answer shall be given at nine to-morrow evening."

"I thank you for even that respite," she exclaimed.

"Excuse me if I remark that your movements will be watched," he added. "Should you think of escape it will be impossible, and bring certain punishment. It is a graceless task to be forced to address a lady thus, and especially one whose own mind will doubtless advise her of the wisest course. Your carriage waits." And offering her his hand he conducted her through the halls to her coach, presenting to all spectators an example of rare condescension.

Never pausing to give her distress expression,

Gabrielle bethought herself of a hundred pretexts for escape, rejecting one after another as impracticable, till reaching home she sprang unassisted up the steps, and ran to her own boudoir. Passing on her way her mother's page, a new idea possessed her; she hastily called him, and made him her confidant. He brought to her a suit of his clothes with velvet hat and feather, and short saucy cloak, and told her where horses could be obtained outside the city. She quickly bound a belt of gold inside all, stained her face with a darker but harmless wash, and though the police and all the gates were strictly ordered that no lady corresponding to her description should pass, there was nothing said concerning a page leading a red roan horse in a bridle, who accordingly issued into the fields and suburbs unquestioned, and in a few moments mounting his steed galloped away to the southeast, and speedily put night between himself and the city. But when the presence of mademoiselle was again ordered before the queen, she was not forthcoming, and after waiting an hour or two M. du Pons left her majesty and shortly returned with the mother of Gabrielle, who in great and real distress could hardly believe the regent's assurances that she was as ignorant as herself concerning the situation of her daughter.

A week passed during which the diligent search of all their emissaries was unavailing, and in which they heard that the Duke of Guise had left Rome in a fishing-boat, and with a handful of adventurers was advancing on Naples. Then came the rumors of his triumphant onset, of his entrance sword in hand, of the acclamations of the populace who received him, of his proclamation as their ruler, of his coronation, and lastly, his own letter to the cardinal, "Monseigneur, I have succeeded, and am sovereign Duke of Naples." At all this M. du Pons saw his own defeat with sorrow, perhaps, but Mazarin and the Queen Regent could have gnashed their teeth with anger had that amusement been fashionable.

But it was nevertheless true, and the Duke of Guise had already sent a secret courier with the other portion of the gold coin which he had parted with Gabrielle, to summon her to his side, since it was impossible for him to leave and join her. But week followed week, and neither did Gabrielle appear, nor was the other part of the coin returned, nor did any message from her reach him. He knew not whether she were dead or alive, or if by any means already lost in the ravenous clutch of M. du Pons. The midst of his triumph wore a funeral gloom, and he felt the derision and scorn of his two chief ene-

mies, while the presence of the crown was still recent on his brow. Almost in despair, the sovereign of Naples despatched courier after courier to Paris, hearing only at last that she was gone. The horrible fancy that the basilisk had swallowed her possessed him; the unsettled state of his affairs alone prevented him from leaving all in her search, and finally he had so far concluded these difficulties that his absence would disturb nothing, and on the morrow he would find himself at the point of departure. Towards sunset he left his palace, and unattended by any guard, wandered along the bay shore, confident that his person was not yet sufficiently familiar to cause him to become an object of attention. As he sauntered along, a small lateen-sailboat turned the corner of the promontory, and approached the beach. The first person who leaped to the sand was a young page, saucy and gay, who swept back all his yellow curls, donned his cap anew, and tossing some scudi to the helmsman of the boat, ran up the shore, and threw himself into a chair by a table where other gallants were already assembled, with dice and long-necked flasks, deeply absorbed in some game of chance. There was something in his appearance not unfamiliar to the duke, though he found it impossible to say what, and delighted in observing him, his grace was soon seated beside him at the table.

"You are off the sea, sir?" asked he.

"Ay," was the response, "and a man is like an elongated exclamation point then, slender as a rapier, and sick as Mazzarin is of the Regent of France."

"You are from Paris, and one of the Fronde, I see."

"You are acute, sir," was the quick answer. "I should think you were a policeman."

"You are hardly banished, my pretty youth; you do not wear the guise of a formidable conspirator."

"You seem to know all concerning me, signor. I too am something of a soothsayer; let me see, what can I inform you about yourself? You, sir, make two coins out of one, which is illegal; and you have transmuted four thousand gold crowns into one sovereign one, which is necromantic; you have been poorer than you are, and if you live long enough will die one day! A fair fortune, is it not, sir? I do not wear the guise of a conspirator, you say! But I intend to wear a different Guise soon." And rising, he lifted his cap and made the duke a reverence.

Confused and amazed the latter certainly was, but probably owing to the change of costume

and complexion, and from his soldierlike frankness being utterly unsuspecting, the truth and identity of the page did not flash across him, and he half turned to watch the game proceeding at the table.

"Will the signor play?" asked one of the gamblers. "Luck is against me, sir; play for me a moment, it may change it."

The duke nodded, and put down a piece of money. In a moment the page had slipped behind the adversary's chair and thrown down a broken coin against it. The duke started, bent forward curiously, saying:

"Excuse me, sir; a singular specimen, suffer me to examine it."

"You are suspicious of my currency," cried the page, as if in a sudden passion. "Be satisfied, signor, I can double it." And he threw the other half spinning down beside it.

The duke caught them up, threw down his purse for an equivalent, and crying peremptorily to the page, "Follow me!" left the astonished group, and strode quickly up the Narrow Way, through street and square till arriving at his residence; every now and then satisfying himself the page followed. A fountain played in the courtyard, the page stopped at its brink, bathing his face, and washing off apparently some stains that had embrowned it, for the skin, so bronzed a moment before, was fairer now than a lily, and he drooped his plumes lower over the brow ere he followed the duke into the apartment towards which his steps were directed.

"Now," exclaimed the duke, turning upon the page, "how came these broken crown pieces in Naples?"

"Signor," said the page, blushing like a rose, and with downcast head, "I brought them."

But as he spoke he threw the cap aside, gazing confidently upwards, and revealing the altered visage which shone full upon Guise, in all its supernal loveliness. He paused an instant, a sudden smile breaking over his countenance, and stepping forwards, he said:

"Did you bring me anything else?"

"Signor," murmured the page, "one other thing—the hand of Gabrielle."

"And I have her heart now," cried her lover, as he caught her in his embrace, and held her with a passionate, prolonged kiss. "And to what is mine, I give my kingdom. Indeed, my darling, since you will put on another Guise, this hour shall see you in a grander one, and make Gabrielle Grand Duchess of Naples."

REPENTANCE.

Repentance clothes in grass and flowers
The grave in which the past is laid.—STERLING.

THE OLD CANOE.

[The following sweet picture is from life, and though we published it nearly a year since, we again present it to our readers, taken from a London Journal. We do not wonder, as we read the musical versification, and enjoy the delicate and yet vivid truthfulness of the poem, that it should have been so extensively copied in European journals, after going the extended round of the American press. It is from the pen of our favorite contributor, Miss EMILY R. PAGE.]

Where the rocks are gray, and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are tall and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank—
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
Lays at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm hath lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between,
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the fallen tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light winds play with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again,
It floats the length of its rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime;
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

O, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick—
Where the whiffs are wild and the eddies are thick—
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe!

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings,
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that flew,
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray threw,
Ere the blossoms waved, or the green moss grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

THE DYING BETROTHAL.

BY MRS. AGNES L. CRUIKSHANK.

"O MOTHER, mother! is this our long-promised meeting? Is this the joy I have dreamed of, day and night, for the last year? Is it for this that I have prayed once more to hold you to my heart—to hear your fond blessing—to meet your loving look? O, to find you thus—sick, dying! It is too, too much! Mother, I cannot bear it."

And with a wild burst of anguish, the broken-hearted son flung himself beside the sick woman's couch, while the hot tears

transparent fingers, now so fondly clasping his.

"Everard!"

He could only press the feeble fingers in reply.

'Everard, my son—my dear, only son! I know how hard this is, but it must be borne. I have long dreaded this hour for you; yet to have hinted at my state before, would merely have destroyed your pleasure, while doing you no benefit. I have long been reconciled to die—long known that it was inevitable; and though my heart would cling to earth for love of you, my boy, I murmur not at the destiny which separates us. I have known little of joy, and much of suffering, in my short life, and but for you, would gladly lay the burden down. When I am gone, let it comfort you, dear child, that never, by word or deed, have you given me one moment's pain; that your love and obedience have amply repaid me for the bitter trials I have passed through in earlier days. And now, Everard, there is one more request I have to make of you—one more promise to exact, and I shall die happy, knowing that by your last obedience you have secured your earthly happiness. Everard, will you grant your mother's dying request?"

He knelt beside her, and still holding the faded hand in his, promised to obey her wishes in all things.

It was strange to see that strong, resolute man, whom people called stern and reserved, thus changed into almost boyish weakness; but few knew what an idolizing love Everard Livingstone had cherished for his mother—that mother who, in his sight, was perfection, whose wishes he had never crossed, whose opinions he held infallible—that mother, to save whose life now, he would willingly have yielded up his own. He felt now that she must die, and the last opportunity of affording her a pleasure was eagerly seized at.

"Anything you wish, mother, only speak it; I would do anything to give you happiness, even to the destroying of all my earthly hopes."

There was a change in the countenance of the dying woman. Did she hesitate? Did she feel that it might be, even as he said, to the destruction of earthly hopes, and that she had no right to bind him by a promise? None can tell; but if such were her thoughts, there also came the prophetic knowledge, the assurance and certainty, that her judgment had not erred.

"Not for the destroying of your peace, but the ensuring of my happiness, your son, do I ask this of you, knowing that by so doing I leave one who will more than supply my place to you—who will be your friend, your companion, your

trusty counsellor, your loving wife; rejoicing with you in gladness, and sharing your sorrows, all and far more to you than other mortal can, will Eva ever be. For the past two years since her father died, she has been to me even as a daughter, next only to yourself in my love, and I have sometimes thought even more anxiously loved, from her utter loneliness and clinging attachment to myself. I have watched her closely, and have found her in all things as near perfection as human nature may come; and in leaving you together, I have as anxious a care for her happiness as yours."

Everard Livingstone made no reply to his mother's address, save that when overcome with the exertion of speaking she leaned back faint and breathless on the pillow, he bent down and kissed the cheek and pressed the feeble hand, on which the coldness of death was even now stealing; and she faintly smiled, and laid her hand upon his head in blessing, while murmured words of thankfulness were on her lips. Everard saw the look, and heard the whispered thanksgiving; and not for worlds, would he have had her know the cold chill of despair which had crept into his heart at her words.

There was a little space of silence, and no sound was heard in the chamber save the heavy breathing of that stricken man as he knelt and wiped the death-damps from his mother's face; then the dying woman spoke again, and at her bidding the son called an attendant.

"Bring Miss Eva."

The woman went away and quickly returned, followed by a fair, pale girl, whose swollen eyes and tear-stained cheeks gave evidence of sorrow scarce less than Everard's.

"Let in the sunshine, Martha," Mrs. Livingstone said. And the drawn curtains flooded the chamber with a golden glory. "Eva!"

The young girl bent down and kissed the pale brow, while with convulsive energy the sick woman clasped her in her arms; then taking her hand, and signing for Everard to approach, she joined their hands together, and taking off her own marriage ring, placed it on Eva's finger.

Thus they stood—those two, who on earth had never met before, thus strangely joined together for life! And the glorious sunshine came pouring through the open casement, and shone on them in brightness, whose hearts were heavy with sorrow, and on the pale clay before them, which should know no more of sadness and sorrow—for while they thought she rested, the spirit had gone forth!

Everard raised his companion in his arms, and bore her from the room—for worn out with

watching and excitement, she had fainted; and as he stooped over her, and strove to call back life and sense, he was involuntarily touched by the sweet, sad expression of the lovely face before him. He held her hands in his—those little hands, so soft and white and now so cold—and called her by her name; but when she did not move, and still lay there, looking like some fair marble image, he grew alarmed, and made redoubled efforts to restore her. Slowly, at last, she opened her eyes; but with returning sense, came the remembrance of her sorrow.

"O mother, mother!" she moaned, bitterly; "why did you not take me with you?"

Everard bent down and kissed her cheek.

"Do not grieve," he whispered; "I will be your friend now."

His own voice choked, and he went hastily from her presence; but comfort remained with sweet Eva, and wearied and worn out with grief, she soon slumbered.

This attention and gentle kindness in her betrothed, while under his own heavy affliction, was most unexpected to Eva; and she felt a happy sense of security and shelter stealing over her. Poor, unconscious Eva! enjoy your bright anticipations while you may. You do not yet know that your new friend has two natures—the cool, calm impassiveness, with which he walks abroad and mingles with his fellow-men, and which he has *learned*, and the deep tenderness, the warmth of kindness which is his natural inheritance, yet which early experience has taught him well to conceal. You little dream, while his kiss yet thrills on your cheek, that weeks and months will elapse ere you again behold Everard Livingstone in this endearing mood. Taught by his mother to believe him the very soul of gentleness, you are ill prepared to tremble at his frown, to shrink abashed from his look of keen, cool criticism. But I will not anticipate; enjoy your dreams while you may, poor, gentle-hearted orphan.

For three days, Everard kept watch beside his mother's coffin; on the third, I came—I, his only cousin, the nearest relative he now had in the world—and that evening, we gave the precious dust to its kindred earth.

I, who had long known Eva's attachment to Mrs. Livingstone, was not surprised that she should be too ill to follow her friend to her last home; but I thought it strange that Everard never once should ask about her. And all that long evening, while I divided my attentions between them, her name never passed his lips. Of course, at that time I knew nothing of the death-bed betrothal; nevertheless, I thought it strange

that he should be so forgetful of his mother's young friend.

Late in the night, I stole again into Eva's room and found her sleeping. The night-lamp shone on some glittering object in her hand, which, as I gently took away, she made an effort to retain. It was a handsome double locket, with Mrs. Livingstone's likeness on one side; on the reverse, a miniature copy of a magnificent portrait of Everard, which his mother thought an excellent likeness. I now noticed, for the first time, the wedding-ring on Eva's finger. I knew the ring from its peculiar chasing; and having long been aware that it was my aunt's first wish to unite her son to this fair girl, I began to have some dim idea of the truth.

Eva was still too ill to come to table next morning, and Everard and I were eating our breakfast in silence when the mail came in. There were three letters for me and one for him. I laid mine down, while I finished my coffee. The warmth of my three dear little correspondents no time could cool; but my breakfast would not improve by waiting, so I took up my cup and looked at my companion. He was holding, with trembling eagerness, a letter no gentleman had ever penned—a little delicate, perfumed affair, such as has made many a strong man's heart throb to touch and ache to peruse. That it had some such effect on Everard, it needed no great penetration to detect. The color came and went in his face, his lip quivered with emotion, his hand trembled, and at last I thought I saw the tears start. I looked away then, finished my coffee, and read my own letters; then looking at him again, I saw that a great change had passed over his face. The mouth was firm set, the brows knitted, and the eyes showed determination and other feelings which I sought in vain to read. I must confess to some little feeling of awe at the change, for I had not believed my handsome cousin capable of such feelings as I then instinctively read in his countenance. That some strong passions were at work, I could not but believe; what they were, or why he was so agitated, I knew I should some time be told, for next to his mother, I had all his life been Everard's confidential friend and correspondent.

He passed the day in business with his lawyers, and we did not meet until tea-time, and then he came into the room in an undetermined way and stood looking out of the window in silence, until Eva's maid entered and said if I would wait five minutes, she would come down to tea. As the girl went out, he turned round quickly.

"I think I shall go to the city this evening,

cousin; I have some business which must be attended to, and the sooner the better."

He had a cold, hard look which forbade all questioning, and I thought he looked fearfully pale.

"I am sorry you are going, for it is lonely here now for Eva and I," I said.

But at that instant her hand touched the door, and merely saying, "I will explain all to-morrow," he left the room.

Eva and I spent the evening alone, but I saw by the anxious look she cast at the door each time a servant entered, how disappointed the poor girl felt; and after we retired, she told me of their strange betrothal, and how his mother had made her give a solemn promise to be Everard's wife.

"He does not love me, that I know; and I fear, sometimes, he may love another. If so, God help us both, for he will surely hate me."

I thought of the letter and Everard's agitation, and said nothing; but it was not difficult to see that if Eva did not love her betrothed, she had learned to think all too highly of him for her own happiness.

"I love her, cousin, as I never loved any one save my mother. She is my ideal of all that is enchanting in woman, and in giving her up, I am surrendering all that makes life worth keeping. O, the struggle has been a bitter one! But I have conquered, at last; and now it only remains for me to marry, and thus fulfil my promise."

"But, Everard, you have not told me yet where you met Miss Vane. Of course it was abroad?"

"No, not exactly; we came home together, and she, as well as myself, being exempt from sea-sickness, we spent long hours together on the deck—and even in the roughest weather we had, she loved to face the storm. Her father gave her entirely to my care at such times, and I had opportunities of studying her disposition, and also judging of her talents for conversation, such as are never found in occasional visits to a lady at her own house."

"And excellent opportunities to carry on a flirtation, also, which no doubt the lady was not slow to take advantage of," I observed, mentally.

"Long before we arrived, I knew that I loved her, and had many reasons for believing that I was not indifferent to her, but resolved to see my mother before I learned anything definite. I came home, found her, my idolized mother, dying, and within an hour after my arrival, had made a promise which forever seals my wretch-

edness. Last night, I saw Sophia for the last time, learned enough to convince me that she is as wretched as myself, and bade her farewell. Now you have the whole history, cousin, and I shall never speak of the past again to any living being. Perhaps I should not have done so now, but that in the future you may understand my conduct; what others may think, concerns me not. At the end of three months, I shall marry Miss Emerson, who will then have obtained what she doubtless influenced my mother to get for her—wealth and a good station in society. My love she can never have—but that she will not mind; and as far as I can gratify her love for luxury and taste for society (and I presume these are her chief foibles), before the world I shall be a pattern husband."

It was in vain I tried to convince him of his error—to make him understand how far above such actions, such culpable treachery, was my favorite Eva; and I even went so far as to hint at her tender feelings for himself—but that was a subject in which, for her sake, I had to be very guarded. I might have spared myself the trouble of talking.

"I fully understand your kind intentions, cousin, but I have well thought on this matter, and the whole scheme is too plain to deceive me. As to Miss Emerson entertaining any other than very selfish feelings towards me, it is simply ridiculous, we never having met until a week ago."

Finding my efforts useless, I desisted; but my heart ached for gentle, loving Eva, in whom I felt he was winning such a treasure, and against whom he had formed so cruel a prejudice.

Of Miss Vane, I must confess I judged hardly. I knew that it was the same fault I blamed in him—unfounded prejudice; nevertheless, I could not but think that his position and property had been her aim, while their meeting on board ship (the best place in the world for a flirtation) had given her all the opportunity she wanted, to fascinate him. On board ship a beautiful woman looks still more beautiful, from the contrast with surroundings. Then there are opportunities of showing all manner of little kindnesses and attentions; to these, you may add sentimental talks by moonlight, or still more dangerous promenades, when the weather is an excuse for attentions on the part of the gentleman, for which no manner of excuse at all could be found on land, and all taken together, as I said before, for the best place to carry on a successful flirtation, commend me to a ship.

I need scarcely say that I breathed no hint to Eva of my conversation with Everard; not for

worlds would I have had her know his feelings, as I trusted to time and her own goodness to convince him of his error.

He soon after left us, to attend to some property in a neighboring State, purposing then to travel for a few months. Eva and I remained alone with the servants in our old home; but we heard that previous to his departure, Everard had given orders to have the town house thoroughly repaired and furnished—all to be done and in readiness by his return. This dwelling had not been used by the family for several years, Mrs. Livingstone having preferred to reside in the country house, which had been part of her dower, to her husband's more elegant mansion in New York. Probably she disliked it from its having been the scene of her greatest sorrows, Mr. Livingstone having for many years before his death yielded to the temptations of the wine-cup, and at last become a willing slave to strong drink.

My home had been with them from the time of Everard's birth, at which period I became a widow, being then just seventeen. Mrs. Livingstone insisted on my sharing her home; and as I had no female relations except herself (we were the children of two sisters), I gladly accepted her offer, and the little Everard, named for my dead husband, became to me the dearest object on earth. I had some distant connections in the South, where, as time passed on, little families grew up, and where Aunt Mary was always a welcome guest. It was from one of these long visits that the unexpected tidings of my cousin's death summoned me to the North, where, by Everard's request, I decided to remain permanently and superintend his household.

Of Eva, it is as well here to give a more particular history. Her father had been a favorite physician of Mrs. Livingstone's, and his child had early seen trouble, though shielded as far as possible by her father's love and care. Having lost her mother and found no kind friend to take her place, the child had suffered much from the ill treatment of domestics; and when, at her father's death, she came to live with us, her lively gratitude to her benefactress was one of the great causes of Mrs. Livingstone's attachment to her. I knew that her father had left her very wealthy; but it was a subject never mentioned to her, my cousin preferring to treat her as her own child. Consequently, her property was left to accumulate; and being principally in real estate, and in the care of a capable, honest man, Eva, had it been known, would probably have been a mark for many a fortune hunter. Everard knew nothing of this; he had simply understood

that she had been left to his mother's care, and naturally supposed she was poor—an idea strengthened by finding in his mother's well-kept accounts the various items of her protegee's expenses.

Thus it happened that when the wedding-day approached, and Eva's lawyer came to know if her property was to be settled on herself, Everard cut him short in his explanations by saying that he had no time to attend to it then, but that it was all to be settled on her, and also at the same time naming a liberal sum for her yearly expenses, which he desired the man of business to have properly done in legal form.

In all matters relating to their marriage, he was scrupulously particular about her consent and opinion, and at all times, when they met, ceremoniously polite; but his face now always wore its cold, hard look, and never by one word or action did he allow her to think that his share in these preparations was performed from any other motive than duty.

The day appointed came at last, something over six months after Mrs. Livingstone's death, a change Eva had wished from the first arrangement. The morning looked gloomy enough, with every symptom of a heavy storm; but as the day advanced, the clouds cleared, and after the ceremony the sun shone brightly as any bride could wish, as they drove from the house to the station where they took the cars to the city.

The wedding was quite private, neither having any relatives and but few friends. Eva looked fair and pale as a lily, in her snowy robes and veil, the faint blush on her cheek rendering her perfectly beautiful. When the ring was to be put on, Everard first removed the one she wore, put on his own plain circlet, then placed his mother's over it. I saw one tear fall then; it was the only one I saw her shed that day.

Two days after, I joined them in the city. Eva's new home was magnificent, unrivalled. All that wealth and taste could do, had been done; and her little feet trod on velvet and tapestry, her head rested on a downy couch beneath silken hangings, a score of costly mirrors reflected her slender form, and gold and silver and marble, and all that goes to adorn the dwellings of the rich, were about and around her in lavish profusion. The most expensive articles of attire were brought for her to choose from; the most obedient and well-trained domestics awaited her slightest order. If she wished to walk, her husband was always ready and willing to accompany her; if she preferred to ride, the carriage was that moment ordered to the door. And her carriage was itself an object of envy to

half their acquaintances. All that money could do, was done; and yet the shadow daily deepened on her fair face, and each succeeding week saw her grow paler and more frail. Had she loved gayety and splendor, the poor child might have been happy; but it was not her nature, and she faded like a delicate flower exposed to the burning rays of a tropical sun.

It was touching to see how unweariedly she strove to win her husband's affection, and her patient love deserved a better return than it met from Everard's stubborn heart. I left them once, in hopes that when thrown entirely in each other's society, they might learn new lessons; but the experiment failed, as all others had done. Everard wrote for me at the end of a week, and though I resisted his appeal, I could not refuse, a few weeks after, to comply with Eva's pressing entreaty to return to her. Everard was unchanged; calm, polite and reserved as ever, he treated Eva precisely as he would have done a guest in his house, and his manner compelled every one else to be equally reserved.

On New Year's day, Eva completed her nineteenth year. The night before, her husband brought home a valuable set of pearls; we were invited to a large party on the second of the month, and he desired her to wear them then. This cold kindness completely overcame her, and she left the room in tears. For a few minutes he walked moodily up and down the floor, then came and stood before me.

"Can you explain Mrs. Livingstone's strange conduct, cousin? I have done everything for her that money can do, and now she is not happy. Do you suppose she wanted diamonds? If she did, she shall have them. Anything at all that she will ask for, she shall have; and all I ask in return is, that she will be happy. Of all things in the world, I hate to see a woman in tears. I promised my mother to make her happy, and I will do so if I can."

"Then you need give her no more jewels, Everard, for they are only valuable in her sight as your gifts. Bestow a few more smiles upon her, stay at home and read or talk to her, instead of going so much to your club; give her more of the love for which she is pining, and less of the splendor which sickens her; and believe me, you will soon see her look happy."

Everard heard me through, then said, in an impatient tone:

"Pshaw, cousin, that has always been your mistake! You judge Eva's disposition by your own. It is probably something she wants, and is too proud to ask for, that makes her fret. But I don't wish to be annoyed so any more."

The ball at Mrs. Trevor's was a magnificent affair, with good music, good lights, good attendants, good company and the whole thing conducted in the most unexceptionable manner. The lady herself was unrivalled in taste and splendor, her parties had always been the admiration of the circle she called her own.

I thought Everard introduced his wife with more than usual satisfaction, and that the lady appeared rather surprised at the beauty and grace of the fair Eva Livingstone. Certainly no woman in the room could compare with her, the dress of pale blue satin suiting admirably her delicate complexion and light brown hair, while pearls were the only ornaments which ever became her. I wore dark lavender and black lace, the gayest dress I had put on for five and twenty years; but it was Everard's wish, and I loved to gratify him.

After promenading for a short time, Everard left us together in one of the deep, heavily curtained windows, and as the rooms filled, the scene became very interesting. Here, undisturbed and unseen we could watch the rest, and enjoyed it until a party came and seated themselves directly before us, and where we could not avoid hearing all they said. They had scarcely got themselves seated, and their flounces arranged, when a buzz at the other end of the room announced a new arrival, and escorted by several gentlemen, and followed by a large party of ladies, we saw a beautiful girl advancing towards us. From the heavy braids of her dark hair to the belt which clasped her slender waist, she was glittering with jewels; they sparkled from her neck, her arms, her hands (very beautiful hands and arms they were, and well displayed), and they circled her head in a glittering diadem. She wore a rich purple satin, and with the heavy folds sweeping the ground, might well have been mistaken for some royal queen.

"Who is it?" one of the ladies before us asked her neighbor.

"Why, don't you see? It is Sophia Vane."

I started involuntarily, and Eva looked at me, but I could not remove my eyes from the proud beauty on whom all eyes were now turned.

"I hear she is going to be married," said the first speaker.

"Yes, to old Mr. Lincoln, very much to his nephew Bob Lincoln's annoyance; for the old man they say could buy up half Wall Street, and poor Bob would certainly have been his heir. It is also quite a surprise to Miss Vane's friends, for you know since that affair of Livingstone's, she has flirted dreadfully, and they really thought she never would marry."

"Well, to tell you the truth I never did understand rightly about that affair."

"You didn't? Well you see they came all the way home from Florence together, and of course Sophia would not lose such an opportunity, so at last Livingstone was over head and ears in love, and as soon as he landed went off to see his mother, and get her consent, it appears. He only got there the day she died, and she made him promise to marry a girl she had picked up somewhere, a doctor's daughter, or something like that I believe. A homely little rustic I have heard them say she was, and that's the reason she does not go out more; I have never met her yet. It is too bad for Livingstone, such a splendid fellow as he is, to be tied to such a wife; not but what I think he had a lucky escape from Sophia, for she is a dreadful flirt, but then he liked her, and you know love is blind."

Our gossiping neighbors went away, and I hardly dared to look at Eva. She was very pale, and apparently lost in thought, but at last she said, quickly:

"Let us go and walk with the rest; I am tired of sitting here."

As we passed out we met Mrs. Trevor, leaning on the arm of a most distinguished looking man. She introduced him as her brother, Mr. N——. He bowed low to Eva, and after conversing for a few minutes asked her to dance. To my surprise she instantly consented, and they went away. I soon after followed, and by a strange coincidence saw that they were standing opposite to Everard, and his partner was Miss Vane. Eva danced superbly, and never better than on this occasion, while I could see that she was holding an animated conversation with her partner.

Miss Vane glanced critically at the stranger, and Everard looked restless and unhappy. When the dance was finished, Mr. N—— and his partner were joined by Mr. Trevor and a few other of the elder gentlemen, all talented, highly educated and well-known men. The peculiar education Eva had received from her father, and the solid studies she had all her life pursued, enabled her now to join in the conversation of her new companions with far more spirit than she had just before mingled in the dance. They were charmed; here was a learned lady without the least tinge of blueism, with new and brilliant ideas on most subjects, and an intimate acquaintance with authors the very names of which are unknown to the fashionable ladies of the present day. Perhaps not the least of Eva's charms was her simplicity; she did not like the society of young men, they were all dull

in comparison to Everard, but old men brought back the memory of her father, and with them she was always a favorite. When Everard came to lead his wife away, the oldest man of the group came forward, and shaking him heartily by the hand, congratulated him on the matrimonial prize he had drawn, adding:

"I shall take the privilege of an old friend, and come frequently to see you, if only for the selfish gratification of a conversation with your wife."

Such words from such a man were no mere praise, for Professor ——'s indifference to the ladies was as well known as his fame was wide spread. Eva and I spoke of the conversation we had overheard but once, when she asked me if I had known of Everard's love for Miss Vane before. She sighed heavily when I answered in the affirmative, and the subject was dropped.

The winter passed quickly, for we lived a gay life, and as Eva now made a point of always accepting invitations, her husband could no longer accuse her of staying at home to annoy him. She felt that Miss Vane was artfully weaving spells around Everard, even now while he vainly struggled to free himself from the fascinating influence, and it was her place to be at his side. The gay season was over at last, but our return to the country was delayed by Everard being taken suddenly ill. Eva nursed him through his short but painful sickness, and when he recovered, Miss Vane was married, and had gone on a wedding tour.

We went back to the Grove, Eva rejoicing to be once more among the birds and flowers, Everard more gloomy and reserved than ever. Poor Everard, I pitied him now; he had scorned Eva's love in the day when it might have been his, and now when he had learned her worth, learned how highly others esteemed her, he also discovered that his love was not necessary to her happiness. Believing that it was too late now to repair his error, and too proud to make any change in his behaviour, or let her know his feelings, he suffered in silence torments of remorse.

It was a sad misunderstanding, for had she dreamed of the change in his feelings all would have been well, but believing that he loved Miss Vane, and that her own fate was inevitable, she strove still to do her duty, to cheerfully accept the bounteous gifts Heaven had lavished on her, to render her husband's home as pleasant to him as possible, and patiently submit to what she could not avert.

Early in the summer business called Everard away from home, and he purposed taking a voyage to Cuba ere he returned, to settle the

affairs of a deceased friend. I had hoped that this separation might break down the barriers to happiness these two proud young people had raised for themselves, but again I was mistaken. They parted as usual, with a simple hand clasp, and when I asked Eva as she sobbed and wept on her couch why she had so dissembled her grief before her husband, she said she had done so dreading his cold reproof, wishing at least to part in peace. All things had been done to ensure our comfort during his absence, the house had been thoroughly repaired, Eva's apartments beautifully furnished, the gardens carefully attended, and a greenhouse built and well stocked with choice exotics.

The summer was very warm, and I saw that Eva suffered from the excessive heat; having no longer a motive for appearing cheerful she sunk into a dangerous state of sadness, and all my efforts to rouse her were vain. Our daily walks were gradually shortened into a stroll in the gardens, then to a visit to the green-house, and at last she could go no further than to the open window of her boudoir. Here under the shadow of the pink silk curtains, reclining on her favorite lounge, she spent her days, hourly growing more feeble, and as I feared rapidly falling into a consumption. In his three months' absence, Everard had sent us but three letters, one only of the number being to Eva. It was in the usual reserved style in which he always addressed her, commencing simply "Mrs. Livingstone," but she shed many tears over those few lines, and I noticed failed more rapidly afterwards.

We received a letter from the city one day, one of those gossiping, scandal-bearing epistles which some women love so well to indite. It contained the intelligence that Mrs. Lincoln had eloped with a dashing foreigner, having first robbed her husband of an immense sum of money. The poor old man through grief and vexation had died next day. I must confess to feeling some anxiety to know what Everard would think of his paragon now. Eva said little, but she truly pitied the misguided young woman.

As the autumn approached, I began to grow seriously alarmed at the state of Eva's health; her appetite was gone, her face and hands, always fair, 'became transparently white, and her eyes looked larger than ever, and more beautifully blue and bright. She could no longer move without assistance, and as I daily placed her on her sofa, I prayed that Everard might return ere it was too late.

It was time now that he should come, and I had resolved to write at all hazards, and tell him of the change in his wife's health, when I received

an unexpected letter from him. He had returned to Mobile and was finishing up the business which had occupied him all summer, and he gave many minute details, but that was the least interesting part of his letter. He had met Mrs. Lincoln and her guilty companion, had been the first to inform them of Mr. Lincoln's death, and had been most thoroughly shocked and disgusted by Sophia's unfeeling ridicule of the old man who had only loved and trusted her too well, as also by the manner in which she rejected all his entreaties that she and her companion should immediately be married.

"Most heartily did I thank God for preserving me from the fate to which I should doubtless have rushed on; most heartily did I thank him for the gift of my innocent, pure-minded wife, my beautiful Eva. And now, if by his mercy I am spared to see home once more, I shall devote the remainder of my life to teaching Eva to love me—she must, she shall love me—I have no more pride, no thought, no hope save the one constant longing to hold her to my heart, and hear the loved words from her own lips. I have spent five wretched months striving to conquer what I thought a pitiful weakness, but as well might I try to stem the river's current, as quell the all powerful sensations which have now assumed their rightful possession in my soul. I cannot write to Eva. Only at her feet can I ask pardon for my cruel injustice. Write to me immediately; I shall be obliged to remain here long enough to get your answer."

I dared not refuse to give Eva her husband's letter, yet dreaded its effect, but my worst fears were short of anticipating the consequences. After reading it she sat silent for a time, then a frightful convulsion passed over her, and she fell forward on the sofa; when I raised her the red blood was flowing from her lips, and fell warm on my hands. What I wrote to Everard I do not know, it must have been something dreadful.

Nine o'clock, and a cold stormy autumn night, the wind roaring round the house, and the rain dashing against the windows in sudden gusts. Without all was noise and storm, and darkness; within, peace and warmth and stillest silence. I sat in Eva's chamber and watched; the firelight making fantastic shadows in the room, sometimes flickering over the pale face, lying in such deathlike repose on the snowy pillows, and sometimes on the sleeping infant in my arms, Eva's new-born babe. It was an hour of deep anxiety, for the mother's life seemed ebbing fast.

"She might revive, but the chances were against her." And the physician looked too grave for me to doubt his real opinion, even had my own convictions not been the same.

"O, that her husband would come, that he

might see her alive once more!" I had said again and again, and at last, as if in answer to my prayer, came the sound of his horse's feet above even the roar of the storm. I laid the sleeping infant in its little bed, and went forth to meet him.

"Mary, is she still alive?"

I pressed his hand in silence, it was no time to tell him my fears then. In a few minutes he was beside her, gazing with an aching heart on the ravages a few short months had made. She still slept, a deathlike slumber, all unconscious of whose tears were falling on her pillow. I drew aside the lace curtains of the infant's cradle, and whispered Everard to come. He started with surprise at sight of the tiny occupant.

"Mary, what is this?"

"Eva's child and yours," I answered, and placed his little daughter in his arms.

Poor Everard, he might well say his pride was gone; never was man more thoroughly repentant for the past. Through the long hours of the night we watched beside the sleeper, occasionally drawing near to make sure that she really breathed.

At sunrise, while he still sat near her, she suddenly opened her eyes and called his name. I went softly out of the room, and when I returned an hour after, Eva had again fallen asleep, her hand fast clasped in her husband's, the babe held lovingly to her bosom. Everard's face was radiant with joy.

"She says she will not leave me," he whispered. "That my love has given her new strength."

And his words proved prophetic. Day by day she improved under our careful nursing, until after weary weeks she was permitted once more to leave her chamber for the favorite little sitting-room. It was a joyful day when borne in Everard's strong arms she changed the dreary sameness of the sick room for her comfortable sofa in the bay window.

And a pretty picture they made, sitting there under the rose colored drapery. I wish my talent for description was greater, that I might make you see them as I do, even to this day. Eva in her rich, fur-lined dressing robe, whose crimson hue imparted a faint flush to her delicate cheek; her slippered feet resting on a soft ottoman; in her hand, still too weak for much service to its owner, is held a tiny bouquet, Everard's morning gift from the green-house. He sits beside her, and with many merry jokes to hide a deeper feeling, binds golden threads around the two wedding rings, now all too large for Eva's poor, thin finger. The still little babe is in its

cradle, between the lace curtain of which Everard frequently looks down to assure himself it has not vanished away, this precious miniature copy of his young wife. It was beautiful to see him in his new character of father, displaying a world of tenderness and feeling, even I who had known him all his life had never believed he possessed. I think that that day's pure joy more than repaid them for the sufferings of the past year. Eva tried to recollect how old the child was, and commenced counting, then suddenly stopped:

"Why, Everard, this is our wedding-day."

In the trouble and anxiety, and then the joy of hope, we had all forgotten it. She was right in another sense, it was truly their wedding-day—the day on which they were united never more to part until that awful separation which should at last bring them together for eternity. When a novel writer has happily united his hero and heroine, he usually leaves them with the vague intimation to his readers that thenceforward their days know no more of sorrow or suffering; a very mistaken idea to give the young folks, and one in which I believe exists the greatest danger of romance reading.

I cannot from my own personal experience disprove this fallacy, my short married life of three months having been a season of unclouded happiness; but in the awful awakening from this dream, I probably endured as much agony as those live through who for long years together fight life's battles. In the course of an extended observation I have found that, however great the trials of love may be, there is still in most cases a spice of romance to sweeten them, while the troubles of married life are so common, and in most cases commonplace also, that romancers do well to eschew them altogether. Knowing this, I shall hasten over the remaining incidents of this little history, lest my readers also weary.

After Eva's recovery, neither she nor her husband ever found any wish to return to their city home, preferring to live in the delightful tranquillity of the Grove. The child grew and thrived well, though never very strong, and I actually trembled when I saw how Everard's very existence was twined round the life of this delicate flower. With less of her mother's cheerful life, she yet strongly resembled her; the same blue eyes and transparent complexion, the slender, graceful form and low-toned voice; but her hair was like her father's, jetty black, and like him her manner had a most unchildish reserve.

To no one did she ever fully open her little heart but her father, and between them there was

a strong bond of sympathy. He called her Mary, his mother's name and mine, and he loved her as we should never love the beautiful but perishing things of earth. When little Mary had well nigh completed her third year, two more children were given to us, not as she had been in the storm and shadow, but under the full sunshine of love and unclouded happiness. Fine, rosy, laughing little ones they were, those beautiful twins, the boy with dark hair and eyes, the image of his father as I remembered him in youth; the girl with sunny curls and her mother's own merry smile; no one could blame us that we loved them as we did.

As Mary grew older her father saw with terror how ill her strength kept pace with her increasing height. Uncommonly tall for her years she was slender to attenuation, and quite unable to take sufficient exercise. A horse was purchased for her use; then the riding habit and side saddle were given up for a low, easy carriage, and that at last yielded to a cushioned chair wheeled slowly about the grounds. But why should I linger on the sad details? Why dwell upon the parents' agony as day by day they saw the hectic flush rise to the pallid cheek, heard the faint cough, and touched the burning hands? It is a story thousands in our land who have similarly watched can better feel than I describe. Suffice it that she died, our little one who had never seemed of earth like other children. This was the first great sorrow, and it came upon Everard with a crushing force, finding him sadly unprepared, for with a not unusual self-deception he had hoped to the last.

Our second trial was far away, but the years brought that also, and this time the blow fell heaviest on the mother. When Claude, her noble boy, was yet a child, his fancy ever led him to the sea; and the idea increased with his growth until it became the one fixed purpose of his life. Long the mother's tears prevailed, but at last it was decided that he should be gratified, and with an agony scarce less than she would have laid him in the grave did Eva let him go.

Our house was lonely now, for little Eva could no longer sing when her twin brother and playmate was on the wide ocean, and I too loved the boy the best of Everard's children. He sailed a long voyage, and at different periods for three years we received his letters, precious letters, brimful of love and longing to see once more the dear ones at home. In the meantime a suitor came for little Eva, the youngest and the pet, but whose advances were at first sadly checked by the mother's refusal.

"Would you take my last child from me?"

she asked of Everard, who had undertaken to plead the young man's cause.

"But, Eva, would you prevent our child from enjoying such happiness as ours has been through all these long years?"

"But the trials, Everard, think of what we have endured; I cannot let her go through the same or perhaps worse."

"The trials will come, sooner or later; let the child fulfil her destiny."

And so it came that in a few weeks after, our fair, sunny-haired Eva wreathed orange blossoms in her golden curls and stood beside her handsome lover to take the vows which would bid them stand side by side through life. We had a gay young party, for the bride was well-beloved, and only one thought clouded her fair brow, and dimmed the mother's eyes with tears; only one form was wanting in the smiling group.

But silence now, our white-haired pastor who gave the bride her name is opening his book; when, hark! some one comes hastily, the door is swung wide, and a tall, manly form comes forward. It is a strange intrusion at such a time, but Everard steps forth to bid him welcome. He smiles strangely at the formal greeting, and passing in, opens wide his arms, and speaks the one word, "Mother." The circle is complete.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

About thirty years ago when Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer was a bridegroom and the present Lady Bulwer his bride, that exquisite poetess "L. E. L.," wrote and published an account of their characters and personal appearance. They were both quite young, and each of them was in delicate health. The bridegroom was described as pale and fascinating, and the bride was painted as a fragile and fairy-like creature of surpassing loveliness. The tender tints of her cheek were said to be "like rose-leaves crushed on ivory." The description was read everywhere, and the public admiration and the public sympathy were deeply excited for the charming young pair, who, it was thought, must soon pass away from a world too coarse and rude for such gentle and lovely natures as theirs.

Ah, little dreamed the reader then, that, after a very few years, the gentle bridegroom would strike the tender bride, that she would seek redress by publishing a series of coarse, fierce, and vituperative novels and pamphlets against him, and that, after a few more years, she, grown to be a sturdy, red-faced, and muscular woman, would pursue him in his canvass for Parliament, take her stand upon the hustings in reply to his public speeches, call upon him to confront her, shout "coward" at him in his precipitate flight from her presence, and announce her determination to persecute him till he should cry for mercy and humbly make her amends for all his villainies.—*Louisville Journal.*

JAMIE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

He possesseth no lands or houses,
 Ruleth no kingdom o'er—
 Holds neither stocks nor vassals,
 And people say he is poor!
 His hands are hardened by labor,
 By tolling he earns his bread—
 He has but a meagre roof above him
 To shelter his kingly head;
 And yet I had rather reign in his bosom
 Than be heir of Lord Ethelred!

Ethelred has a million of money,
 Is the wealthiest man in the shire—
 Owneth the wide stretch of country
 From Grandfrd hills to the Mere!
 Jamie's a brave-hearted fellow,
 Honest, handsome, and kind—
 Ethelred pleases the princesses,
 Jamie is more to my mind:
 And when I think over his heart-wealth
 I'd be heiress to all that I find!

Lady Gertrude may roll in her chariot,
 Her frouces in billows of silk—
 Stream out on the air of morning,
 While I go to the pasture to milk!
 The lords of the court may adore her,
 And Ethelred pick up her fan,
 And with curtains of gauze foil the sunlight
 From coming his lily to tan!
 But I am a free-hearted woman—
 If I marry, I marry a man!

Better Jamie's respect for me
 Than mountains of silver and gold—
 They could not warm my soul's hearthstones,
 Or serve for his arms' loving fold!
 Gold could not buy me a divan
 Half so dreamily fair,
 As the shelter of *one* human bosom.
 And *one* human hand on my hair!
 Little care I for the earth-wealth,
 If I to dear Jamie am heir!

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

No one who has once been a drunkard is ever safe from falling, this side the grave; it is a terrible truth, but it is a reality. We knew a Mrs. H—, in our childhood, who finding her husband dead drunk one day, sewed him up in a sheet, and gave him a tremendous cowhiding. He never got drunk again; in this case it was the fear of the hide, and not of the fall. But one of the speediest rousers from a state of stupid, beastly intoxication we have ever read of, is, to turn the brute on his right side, hold up his left arm, and pour a pitcher of cold water down his sleeve slowly. He will walk perfectly sober in five minutes. But this only cures until next time. We rather think that the raw hide is a more vivid remembrancer; and our old friend, cold water, must yield the palm this time.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

We know many things indifferently—superficially—but few, very few, thoroughly.—*Bovee.*

AN OUTRAGED SHOWMAN.

Artemus Ward has written a letter to the Cleveland Plaindealer. In it he says:

"Hear in the Buzzum of my famerly i am enjoyin myself, at peas with awl mankind and the wimmin folks likewise. I go down to the village ockashunly and take a little old Rye fur the stum-mucks sake, but i avoyd spiritus luckers as a giner-al thing. No man evir seen me, intossikated but onct and that air happind in Pittsburg. A parsel of ornery cusses in that mizzerable sity bustid inter the hawl durin the nite and aboosed my wax works shamful. I didnt observe the outrajus transachuns untill the next evenin when the peple begun for to kongregate. Suddlin they kommensed fur two larf and holler in a boyterious stile. Sez i good peple whats up? Sez thay them grate wax works ient they old man? I immejitly looked up ter where the wax works was and my blad bites as i think of the site which then met my Gase. I hope two be dobrabbertid if them afoursed rascals hadn't gone and put a old kaved in hat onter George Washington's hed and shuvd a short black klay pipe inter his mouth. His noze they had paintid red and his trowsis legs they had shuvd inside his butes.

"My wax figger of Napoleong Boneypart was likewise mawltreatid. his sword was danglin tween his legs, his cocked hat was drawn klean down over his ize and he was played in a stoopin posishun lookin zactly as tho he was as drunk as a biled owl. Ginral Tayler was standin on his hed and Wingfield Skott's koat tales were pind over his hed and his trowsis ware kompletely torn orf frum hisself. My wax works representin the Lords Last Supper was likewise aboosed. Three of the Postles ware under the table and two of um had on old tarpawlin hats and ragged-pee jackits and ware smokin pipes. Judus Iskariot had on a cocked hat and was apparently drinkin, as a Bottle of whisky sot befor him. This ere speckteral wus too much fur me. i klosed the show and then drowndid my sorrers in the flowin Bole.

"Probly ile rite you agin befor i take my departure on the Summer kampaign.

"Very respectfully Yures,
 "ARTEMUS WARD, T. K."

THE STRENGTH OF WOMAN.

Is it not wonderful that, down to the present time, women have really never discovered their own tremendous strength? They have only to be of one accord, and in some hundred years at most, the human race would fade clean from the earth, fade like an old multiplication sum from a school-boy's slate. And this truth is either so profound, that, like a well sunk to the antipodos, woman is afraid to look into it—her little head would turn so giddy at the very brink—or, by some accident, it is one of the wells of truth (and she has many) that Rebecca has not yet discovered.—*Jerrald.*

EXPERIENCE.

Ah! who can say, however fair his view,
 Through what sad scenes his path may lie?
 Let careless youth its seeming love pursue,
 Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye
 The illusive past and dark futurity.—*KINGS WATTS.*

A SERENADE.

BY LIZZIE MORSE.

Wake, love, wake! the silver dews are falling,
The winds and the waves with flute tones are calling,
Where the reeds and the flowers are nodding in their
dreams;

The wave's low dash is heard,
And the trilling night bird
Is humming a song where the starlight gleams.

Wake, love, wake! the summer moon is stealing
Along o'er the vale, and our vine bower revealing,
And the shy birds are keeping our trysting hour alone;
Whispers float upon the stream,
In the grass the fire-flies gleam,
And the winds seem to breathe seek, seek thine own.

O, haste, love, haste, and let us be a roaming
With thy soft white feet where the blue stream is foaming,
And flowers, love, to bend 'neath thy light, fairy tread;
Thy voice my music sweet,
And thy dark eye guide my feet
Where the wild roses blush at thy warm lip so red.

Dost thou hear my song, love? O, let us be a going;
Haste while the clouds o'er the tell-tale moon are blowing,
Steal from thy casement, like a star from the sky;
My guitar to thee I'll wake,
Thy throne shall be the glossy brake;
Then haste down, my love, and away let us fly!

IRISH DROLLERY.

An amusing story of Daines Barrington, Recorder of Bristol, is related by one of the British press. Having to appear for the plaintiff in the case of a winter assize at Clonmel, he "let into" the defendant in no measured terms. The individual inveighed against not being present, only heard of the invectives. After Barrington, however, had got back to Dublin, the Tipperary man lost no time in paying his compliments to the counsel. He rode all day and night, and covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence, in Harcourt Street, Dublin. Throwing the bridle of his smoking horse over the railing of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door, which nearly shook the street. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and opening the street door, beheld the apparition of a rough-coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up?" demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.

"No," answered the man.

"Then give him my compliments, and say Mr. Foley (he'll know the name) will be glad to see him."

The valet went up stairs and told his master, who was in bed, the purport of his visit.

"Then don't let Mr. Foley in for your life," said Barrington, "for it is not a hare nor a brace of ducks he has come to present me with."

The man was leaving the bed-room, when a rough, wet coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said:

"By your leave—" And at the same moment Mr. Foley entered the bed-room.

"You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington; "I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it's not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body." And the same time he cut a figure of eight with his shillelah before the cheval glass.

"You do not mean to say you would murder me in bed," exclaimed Daines, who had as much honor as cool courage.

"No," replied the other, "but get up as soon as you can."

"Yes," replied Daines, "that you might fell me the moment I put my body out of the blankets."

"No," replied the other, "I pledge you my word not to touch you till you are out of bed."

"You won't? Upon your honor?"

"Upon my honor."

"That is enough," said Daines, turning over and making himself comfortable, and seeming as though he meant to fall asleep, "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the castle guard."

The Tipperary salamander looked marvellously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

"Halloa!" says Mr. Foley, "aren't you going to get up?"

"No," said Daines, "I have the word of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken. I will never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently, but be sure and air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches cold as reading a damp journal." And Daines affected to go to sleep.

The Tipperary had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the counsel:

"Get up, Mr. Barrington, for in bed or out of bed, I have not the pluck to hurt so droll a heart."

The result was that less than an hour afterwards, Daines and his intended murderer were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon assailing a dish of smoking chops.

NEW VIEW OF VACATIONS.

The London News says it is held that bankers, clerks, cashiers and others in situations of trust, are not only entitled to occasional relaxation, but ought to be compelled to absent themselves for a time now and then, from their places of business, because thus much fraud may be prevented. While a fraudulent person is on the spot and vigilant, he can keep his irregularities safe, but if you send him away to Southend or Herne Bay, you break the threads of his plot, and he is pretty sure to be found out. So now a clerk who wants a holiday seems to have a new and proud claim to one. "I should like to have a little sea air," will henceforth mean, "examine my books, compare my balances—I am *totus teres atque rotundus*." And a man never taking a holiday—always a bad sign—will now be almost enough to warrant a call for A 198.

A PLAINT.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

My overburdened breast
Sickens with care, grows weary, weak and faint,
Nor ceases in its melancholy plaint,
"Give, give me rest!"

The fleeting joys of earth
Are apples on the Dead Sea shore of Time;
And life—what is it but a transient mime,
Devoid of mirth?

In the departed years
I see a youthful form with hope elate;
A youthful heart whose trust is placed in Fate,
Blindest of seers!

Still further on is seen
The gladiator, man, amid the fray,
Ceaselessly coping with a storm to-day,
With anxious mien.

And now a sad, unblest,
And wearied pilgrim, by the wayside—faint,
Drooping, despairing, breathes a bitter plaint,
A cry for rest!

Nor wealth, nor glittering fame,
Naught that the world can give doth he require;
"Rest!" is his only hope, his soul's desire,
His eager claim.

But hark! Methinks I hear
From the low grave an echo and reply:
"Who calls for rest? Wouldst thou in sorrow die?
Hast thou no fear

"Of laying rashly down
The burden of thy fair mortality?
Wouldst thou, regardless of the cross, be free
To wear the crown?

"Nay—fire anew thy breast,
Call back thy manhood, cheek each sinful moan;
And when thy race is won, and then alone,
Receive thy rest."

THE BARTERED BIRTHRIGHT.

A ROMANCE OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

"God help me! I am ruined—ruined!" And
Ralph Montrose staggered back, as if a thrice-
barbed arrow had struck to his heart.

"Yes, ruined!" responded a deep, rich, but
very contemptuous voice. "One of the proud
race of Montrose has turned out a thief! O,
Ralph, I never thought we should come to this.
I could not believe it now, were it not for proof
which I cannot gainsay. Why, I wonder our
dead father don't rise from the grave to haunt
you, his best beloved son and heir, for the foul
stigma you have thrown upon his name."

The young man had spoken with a rapid ut-
terance, his swart cheek reddening, his dark eye

flashing fire; but when the last sentence died
away from his haughty lips, a hush like the sol-
emn silence which broods over a churchyard at
night, pervaded the grand, old chamber.

That scene Salvator Rosa might have painted,
throwing every object into bold relief; but I
have no power fitly to portray. Dense shadows
enveloped the greater part of the room, but the
strong, red glare of a lantern shone full on a
quaint rosewood escritoire, the lid of which was
held back by an insolent Bow-Street officer, re-
vealing a single heavy, golden bracelet, starred
with three brilliants almost as large and pure as
the far-famed Kohinoor diamond. At a little dis-
tance, leaning against one of the massive pillars,
which gave such an air of stateliness to the
chamber, stood Ralph Montrose, the ill-fated
man, in whose private escritoire the splendid
bauble had been found; his head bowed, his
marble face half averted, his stalwart frame
trembling like a wind-shaken leaf, while his
slight, dark-browed step-brother paced to and
fro along the gorgeous Turkey carpet, in wild
agitation.

"Well, I mustn't wait here," at length began
the officer in a gruff tone; "the Countess of
Winterton is worried to death about the loss of
her bracelet, 'cause you see only royal crowns can
boast of such jewels. The fellow who stole 'em
will have to pay high for his crime. Come along,
young jail bird!" And he fastened an iron grasp
on Ralph Montrose.

At the touch of that rude official, a shudder
convulsed the prisoner; the blood of his noble
race flushed cheek and neck, and brow, and with
a desperate effort he shook off the policeman's
grasp. The insulted dignitary growled a horrid
oath, adding:

"No resistance, young man; you're my pris-
oner, and there's no getting away. One whistle
will bring in a whole posse of officers ten times
more savage than I am. Come along, peace-
ably."

"As God hears me, I am innocent!" cried the
young man. "If I have been dumb since you
found the bracelet in my possession, it was not
because I felt overwhelmed with conscious guilt,
but because the spell of despair was strong upon
me. I have enemies—this is some plot to ruin
me."

"Plot!" sneered the officer; "I've heard
villains talk afore."

"Plot!" echoed Richard Montrose. "For the
honor of our house, I wish I could believe it;
but I cannot—cannot, the evidence against you
is so strong. On returning from a dinner here
at your house, the Countess of Winterton missed

her bracelet, an ornament she has always prized very highly, because those three jewels with which it is set are so rare—"

"Well, well," interrupted the elder brother, impatiently, "valuable as it is, why should I want to steal it? I have wealth sufficient to gratify my most extravagant wishes."

"I know all this, Ralph," rejoined Richard, in a significant tone. "I know, too, that where there is a propensity to evil, neither rank nor riches can prevent it from working itself out. How can I credit your protestations of innocence, when I review the whole matter? The countess at once came to you to ascertain if you knew anything about her loss. You declared point-blank that you had no knowledge of it. Then she sent a party of London officers, with the request that they might be allowed to search the house, as perhaps some of the servants had stolen it. With evident reluctance you consented, and the bracelet was found in your private escritoire. O, Ralph! Ralph!"

The prisoner groaned aloud. "I confess that circumstances are against me," he said, speaking slowly, and with extreme difficulty, "nevertheless, I am as innocent of this crime as the dead father to whom you have alluded. I repeat it—I am innocent! If I were dying, I would declare it with my last breath."

Richard Montrose did not speak, but his incredulous look, his scornful silence, were more eloquent than words.

"You've got a glib tongue," retorted the officer, "but none of your high-flown speeches can move me. I'm here to see justice done. Come!" And again his heavy hand fell on the young man's shoulder.

How Ralph Montrose writhed, as the stern official began to move towards the door, dragging him after him.

"O, Dick," he shouted, "this will kill me! Is there no way of escape? You and I are not own brothers, but we had the same father; for his sake I conjure you to help me in my great extremity. Save me! O, save me—save me!"

Still Richard was silent.

"This officer will not heed me," continued the elder brother, "but you, you may have some influence with him. You are a barrister, argue my cause with all your eloquence, Dick! Get him to hush up the affair, for I can't have it dragged into the light, or prove my innocence!"

Richard Montrose deliberated a few moments, and then said:

"Well, Ralph, I will do what I can for you; but do not hope too much from my interposition, I fear the officer is inexorable."

The man smiled sarcastically, and when Richard asked a private interview with him in an adjoining room, assented with the dogged air of one who is resolved that he will not be persuaded. Then, taking care to secure his prisoner, he followed Richard. As the two passed from Ralph's presence, he flung up his arms in a wild, despairing gesture, and moaned out the single word, "Catharine!" Then, sinking down on a luxurious couch, he buried his face in the pillows, and lay absorbed in a painful reverie. At length the door unclosed, and Richard came softly in.

"O, Dick, can you save me from that loathsome life at Newgate?" cried Ralph, leaping forward.

"Yes, yes, I think so; the officer who just went hence, I have recognized as a man who once put himself under great obligations to me; I believe I can bribe him to silence."

Ralph's clear, blue eyes kindled. "Then do, do bring him to terms, brother Dick," he said, with impassioned earnestness, "and I—I will bless you to my latest day."

"Blessings alone will not suffice me," replied the younger brother, a strange, sardonic smile flickering over his dark face, "I must have a more tangible reward."

"Reward! Name it, Dick, name it, and it shall be yours!"

"You are the eldest born, the heir to the family estates. Will you barter your birthright for the service you need?"

The young man gave a sudden start. He had not expected so exorbitant a demand, and it was no light thing to relinquish what he had held with such pride. He moved to the window, and flinging back the cloud of Syrian drapery which curtained it, looked out. There lay the broad demesne, which owned him as its master, with its fair reaches of underland, its green slopes, its blue lakes, its shadowy old woods, with its vast fields of grain heaving in the night-wind, like a golden sea, its purpling grape-clusters, its fruit-laden boughs. Never had he so fully realized what a treasure it was as at that moment, and a spasm of pain contracted his features, as he muttered to himself:

"I had thought to live and die here in this place, with Catharine to share my prosperity, my happiness; but now that this disgrace has fallen on me, I must flee. It is better that Dick should have it, than that I should wear out my life within the walls of Newgate!" And with a sad resolve pictured on every lineament, he turned toward his brother. "I will comply with the conditions," he said, mournfully, "my birthright is yours."

"One thing more, Ralph. Catharine Tracy was betrothed to you in your childhood, with the understanding that you were to be the heir of our father's wealth and position. You have given up the heirship—will you abandon all claims to Kate?"

"No, no, I cannot—she loves me—she will believe in my innocence—she will cling to me like a true woman! No, Dick, I can't barter her with the family estates."

"Then take the hard lot of a felon! I shall not shield you from exposure, unless you relinquish Catharine also!"

For a time the young man stood aghast. He thought of Catharine, so pure, so fair, so proud, too, and his heart grew heavy.

"I will not seek to bow her stately head in shame," he said, at length, in a half-audible tone. "Richard, the Rubicon of my destiny is crossed—I give up even Catharine!"

"Very well," was the cool reply, and Dick Montrose bent low over the bracelet he had been swinging in his hand, to hide the gleam of triumph that shot into his basilisk eyes. "There is yet another condition," he murmured.

"What is it?"

"I wish you to leave the country without a parting interview with Kate Tracy."

Again Ralph hesitated, but finally said, in a low, sad tone:

"At first I thought I couldn't consent to this, but on reflection, it seems the best thing I can do. A meeting—a farewell under such circumstances—O, Dick, they would only deepen my misery! And now, how can we manage about the theft?"

"Why, I will bribe the officer to declare that no clue to the missing gewgaw has been found here. Then I will write an anonymous letter to the countess, and enclose it in a package with the bracelet. In the letter I will state that the pangs of a guilty conscience have driven the unknown thief to return the stolen property."

The young man's brow knit, his proud lips curled.

"Villain as you think me," he muttered, "this is the first fraud in which I ever participated. It galls me to act a lie, but I shall thus escape the stigma of a felon, the public trial, the disgraceful imprisonment. I shall leave England to-night—"

"But before you go," interposed the younger brother, "you will give me a deed of transfer."

"Yes; who shall draw up the paper?"

"The village notary; I will send for him."

With these words Richard Montrose grasped a bell-cord and rang violently. The servant who answered the summons was despatched to the

notary, and in a few moments that worthy was seated at his task in the library of Montrose Hall. It was like signing his own death-warrant for Ralph to give his signature, but he went through with the formula, and then hastened to take a farewell survey of the interior of the old mansion.

"Well, Dick," he said hoarsely, as they stood together on the threshold, "we shall never meet again. Take good care of the homestead, and the tenantry, and—and—Catharine—my Catharine—if you succeed in winning her; deal very gently with her woman's heart. Good-by, Dick—a long, long good-by."

Silently the two brothers clasped hands; then Ralph stole down the massive sandstone steps, and across the great park, shadowy with giant trees, and haunted by graceful deer, and as he moved on into the cold, pitiless world, ever and anon casting back a wild, wistful gaze, such as Adam might have turned toward Eden, when the voice of God had said "Begone!" and the banishing angels waved their swords of flame from its fair walls.

While Ralph Montrose was bartering his birthright, and even his betrothed bride, a woman stood watching and waiting for him at a trysting place, where they had often met. That woman was Catharine Tracy. She was a superb creature, with a tall and exquisitely proportioned form, a faultless cast of features, a rich, creamy complexion, eyes like the blue of the summer sky, and masses of soft, wavy hair, "brown in the shadow and gold in the sun." There was unmistakable pride in the curl of her red lips and the arch of her white and stately neck, and yet, with her patrician grace of manner blended the warm blush, the flitting smile, and all the sweet unrest, which betokens joyous expectancy. At length, as the chime of the monastery bells broke upon her ear, she started.

"Why, where can he be?" she murmured. "He said that he should be here ere the old bell had told the hour of nine, and now it is ten, and still he comes not. I never waited thus before; he has always waited for me, and most impatiently, too. Hark! what's that noise? He's coming through the copse yonder, I know." And the fair speaker sprang forward with childlike eagerness, her face in a glow, every move of her frame thrilling, and a glad light revelling in her soft, azure eyes.

But Ralph Montrose did not emerge from the shadows of the copse, and a shade of disappointment settled over the lady's features.

"Not yet, not yet, Kate," she said, aloud,

"you must wait a little longer. That was but a night-bird stirring the shrubbery."

With these words she sank down on the moss-grown rock, from which she had risen a few moments before, and gave herself up to a pleasant train of thought, for no suspicion of evil had crossed her brain. And was it merely a bird that had made such a loud rustling in the copse? No; concealed by its thick roof of leaves and boughs, a female figure had crouched down to watch and to listen. Not a look, or a motion of the stately Catharine was lost upon the watcher, and at length she left the copse, and stole into the deep shade of a pollard willow so near the maiden that she could have touched her white, gauzy dress. Another hour dragged by, and then Catharine was once more aroused by the musical peal of the old bells.

"Eleven!" she cried, starting to her feet. "O, my God! why has he not come? Can anything have befallen him? It must be so, for he would not willingly disappoint me, whom he says he loves as he never dreamed he was capable of loving." And she began to pace the greensward in extreme agitation.

"You are Catharine Tracy?" muttered a voice in her ear—a voice so hollow, so unearthly, that it chilled the blood in her veins.

She glanced round. There, close beside her, stood a tall, dark, gipsyish woman. Robed in black from head to foot, and with waves of raven hair floating around a dusky face, stormy with warring passions, and lighted up by a pair of dark, wild, lambent eyes, she seemed a strange, ill-omened shadow on the moon-rising of that summer night.

"You are Catharine Tracy?" she said again.

"Yes," gasped the maiden, trembling under the fixed gaze of those fierce eyes.

"And you are awaiting your lover, the young heir of Montrose?" continued the woman.

"Yes, yes, and—and—I am sick at heart because he does not come," faltered Catharine, forgetting in her anxiety, the reserve which was habitual to her in the presence of strangers.

A peculiar smile flickered over the dusky face of her companion, and then faded, leaving the features as rigid as if they had been hewn from marble.

"He will not meet you here to-night, lady," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "he has pressing business to keep him away, but he sends you by me these sweet flowers, and a thousand regrets and good wishes."

As she spoke, she drew forth a small, but exquisite bouquet, wet with dew. Eagerly Catha-

rine's fingers tightened around the gift, but ere she could compose herself sufficiently to speak her thanks, the woman had gone.

"Dear, dear Ralph!" murmured the maiden softly, when she again found herself alone, "I have not waited in vain, for next to his own presence, I value the flowers he sends me." And gathering her light shawl more closely about her, she struck into a narrow path, leading homeward.

In less than half an hour Catharine Tracy had reached her chamber, and sat down to examine her gift by the glow of the crystal lamp on the toilet-stand. Never had she seen such blossoms before; they were curiously shaped, and blood-red in hue, mottled with dashes of golden bronze. The perfume which drifted up from their gorgeous petals was strangely subtle, and yet sweet as the otto, distilled from Cashmere roses. Twisted in among the leaves, was a slip of paper, on which was traced the first written message she had ever received from the heir of Montrose. It ran thus:

"MY OWN CATHARINE,—A London attorney has just arrived at the hall for the purpose of transacting some most important business, and as his time is very, very limited, I find myself forced to forego the pleasure of meeting you at the old trysting place. How my heart rebels against any necessity, which keeps me long from your side. How I yearn to fly to you to-night, to tell you again of my absorbing love for you, and listen once more to the story of your own. But since I cannot come, I send you these flowers; I found them to-day as I was dashing through a mountain gorge in pursuit of a deer. Their beauty is almost as rare as yours; their perfume as sweet as the incense of your love. Accept them as my simple gift—cherish them for my sake, and believe me as ever,

"Devotedly yours, RALPH."

Proud Kate Tracy read this with tears of joy moistening her blue eyes, and lay down to rest with the precious bouquet on her pillow. It was somewhat past midnight, when a tall and closely-muffled form started toward the great, rambling, old manor house of the Tracys, bounded up the balcony steps, and pressed through the half-open window of Kate's room. The chamber was strangely still, and the solemn hush seemed to startle the intruder.

"Great heavens!" she muttered, "how death-like this silence is. She will never wake again! I am too late—too late!"

At that moment Kate Tracy stirred in her slumber; her breath came gasping up, and she began to murmur incoherently. A wild shriek broke from the pallid lips of the mysterious visitor; she sprang to the bedside, and seizing the beautiful sleeper's arm, cried:

"Catharine—Catharine Tracy, rouse ye—rouse ye! Rouse ye, I say!"

A slight tremor passed over the maiden's frame, her drowsy eyes unclosed and wandered with a vacant stare around the apartment. Quick as thought, the intruder snatched the bouquet which had been lying on the pillow, and flung it from the window. Then she turned again toward Catharine, and drawing a quaint flask from the folds of her robe, dashed its contents into her face. Now the pale features began to work convulsively; the orbs beneath that fair brow grew luminous with the light of reason, and Catharine Tracy recognized the woman who had given her those rare flowers, and Ralph's note. As she met her glance, she recalled the pleasure the bouquet had afforded her, and smiled.

"Aha," muttered the stranger, "if you knew all you would not smile on me. Girl, had I not repented of my purpose, you would have been dead in another hour."

"Dead?" gasped Catharine. "O, this must be some horrible dream."

"Nay, nay, it is real enough. Kate Tracy, you have to-night escaped very near dying by my hand!"

She passed, but the maiden was too much shocked to speak, and she went on:

"I was desperate; a demon had taken possession of me, and I shut my ears to the voice of my good genius, and listened only to the tempter. Ralph Montrose did not send you those flowers; I sought them out for you, because I knew their scent was a deadly poison. Your lover never wrote that note—I forged it to mislead you!"

"And why—why did you wish to take my life?" gasped Catharine.

"I had made a mistake—almost a fatal mistake with regard to you. I believed you loved and were beloved by Richard, not Ralph! I thought Richard the heir of Montrose, and when I saw you waiting there under the willow, I madly carried out the vile plan I had formed."

"And how did you discover your error?"

"I will tell you. As I sat by the gipsy camp fire on the hill-side yonder, one of my own race, a person I can trust, came to bring me the tidings that I had been deceived—that my terrible revenge had fallen on the innocent."

"And then you regretted the evil you had done?" said Catharine, inquiringly.

"Regretted! ay, that is too weak a word to express what I felt. My fierce Zincoli blood ceased to boil—my heart seemed to stand still with dread—remorse, like a serpent's tooth, gnawed at my very vitals. I hastened to make reparation; I flew to your chamber with a flask

of liquid which had rendered me proof against the poison; I roused you from your trance. And now I leave you, it is not likely that the winding path of the gipsy queen will ever cross yours again. Farewell."

She was about to turn away, when Catharine grasped her hand:

"You say that the note you brought me was forged," she faltered; "but perhaps you have seen Ralph to-night—perhaps you can tell me why he did not keep his appointment?"

The woman shook her head. "No," she replied, "I know nothing about it; I never saw him. It is only a week since I reached England, only twenty-four hours since I encamped with my roving horde among the hills of Westmoreland." She paused, and stood gazing at Kate a few moments, her wistful eyes softening the while. "Girl," she resumed, in a tremulous tone, "when I was concealed in the copse, I heard you murmur to yourself that you had never before waited in vain for your lover. It is no pleasant task to prophesy evil to those whose lives have been like a summer day, but I fear this is merely the beginning of sorrows. Some men are fickle as the changing wind!"

"But Ralph is not one of these—he would not willingly disappoint me."

"You think so now, but you may yet learn the lesson I have learned. I loved his brother Richard with all the wild, passionate devotion of my nature; and O, how entirely I trusted him! Why, I should as soon have believed the stars would fall, as that he could prove faithless. But there came a time—a weary time—when I watched and waited for him in vain. He left Spain without even a cold farewell. Catharine Tracy, the race of Montrose is a false race! Take heed to your young heart—do not love this Ralph too deeply—remember the gipsy queen and her warning!"

The next moment she was gone. Catharine sank back upon her pillow and tried to banish the impression the stranger had produced; but she could not, and ere long she sprang up and hastily robing herself, strayed down into the grounds which lay fair and green around the old manor-house. In the gray dawn of the morning she stood leaning over a wall that divided a barley-field from the high road. She had not been there more than five minutes when the rattling of carriage wheels attracted her attention, and in another instant she saw the London mail-coach sweeping towards her. At first she gave it a careless glance, then every faculty of her being seemed absorbed in the wondering gaze she fixed upon it; she looked through the open window

she caught a glimpse of Ralph Montrose. He was very pale, but when he perceived her by the roadside, he started as if a ghost had risen before him; a deep glow shot into his cheek like a plague spot, and he bent on her a wild, wistful look that haunted her long afterwards. Then he drew back into the corner of the vehicle, and Catharine saw another face peering out at her—the dark, bright, bewitching face of a beautiful danseuse, who had come down to Westmoreland to recruit, after the spring campaign at Covent Garden. She and Ralph Montrose were the only occupants of the coach, and a strange pang shot through Catharine's heart, as they dashed past. The gipsy's warning had aroused the demon, Doubt, and now a thousand suspicions began to throng her brain. Ralph had failed to keep his tryst with her, yet there he was in the London mail-coach, with a noted beauty and coquette. Could it be that the piquant French girl had turned the head of the proud heir of Montrose, and made him forgetful of his allegiance to her? Alas! poor Kate Tracy could not answer this query to her own satisfaction, and it was with a heavy heart that she went back to the manor-house.

"Perhaps," she said to herself, after an hour of calm reflection, "perhaps Ralph will come in the course of the day, and explain these mysterious things."

But hours dragged by, and Ralph came not. At length the housekeeper rushed into her room, her face flushed, her plump form in a perfect tremor.

"O, lack a-day! my lady," she cried, "there's such a terrible story afloat—the whole neighborhood is ringing with it."

"Well," rejoined Catharine, "you know I am not over-fond of gossip."

"To be sure, ma'am, I know that," continued the woman, "but this story concerns you more than anybody else—'tis about young Mr. Montrose. They say he got into bad habits while he was on the continent, but that down here in the country and away from temptation he done nicely till he went up to London last spring."

"And what then?" queried the maiden, breathlessly.

"Why, he came across some of his old associates—French gamblers—and played high, and lost, and lost, and lost, till he found himself a ruined man, and was forced to sell his birthright to Mr. Richard to avoid being imprisoned for debt! And—and—" The woman hesitated a moment, and then added, "It's hard to tell you all, my lady—"

"Speak out," cried Catharine, with an impe-

rious wave of the hand; "keep nothing back—I can bear it."

"Well, they say, too, that he is going to foreign parts, and left Westmoreland early this morning with—with that bold piece of a dancer who took lodgings at the village inn a month or two ago. Nay, more, ma'am, they whisper it round that he fell in love with her in London, the last time he was there, and that she came here on his account." And now the garrulous house-keeper stopped short, terror-stricken by the wild grief mirrored in Catharine Tracy's pale face. "O, my lady!" she began, after a brief silence, "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing! Leave me alone."

When the door had closed upon the woman, Catharine uttered one shrill cry, and sank senseless to the floor. How long she lay thus she did not know, but when she awoke from her lethargy, darkness had gathered in her chamber, and she could see the stars above the tall poplars which shaded her window. As the recollection of what had just passed came back to her, the wretched girl tried to think of it calmly, but every effort at self-command was in vain; she was weak as a child, and with her head bowed in humiliation and sorrow, she burst into tears. At length she heard a tap at the door, and hastened to open it.

"Young Mr. Montrose is in the parlor," said the old porter.

Catharine's heart gave a sudden bound.

"It was all false," she murmured. "Ralph has come!" And away she glided, flushed and smiling.

But she grew deadly pale again, when, on entering the parlor, she saw Richard, not Ralph Montrose. He advanced to meet her, with a hurried step; she held out her hand in silence, for she was for the moment dumb with grief and disappointment.

"Miss Tracy," he began, in a constrained manner, "I am the bearer of unwelcome tidings. My brother—"

"I—I—I know all," gasped Catharine; "he has bartered his birthright, given up me, his betrothed bride, and left the country with a French ballet-girl!"

"You speak bitterly," rejoined Richard Montrose; "and no wonder that you do. You have been fully wronged, and I could not rest till I had come to tell you how much I regret that a brother of mine should have proved so base!"

A painful silence followed this remark, but finally Kate summoned strength to say:

"I suppose, sir, I ought to thank you for your solicitude; but to-night I am in no mood to talk. Some other time I will discuss the matter."

The young man muttered a confused reply, and bowed himself out of the room, not a little disconcerted at the unsatisfactory termination of the interview. Catharine hastened back to her room, and gave herself up to the storm of passion which came sweeping over her. That night, in the inmost recess of her soul, she made a deep, dark grave, and buried the love she believed dead. That night, too, in her wild agony, the pride which is sometimes born of suffering, arose and began to sit regnant where love had budded, blossomed and withered away. Three days later, she and Richard Montrose again met, and he at once noticed that her manner had more than its olden stateliness. She was the first to broach the subject of Ralph's misconduct.

"Mr. Montrose," she said, firmly, "when I last saw you, I dared not trust myself to speak of your brother's strange course! Since then, I have thought it all over; he is not worthy of a true woman's love! I shall not break my heart for him!"

"Aha!" chuckled Richard, as he left her presence; "the fair Catharine will yet be mine! What love could not do, the proud Tracy spirit will!"

Whether this prophecy proved true, we shall soon see.

"When Ralph bartered his birthright, he offered to abandon all claims to your hand! Little did he think that what he gave up so lightly, seemed to me the greatest treasure in the wide, wide world! O, Kate, if you would but sanction his transfer, my cup of happiness would be full to overflowing!"

The speaker, as our readers will suspect, was none other than Richard Montrose. Months had passed since his brother's flight, and now he stood with Kate Tracy in a rustic porch of the old manor-house. But though he had spoken with such earnestness, the girl remained silent.

"Kate," he continued, "I have loved you from boyhood! Even when you were Ralph's affianced wife, my heart claimed you as its bride elect! My love for you has been the one great passion of my life!"

"Ay, say you so, Richard?" exclaimed Catharine, with a slight vein of irony in her tone. "Did you never in your travels pour a similar confession into other ears?"

"No, upon my honor as a gentleman you are the only woman who can declare with truth that I ever spoke to her of love!"

Catharine hesitated a moment, and then went on to tell him of her meeting with the gipsy

queen, and the revelations the strange creature had made. At first he started, and the blood surged to his swart brow in a crimson tide; but he soon regained his composure, and ere Catharine had finished her recital, he was ready with an answer.

"When you began your disclosure, dear Kate," he said, quickly, "I thought it but a foul slander, fabricated by these lying gipseys for some selfish purpose; but now I believe I see through the whole. You know my cousin, Richard Montrose Walsingham. Well, I am sorry to say that while travelling in Spain, the wild fellow got into a flirtation with a beautiful gipsy girl, and fearing the vengeance of her people, laid aside his surname and figured as Richard Montrose. I heard that the infuriated ziacali had followed him to England, and it must have been she who tried to poison you! Are you satisfied?"

"Yes," said Catharine, for his version of the affair, related in such apparent good faith, seemed very plausible; and besides, the present heir of Montrose had been regarded as a man of honor throughout the neighborhood.

"And now, Kate," he resumed, "what answer shall I have to my pleading? May I hope?"

"Hope!" echoed the girl; "not for my love, Richard—I have none to give! But if esteem will content you, I will be yours!"

"Dear, dear Kate," murmured the young man, "I would far rather have your esteem than the love of other women. Henceforth I shall call you my own Catharine!"

Thus Catharine Tracy was betrothed the second time, but all on her part was cold, hollow, formal. There was no bright blush, no sweet smile, no gentle love-light in the proud, calm eyes!

"A pest on that meddling gipsy!" muttered Richard Montrose, as he rode away toward the old hall; "I didn't dream she had grown so desperate. I shall have to be on the look-out, or she will break up the match!"

A wild, scornful laugh greeted his ears at this juncture, and turning, he saw the very person of whom he had been speaking. Her cheek burned, her eyes flashed fire, her thin lip curled and quivered, as she regarded him.

"Ah," she cried; "I understand you now. Thrice, when I came to England, you have deluded me into the belief that you still loved me; but at last I see you as you are. You just said you didn't dream I had grown so desperate. Great heavens! I've had enough to make me desperate—wrong upon wrong, slight upon slight! And I'm not the only one who has re-

solved that, at this late hour, justice shall be done me. My people are awake!"

"Yes!" exclaimed a sharp-toned voice; and a tall, manly figure stepped forward. "I suppose, Richard Montrose, you thought you could wrong one of our lawless race, and go unpunished. But you shall know to the contrary. You are in our power—marry my slighted sister to-night, or the mystery of the bartered birthright shall be proclaimed from the housetops!"

Richard Montrose trembled; his brain whirled, his sight grew dim.

"Let me think a moment," he faltered.

And the two drew back a little.

"Well," muttered Montrose to himself, "it will not do to have their wrath! By some means, they have pried into my affairs, and it would be utter ruin to have them blazoned to the world. Besides, the mummery of a gipsy marriage is not binding. By my faith, I'll agree to it!"

Three hours later, he was on his way to the gipsy encampment with the chief, while Zuleme, the girl whose love he had won for a pastime, hastened off in advance to make ready for the wedding. It was a glorious May night; the hedgerows were in bloom, the trees clothed with delicate green, and the grass soft and bright, while overhead the stars glittered in pale, serene splendor. The camping-ground of the gipseys looked very picturesque, with the watch-fire blazing high, and the swart zincalei men gathered around.

"Zuleme is in the tent, yonder," said one, "but the bridal procession will soon come forth!"

The next moment the white wall of the tent rolled up, and the gipsy queen emerged, clad in a gorgeous dress of scarlet and blue, and with her graceful head richly garlanded. But with what horror and amazement Richard Montrose gazed at the persons following her! Among the dark-browed gipseys of the tribe, he saw Ralph, with fair Kate Tracy leaning on his arm, and the London official, who had found the Countess of Winterton's bracelet in his step brother's escritoire!

"What—what does all this mean?" he gasped out.

"Mean? Why, that justice is to be done!" cried the officer. "I have seen my error—I am here to confess what I know of your villainy! I am ready to prove, before any court in the kingdom, that you stole the countess's bracelet, hid it in your brother's escritoire, to which you gained access by false keys, and hired me to play a rascally part."

Richard growled an oath, and turned to flee; but the strong arm of a sturdy policeman grasped him, and he heard the words:

"Richard Montrose, you are arrested for theft and fraud!"

"I know now why Ralph bartered his birthright!" said Catharine, moving to his side; "I know, too, that it was by the merest accident the French ballet girl took passage in the same coach with him. I know, too, that it was not lightly he gave me up!"

By this time, the country people had become aware of what was passing at the gipsy encampment, and gathered in crowds on the hillside. They called loudly for "Mr. Ralph," and stepping forward, he said with deep earnestness:

"Friends, I thank God that I can stand before you, and assert that the foul calumnies you have heard are false as the heart which fabricated them. One thing, however, I still regret—it is that in my weak dread of disgrace, I tried to hush up the matter. It would have been a thousand times more worthy of my manhood, to have met it boldly!"

A succession of cheers greeted this remark.

"Another round of cheers for one who deserves them more than I—the gipsy queen!" added Ralph; and again wild shouts went ringing up into the night-sky.

Zuleme's dark eyes grew misty with tears, and turning to Ralph and Catharine, she said:

"When I first came to Westmoreland, my heart was full of mad purposes. But the remorse I felt after having made that attempt to poison you, Kate Tracy, aroused me to a sense of what I was. Since then, I have been a different woman—my gipsy nature has softened! I shall give myself up to revenge no more!"

Then, fixing her keen glance on the foiled Richard Montrose, she muttered:

"Richard, you came hither to see a wedding. You shall not be disappointed! I have learned to love another—a countryman of yours—not wildly, as I loved you, but with a riper, deeper passion."

As she spoke, a sturdy peasant drew her arm within his own and led her to a waiting clergyman, and a few moments afterward, Zuleme left the gipsy camp for a calmer, more rational life.

A month later, amid the jubilant peal of church-bells, the bright flowers strewn by village maidens, and the smiles and blessings of his tenantry, Ralph Montrose led his fair Catharine to the altar, and long, long afterward, by many an English hearth-stone, men, women and children rehearsed the strange story of *THE BARTERED BIRTHRIGHT*.

THE MEMENTO.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

It lies before me, like the pearl
 Rescued from crystal ocean's cave,
 This long forgotten, golden curl,
 That speaks of one beyond the grave.

There is within it still a gleam
 Of years that long, ah, long have flown—
 A time when life was all a dream,
 When its great sorrows were unknown.

Far back upon the waste of life,
 A cherished, mournful spot appears,
 Divided from this scene of strife
 By a long, empty aisle of years.

One summer eve that curl was placed
 Within my trembling, waiting hand,
 And time the words have ne'er effaced:
 "We meet again in yonder land."

He died, and now is waiting there
 Until my sands of life have run,
 Until that land seems not afar,
 And life's sad work is well nigh done.

THE DUMB PAINTER OF LOGRÓN.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

THE warm, glowing afternoon of a Spanish day was waning to its sunset; and the dimness of the room, where Maraquita was sitting, was lighted up by little flecks of western rays that came through the lattices and played upon her white dress and the cool white of the marble floor.

She was sitting upon a couch of light construction, the whole being twisted from canes; while her small feet, with their delicate silken slippers, were resting upon another couch of the same material. Around her swept the waves of her long black hair, which she was coiling and uncoiling alternately—now gathering the heavy masses into one or two long, rich braids, and then flinging down the wreath of tresses, until they covered her like a bridal veil.

The poor little Spanish maiden was evidently ill at ease. The elastic lounge, upon which her slender figure was supported, swayed and bent with her nervous movements; and the pet dog that lay beside her, vainly trying to lick her hand, seemed astonished that it would not lie still long enough for the operation.

"What can I do, Max?" she said, addressing the dog. "I am a silly little maiden, and I dread to have it found out that I am so. Here are my good father and mother, in whose eyes I have been all perfection, and who thought that

even this grandiose Don Carlos was not more than half good enough for me, will now believe that the spirit of evil has taken me. Max, you are a good dog, but I don't believe you have wit enough to get poor Maraquita de Mona out of this difficulty."

Max laid his paw upon her arm, closed and unclosed his eyes, and looked as wise as some others might, when expecting a tale of confidence from a young damsel; but Maraquita's playful mood had passed, and she rose and paced the room with restless steps.

By this time, the sun had sunk out of sight; and the voice of Don Albert de Mona, calling to his daughter to be ready for a drive to the Plaza, was heard, as he descended the stairs and knocked at the door.

"Not to-night, father," she answered; "I am ill. My head aches horribly. Pray excuse me! I will remain here quietly until you and my mother return."

"Well, the afternoon has been sultry. Lie down and rest while we are absent. Shall I call your maid?"

"No, father; I do not need her. I shall be better alone."

Better alone! Ah, Donna Maraquita! thy poor father is deceived, but then cannot hide it to thyself that it is only to see the handsome painter of Logrón, that thou sittest braiding thy midnight hair—only to watch him, as he comes down the street in the twilight, and as he looks up with eager glance at the lattice, to throw a moss rose-bud at his feet. Thou knowest, too, that at that token, he will venture to enter thy presence, and that his lips will greet thee as the one dearest to his heart. Not with words will be that greeting, but with another language, always understood—the language of kisses.

No, not with words—for the painter, Navarrete, is both deaf and dumb! But there is no need of words for lovers. At any rate, I knew a married couple, who, when they were lovers, sat all day, and almost every day, at a window, looking straight into each other's eyes, and not uttering a word. And so with these two! They met and parted, with only the soul's telegraphic signals, and they needed no echo from the lips.

Donna Maraquita had been invited by a friend, some months before, to visit the studio of Don Fernandez Ximenes Navarrete, to see a beautiful painting of the Virgin which he had recently executed. This young painter, who was called El Mudo, from his misfortune, was rapidly gaining fame; and this very painting was the great stepping-stone to public favor. The excitable Spaniards warmed with enthusiasm at

the beauty of the head, which was said to have been copied from that of the artist's mother, Donna Catalina Ximenes.

Among the many who visited the picture, were Don Albert and his daughter. The beauty of the painting, the filial, admiring reverence of the artist in taking his mother's head as a model, the "silent world" in which he lived, all wrought upon the susceptible imagination of the young girl, and from thenceforward, El Mudo was associated in all her dreams.

On his part, he had seen a vision of beauty such as he thought he had never before beheld; and yet it must have been only the sympathetic and cordial manner of Donna Maraquita that induced the thought—for although she was indeed noble-looking, and with a grace blended with dignity, yet so had many others.

Again and again she came, sometimes accompanied by her father, but oftener alone; and at last, the painter was delighted to find that she could converse freely with him in the deaf and dumb alphabet. With what joy he now related to her his whole life—its mournful childhood and youth, when no sound of bird or breeze or human voice could reach his ear! and how he used to go wandering for whole days, through picture galleries, until the idea seized upon him that he too must paint! and how that, ever since that hour, he had lived in a higher and more exalted sphere, and was no longer the lonely man, apart from his fellow-creatures, but that his art was the one grand link that bound him and them together.

And what more did Fernandes impart? He told her, too, that the moment he saw her, he felt that she was to be the connecting one between him and happiness.

"And yet how—O, how can I take you from the living, speaking music of the world and bind you to the speechless silence that ever surrounds me?"

Her trembling fingers telegraphed to his mind that she sought no higher destiny. It was enough for the affectionate girl, that he loved her. She would give worlds that his lips could speak; but her love could never be lessened because they were silent.

But how to break the tidings to her parents, was now the grand object of her solicitude; and on this very night, she had promised Fernandes that it should be told them. He came at the twilight, held a brief interview with her, and then left her to tell what he felt it impossible for him to make them comprehend.

When Don Albert and his wife returned, they heard all from the lips of the trembling girl.

Tenderly as they loved her, they could not give her up to a fate like this. They entreated her not to give him any hope; their decision now could never be reversed. Maraquita yielded to their tears, what she could not have done to their commands; but the storm in her soul was no less severe. Her parting with Fernandez, the next day, was a terrible scene. The sight of his dumb and powerless anguish was more affecting than the most impassioned speech. The only consolation which he could receive, was the solemn assurance of her continued affection.

They parted—Maraquita to her lonely room, which no persuasion could induce her to leave, and Fernandez to the country villa, where his mother lived in quiet grandeur; for it was not poverty that induced her son to paint, but to fill the time hanging so wearily upon a person with his privation.

All the comfort which the mother could impart to his mute agony, was given; but the wound was deep and lasting. He had no time, however, to give to grief; for he was summoned to Madrid, by Philip II., and appointed painter to the king, with a pension of two hundred ducats. Here he painted the Shepherds announcing the birth of our Saviour; and his representation of them was so exquisite, that every one exclaimed, "What beautiful shepherds!" This exclamation afterwards became the name of this painting, it being everywhere known as the "Beautiful Shepherds."

Still Maraquita mourned, in almost utter loneliness, the loss of her lover. Still did Donna Catalina cherish bitterness towards her whom she could not acquit of coquetry towards her innocent and unfortunate son. Every one concerned in the affair was unhappy. Don Albert and his wife were miserable, for although Maraquita made no complaint, her pale, thin face was a perpetual reproach, and her refusal to go into company distressed and annoyed them.

Maraquita had heard of the appointment, but she heard, also, that Fernandez had again left Madrid. She did not know why; but one evening a courier brought her a note from Donna Catalina, couched partly in bitter and partly in humble terms, informing her that her son, "whom her cruelty had nearly destroyed," was lying dangerously ill, and that she must come and look upon the wreck she had made. It closed with a frantic entreaty to come immediately. She showed it to her father, and he could not resist the pleading look which she gave him. A few moments later, they were on the road with a pair of horses that seemed almost to fly.

The mute appeal of that sorrow-stricken face, that lay upon the pillow, almost unmanned Don Albert. He marked the agony of his daughter, and the proud, stately grief of Fernandez's beautiful mother; and he asked himself if he could bestow aught upon either, from his wealth, that could compensate for the anguish of this hour. One word from him would bring back joy to all. Should he speak it? Could he give up his cherished hope of seeing Maraquita the wife of one of the proud Spanish grandees, and allow her to marry a painter? Yet everything here betokened wealth and the utmost refinement—almost, indeed, to fastidiousness.

He did speak that word. His daughter uttered a glad shriek, Donna Catalina pressed his hand to her heart and wept happy tears, and the mute sufferer, himself, was not slow to comprehend the general happiness. They were soon united, never more to be separated until death.

No cloud ever came over that perfect and enduring love. The noble Spanish wife devoted her time, her talents, and her affections wholly to him whom she loved, and almost ceased to regret that she could not hear the voice when the eyes were so eloquent.

Still did his mother's beautiful and noble face look out from his canvass, but Maraquita's, never. It was in his heart too deeply, to bring it to the gaze of the world. He kept it there, shrined and holy, as one keeps a patron saint within the bosom's innermost depths. Who shall fathom that mute, unexpressed love, that needs not speak to declare it? Let us thank God that the lips that here are dumb, shall in his good time break forth into the highest music, mingling with the songs of angels; that when "there is heard a great noise, like a multitude of voices," THE DUMB PAINTER OF LOGRONO will join the rapturous shout.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

It was old Izaak Walton who said, "Every misery that I miss is a new mercy;" a saying worthy of the profoundest philosopher. It is only too true that misfortunes *come* to us on wings, but *retire* with a limping pace; and yet one half the world are ready to meet calamities half way, and indirectly to welcome them. There is scarcely an evil in life that we cannot double by pondering upon it; a scratch will thus become a serious wound, and a slight illness even be made to end in death, by the brooding apprehension of the sick; while on the other hand, a mind accustomed to look upon the bright side of all things, will repel the mildew and dampness of care by its genial sunshine. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness.

O, JESSIE DO YOU REMEMBER?

BY H. B. ANDERSON, M. D.

O, Jessie, do you remember
The cottage in the vale,
Where the woodbine brightly blossomed,
And the ivy used to trail?
Where rills as softly murmured,
In the valley where we met,
As love's first holy token
We pledged to ne'er forget.

O, Jessie, do you remember
The hour when first we met?
'Twas spring, and 'neath the myrtle,
We pledged to ne'er forget—
Vows of eternal friendship,
Ay, yet more, eternal love,
As the stars so brightly twinkled,
From their silent homes above.

Ay, Jessie, you well remember
The calm and holy eve;
With hand and heart we pledged
Undying love to give.
The stars, they bore us witness
To the sacred vows that eve,
And angels hovered o'er us,
As the holy pledge we gave.

Ah, Jessie, has your faith been true
To those pledges of the dale—
Or, did the heart grow cold and chill,
As wealth's degrees have failed?
When glittering gold enchain'd the soul,
Allurements cast their glare—
Ah, then it was, O, Jessie, then,
You were so bright, so fair.

But, Jessie, when misfortune's frown
Cast sorrows round my paths—
When the cot, within the shaded vale,
Had shown Time's withering blasts—
When the stars that bore us witness once,
But dimly twinkle from afar,
Then, Jessie, ah, that sacred pledge,
To me was blighted—aye!

That cot is still within the vale,
Those rills still murmuring flow—
The ivy trailing yet as then,
The stars as brightly glow.
I oft beneath the myrtle grove,
Where Jessie's vows were made,
In meditation's holy hour,
Muse o'er the hope there stayed.

Thy cot now stands, in another vale,
Where other rills now flow—
And other flowers sweetly bloom,
Where other myrtles grow.
Thou dwelt'st beneath those twinkling stars,
That shone when first we met—
But, Jessie, ah! say, how can you
Those sacred vows forget?

The best bank ever known, is a bank of earth; it never refused to discount to honest labor. And the best share, is the ploughshare—on which dividends are always liberal.

NANNIE GRAY.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"I'll never speak to you again, Howard Ross, so long as I live—never!"

She said it with a bewitching air of anger, and such a flash of her brilliant eyes as might have sent a less susceptible man than myself down on his knees before her.

"Why-e-e-e, Nannie Gray, you don't mean it. That little, chattering tongue of yours couldn't keep still half an hour if it tried."

Another flash of the bewildering blue eyes, so quick and bright it almost dazzled me. That was all the response she deigned. A few minutes' persevering silence followed.

"Nannie."

No answer.

"Nannie Gray."

A haughty toss of the crown of golden curls, and a firm shutting together of the crimson lips.

I had my labor for my pains. A stagnant frog-pond, with all the frogs faintest away couldn't have been stiller than she. The facts of the case were simply these. I was in love with the little, saucy, bright eyed, deliciously charming, inexpressibly bewitching, tormentingly coquetish Nannie Gray. In love, bewilderingly, irrevocably, madly, no-help-for-it-at-all-ably, in love, heart, mind, soul and sense, head and ears. Being a passably good-looking, well-informed young gentleman, of agreeable manners, easy nature, generous disposition, good character, fair name, unquestionable habits, well-to-do father, brilliant prospects, and all the other little etceteras which a modest man like myself would dislike to mention; having arrived at that respectable stage of single blessedness when a man begins to feel like half a pair of shears, and commences looking about him for some one who will love, cherish and obey, and darn his stockings; moreover, being entirely satisfied that the aforesaid Nannie Gray was abundantly qualified to make me the happiest of men, and a little extra bliss to boot; and, thinking withal, that she, Nannie, being an orphan and alone in the world, needed just such a nice husband as I should make, indulgent, even-tempered, handsome, etc., etc., to protect her, I had arrived at the unavoidable determination to offer her my heart, hand, fortune, and the name of Ross.

I had the audacity to believe that she was not altogether insensible to my attractions; that the mercury of her affections stood about the same number of degrees above zero that mine did. There was this difference, however. Whereas

I made no secret of my affection for her, but told her of it every chance I could get, the arrant little coquette had a way peculiarly her own of making me uncomfortable. In the midst of my most eloquent love declarations, she would ask me if I ever wore a scarlet jacket, and travelled as an accompaniment to a hand organ. If I pressed her hand she would laugh.

One day I caught her looking very intently at the inside of a gold locket, said locket being dependent from a slender chain that trembled about her white throat like little pulsations of sunshine. She gave a little, pretty, theatrical start of surprise upon being discovered looking at it, clasped it quickly, and hid it in her bosom. I whistled. (I always whistle when I don't know what else to do.) For the first time in my life I was jealous. Very unconcernedly Nannie took up her sewing. Knowing it wouldn't do to let her notice my discomfiture, I grasped the morning paper, and held it before my face. Couldn't see anything but little gold lockets all over it. Heard a suppressed laugh, and knew Nannie saw through my uneasiness at once. Whistled again, and glanced over the top of the paper at Nannie. She caught me at it, and laughed outright.

"Wouldn't you read with less difficulty, if you held the paper differently, Mr. Ross?"

Mr. Ross! I looked down. Zounds, reader! I had the paper wrong end upwards. I sprang from my chair as though a dozen grown-up thunder bolts had exploded in my boots. Nannie was sewing again, grave and dignified as a queen. I seized my hat and left. When about half way down the road, thought I heard a laugh. Looked about. Nannie sat by the window, locket in hand, her sewing tossed idly across the window-seat. I grated my teeth, and walked along. For two or three successive days, that locket tormented me. She always managed to be hiding it, when I came along. At last, she became less shy, and looked at it continually in my presence. One morning I sat watching her. How sweetly she smiled at the despicable, little yellow affair. I could have shaken her with a good will. Then she sighed, bent her face down suspiciously low. A smile, a smack, a triumphant uplifting of her saucy eyes—gracious, she had missed it! Human nature could endure no more. Curiosity, tantalizing, jealous curiosity, overcame every consideration of politeness. Forgetting the rudeness of the action, I sprang forward and snatched the locket from her hand. She gave a faint cry of alarm, and struggled to rescue it from me; but I caught both her eager hands in mine, and held them fast, while I turned

to look at the miniature. I set my features in a glare of defiance intended for the especial benefit of the masculine visage I expected to see there. O, confusion thrice confounded! the locket was an *empty* one! I relinquished my bold of it, and glanced at Nannie. Cheek, forehead, and ivory-white throat were deluged with crimson, while two tears of mingled indignation and chagrin struggled through the misty fringe of her lashes.

"I was very rude; forgive me, Nannie."

Such a stamp of her slender foot upon the carpet! Such a queenly straightening of her fairy figure! Such a blazing of her glorious eyes! I stood back aghast.

"I'll never speak to you again, Howard Ross, as long as I live—*never!*"

That was what she said. I have already recorded my unsuccessful attempts to change her resolution. And yet I had gone to her, intending to place my happiness in her hands—intending to say to her what no other woman had ever won from my lips. Of course I relinquished the idea then. An army of hungry bears would have been less formidable than Nannie Gray in such a pet. I went home laboring under the conviction that either I was a brute, and Nannie an angel, or Nannie was a little vixen, and myself an abused, uncomfortable and stupid fellow.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Howard Ross," I muttered. "Fie on such ungentlemanly conduct! Any woman of spirit would have resented it. You've not half got your deserts, even if she should keep her cruel threat of never speaking to you again—which she *wont*," I added, by way of consoling myself. That was the most uneasy forenoon I ever passed, without a single exception. I tried to read, to pass away the time. The paper blurred all over with Nannie Gray's yellow curls and blue eyes. Thought I'd smoke. Sat down with that intention, and after half an hour's vigorous puffing, discovered that I had omitted to light my cigar, an important consideration, as all smokers will testify. At dinner, surprised myself purloining the soup-ladle, and attempting to stir my tea with it, beside numerous other follies, such as buttering my bread on both sides, and calling for vinegar on my pudding. The first part of the afternoon passed about as satisfactorily. I worried through an hour or two, and finally decided to go a gunning, though there was nothing to shoot in the neighborhood but birds and field rats, if I excepted dogs, hens and cats, game I never molested. I threw my rifle across my shoulder, and took the nearest path to the woods. There were daisies growing all along the path, nodding and swaying their yellow-hearted blos-

soms vainly. I imagined they looked a trifle like so many little gold lockets stuck upon stems, and kicked at them spitefully as I went along. Reached the woods at last, the cool, breezy, delicious woods. A perfect bower of comfort I found them, after my long walk over sandy roads, with the merciless pelting of a July sun at my back. A perfect bower of comfort; green niches of shade, luxurious mounds of velvety moss—miniature wilderness of tangled vines, waving trees, murmuring brook, cool breeze—I was in raptures. Leaned my rifle up against a friendly tree, and looked about me. Something caught my eye a few rods off—something bright, glittering, round and yellow, lying close to a thicket of ivy that climbed and ran in a sort of fantastic trellis-work from one large tree to another. Thought I'd see what it was. Went forward, stooped down—torment and fairies!—a gold locket! Set my foot on it with a growl. Meant to crush it, but didn't. A bed of yielding moss saved it. Bent down to pick it up, and found it was attached to a chain. Gave the chain a little pull, but it resisted my efforts. Saw that one end of it was tangled in the ivy. Pushed the leaves apart to find it. Jupiter, Jovi, Jovis, Jovum! I started back in surprise. I had found the other end of the chain indeed, but my hand came in contact with a white, warm neck inside of it. Crushed down among the trailing festoons of ivy, her daintily slippered feet just peeping from the folds of her muslin dress, and one round, white arm beneath her head, with a billow of golden ringlets flowing over it, like sunlight across ivory, lay Nannie, Gray fast asleep! Her gipsy hat was beside her, running over with blossoms. Dear Nannie! Such a picture of unconscious loveliness and girlish innocence! Who could have helped loving her?

I wondered if she was still angry with me, and wonder begat a sudden thought, a desperate resolve. I would try her. I went back where my rifle was standing, raised it deliberately, and fired—don't be alarmed, reader—*into the air!* Then I staggered, groaned, and fell. A first-class tragedian couldn't have acted his part more thoroughly. The report, the groan, the fall, had their intended effect. Heavens! what a spring Nannie gave! I had flung myself down on my left side, with one arm thrown up so as partially to conceal my face. But my fingers were arranged to accommodate my eyes; of course, I peeped through them.

I saw Nannie stand for a moment in a perplexed attitude, drawing her hand across her eyes, as if to assure herself she was not still asleep. Then her glance fell where I was lying.

A quick pallor spread over her features, and with a faint cry of alarm, she knelt beside me.

"Howard—Howard! What is the matter? Are you injured? How did it happen? Who has shot you?" were her terrified inquiries.

I gave another groan, more heart-rending than the first.

"Howard, dear, *dear*, Howard, speak to me! What is the matter?"

The words came thick and broken, as if fear choked her utterance. I opened my eyes half way, rolled them wildly in my head, writhed, as though suffering the most acute pain, and groaned a third time.

She sprang up with a suddenness that startled me; ran for her gipsy hat, emptied it of its flowers, darted toward the brook, scooped it up full of water, and was back again with the cool moisture dripping over her hat-brim, and through the coarse braid upon her frock, before I comprehended her movement. Then she knelt and dipping her soft hand in the water, bathed my forehead and temples.

"Howard!" she called again. "Howard, in mercy's name, speak to me!"

But I didn't speak—not I. With that soft, cool, caressing hand fluttering so deliciously across my face, how could I? What man could have been unselfish enough to put an end to a deception that brought such charming results? She paused at last, as if her task were a hopeless one, and drew my head up tenderly upon her shoulder—a shoulder white and plump, and dimpled as a babe's. She wound her slender arms about my neck, laid her velvety cheek to mine, pressed her dewy lips over and over again to my forehead.

"O, he will die—he will die! He will never speak to me again—never forgive me for getting so angry—never tell me again that he loves me! Howard, Howard, darling! my love, my life! In pity speak to me. Look up. Forgive me, kiss me, love me! O, this is dreadful—dreadful—dreadful!"

Lying there, half-supported in the soft clasp of her tremulous arms, with her silken curls rippling like a cloud of amber mist about my forehead—her lips to mine—her balmy breath drifting across my cheek, I could have wished the deception carried on forever. But the quick heaving of her bosom, the burst of passionate sobs, the falling of hot tears, told me how deeply and truly she had suffered. I was melted to repentance in an instant, and opening my eyes glanced up full in her face.

"Do you then love me so very much, Nannie?"

She sprang up instantly, staring at me with

parted lips and dilating eyes. Her wonderment was not of long duration, however, for the triumph that trembled through my voice as I spoke, and the merry laughter I found it impossible to restrain, explained the whole story to her in an instant. How bitterly I reproached myself for the cruel jest, when I saw the hot flushes of wounded pride dash across her features. Tears of mortification struggled to her eyes, her lips quivered, her head drooped with bashful pain. Shocked, grieved, startled, she stood thus for a moment, like a frightened bird, uncertain whether to weep or fly, and then I rose up and went towards her. With a single rapid glance into my face—a glance which was a strange mixture of tenderness, reproach, affright and maiden modesty, she darted away. Her foot caught, she stumbled, and would have fallen; but with a bound I had her in my arms, and held her down, struggling, weeping, panting, upon my breast.

Her sobs smote me like so many swords. The frightened throbbing of her heart punished me as no angry reproaches could have done. Ashamed and repentant, I poured a torrent of wild words into her ear—a mingling of passionate love vows, bitter self-upbraidings, caressing epithets, tender soothing and vehement pleadings for forgiveness. She made me no answer, but lay in my close embrace, passive and unresisting. I lifted her face from my shoulder, to see if I might read an answer there. She hid it quickly in her hands. With a gentle force, I unclasped the trembling fingers. What an April face was revealed to me! Grief, girlish shame and mirth contended for the mastery. Smiles dimpled the mouth, blushes suffused the cheeks, tears glittered on the drooping lashes—a beautiful trinity of emotions—dazzling sunlight, rosy clouds, starry rain.

"Look up, Nannie, darling. Am I forgiven?"

The lids were lifted from the radiant eyes a moment, and then suddenly lowered again. I was answered. Two pearly drops, startled from her lashes by the motion, trembled and fell upon her cheek. With true lover like gallantry, I stooped to kiss them off. Shades of Cupid! My moustache caught the tears, and my ears—such a boxing!

Nannie wears her gold locket yet, but my face is inside it now. Whether I have ever caught her kissing it since that important addition is a secret between her and me. She retains to this day all her old spirit of coquetry, though I speak from some half-a-dozen years' experience, when I say that she makes just the dearest little wife in all Christendom.

SONG.

BY W. W. CALDWELL.

The green leaves rustle far and near,
The flowerets bloom again,
And from the nightingale I hear
The old delicious strain.
O happy he whose heart may feel
The bliss that spring-time can reveal!

Through wood and field I'd gladly go,
And with the wild birds sing,
While thus with happiness I know
The whole wide world doth ring;
But what for song and floweret care,
Since thou art wanting everywhere?

O friend beloved! and shall I see
Thy gentle face no more!
Then is the spring-time lost to me,
Its joy, its beauty o'er.
For ah! what pleasure can there be
What is a spring-time without thee?

THE LAST OF THE VESPUCCI

BY MAURICE A. LINCOLN.

"One flight higher," said the voice of childhood, as some men were bearing up a plain deal coffin. A boy of twelve years was guiding them to the place, and as they reached the last landing, he opened a door and bade them enter. On an old-fashioned high bedstead lay a man, evidently still young, stricken down by death while he was yet in his summer of life. Around the bed sat the widow and children; four young girls, each younger than the boy who had showed the way hither.

"Had you not better retire to some other room, while we perform this duty?" said the kind-hearted mechanic, as he prepared the coffin for the reception of the dead.

"We have none other," answered the widow, "and if we had, this will be no harder than to see him die."

She flung her arms once more around the body, and kissed the pale lips passionately, then rising, she leaned against the window and wept bitterly. The children seemed stunned at the sorrow which had fallen upon them, and neither spoke nor moved. The widow wept on, until the whole was over, and the lid screwed upon the coffin. All at once she fell to the floor. On raising her up, the men found that she was covered with the blood which was flowing fast from her purple lips. One of them ran out for a surgeon, but before he arrived she had ceased breathing. She was a delicate and beautiful woman, and had looked ill able to bear the sorrow and poverty

that brooded over the desolate looking room. God had seemed kindly to take her away from its burden, and lead her into peace. But these poor, lonely children, who would supply the place of father and mother to them?

After the double funeral was over, the family began to look for some way of support. It is fortunate that the climate of Florence makes the means of living so cheap. There is little or no fire needed, and a few pauls buy all the food that will nourish one person for a week.

The boy, Amerigo, soon got employment suited to his age. With the girls it was more difficult. But Ellena went to tend in a bazaar, and Julia began to give lessons in music, and Blanche and Leonora became silk-winders; and ere many weeks they were all employed upon something, though with scanty pay, yet still enough to keep them from absolute want. It had not been always thus. Amerigo Vespucci had once been the friend of princes, the chosen companion of high and noble men. But one misfortune after another had befallen him, until his proud heart sought only to bury itself in retirement, so that the world might not know how sorely he had been brought low. He fled from society, and not a person who knew him was permitted to assist him in his poverty. In the little garret in which we found him, he had lived and died a martyr to sensibility, and too proud, even on his death-bed, to allow any one to be called in. Had his wife lived, her true mother's heart would not have scrupled to ask aid for her children, but she, too, was taken away. One treasure came down to them, which in one sense was a most valuable possession. It was the portrait of their ancestor, the far famed navigator—the discoverer of America. This was their inheritance, all, indeed, that was left them. No bad inheritance either is the pictured semblance of one who has earned such high honor as he; but they did not place the high value upon it which their father had done. Still, they prized it enough to take it into good hands; and they placed it with a friend who had a more suitable place for it than they possessed.

Ellena Vespucci, the eldest of these children, was a bright, bold, handsome girl, as unlike her mother and gentle sisters as possible. Her position was one which exposed her to publicity, and the bold and undisguised admiration which was paid to her beauty, soon swept away every trace of delicacy or refinement in her manners. At an early age, she contrived in some way to mix herself up with a certain set, which if not exactly respectable, was still popular and extremely gay. Every art was tried to enhance her beauty and

to gain new conquests. The rest of the family remained in great indigence, while she by some means or other was living in luxury. As years went on, and the eldest sister became the source of shame and mortification to her pure and innocent sisters, after vainly trying to bring her back to a sense of the wrongs she was inflicting upon them, they separated from her altogether. Amerigo procured a situation under the government of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, but with a compensation that would scarcely find our American boys in cigars.

When Ellena left them, she represented that she was going to America, to ask government for a grant for her family, on account of their ancestor's discovering the new world. They entrusted her therefore with the relics in possession of the family, which they would never have parted with under any other circumstances. With these, she went to Paris, where she was received at court, and for a while she was triumphant. But she carried her dissipations so far that even the French could endure her no longer, and she was obliged to leave Paris abruptly, where, for a short space, her personal charms had blinded many to her false and mercetricious character.

From thence, the young adventuress went to South America, and besieged the governments there to make her an appropriation, either of lands or money. Whether her style of manners was repulsive to the South Americans, or that they regarded her claims as simply ridiculous, is not known. At all events, she met with no very flattering ovation for such an accomplished actress.

Her last bold attempt at falsehood seemed likely to become successful. Arrived at the capital, she made her debut as the *only* surviving descendant of Americus Vespuccius! Not a word of the brother and three sisters who were too good and unsuspecting to believe that whatever might be her social sins, she could not thus wantonly deny their existence, and claim the appropriation which a generous republic might make to the last of the Vespucci. But Ellena was an accomplished actress; and how well she wrought upon the sympathies of the many must not be forgotten. They who were most interested in the charming beggar must remember her with not a little mortification, and ought not to forget that while every nerve was strained to accomplish her ends, the poor descendants of our own heroic countrymen were dying for want of the aid which should have been extended to them from a grateful nation.

These are the hard, bare facts which underlie

the romance that attaches to the name of Vespucci; although enough still remains to excite sufficient interest. Not for one dark spot in their escutcheon should all be condemned; and the worthy brother and sisters, who have *not* the assurance to stand up and ask an American Congress for a million acres of land, must not forget the respect of our own country that is due to their character as well as to their birth. While the insolent assumption of the intriguing Ellena has been rebuked, let not the pure and innocent sisters who have suffered through her matchless falsehood and impudence, be heartlessly classed with her who is a shame and disgrace to the family of Vespucci.

"Alas that things so fair should be so—false!"

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

In one of M. Brown Sequard's lectures, he exhibited guinea pigs which had been experimented on some months ago by cutting certain nerves; the hinder limbs became paralyzed, but in time the animals recovered the power of voluntary motion, attended, however, with a very curious result—the operator could put them into a fit of epilepsy whenever he pleased. It appears that by the cutting of the nerves, the animals lose sensation except in one cheek, and if that spot is irritated, a fit is the immediate consequence. Another noticeable particular is, that the lice which infest the animals congregate on that spot, and nowhere else. It is probable that there is more warmth, or more perspiration than on other parts of the body, is not known; at any rate, physiologists are agreed as to the singular and suggestive nature of the phenomenon. It appears, moreover, that if the sensibility of the sensitive spot be destroyed, then the guinea pig ceases to be liable to epilepsy. Applying this fact to human physiology, M. Brown Sequard says that there is in the human body a spot, discoverable, as he believes, by galvanism, which, if deprived of its sensibility, would in like manner completely prevent attacks of epilepsy.—*Chambers' Journal*.

A TURKISH BEAUTY.

It is quite true that a Turkish beauty—really a beauty—"strikes you all of a heap," as the sailors say. The princess sat, bending slightly forward in the carriage, her "gazelle eyes" resting thoughtfully on a Turkish fan of snow-white feathers, which she held in her hand, the centre of which was entirely of emeralds and diamonds,—slight as a fairy,—the exquisite tint of her skin, seen through the misty white veil, just the hue of a shell where it approaches pink. The delicate robe of palest sea-green, and the wreath of diamonds trembling round her head like splendid drops of water in a charmed crown, instantly reminded me of Undine in her softest mood, travelling in the rich but fantastic equipage to visit some great River Queen on shore for the day.—*Mrs. Hornby's Stamboul*.

THERE'S LOVE IN THE COLDEST HEART.

BY BEATRICE.

Say what you will of the coldness of man,
Of his soul deeply trammelled by art;
Still, let me believe through it all, if I can,
That there's love in the coldest heart.

Could we read the secrets of every soul,
Know the motives which prompted the deed,
Less oftener our tongues would herald the scroll,
Over which hearts silently bleed.

I cannot think man so utterly lost,
But what he has moments of shame,
Though reckless at times, still, deep in his soul
There is burning a holier flame.

Some mem'ry is playing with his heart's silent strings,
Some blissful emotion is stirred,
Some hope of the blessed, to which his soul clings,
Though his lips may utter no word.

Every soul has its griefs, every bosom its cares,
So 'twill be till this life shall depart;
Then let me believe, while life's burden it bears,
That there's love in the coldest heart!

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

BY NED ANDERTON.

At precisely five minutes to ten one pleasant summer's morning, a smart servant girl "might have been seen" laying breakfast in the dining-room of a pretty villa near London. From the unusual celerity of said servant-girl's movements, as well as the slightly disordered appearance of the apartment, the chairs being loaded down with open carpet-bags, corded boxes, brown paper parcels, etc., etc., it might reasonably be inferred that a journey of some consequence was meditated. Such was actually the case. Mr. and Mrs. Felix Summerly, the proprietors of this rural retreat, were intending to take a little journey.

"Jane, Jane," called a masculine voice outside the French windows that opened to the garden in the rear, "breakfast ready?"

"Directly, sir."

"Lucinda, my dear."

"Yes, Felix," responded a voice of the feminine gender.

"Only five minutes to ten. Remember, we must get to the docks; and at eleven exactly we start."

Here the window was darkened by the entrance of Mr. Summerly, loaded down with cloak, pale-tot, umbrella, fishing-rod, and hat case, which he deposited on the sofa.

"Jane," he inquired, "has the tailor sent?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Man brought a telescope?"

"No, sir, he hasn't."

"Nor a box from the print-sellers?"

"No, sir, there's nothing."

"Well, that'll do. Breakfast! breakfast! Confound those fellows," he soliloquized as Jane departed, "I said ten at farthest—told 'em the boat started at half past, but they leave all till the last minute, out of spite at seeing other folks happy, I do believe. Precious sharp run though, to start for the Rhine at half a day's notice. Hadn't a thought of it until three o'clock yesterday, when Willet came up to me, and said in his free and easy manner, 'Summerly, what do you say to taking my leave?' 'Your leave, sir?' said I—I always 'sir' a senior. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I'm off you know, to-morrow, and it's exquisite weather, just the thing for a trip.' 'You're joking, sir,' said I. 'Not at all,' said he, 'I'm perfectly serious, as there's reason I should be. I've got some law business to keep me in town, that may cost me some hundreds if I'm out of the way, so what do you say to taking my leave, and letting me take yours? And I don't mind allowing you my extra fortnight.' There's a noble fellow! I said 'done,' of course—was off at once, ran to my bankers for a letter of credit—then home to Lucinda, and told her to pack; and packing we were till most daylight."

At this moment Mrs. Summerly entered, completely loaded down with dresses, boots, and a dressing case.

"Why, Felix," she said, "have you finished?"

"Yes, all but breakfast; packed all but myself."

"Well, it's no use; I never can get ready. I've a load of things yet and not a cranny to put them in."

And she demonstrated this assertion by several futile attempts to force a tiny package into her valise.

"O, nonsense, my love, nonsense; all you want is a little extra decision."

"Not at all; what I want is a little extra portmanteau."

"Well, you keep at work, and I'll pour the tea out. Jane, Jane, are you coming?"

Mrs. Summerly continued at the open trunk, and Jane hurried in with a tray, containing breakfast equipage, toast, eggs, etc.

"'Pon my word, Jane, you are a spry one! Talk of the telegraph when you're round about! Post come yet?"

"No, sir."

"Well, where's the ham? That's not come, either! Do you call this your general delivery?"

At sight of the raised empty plate, Jane again departed, while her master arranged himself to commence the meal. Meanwhile Mrs. Summerly was muttering to herself in despair:

"No, it's not the least use, whatever; I shall ruin this dress, eh? Why, there's his valise, not a quarter full yet, its mouth gaping wide open, as if asking to be fed. His handkerchief at the top," she continued, examining the contents, "the very thing for my boots—now they won't be jammed; and here's room for my desk between his pantaloons and vest."

"Come, Lucinda, are you ready?"

"Yes, in a minute."

"There, I said all you wanted was a little decision."

"Just so, a little decision," responded Mrs. Summerly, giving the desk a vigorous push.

"Everything gives way when it comes to a push," complacently remarked the gentleman, who was unaware of his wife's appropriation of the portmanteau.

"Dear me, I hope not in this instance," said the lady, in an undertone.

"Telescope, sir, and a box of cigars," announced Jane, entering with the articles mentioned.

"Cigars! bless me, I quite forgot them, and what should I have done without them." So saying he snatched one of the knives, and opened the box.

"And now for my breakfast," said Mrs. Summerly, sitting down quite exhausted at the table.

"Ah!" cried the gentleman, jumping up, "the old sort, and what an odor, to be sure; an actual bouquet—no cabbage leaf here. But where are they to go? Carpet bags full; O, there's her portmanteau open, just space for these and the telescope. Yes," he continued, crossing the room, and stowing them away, "and my railway library too, my shilling's worth of fun and horror."

"Why, Felix, what are you doing?" inquired Mrs. Summerly, turning round.

"Packing my cigars away."

"On top of my dresses?" And jumping up, she came to the rescue.

"Why, my love, they won't hurt anything."

"That box will destroy them."

"Then we won't have the box. There, fragrant shower," emptying the box into the trunk, and then throwing it away.

"Well, but cigars are not eau de cologne, and they may make people think that I smoke myself; they're a horrible habit, your only bad taste; your cigars, you know, are always provoking me."

"And yet, poor things, they're the mildest Havanas. But I say, see my telescope, bought it last night, and got the man to oil it so it will come out at a sling." Then suddenly throwing it open, Mrs. Summerly involuntarily started back, but the enthusiastic husband continued, "There's a fine fellow, carries as far as an eighty-four pounder."

"And looks something like one."

"No matter how great the distance, makes everything plain."

"Then I beg you'll use it when you look at the women."

"From the tailor, sir, if you please," said Jane, putting her head in at the door, "and from a shop in Cheapside."

"More parcels, Felix; why, where are they to go?"

"To Germany, I hope."

Mrs. Summerly went toward him, coffee-cup in hand.

"And there are our best treasures—I didn't forget them, though my time was so short; look here, 'Cinda, here—here's a handbook, my darling."

"A handbook!"

"A handbook to tell us all we're to see—roads, cities and pictures; information about everything, from the price of a cutlet to the style of a Raphael."

"Well, that's a treasure, certainly."

"And a pocket vocabulary in German and English, with questions on every conceivable subject. I've learnt already to say, 'How d'ye do?' and bring us some dinner; 'Brin gen dass mittags mahl,' bring in the beef."

"Yes, I see."

"Not hard a bit, it's so much like English. 'Wie befinden sie sich,' that's how d'ye do? or, how do we find you? We be finding, quite English. Don't know what 'sich' is, suppose it means such."

"Well, Felix, well."

"Then here's an auxiliary—a map of the Rhine that would make a stair carpet. There's a spread of knowledge," throwing it out, "with the river winding down it like a worm in a bottle."

"Why, with all these companions we might as well stay at home."

"And here's something more."

"Good gracions."

"My coat for the steamer. It may come on a regular blow, you know; then you go below, while I stop on deck to have a chat with the captain, and a friendly cigar—we pace the deck together, puffing away like a couple of funnels."

Here's a suit of armor to make a man weather-proof," he continued, inserting himself into a rubber hat and coat. "There, who is to be frightened in such rigging as this?"

"Why, who ever looks at you, to be sure? But come, we must finish breakfast."

"Yes, yes, to breakfast. The fly will be here at half-past."

"Yes, to a minute."

"And your father's going with us?"

"He is, to the docks."

"And some friends, you said, are coming in?"

"The Browns and the Simpsons, just to say good-by."

"Very kind of them—excellent people. They seem to be as pleased as if they were going too. O, Lucinda, 'Cinda, I don't think I could be happier if Woollet had popped off, and I was at the head of the office."

"And would that event please you?"

"Of course, love, officially. One's income and spirits are like gas and a balloon—as one enlarges t'other rises. But a trip of the Rhine," he continued, spreading himself upon two or three chairs, "the enjoyment of all others I've panted so long for—have talked and dreamed of, with its fine German wines and its German songs. Learned one last year:

'Be blessings on the Rhine,
The Rhine whereon the grapes are growing!'"

roared Mr. Summerly, out of all time and tune.

"O, Felix," cried Mrs. Summerly.

"What's the matter? have I got a bad ear?"

"No, but you'll give me one."

"And then to go with you, love! Every year we've been somewhere during the two we've been married—first into Wales, then to Boulogne—but this is a treat above all to partake with you; to share the inspiration of its scenery, its climate; to drink in by your side, love—I'll take some more tea—to drink in by your side its poetical beauty."

Here Mrs. Summerly put a warm, buttered roll into his hand.

"You, whose affection has made my life such an Eden; whose sweetness, whose kindness—sugar, my darling—has turned a wild scape-grace into a being all quietness, mildness, and—"

"Milk?"

"Thank you, love, thank you. Yes, 'Cinda, yes, it's a proud recollection that our happiness has been a stream that has flowed on unruffled; all the world to each other, we'd nothing to desire, confiding as we have with the most perfect reliance."

"A letter, if you please, sir," said Jane, entering, "but I've had such an accident."

"An accident?"

"Yes, sir, in my hurry just now, I upset the inkstand, and running to the ham the letter fell into it!"

"What, into the frying pan?"

"No, sir, the ink," displaying the inundated epistle by a solitary corner that had escaped the flood.

"And now served up with appropriate gravity—a nice affair, certainly—international postage; a document from France, with our own kitchen stamp."

"From France, Felix?" exclaimed Mrs. Summerly, in surprise.

"Yes, but plague take it, the ink has run over both the post mark and name—nothing left but 'summerly, sincerely.'"

"And don't you know the hand?"

"Can't say I do."

"And you're not expecting a letter?"

"None from abroad. Your father expects one—he wrote to my friend, Hooker, who lives at Bourdeaux, to send him some claret, and has had no reply."

"Well, then, let me look. Why this writing is a woman's."

"Certainly, very much like it," responded Mr. Summerly, applying himself to the ham.

"But the postmark is—and yet (blotting it on the table) there's a B, and an O, and a LL—Boulogne. Why, Felix, the letter's for me!"

"For you, love?"

"For me, it comes from Jane Morrison. She's at Boulogne—we met her there last year."

"Jane Morrison?"

"Yes, my old friend and schoolmate, who's there with her brother."

"O, ah! with her brother," said Mr. Summerly, suddenly suspending his attack on the meal before him.

"Yes; well I'll read it after breakfast, or when I've done packing, for I've a world still to do, and—" Without finishing her speech Mrs. Summerly put the letter in her pocket.

"You won't read it now, then?"

"Why, I can guess what's in it; all sorts of nonsense about new comers and old friends—there now," clearing a corner of the table for the contents of her pockets, "I've finished breakfast, and now I'll finish the portmanteau." So saying, she returned to her valise, while Mr. Summerly remained at the table with his knife.

"Jane Morrison there with her brother," muttered the gentleman.

"Why, Felix," exclaimed Mrs. Summerly,

"you monster, you've not only put in your horrid cigars, but all these gloves, and this lot of books when I wasn't looking. O, I'm a pattern wife to indulge you this way."

"There, and with her brother," mused Mr. Summerly.

"Why, are you going to sit there all day?" inquired his wife, looking round in surprise at his continued silence.

"Why, I've not got through breakfast—anticipation of the sea air has given me an appetite, and this ham is so delicious that—I say, my love," he continued, with downcast eyes, shovelling the morsels at a dangerous rate, "you haven't put that letter aside because I'm here?"

"Because you're here!" repeated the lady in amazement.

"Yes, I believe I spoke sufficiently loud."

"And do you imagine I have any secrets?"

"Well, I can't say you have had."

"And you think I'm going to begin now?"

"Well, really I don't know, but—" A great clattering of knife and fork supplied the remainder of the speech.

"Why Felix," said Mrs. Summerly, going toward him, "what's entered your head?"

"Some ham, but this moment, and famous it is, too."

"Ha, ha, this is really too good."

"What, the meat, or the question?"

"Dear me, I've no time to laugh, but what on earth ails you?" And the lady resumed her occupation.

"It seems she has time enough to compliment," muttered Mr. Summerly.

"If you please, ma'am," announced Jane, "Mrs. Andrews has brought you what she promised."

"O, the mantle. The dear, kind creature made it to go abroad in herself this summer; but illness preventing, she offers it to me. Now, my dear, you shall look at it, and say if it's not a most charming invention."

"Humph, I hope it's the only one," was the muttered response.

"And she says, ma'am," continued Jane, "that you promised her the key of the garden while you was gone."

"To be sure. Here, I've got it in my pocket, but everything is so crammed in—letters, packages, and all sorts of articles—there, I must empty them all out. Yes, here it is, I'll carry it myself; but you needn't stop, Felix, you can pack away, and I'll come right back."

Mr. Summerly took up the letter which was now lying on the table, and turned it over.

"From Jane Morrison, eh? Well, I suppose

it is so; but it's very odd that her brother writes exactly such a scrawl. That confounded captain—I fancy I can see his very face in this letter." Here he spitefully spiked it on his fork, and held it up. "Here's his wretched white look," turning the white side outward; "and here's his dirty black mustaches," surveying the inky reverse. "Of course it can't be from him—that's nonsense; and yet his impudence was so astonishing that I shouldn't wonder at most anything. I would really like to open it, and then, too, it's not strictly honorable, either, to break open a letter; but a wife's—isn't all that belongs to her mine? I've law on my side, but not honor—yet there's prudence, perhaps, requires it—let me think."

Mr. Summerly ruminated deeply for several moments, at the end of which time he exclaimed:

"Prudence beats honor all hollow! And that being the case, I'll—" Here he carefully began to break the seal, when Mrs. Summerly entering in the mantle, he hastily thrust the note behind him.

"Well, Felix, it's on, how does it look?"

"Look! Why—why—"

"Dear, what's the matter—anything awkward?"

"About one of us, certainly," thought Mr. Summerly.

"Well, I see you don't fancy it, though you won't say so."

"O, yes, I'm delighted; very becoming, I assure you."

"It's wonderfully comfortable, at any rate. Now to lock up—have you finished what you're about?"

"Well, no, not entirely."

"Still wasting your time. Everything's packed, I believe, now you've been wanting to open something."

"Cinda!"

"Yes, you have, now, I'm quite sure. But there's no time to stand still. These things must go back to my pocket—letters, keys, scissors—"

"I must get rid of this somewhere," thought Summerly, clutching the document nervously.

"Eh, why, where's Jane's letter? Have you seen it, Felix?"

"Seen what?" inquired the gentleman, endeavoring to pitch it into an open trunk unobserved.

"Jane Morrison's letter—do you know where I put it?"

"Why, how foolish to ask me such a question."

"I must have laid it down somewhere—and I thought on this table."

"Then of course you'll find it on the table."

"But you see it's not on the table; perhaps it's under it—help me to move it, Felix. Why don't you take both hands?" she asked, as he awkwardly commenced moving the table with one hand only.

"Because where's the need, if one's enough?"

At this crisis Jane entered with a parcel, and spied the letter which he was so carefully holding behind him.

"No," said Mrs. Summerly, looking down, "there's not a sign of it. O, Jane, have you found it, the letter that came this morning, and got dropped into the ink?"

"Yes, Jane," chimed in Mr. Summerly, "have you found it?"

"Why, isn't that it in your hand, sir?"

"My hand?"

"Yes, sir, which you're holding behind you."

"Behind you!" ejaculated Mrs. S.

"Bless me, so it is!" cried Mr. S., examining it with as much apparent wonder and curiosity as if it had dropped from the clouds into his hand without his knowledge.

"And so, Mr. Felix," said his wife, as Jane left the room, "you were hiding it, were you? And merely for a joke, when our time is so short—but I'll make up for it."

"Then you're not going to read it?" he inquired as she put it in her pocket again.

"To read it! why my dear, you're singularly interested—I begin to think you're in love with Jane, for you were very attentive at Boulogne you know, her shadow indeed."

"Because you were eternally snapped up by the captain, who had the honor of being an old acquaintance,—and who now, perhaps, writes to revive tender reminiscences."

"Do you think this letter comes from him?"

"Well, if I must confess —"

"Ah! now it's all clear—you are so absurd as to be jealous of that person again."

"Madam, I deny it! jealous of him, an effeminate puppy, who was my utter contempt—a disgrace to the army, where we want men, at least."

"And which in his case, sir, possesses a gentleman—he is an old acquaintance."

"And was to have been your husband. I can't say I think it's much of a compliment to be preferred to him."

"You're making me doubt if it has proved an advantage."

"Very likely—pity you didn't take him; but if you have no regard to your own feelings, I beg you'll respect mine. Jealous of him, indeed!"

"That is the only excuse for your rude con-

duct to the captain, which was remarked by everybody. O, if I had behaved so to a friend of yours, what a fury you'd have been in!"

"So you did act. Not a year ago, your conduct was infinitely more shameful to Miss Hooker, just because as an old friend of her father's, I went down to Streatham to dine one Sunday."

"Miss Hooker is a vulgar, illiterate being," cried Mrs. Summerly, with angry emphasis, "she hasn't one claim to the term of lady."

"She's a generous, amiable, fine girl, who could make any man happy."

"Then I'm sorry she didn't try to make you so."

"Perhaps I do too, madam."

"If she had, I would have given full acknowledgement of her talents."

"You praise them enough now, for you're dying of jealousy."

"Denial, in such a case, I should consider beneath me; and now, Mr. Summerly, you actually believe this letter was sent by a person whom I encourage in a secret attachment?"

"I regret to declare it," sighed the husband.

"And in consequence of your absurd whim, you expect me to open it?"

"I expect you to open it."

"Perhaps, then, you had better sit down, sir, as I must inform you that you're very likely to—wait!"

"Then you refuse?"

"I do. If you can insult me by such a suspicion, you shall have the additional disgrace of disproving it."

"O, excellent! as you prefer, madam; this is a capital way of disguising your own fears—a complete admittal that you're afraid to convince me; but it is unnecessary, my dear, as I can imagine the contents—would you like to hear them?"

"With all my heart!" cried Mrs. Summerly, flinging herself into a chair.

"He commences thus—'My idolized Lucinda!'"

"Mr. Summerly!" exclaimed the lady, with an assumption of outraged dignity.

"Shall I proceed?"

"Just as you please."

"My angel of angels—I learn that your husband has obtained his yearly vacation, and proposes a journey."

"Now how should he learn that, I'd like to have you inform me," cried the young wife, her eyes sparkling with triumph.

"Well, he imagines it—it's all the same thing. 'Where is your destination? Let me know immediately, that I may follow you instantly. Can

you not persuade the good creature to visit Boulogne, as you did last year? My amiable sister would of course engage his attention, while"—

But Mrs. Summerly could listen no longer.

"And you've the audacity," she interrupted, "to say he would presume to write me such a letter?"

"I have, madam."

"And that I would receive it?"

"You state my belief."

"Then, sir," said Mrs. Summerly, rising, "you must feel I am unworthy to be your wife, and that it is our duty to part."

"Very well, we part."

"And this instant too—without a moment's delay."

"Without a moment's delay."

"How fortunate this discussion has occurred in season to save you the intended expense of my journey."

"Fortunate indeed! It saves money and character."

"The cab's come, sir," said Jane, opening the door.

"Send it away," ordered her mistress; noticing the girl's surprise, "I'm not going."

"But I am," said Mr. Summerly. "Tell it to stop." Then as Jane left the room—"Do you think I will lose a long wished for pleasure because you're not with me? No, madam, I shall go to the Rhine, if I have to go alone—you can stay behind! My credit is good enough to furnish you with all you want, and—"

"So you fancy I will remain moping all by myself, while you're sporting about like a butterfly! Not a bit of it, sir; if you go to Germany, sir, I go to Paris."

"Paris?"

"Yes, Paris. Aunt Melissa offered to take me not a week ago, and I'll send a note instantly to say I accept the invitation."

"And would you, madam," cried Mr. Summerly, choking with vexation, "with no better protector than an invalid old aunt, expose yourself to all the temptations of Paris?"

"Temptations, sir, are in the heart—not the eyes!"

"Would you risk your reputation, your priceless good name, by a rash step that the most thoughtless would disapprove? If you have no care for yourself, have you no consideration for me—for the title of my wife, madam?"

"Then you would have me prize what you throw away. But don't alarm yourself, sir; whatever provocation I may receive, don't fear I shall fail in self-respect. And now, as time flies, we'll separate our baggage, and you then

can take your course—I, mine. You shall start to-day; I, to-morrow."

A vigorous assault upon the contents of the plethoric trunk in the corner now ensued.

"Of course, madam, of course; and as you justly observe, it will result in a decided saving. All I want now is my bag and hat case; just look them up, and call in the man. Here are a few articles belonging to you, madam," pitching them successively on to the floor, "your boots, and your hair brushes, and your trumpery parcels."

"Yes, sir, and a few of yours; your books, gloves, and your horrid old cigars! Say rather, dead cabbage leaves steeped in a tanpit," and, suiting the action to the word, she tossed the bundle, loose fragments and all across the room, Mr. S. intercepting them in their descent.

"Havanas! Havanas!" he shouted furiously, "ten dollars a pound! That's the last straw; after that would a worm lack spirit to turn! No—that has decided me, and now we separate." And by way of preparation he grasped his carpet-bag and hat-box, while the lady frantically clutched a hand-box and parasol.

"We separate, madam."

"Yes sir, we part."

"Wide as two continents."

"Distant as the poles."

"As Asia and Africa."

"With a Sahara between us."

"Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, ma'am, and all the Simpsons, if you please, sir," announced Jane, opening the door.

"Our neighbors," said Mr. Summerly; "very well, you'll see them, of course, as you're going to stay, and can inform them why you're deserted; but as I'm limited for time, I shall be off."

"Indeed, you shall not, sir. Jane, leave the room. Indeed, you shall not leave me to explain; you shall bear your share of that disgrace which belongs rather to you than to me. This step is of your own seeking, sir, and I demand that you explain all yourself; if you won't go to them, you must see my father at any rate. He will be here in a minute, and he will, of course, desire an explanation."

"Well, that's true enough!" thought Mr. S.

"And one that shall be satisfactory, also."

"I don't know as I care for that, after all, as she must then confess everything about that hateful letter," muttered Mr. S. "Well, madam, well, if I must publish this shameful affair to our friends, I must have my credentials, and must produce my proof to them and your father in the shape of that letter you hold."

"O, you think so?"

"Yes, unpleasant as it may be, you will perceive it must be given up."

"Very well; say no more, the letter's yours," and she handed him the note.

"That's not it."

"O, no, it isn't; I beg pardon," and she renewed her search amid the contents of her capacious pocket.

"Please be sure this time," said Mr. S. turning away, and holding out his hand.

"Why," muttered his wife, looking at the superscription of the right one which she took out, "now that I look at it carefully, I don't think it's at all like Jane's hand-writing."

"Ah, ha!" thought Mr. Summerly, noticing the delay, "I knew I should catch her. I was certain she would not give it up."

"And here's a B-o-u-r-d—why, this isn't from Boulogne at all, it's from Bourdeaux."

"Bourdeaux!"

"Yes, and I don't know a soul there—it's not my letter, after all! So just take it, and welcome."

Mr. Summerly picked it up as she indignantly flung it on the floor, and proceeded to examine it closely.

"And now, sir," cried the lady, bitterly, "I congratulate you on your valuable proof, without which you can enlighten our neighbors immediately, though without your credentials—which turn out to be merely a billet from Bourdeaux. Why—Bourdeaux! Isn't that where the Hookers live?"

"I—I think so."

"And his charming, amiable daughter, Miss Betsey? who shows her vaunted good taste and propriety in writing to an old lover, married two years ago."

"Heaven forbid!" mentally ejaculated Mr. S. "But the girl always was terribly sentimental—and may be it is from her."

"This pattern of all the virtues!" continued Mrs. Summerly, alluding to the afore-mentioned young person, "this matrimonial prize! Perhaps, sir, you'll read the letter?"

"By no means."

"I should suppose you would like to illustrate the beauty of confidence—confidence, the main-spring of domestic happiness!"

"Of all the fairy coverings that ever adorned a woman's feet"—began the discomfited husband, picking up his wife's boots with a very flushed and crestfallen countenance—

"Don't talk about my feet, sir!" was the angry retort—"have the goodness to look me straight in the face!"

"And such tiny treasures as these to be lying

in the dust," continued Mr. S., carefully brushing the articles.

"Which you are trying to throw in my eyes. Do you intend to read it, sir?"

"Now, my darling, what is the use of talking any more about this absurd affair?"

"Absurd, sir! A letter from Miss Hooker!"

"Who's a silly girl—a positive fool!"

"Then you ought to be ashamed of having called out her affections."

"I deny that I did so. I don't care a straw for her."

"You know very well that you would have married her but for a quarrel, which fact you were so mean as to keep a secret from me."

"Silence, madam, silence!" exclaimed Mr. Summerly, getting angry again.

"But it's now very evident that you are as much attached as ever, and this tour up the Rhine was only a ruse to get to France, and visit Bourdeaux."

"Well, well," he cried, "I can't stand this! I would rather break open the government mails!" And seizing the letter he was about to unseal it, when Mrs. Summerly's father entered the room.

"Well, 'Cinda! Well, Felix!"

"O, here's my father!" exclaimed the lady.

"In very good time, then."

"To hear the contents."

"No, to read them! My dear sir, here is a letter I wish you would read, and which your daughter insists is intended for me."

"And my husband says is intended for me! Therefore have the kindness to be the judge."

The old gentleman quietly opened the cause of all this domestic disturbance, and an enclosure fell out. At sight of this, he calmly said—"It happens to be for *neither* of you!"

"What!" cried both in one breath.

"Yes, it is for me! About that claret I ordered. Hooker is ill—has lost my address—so Mrs. H. has sent his answer under cover to you."

As he turned away to read the letter, the young couple stood looking at each other in silent confusion.

"Why, Felix!" said Mrs. Summerly, at length.

"'Cinda!" was the mortified response.

"Is it possible that—"

"All this hurricane has actually risen—"

"From nothing at all!"

"Come, my children," said the old gentleman, advancing from the window, "you have no spare time; the boat starts at eleven, and it's nearly that now."

"So it is," said Mr. Summerly, consulting his watch in surprise.

"Very well then, get on your things, and I'll see to the trunks being put on to the carriage. Here, Jane, call the hack driver."

Under his superintendence the driver and Jane seized the trunks, band-boxes, bags, bundles and parcels, running to and fro from the room to the street, until the apartment was cleared.

"These cunning little boots—I must find a place for them," said Mr. Summerly, stowing them into his coat pocket.

"And these delicious cigars—there's plenty of space in my reticule!" responded Mrs. Summerly.

"Very well, 'Cinda dear, come along now. But before we drop this subject, and forever, just let me say that as people often fall out about the most ridiculous things in the world—"

"Yes indeed, the merest trifles in life—"

"At the very time when they ought to be happiest—"

"If they would take time for inquiry and reflection—"

"And use common sense—"

"They would save themselves great annoyance, and what is equally ever desirable, the comments of amused spectators and officious acquaintances."

"Say no more, Felix, we have learnt a lesson that shall last us all our lives."

"We have indeed," replied her husband, kissing her bright face; "and now we must hurry, indeed."

So saying, he tucked her under his arm, and they jumped into the hack, radiant with anticipations of future happiness, and were whirled away to the landing amid the envious congratulations of all their neighbors, who believed there was never such a happy couple before, and never would be again.

SEA BATHING.

A distinguished medical man thus speaks of the advantages to be derived from it:—"Sea bathing, on account of its stimulative and penetrating power, may be placed at the head of those means that regard the care of the skin, and which certainly supplies one of the first wants of the rising generation, by opening the pores, and thereby invigorating the whole nervous system. Besides its great healing power in cases of disease, it may be employed by those who are perfectly well, as the means most agreeable to nature for strengthening and preserving health. In this respect, it may be compared to bodily exercise, which can remove diseases otherwise incurable, and may be used by those in health in order to preserve themselves in that state."

Be courteous to every man, but intimately acquainted only with good men; so mayest thou shun the hatred of the one, and cordially enjoy the other.

SABBATH BELLS.

BY EDWIN MONTAGUE.

Return once more ye days!
In which the fluttering heart
Hath yielded to those sacred peals
That through the Sabbath twilight start—
That to the soul a spell impart
Which wins to praise.

Sweet evening melodies!
Recalling many a tender thought
Of chastened joys in boyhood-time;
Of friendships gained, affections sought—
Now vanished, yet thy softened chime
Still gently swells, as low—sublime,
As in those brighter days.

Why does my soul resist?
Thy echoes richly blend in praise,
Far floating on the summer breeze;
Why should my heart brood o'er the days
Whose darkness dims such joys as these,
Withdrawn from heaven's redeeming rays?
To thee I'll list.

THE BAMBOO HARMONICON.

The bamboo harmonicon, or staccato, is a curious example of the production of melody by simple and unexpected means. Its use, though unknown in India, extends throughout the Eastern Archipelago; and something similar is possessed, I believe, by the negro slaves in Brazil. Eighteen to twenty-four flat slips of bamboo, about an inch and a half broad, and of graduated length, are strung upon a double string, and suspended over the mouth of a trough-like sounding-box. The roundish outside of the bamboo is uppermost, and whilst the extremities of the slips are left to their original thickness, the middle part to each is thinned and hollowed out below. The tuning is accomplished partly by the regulation of this thinning of the middle part. The scale so formed is played with one or two drumsticks, and the instrument is one of very mellow and pleasing tone. Though the materials are of no value, a good, old harmonicon is prized by the owner like a good old Cremona, and he can rarely be induced to part with it. There was one example, at the capital, of a similar instrument formed of slips of iron or steel. It was said to have been made by the august hands of King Tharawadee himself, who, like Louis Seize, was abler as a smith, than as a king. The effect was not unpleasant, and strongly resembled that of a large Geneva musical-box, but it was far inferior in sweetness to the bamboo instrument.—*Athenæum*.

NOBILITY.

What is noble? That which places
Truth in its enfranchised will!
Leaving steps—like angel traces—
That mankind may follow still!

Even though scorn's malignant glances
Prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the noble—who advances
Freedom and the cause of man!

JEANIE'LL BE THY BRIDE.

BY LENA LYLE.

They bid me cease to love thee,
To tear thee from my heart;
To banish every lingering thought,
From thee forever part;
They tell me thou art faithless,—
But let what will betide,
I have given thee my promise,
And Jeanie 'll be thy bride.

They bid me cease to love thee!
To scorn thee and to hate;
They say thou wilt forsake me,
To find a fairer mate.
But ah, thy parting whispers
Around me ever glide,
And angel memory murmurs,
"Jeanie 'll be my bride."

I'll cling to thee forever,
With hope, and joy, and pride;
Thy home shall be a heaven,
And Jeanie 'll be thy bride.
I know those noble features
Decelt could never hide,
And though the wide world scorn me,
Jeanie will be thy bride.

My heart and hand I give thee,
Thy lot I choose for mine;
Till God is pleased to part us,
I am forever thine.
I bring not wealth or beauty,
Nor gold and jewels fine;
But I bring one priceless treasure,
Jeanie's heart is thine!

SENATOR WILLISTON.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

YES, I wanted to try it—and I *did* try it to my heart's content.

"You know there's no real need of your going," said my mother. She sat in her favorite seat by the door, crimping her cap borders as fast as Mag ironed them.

"I don't know about that," was my dubious reply. "Sid, out there pitching quoits, wants a new suit of clothes and a new pair of shoes. Where are they coming from, I should like to know?"

"Why, perhaps his uncle—"

"You dear, good, easy mother," I said, kneeling down at her feet and smiling in her face, "hain't you learned not to place any dependence on rich uncles, yet? Why, mother, if Uncle Sam sent a suit of clothes to our Sid, I'd—I'd—well, I don't know but I would tear them into inch bits."

"No, you wouldn't," said my mild mother.

"Yes, she would, ma," said matter-of-fact Jessie, whose arms were half way up in dough. "You ought to have seen her when Aunt Sue asked her what she came there in a calico dress for. I didn't know but the house would catch fire from her eyes. How Aunt Sue did look! ha! ha! when Liz said, 'if you don't like my gingham dresses, madam, just please to look the other way.' O, it was fun!"

I half laughed, half cried at the recollection, for my pride was terribly wounded.

"About this school," said my mother, with a sigh, "I wonder if it's a rough one?"

"It will make no difference with me," was my reply; "I want some excitement—it's dull here."

"She wants to go and get a rich husband," said Jessie.

"Nonsense, Jessie—hold your tongue—what do I care for a husband, rich or poor?"

"A good deal, I guess, from what I heard you say last night to Nell," she replied.

I was almost angry, and told her again to hold her tongue—but the torment went on—she always would.

"Nelly was saying how much she wished to learn to play and sing; and, says my lady here, 'never mind, Nelly, I'll go to Langford, and pick up a rich husband, and then you shall come and live with me, and learn everything you want to.'"

"Jessie—you shouldn't," said my mother, shaking her head, while my cheeks were crimson.

I had said it, but it was only in fun—and I forgot that Jessie was such an inveterate tell-tale. I hurried to my room to write my acceptance of the Langford Academy, and in a week I was in all the glory of packing. Poor me!—I had eked out my wardrobe by turning this and adding to that, for we were poor. My mother had insisted upon my accepting a black silk skirt that she had worn for six years. It was still respectable. Nearly all the linen was patched, and all the woolen darned. I had a slender outfit, to be sure, but what of that?

"My face to me a fortune is,"

sang I, and it was in no spirit of vanity that I assured myself that my figure would look better in a meagre dress than many I had seen robed in padded silk and hooped satin.

The leave-taking was very sad. Even Sid stopped his play and rubbed his eyes with his knuckles till the former were all plastered over with quoit-mud. Amidst his sobs I heard the words "candy" and "when you come back." My mother was very pale—Nelly sobbed passion-

ately, and even Jessie's lip quivered as I kissed her good-by.

"Good-by," I said reverently to myself, as I passed the little grave-yard where a certain white stone bore my father's name, "aged forty-seven." "Farewell, sacred ashes—when you were animated by the gentlest of souls, you taught me the lesson of sturdy independence, and now I'm going to practise it."

At the depot I met our minister. He was a lovely looking old man, with hair bleached to a silvery whiteness. He came and gave me his blessing, saying some words that made me feel very childish in spite of my bravery, and sent the quick tear-drops to my eyes. But I got over that, and as I am gifted by nature with a cheerful disposition, I soon forgot the sorrow that had set out with me, and began to muse on the incidents of the journey occurring all around me. Not far from me sat a tall man, a hearty, pleasant featured gentleman, whose quiet manner would scarcely have attracted my notice, but whom people seemed to make so much fuss over, offering him attentions, and whispering apparently about him and his doings, that I could not avoid often glancing that way. He was not handsome, but extremely genial looking, with eyes of remarkable depth of expression, and lips that worked with every passing emotion. Around his hat a broad band of black crape told to me a tale of sorrow, and my imagination, always active, was soon busy portraying to itself the person and the precious privileges he might have lost.

The train stopped at a crowded station. I was looking listlessly out, when suddenly up went hat after hat, and the people crowded about some one who stood on the platform. It was no other than my tall and distinguished looking gentleman. Surely he must be somebody, I thought. When he entered the car again, I had a full view of his face, as he held up his hat in one hand, wiping a brow of magnificent proportions with the other. A lady dressed in great style was walking closely behind him, talking with unusual volubility, considering the place, and it seemed to me that she was anxious to call attention to the fact that she was well acquainted with the great man, if great man he was. He seemed looking here and there, and finally he spied me sitting alone, my eyes fixed intently upon him and his movements.

"Is this seat occupied, madam?"

I started, and he smiled, and biting my lip with vexation that I should have been in such a drowsy, dreamy state, I answered that it was not.

"Mrs. Van Lester, shall I seat you here?" he

asked, turning with a graceful movement; "this lady says the place is unoccupied."

So Mrs. Van Lester, all smiles and bows towards me, and thinking possibly that the great man, if he was great—knew me, sat down with much affability, drawing her silken flounces from contact with the floor. The seeming hero of the hour left the cars, and appeared to be carried off bodily by admiring crowds. I turned my attention towards my travelling companion, who appeared to have a hard time of it getting over the consequent flurry of having been seen with a distinguished stranger. Her countenance spoke peace with herself and all the world—all her world.

"A very pleasant, courteous gentleman," she said, after running her keen eyes up and down my face.

"He seems so," was my reply.

"O, you don't know him!" she exclaimed, drawing a long breath.

"I have not that honor," I returned quietly.

"It is an honor—it really is an honor," she said, keeping her fussy hands in motion, and shaking the bugles in her bonnet. "That is Hon. Senator Williston, from —. He is on his way to Langford, where he has the most splendid country seat you ever saw. I suppose he speaks here to-night. I declare, I quite forgot to ask him. Our family and his are on the most delightfully intimate terms—indeed, his son Hal—a fine young man, visits us very constantly, so often that people begin to ask my daughter Emily quite significant questions. But, of course, Emily is but a child."

I sat quite still, an amused listener and observer. It seemed so odd to hear a stranger dive at once into family affairs, and that in a voice of such power, that but for the incessant "pat, pat, pat" of the cars, everybody could have heard.

"I see that he is in mourning," I observed.

"Yes—for his wife."

I was mentally exclaiming "poor man!" when she cut my condolence short, by saying:

"It was a very unhappy match indeed. It seems she loved him very much, but he didn't care about her as a man should who takes a wife. It happened in this way. Miss H. was a beautiful girl. She was thrown into his society, he was kind and attentive, as you might see it was natural for him to be—she fell deeply in love; her health, even her mind was threatened. The case was represented to him; he felt deeply under obligation, and finally married her. But it was dreadful, dreadful, I assure you! Years and years she has been always on the verge of

insanity. He has been a kind husband, though not of course, a happy man. Every thing was done for her that could be done, but she lost all her beauty, all her health, and died about eighteen months ago. Though he is perfectly polite, he doesn't seem to care about addressing unmarried ladies at all, but confines his attentions exclusively to the married friends of his acquaintance."

"I should think it would create some jealousy," was my thoughtless reply.

"O, you don't know him!" said Mrs. Van Lester, "or you wouldn't say that; he is the soul of honor."

My cheeks were already burning for my foolish speech, but I took refuge under the thought that I was a stranger.

"Do you go to Langford?" The question startled me; there had been a long silence, during which my thoughts had travelled back towards home. I was just deep in a vision of Jessie with her hands in the dough—Sid, eating bread and butter—mother darning or knitting with a sad face, and Nelly singing some mournful melody connected with thoughts of absence. Quite as a matter of course, I replied:

"Yes, madam—I am going there to teach school."

My travelling friend raised her eyebrows, took another deliberate survey of my cheap muslin dress, scanned my face again, looked dissatisfied, and—did not speak to me again during the remainder of the journey.

EPISTOLARY.

IN MY SCHOOL-ROOM.

"To NELLY,—Yes, I'm fairly in for it, Nell—an established country schoolmarm. I'm snatching a few moments while the children are at recess to tell you something about it. My youngest scholar is two years and a half old,—a boy with a big head always covered with blue bruises. I have to appoint a special monitor to stand over him and keep him from tumbling, for he sleeps about all the time. Prepare to laugh. My oldest scholar is a green youth of *twenty-two*. When his eyes are not on his book, they are fixed upon me, and I am puzzled to know which are opened widest, his eyes or his mouth. He is more than five feet high, and sits a dozen inches or so from the floor. I am obliged to exercise all my philosophy to keep from laughing whenever I glance that way. But I shall get accustomed to it. There are some rose-buds here, beautiful with color and fragrance, and considerable dog-weed in the shape of gawky, ill-mannered youth—but I shall strive to be impartial. My boarding-house is a pleasant one—my landlady in every

sense of the word a *lady*, pretty, delicate, agreeable, and inconsolable on account of her husband, now dead five years. A lawyer, who once knew father boards here, a contented old bachelor of forty. He says he is determined to make my stay pleasant, and has already introduced me to several people of note, among them my queer travelling companion. I told you about Mrs. Van Lester, who turns out to be the wife of a very rich merchant tailor. I don't like her "pretty well," as one of my little rose-buds says, but she tries to make herself agreeable. I have not yet met with the great man, Williston the honorable, but have seen his son, Hal Williston, who was pleased to give me an admiring stare, and has since taken the trouble to drag his delicate frame by the school-house at least once a day, managing in some way to get a glance at the interior of the school-room.

"I have the advantage of being benefited by the tasteful plans of my predecessor. It seems they gave her a mean building, black with age, inconvenient, hot in summer, cold in winter, in spite of the forest wood piled up hereabouts. So she, being one of the best sort of strong-minded women, battled for her rights until she had this handsome little edifice built in the midst of shady trees, and planted about with vines and rose bushes. She had been installed in the very desk where I am now sitting, just six months, when she foolishly gave up her independence and married the minister. So you see there is a possibility of making good matches here. Nelly, do you sing yet? I hope so. Keep our poor little piano in tune with the money that accompanies this, and practise as constantly as though I were there to oversee you. Tell mother the lace is for her; make her a tasteful cap. The sixpence put into Sid's hands, and do for once let him have his fill of candy. Jessie and you accept my love till I have something—I won't say better, but—in addition to send you.

"Very truly yours,

"LIZZIE WENTWORTH."

NARRATIVE.

The day had been neither hot nor uncomfortable. The new teacher, as she closed the gate leading from the school-yard into the road, paused a moment to catch the still beauty of the scene, to inhale the rare perfume of the sweet brier. Three softly crowned hills were reddening to the west with the rays of the setting sun. Between them intervened a tiny valley—the ground swelled softly to a gentle ascent—pretty dwellings with gardens filled with varied colors, and fields rich with summer grain,

stood at pleasant distances apart. Lizzie Wentworth, wearied as she was, felt a freshening sense of delight as her glance fell yearningly eastward in the direction of her home. The sky was flooded with gold and purple—the shadows were creeping along with lengthened tread—the crickets were beginning their soothing song, and all sights and sounds contributed balm to the tired frame and the sad spirit. Lizzie had lingered much beyond her time in the pretty school-house that afternoon, lingered till the little girls who always claimed the privilege of a walk home with teacher, had strolled onward, gradually giving her up. She had been sitting with bowed head, thinking—thinking dejectedly over an open letter she had received from home. They had all been sick, one or two of them dangerously. How cruel she thought it of them not to tell her. If any had died and she had not been there, what bitterness of spirit would have been her portion. They were, however, all better. But the bills were frightful—they had very hard work to get along, and her quarter's salary would not be due for a month. So, to her, before she left her desk, the world had seemed very dark, and trouble threatening on all sides, but the calm beauty of nature led her thoughts up to God. As she walked slowly onward, she saw two persons approaching; they seemed in earnest conversation together. One of them was the tall, commanding figure of the senator, who had but recently returned; the other was the young clergyman whom she knew very well. They paused as they met, and then and there with heightened color, was presented to the Honorable Mr. Williston. With heightened color, I say, because she had already suffered from the attentions of his son, a handsome and wild young man with plenty of undisciplined good in him, and perhaps as much undisciplined evil. He had taken it into his brain, which was neither vain nor empty, but rash and impetuous, to admire her very much, thereby causing some scandal and more flutter among the marriageable young ladies in Langford—in particular Emma Van Lester, of whose house the young man had become quite an inmate before her advent. Lizzie did not really know what an extraordinary face she possessed—how winning, how full of intelligence, the soul's best beauty, it was! As eye answered eye in her mirror, she saw only the quiet reflection of a face—she did not see it when it smiled, spoke—sparkled with sudden delight, saddened with sympathetic feeling. She had not long passed the senator before she came in sight of his sumptuous house. How white and castle-like it was, standing upon an elevation

overlooking all the most striking points of that region. How every pane turned with a hectic crimson, as the sun touched it with his paling fire. What noble pillars in front! What sumptuous hangings at the broad windows! "He has more than heart can wish," sighed Lizzie, "while at home they have come to their last loaf. Sick, and in a strange place—what can I do for them?"

She saw clearly that she must ask for an advance, and though her heart failed her, she set resolutely about it, succeeded, and sent home the fruits of her hard labor.

EPISTOLARY.

IN OUR OWN LITTLE ROOM.

"DEAR LIZZIE,—We were so glad when the money came! You should have seen us. Mother laughed and cried (she is not quite well yet), for the flour barrel was scraped yesterday till there was actually splinters in the bread. Now we have paid up our few little debts—they made mama sick—bought shoes and a cap for Sid, and improved ourselves generally. We shall do I guess till you send again. Meanwhile we are all at work trying to raise funds. Jessie has taken some sewing privately. I have one scholar, (and take my pay in dry goods—O, dear me!—we have all got new calicoes) and mama, well, she helps with the work when she's well. Lizzie, what do you think? I've had an offer! But—not an offer of marriage. A gentleman is spending the summer here who is said to be the great singer in an opera troupe. He is very handsome, coal black eyes and beautiful features. He heard me singing all by myself one night, and got an introduction (as he was pleased to say) on the strength of my beautiful voice. He really does praise it so highly, using all manner of scientific terms—and he is so gentlemanly. Well, he wants to teach me so that I may sing in public, perhaps in opera. I almost know what you will say—but I am very anxious. And then, he is so gentlemanly—but I believe I told you that before. Mother is pleased with him, only Jessie dislikes him. I don't see the reason, but she says she cannot bear him. Your letters are very precious. I wish you wouldn't speak so slightly of that senator's son. Why can't you like him, marry him, and let me come and live with you? Or else—we've been laughing at this—you marry the father, and save the son for me! There! disliking to correspond as I do, I've written a pretty long letter. Jessie, for a wonder, is not making bread, or darning stockings, or doing any work. What do you think? She is sitting at the piano, making all sorts of noises. I am going to a party to-night; hardly

well enough, but I must have some fun. The singer will be there I expect. Mr. (it's a funny name) Lebroughth—pronounced Lebro. Why couldn't they spell it so, and done with it? Mama is just coming in with the table-cloth in her hand, so I must close. You would think us all rather pale for us—. Most truly yours,

"NELLY WENTWORTH."

NARRATIVE.

This letter found Lizzie preparing for a party, also. It was in September. The weather was delightful, though somewhat cool. Lizzie was not quite happy now, and the little missive did not tend to make her any more comfortable. It was the second time the family had been in trouble—the second time that she had been obliged to ask for an advance, and she was anxious and worried. This constant drain upon her little means, though it was cheerfully submitted to, yet compelled her to dress almost meanly, for she had turned, and trimmed, and managed the old dresses till she had been obliged to get a new one, and her purse was entirely empty. To-night she looked very sweet in her fresh, new silk, and with the one white, hot-house rose in her hair, as she sat now smiling, now thoughtful, twice reading her sister's letter.

"It won't do!" she exclaimed with energy. "O, who will warn her? She, so beautiful—with such a glorious gift—thoughtless, clinging, sensitive—no father's hand to guide; and mother, that gentlest of mothers, but taking little care—thinking little of such things—and this handsome foreigner—perhaps unprincipled—it won't do. I must say a decided no;—get her here—do anything to draw her from his influence. O, if my father had but lived!" She bowed her head upon her hands for a moment, and then strove for self-command.

It was a brilliant gathering. Miss Wentworth was decidedly a favorite. Would Miss Wentworth play? Would Miss Wentworth sing? Did not Miss Wentworth look beautifully?—to which none but Emma Van Lester answered a spiteful "no. What did she want to intrude herself upon good society for? She was only a school teacher—no money, no talents, no particular beauty that she saw. And as to that peculiar lighting up of the face that everybody spoke of—well, she guessed she had a temper."

To-night, however, Lizzie Wentworth, usually the life of the circle, was sad; her smiles were forced, her eyes heavy.

"It strikes me the face is somewhat familiar," said the Honorable Mr. Williston, to a friend. "O, I remember now—I was introduced to her

some little time since. The school teacher, is she not?"

The senator looked at his son as he said this. He marked how eagerly the strained eye followed her every movement; he saw the flush come and go, the haughty lip tremble.

"You are acquainted with her," he ventured to remark.

"Yes, sir—to my sorrow," answered his son, his lip trembling worse yet.

The senator drew him aside, and heard in almost fierce words that he loved her, and that his snit had been rejected.

"And now, sir," he said, with a short, wild laugh, "the coast is clear; she may look with more favor upon the father than the son."

Mr. Williston frowned. The speech displeased him, and he turned proudly away. Hal was naturally noble and generous; he laid his hand on his father's arm, and said:

"Forgive me, sir; I forgot myself."

And yet, indignant as Senator Williston had been at the moment, those words followed—haunted him. "She may look with more favor upon the father." He turned to where she stood. At that moment, strangely enough, no one was monopolizing her attention. She stood, perhaps listening to a simple song—perhaps not, for her dark eyes were fixed upon vacancy; there was a pensiveness about her that appealed irresistibly to his heart—the lips looked almost grieved. There may have been magnetism in that glance; certain it is that as she lifted her eyes, they fell full upon his, and then, after that peculiar fascination of sight, which all have experienced on some occasion, a real color mounted to her face.

"She is very much annoyed to see me watch her so steadily—it is vexatious!" exclaimed the senator to himself, turning away.

EPISTOLARY.

"DEAR NELLY,—Your letter came day before yesterday, and made me both glad and sorry, as my money made mama. In the first place, dear sister—NO! You know what I mean—the learning to be a public singer. Not if I can help it, dearest. I do not say by this, that the position is not respectable and honorable—almost always remunerative—but you are not by nature fitted for such a place. You are too sensitive—if I must say it—too beautiful. You must be shrouded in some sweet home, away from the public gaze. Again, be careful, be very careful whom you encourage. You are inexperienced—yet very young, and not skilled in the worldly judgment both men and women need. I know nothing about this German singer, but I ask you for my

sake to be very careful. I am not afraid that you will commit any indiscretion, but how do we really know that it may not be disgraceful even to be acquainted with this man? Something tells me that you had better not receive his attentions. Jessie, with her common-sense notions, is almost always right. Listen to those who love you better than any one else can, little sister. I hear that the senator's son is about starting for Europe. There are, of course, various rumors, and I have gained the complete fill-will of Emily and Mrs. Van Lester. I am sorry, but how can I help it? I see very little of Mr. Williston; he is busied with public affairs. Very soon I will try to send you money. Keep up a good heart; maybe I shall have money enough to help you all yet. I fervently hope so. I am trying now for a vacancy in an academy forty miles off. I suppose I must see Mr. Williston about it, as I am referred to him. Under the circumstances, I feel rather delicate about calling on him, but the only way is to put an unconcerned face upon the matter—mask your heart and go ahead. Give my love to mama, Biddy, and all. Very affectionately, your sister,
 "LIZZIE WENTWORTH."

NARRATIVE.

A little room, in a little house—the house painted red—a little garden in front, a low doorway bordered with vines. In the little room Jessie, Nelly and Mrs. Wentworth sat, the two former reading over Lizzie's letter, now a week old, the latter industriously darning.

"What will Lizzie say when she knows that Mr. Lebro should have come courting our Nelly, and it turns out that he's got a wife?" cried Jessie, closing the letter.

"She'll say that he was a bad man," exclaimed Nelly, indignantly, "and I have nothing to blame myself for. I rejected him, didn't I?"

"Yes, to be sure, and it's well you did. There's five—and the biscuit to make." And up sprang Jessie after the bread-pan. Nelly meanwhile watched a coming carriage.

"I almost knew—something told me—yes, it is, it is she!" screamed Nelly, wildly, springing out to the little gate.

Jessie followed, her hands dropping flour. Lizzie, with such a glowing face was giving directions; then there was a kissing all round, and by-and-by they were snugly seated together, in their quiet sitting-room.

"Have you got the academy?" asked Nelly, untieing the strings of Lizzie's bonnet.

"No; but stoop down here a moment."

"O, Lizzie's going to be married! Mother!

Jessie! She says so—going to be married! O, Lizzie, who to?"

Lizzie's cheeks were scarlet and her eyes full of tears, but she looked so happy, as she said:

"Stoop down again, Nelly."

"O, mother, to Senator Williston! Why, I can't believe it! How came it so?"

It came so very naturally. Lizzie went to ask a favor of Senator Williston, and he, with a great deal of politeness and earnest looking towards her, said he would willingly—nay, with pleasure, make application. He would call at her house, if the answer was favorable. So, he called where Lizzie boarded, and the sweet, young girl was alone. Her trembling lips and grateful smile as she thanked him, gave him great boldness. He knew he loved her—he knew how worthy and how great she was; he wanted just such a wife, and he proposed. Lizzie had always admired him more than any man she ever saw—it doesn't take long sometimes for admiration to change to love. In her case, it was quick work, and she felt glad, proud and happy, as the kiss of betrothal pressed her brow.

"I told you she was going to get a rich husband," said Jessie, going back complacently to her dough.

"But I didn't try for it," said Lizzie, laughing. "My conscience is clear on that score. I never dreamed of it till he spoke—but, O, you will say he is noble when he comes next week; you will all love him. He knows you all, he says, I have talked so much about you—and our home shall be yours. He declares he'll make Sid a governor. Where is he?"

A pair of arms were thrown about her neck, and two lips wet with candy left an impress on her face. Sidney was a handsome rogue, and looked all of the governor.

"I told her she might have the father—who knows but I shall have the son sometime!" said Nelly, combing her curls out that night.

"I prophesy you will," rejoined Jessie.

The prophecy is fulfilled—for Lizzie is to-day called grandmother by her own sister's dear little boy; one year old.

REPENTANCE AND REMORSE.

Bad as the results have been in the world of making light of sin, those of brooding over it have been worse. Remorse has done more harm than hardihood. It is remorse which so remembers bygone faults as to paralyze the energies for doing Christ's work; for when you break a Christian's spirit, it is all over with progress. O, we want everything that is hopeful and encouraging for our work, for God knows it is not an easy one.

THE TELEGRAPH FLAG.

BY RICHARD WRIGHT.

There's a flag richly studded with brilliant stars beaming,
 Prized as life by the States of America's soil;
 There's a flag, the red cross, in its majesty streaming,
 The proud, noble ensign of Albion's isle;
 Both glorious and splendid, both hailed with devotion
 By two nations—the only FREE two in the world;
 But greater than these, on the bosom of ocean,
 The *Telegraphic Flag* at the mast-head unfurled.
 Success to the *Telegraph Flag*! may it grace
 In unparalleled beauty each *terminus* place.

Mighty project! to bind in still closer connexion
 The sands long united by commerce and trade;
 And guided by wisdom's unerring direction,
 An union of interest with fellowship made.
 Now, the CABLE, from one shore to the other extending,
 Forming mail-route direct, with a lightning power—
 The *dispatch*, submarine, some two thousand miles send—
 And receiving *reply* to the same, in the hour! [ing,
 Success to the *Telegraph Flag*! may it grace
 In unparalleled beauty, each *terminus* place.

Hail! the *Telegraph Flag*! stars and crosses combining;
 God speed it in full, perfect triumph to wave;
 Green and bright civic wreaths round each brow be en-
 twining

Of the staunch, toiling men, scientific and brave.
 Be America—England, firm, true friends for ever,
 Daily greeting each other across the great sea;
 Mutual service, their rivalry's fervent endeavor—
 The stars and cross, quartered, the flag of the free!
 Success to the *Telegraph Flag*! may it grace
 In unparalleled beauty, each *terminus* place.

LINDSAY HOUSE.

BY H. W. BENNETT.

THE princely mansion of the Lindsays exhibited a picture of quietude and repose, on one of the September mornings of 1833, that corresponded but little to its usual character of noisy cheerfulness. The reason was apparent in the fact that nearly the whole family had gone out hunting, taking with them the guests who were then staying there, with a single exception. Although the grounds at Lindsay House were beautiful, and laid out in the very perfection of English gardening, the house itself was an object of far more interest, from its antique style, its splendid paintings, and the rich and rare fragments of a former age, that had been so carefully preserved by the successive owners of the mansion.

To one of the guests, there was an object of still greater interest, in the person of Mary Lindsay, the youngest and most beautiful of the fair bevy of maidens, who made the glory of Lindsay House, and the joy and hope of its owner, as

well as his pride. If Margaret and Isabella were more stately and dignified, and the charms of Grace and Marion took the heart more by storm, with their buoyant spirits and fearless participation of outdoor sports, it was Mary who stole upon the senses, as comes a sweet south wind, laden with fragrance and bringing a soft and gentle influence, mild, yet refreshing.

On this morning, Mary had unaccountably refused to join in the sport in which she most delighted. In vain had her father pressed her to accompany him. She gently but decidedly refused to go.

"I fancy the early departure of young Harry Cavanagh has something to do with it, papa," exclaimed saucy Grace, "as he has been very attentive in this quarter."

Mary's soft eyes entreated her sister's forbearance; but the gay girl went on, in spite of the lowering cloud on the brow of Mr. Lindsay.

"It is really shameful, papa, and I think you ought to stop it. Here are Marion and myself arrived at the venerable ages of eighteen and nineteen, to say nothing of our elders here, Margaret and Belle, and none of us, I believe, have ever had an offer; at least, there is no tradition to that effect, that is at all entitled to notice! And then to think that Mary—the baby, mother still calls her—should be the first to experience that distinction—really, I am so affected that I cannot go on."

"What is all this nonsense about, Grace?" asked the father, sternly. "Do not tell me that the son of Edmund Cavanagh has dared address one of my daughters! Speak, Mary, are these idle words in your sister, or have you been so foolish as to think of this young Cavanagh, whom Leeds brought so intrusively to my house, and who, I am happy to see, has departed?"

Mary sat perfectly still—her eyes fixed upon her father's face, where she now beheld anger towards herself for the first time. Grace, affrighted by the effect of her light and careless words, followed her sisters in their pretty hunting dresses of Lincoln green to the court yard, aware that any attempt to make peace would only increase trouble for poor Mary. She cast a contrite look upon her as she left her, and Mary smiled back her pardon. Indeed, Mary could not believe that her father could hold anger towards her; although she knew that Harry Cavanagh was not a pleasant name in his memory. She knew that Harry's father, Edmund Cavanagh, had, in a moment of passion, offended Mr. Lindsay; but she could not conceive of such a matter lingering in the mind year after year; and she thought with unsuspecting childishness,

that she could soon heal the breach. Poor Mary! her sixteen years had not yet shown her the world and human nature as they are. She would have been shocked to find how much of rancor existed in her father's heart, and how well he remembered Cavanagh's offence.

The Lindsay mansion stood upon a rising ground, beneath which ran a small river. It was a large pile of buildings, having been added to and altered by each successive owner, but with the original style of architecture preserved. Inside, the spacious apartments presented grandeur combined with true English comfort. The high ceilings, wide fire-places, and immense windows, all told how much the inmates prized free ventilation. In the grand dining-room, for instance, a bay window occupied the entire end of the room, and the drawing-rooms were almost equally favored.

In one of the deep embrasures of the last-mentioned apartments, an hour or two after the hunting party had departed, Mary Lindsay was sitting with her lover. He had feigned to go away that very morning, but knowing that she was to remain at home, he had returned by another route, and found her as he expected, alone. Not until this day, had Mary entertained a doubt that Harry would be approved by her father; nor, indeed, by the sanguine light of youth, could she even now believe that he would persist in his refusal. She was telling Harry this, and together they were drawing bright pictures of the future. An hour passed all too soon, and it was scarcely a moment after, that Mr. Lindsay's horse was heard approaching the house. Mary knew his step, and nearly fainted with terror, lest her father should think that she was aware of the visit she was to receive from Cavanagh.

"Do not tremble so, Mary," said the young man; "your father is surely too just to visit any punishment upon you for what I have done. I will go this moment, and tell him all."

He rose, and walked out to the court yard, just as Mr. Lindsay approached. He met Harry with a look of resentment, while the young man hastened to explain.

"There is no need of explanation, Mr. Cavanagh. I see how much honor I may expect from one of your name. I have only to bid you good morning."

Mortified and incensed, Harry Cavanagh lingered only long enough to whisper a single sentence in Mary's ear, which she was too insensible to comprehend, and then turned down the shortest garden path to the road, where his horse was awaiting him. Mr. Lindsay carried

Mary to her chamber, and she was soon able to comprehend what had passed. Her father soothed her with tender words and caresses, and talked to her as one would to a child; and indeed, Mary was scarce more than that. Hitherto she had been petted and indulged, and no one had ever thought of her being sought by a lover. It was a manifest injustice to her elder sisters, and they resented it like an insult. But young as she was, Mr. Lindsay would not have objected, had it not been Harry Cavanagh who sought her. In other days Horace Lindsay and Edmund Cavanagh were friends. Both loved a fair and gentle girl, and for awhile Horace was preferred. He woke from a long dream of happiness to find that his friend had supplanted him in her affections. He never forgave him—never even spoke to him afterwards. The injury rankled, even when he married Mary's mother, for even then he had but half a heart to offer. And now, when he reflected that this was to be brought up anew to the memory of all those who knew his early mortification; when he thought how every one would speak of his daughter's lover as the son of her who jilted, and of him who outwitted him, the proud spirit of Horace Lindsay rose against the son as it had against the parents, and he inwardly vowed that it should not take place. But he found that Mary could not, child as she was, be intimidated by threats. She must be soothed, caressed into obedience; and he determined to appeal to her filial tenderness, rather than to her sense of duty. At all events, whatever was the cost, whatever the sacrifice, these two hearts must be separated.

Harry Cavanagh did not know of this feud, when he entered Mr. Lindsay's house as a visitor. Young Falkland Lindsay, a relative, had been invited to pass a few days at the mansion, and had declined on the score of having a young friend staying with him. Mr. Lindsay, with characteristic hospitality, had written to him to bring his friend too; and no name was spoken until the two young men arrived. Even then, Mr. Lindsay's habitual politeness could not be laid aside, and he continued to treat his unconscious guest with urbanity, until he suspected from what dropped from some one, that he had been seeking the affections of his daughter. This then, was the reason of Mary's staying away from the sport. Not a moment would he lose in commanding her to dismiss all thoughts of a Cavanagh from her heart. And with this full in his mind, he galloped home as soon as possible, meaning to take her back with him, and interest her in something more suited to her age than a lover. The sight of Harry's horse

at the gate showed him that he was too late. He did not doubt that the engagement was already made that bound his daughter to the son of his enemy. His enemy! There was not a drop of blood in Edmund Cavanagh's veins that would not have flowed as freely as water to save the life of the Horace Lindsay whom he knew in youth.

Harry returned home after leaving Mary Lindsay, on the morning of the hunt. Mr. Cavanagh's estate was about thirty miles from Mr. Lindsay's, and although it could not boast the ancient grandeur of the other, was still very pleasant, comfortable, and in many parts really beautiful.

Mr. Cavanagh was a fine, pleasant looking, elderly man, white-haired and venerable. No drop of acid was mixed with his invariable sweetness of disposition. He was uniformly kind and pleasant to all with whom he was in any sort connected. Not a feeling had he ever experienced towards Horace Lindsay, save that of kindness; and his only sorrow was that his friend should have so interpreted his position as to call him an enemy. Harry, whose confidence his father had always shared, related all that had passed in the few days which he had spent at Mr. Lindsay's.

"Alas!" said Mr. Cavanagh, "can it be that the old feud has not yet died out of Horace Lindsay's heart?"

"So it appears," answered Harry, and proceeded with his relation.

"He is wrong—always was wrong about this matter. Harry, he had been once engaged to your mother. He neglected her, and told me himself that he had lost his love for her. I never interfered, until I knew she was perfectly free from her bonds to him. Then he grew furious—accused us both of deception, and since that time I have never been able to meet his eye. He has avoided me as one would a serpent; but with all this wrong resting upon my mind, I would do anything—make any sacrifice for him I so dearly loved in youth."

"Father, will you tell Mr. Lindsay this?"

"Why should I not? I have often longed to recover his friendship, and can I do it in a better cause than the happiness of his child and mine?"

The guests had all departed from Lindsay House, and the family restored to its usual quiet ways. Mary's face was a trifle paler than its wonted hue, and her spirits had lost something of their tone. Her father had been alarmed at this, and had treated her with all possible kindness and consideration, not even mentioning their late dissension. He was alone with her now, in the pleasant, sunny, morning room, en-

livened still further by a bright wood fire. Mr. Lindsay was reading at the fireside, with a noble hound crouched beneath him on the rug, while Mary was vainly striving to busy herself with her work. It had fallen from her hand, and her father was looking at her over his book, with a pitying expression on his face. A stranger was announced, and ushered into the room. Mr. Lindsay rose and bowed with involuntary respect to the dignified, white-haired man who came towards him.

"I perceive that you do not recognize me, Mr. Lindsay," said the stranger, "and perhaps my name will bring no welcome. I am Edmund Cavanagh."

Mr. Lindsay started, and his proffered hand fell to his side.

"May I ask why Mr. Cavanagh thinks proper to awake unpleasant memories, by thus calling on one who never solicited that honor?"

"The reason lies in the unhappiness of my son—my only remaining child—and in the hope that two gray-headed men may bury the remembrance of a foolish and unfounded enmity before they die."

"Foolish and unfounded!" repeated Mr. Lindsay.

He motioned to Mary to withdraw; but she first caught an almost paternal look from the stranger, from which she augured a pleasant ending to this strange interview. What passed between her father and Mr. Cavanagh no one ever knew; but two hours afterward they came down the covered walk where she was sitting, and by the serene calm upon their faces, she knew they were reconciled. Just then, the whole bevy of sisters appeared at the gate, returned from their morning ride, and as Mary turned on hearing their voices, she was electrified by the sight of Harry Cavanagh, in the act of lifting Belle from her horse.

"Go, and meet your sisters," was all that Mr. Lindsay said, but he looked still more, and when Mary came back, it was with Harry alone. He had accompanied his father, but did not venture to approach the house, until the length of the interview convinced him that it was not a hostile one.

How sweetly looked the bride, as she stood by Harry's side in the grand drawing-room of Lindsay House, I cannot describe, although I have looked with delight upon the beautiful representations of the artist, which bring all the scenes I have recorded before the eye.

There are some men, whose enemies are to be pitied much, and their friends more.

Curious Matters.

Remarkable Death.

The awful death of Madame Palestikoff, one of the most charming amongst all that bevy of charming Russian ladies who sometimes gladdened the winters of Paris, has created a terrible shock in the circles she embellished. The unhappy lady left Paris but a short time ago on a summer tour to Germany. While stepping from the door of the opera-house, at Berlin to gain her carriage, she let fall one of her bracelets close to the pavement. Stooping to pick it up, she noticed at the time laughingly, "that one of the horses belonging to a carriage standing at hand had dropped his head so close to her face that he had touched her, and left a moist kiss upon her cheek." In a few days the unfortunate lady was taken ill with that most horrible disease, glanders, and in a few days more breathed her last, in spite of her attendance by the best physicians in Berlin, and every resource to be obtained by wealth, or by ceaseless vigilance of friends.

Humming Birds' Tongues.

The tongue of a humming bird is very curious. It has two tubes alongside of each other, like the two tubes of a double barrelled gun. At the tip of the tongue the tubes are a little separated, and their ends are shaped like spoons. The honey is spooned up, as we may say, and then it is drawn into the mouth through the long tubes of the tongue. But the bird uses its tongue another way. It catches insects with it, for it lives on these as well as on honey. It catches them in this way: the two spoons grasp the insect like a pair of tongs, and the tongue bending, puts it into the bird's mouth. The tongue, then, of the humming bird is not merely one instrument, but contains several instruments together—two pumps, two spoons, and a pair of tongs.

A Shower of Flies.

A recent number of the St. Louis Democrat says: "On the down trip of the Steamer Editor, on the Illinois, the other night, at nine o'clock, a shower or stream of the Mormon or Shad-fly poured upon her deck to the depth of six inches, and it was a very difficult matter to shovel them overboard. They were so numerous as to put out the watchman's light and envelope everything in midnight darkness. The trees along the shore looked as if borne down by these short-lived insects. The visitation is said to prognosticate a sickly season."

Singular Suicide.

Edward Cole committed suicide near St. Peter, Minnesota, under singular circumstances. He took down his gun, when by some accident it went off and killed his wife. He wrote to his son informing him of the circumstance, and telling him what disposition to make of his property. He said that himself and wife had not lived on good terms, and that as the accident on his part might be attributed to design, he would prevent any further trouble by leaving the world.

Strange Incident.

A husbandman in the little village of St. Omer, in France, recently killed a hog, in the stomach of which was discovered a silver watch and chain, that was lost two months before, and which belonged to a servant of the house. The timepiece—being of hunting pattern, well encased—was found black as coal.

A Microscopic Wonder.

We have had the pleasure of seeing recently, says the Salem Register, a microscopic photograph, which is truly a very remarkable curiosity. Upon the object glass appears a small speck, occupying the space of six by seven and a half hundredths of an inch—about the size of the square lead in an ordinary lead pencil before it is cut—appearing to the unaided vision only as a stain or slight discoloration upon the glass. But the microscope reveals it to be a complete copy of the Declaration of Independence, with the names of the signers in full, containing no less than 7860 letters, every one of which is a finished specimen of typography, and the whole, under a high magnifying power can be seen with the utmost distinctness, and read with the utmost ease. The letters are only one twenty-four hundredths of an inch in size, but are perfectly formed and elegant. This wonderful achievement of the photographic art was brought from Paris, by Mr. D. P. Ives, and is the property of Dr. George A. Perkins.

Action of the Sea.

In Clew Bay, on the western coast of Ireland, there was formerly an island called Minish, the surface of which, in the reign of Charles I., was several acres in extent, as is proved by several public documents of that period. On being measured in the year 1814, it was found to be only 420 feet long, and thirty broad. In 1816 it entirely disappeared. The island of Clare, in the immediate neighborhood, furnishes another example of the destructive action of the sea along those coasts. Bounded everywhere by cliffs of immense height, it is continually corroded by the ocean, which has worn deep caverns, into which, when agitated, it throws immense blocks of stone, detached from the cliffs, with a noise that is quite appalling.

The Shroud of Pizarro.

The Michigan Historical Society has received from Mr. C. C. Jackson a relic, which is said to be a veritable scrap of the mort cloth or shroud of Pizarro. By good fortune (says the donor) I managed one day when in Lima, the "city of the kings," to penetrate into the vaulted depths under the great altar of the old cathedral, and finally to stand by the skeleton of the great freebooter. The custodian of the remains was accessible, and I was enabled to obtain the enclosed bit of the once gorgeous cerements in which the remains were wrapped on their final burial in the place of honor.

Outlived her Legatees.

Mrs. Villette, of La Salle, was buried recently in the Catholic burying-ground at Monroe, Michigan. She was 112 years old at the time of her death. She made her will in the latter part of the last century, over sixty years ago, and what is most singular, she has outlived all the persons to whom she had bequeathed her property, several of whom were infants when the will was made, and over fifty years of age when they died.

High Waterfall.

The highest waterfall in the world is in the Sandwich Islands, and is stated to be four or five thousand feet high. The stream on which the fall occurs runs among the peaks of one of the highest mountains—so high that the water actually never reaches the bottom—so great is the distance that the water is converted into mist, and ascends to the clouds again.

A Feathered Malefactor.

Several persons while promenading a short time since on the borders of the canal, between the bridge of Charlotenbourg and the Zoological Garden of Berlin, perceived a swan, which, visibly exhausted, was swimming down the channel and endeavoring to gain the brink. But before he had arrived there, one of his companions, which was pursuing him through the waves, caught the fugitive, dragged him to the middle of the canal, and pressing his claws against the unlucky swan, seized him by the head, and plunged him very forcibly under water till death ensued. As there was no boat in the vicinity, the spectators of this scene gave chase to the murderer by throwing stones at him, but all in vain. The feathered malefactor did not shrink for a moment from the execution of his design.

Older than Parr.

Old Parr died in 1635, aged 152, having lived in ten reigns. But a greater than Parr was Henry Jenkins, of Yorkshire, who died in 1670, aged 169 years. It is recorded of this venerable man of old, that he once surprised a company who were putting questions about his age, by telling them that he had been present at the battle of Flodden Field, in 1513, and he distinctly described the circumstances as to how he had been in contact with the memorable battle. He was a boy at the period, and acted as driver to one of the wagons, which was laden with sheaves of arrows for the bowmen. The case of Jenkins is classed in the list of remarkable persons as authentic. It would be curious to know how such a person fared in life. He would certainly hold no bad bank stock, nor fret amid the consuming eagerness of a race for wealth.

Can a Man be his own Grandfather?

The query answered in the affirmative: "There was a widow and her daughter-in-law, and a man and his son. The widow married the son, and the daughter the old man; the widow was, therefore mother to her husband's father, consequently grandmother to her own husband. They had a son to whom she was great grandmother. Now as the son of a grandmother must be either a grandfather or a great uncle, this boy was therefore his own grandfather. N. B. This was actually the case with a boy at school at Norwich.

Pancake Bell.

A custom has prevailed in Haden from time immemorial, on Shrove Tuesday, to ring what is called the pancake-bell. All the apprentices in the town whose indentures terminate before the return of the above day, assemble in the belfry of the church at eleven o'clock, and in turn toll the tenor bell for an hour, at the sound of which all the housewives in the parish commence frying pancakes. The sexton, who is present, receives a small fee from each lad.

A Prodigy.

Another mathematical phenomenon has appeared. His name is Meredith Holland, and he is a native of Monroe county, Ky. It is said that he can answer any mathematical question without a moment's delay. He declares that he is conscious of no mental effort, but the answer is presented to his mind almost instantaneously with the question. Aside from this wonderful faculty he has a very ordinary and uncultivated mind.

Singular Historical Facts.

Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died on the 4th of July, 1826. John Adams died in his 91st year and was eight years older than Thomas Jefferson; Thomas Jefferson was eight years older than James Madison; James Madison was eight years older than James Monroe; James Monroe was eight years older than John Quincy Adams. The first five of our Presidents—all Revolutionary men—ended their terms of services in the 66th year of their age. Washington, born Feb. 22d, 1732; inaugurated 1789; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age; John Adams, born October 30th, 1735; inaugurated, 1797; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age; Thomas Jefferson, born April 2d, 1743; inaugurated 1804; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age; James Madison, born March 4th, 1751; inaugurated 1809; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age; James Monroe, born April 2d, 1758; inaugurated 1817; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

Curious Epitaph.

The following epitaph is upon a gravestone in Crayford churchyard, Kent:

"Here lies the body of Peter Isnell, thirty years Clerk of this parish: he lived respected, a pious and worthy man, and died on his way to Church to assist at a wedding, on the 31st August, 1811, aged 70 years. The inhabitants of Crayford raised this stone to his cheerful memory, and as a tribute to his faithful service.

"The life of this clerk was just threescore and ten,
Nearly half of which time he had sung out amen.
In his youth he was married like other young men,
But his wife died one day: so he chanted amen.
A second he took—she departed: what then?
He courted and married a third, with amen;
His joys and his sorrows were doubled: but then
His voice was deep bass as he sung out amen.
On the horn was exalted in blowing amen,
He lost all his wind at threescore and ten;
And here, with three wives, he waits till again
The trumpet shall raise him to sing out Amen."

Sir Philip Crampton's Coffin.

By the singular directions of Sir Philip Crampton, made just prior to his death, the body was placed in a solid Irish oak coffin without any lid; around this was placed a thick concrete of Roman cement, which was made to fill up all the spaces in the interior of the coffin not occupied by the body, which was covered over, and entirely imbedded in the cement, of which nearly five hundred weight was used. The heavy mass was placed within another Irish oak coffin of great strength, which was covered with fine black cloth, on the lid of which was a shield bearing the following inscription: "Sir Philip Crampton, Bart, died June 10th, 1853, aged eighty-one years."

"Big Tree Bulletin."

This is the odd-sounding and somewhat remarkable title of a paper issued at Mammoth Tree Grove, Calaveras county, California. It is published every Tuesday and Friday by John Heckendern—office on the stump of the Big Tree. In the Calaveras section of California trees are found of a size surpassing those of any other country in the world. One of these giants has been felled, and upon its stump the editor has erected a printing office, from which issues, twice a week, the Big Tree Bulletin.

The Florist.

Now comes the beautiful summer time,
And grass grows green once more,
And sparkling brooks the meadows lave
With fertilizing power.—DOCTA DE TRON'S.

Destroying Insects.

Sowing a garden with salt, at the rate of six or eight bushels to the acre, will cause many insects to disappear. It should be done in the autumn. Digging the soil in winter, and thus exposing it to the frost, will destroy many grubs, etc. Wine-mouthed bottles, partly filled with molasses and water, and hung up in the garden, make excellent traps for the moths, which are the parents of many destructive insects. The remedy is an old fashioned but good one. A bright fire of resinous pine, too, shavings, or any other combustible, kindled in the garden at night, will attract and destroy millions of bugs. Birds are among the best friends of the garden, and should by no means be destroyed, although some of them may eat raspberries and cherries. Toads live entirely upon insects, and do no harm in the garden. Induce as many as possible to make it their home.

Roses.

Now is the season in which to train roses. Those plants which have done flowering now put forth vigorous shoots, and great care should be taken to train the young wood in the proper directions. Too many shoots should not be allowed to grow—pinch off as many as you please, the plants will grow the better for it. Every fifth or sixth year the roses should be taken up, their roots shortened, and replanted in fresh soil, the old soil being removed; and every year in March, about half a barrel of well rotted manure should be laid on the surface of the ground round the stem of the tree, and spread out so as to cover the roots.

Grafting Wax.

To make grafting wax of an excellent quality, take four parts of resin, two of beeswax, and one of tallow; melt the whole together, pour the composition into cold water, and work it over thoroughly, pulling it as you would molasses candy. The hardness of the wax may be increased or lessened by adding more or less tallow. In cold weather keep the composition in warm water. In using it the hands should be slightly greased.

Pinks.

If you have any choice kind of pinks watch them carefully, and do not allow two buds to grow on the same stem; pinch off the smallest; by so doing the plants flower more vigorously, and the blossoms will be more perfect.

Evergreens.

All evergreens of a hard-wooded nature may be increased rapidly by layers in June or July. Lay down the young shoots and cover them five or six inches deep with earth, leaving the tops out three or four inches, according to their different lengths.

Hedycarum.

The French Honeysuckle. The species are mostly hardy biennials and perennials, which require only the usual treatment of their respective kinds. They will grow in any light rich soil, and are increased by division of their roots and by seed.

Flowers from Seed.

Among the flowers most interesting to raise from the seed we may mention the pansy, or heartsease. A pinch of seed sown now, and occasionally watered in dry weather till it is up, would be ready to plant out by the end of August. It will produce a great variety, from which the best may be saved. These, like many other flower-seeds, may be sown in April or May, but we sow them in all three of the months we mention; this flower in particular, because a very small garden will do for them, for they need not be planted out more than six inches apart.

Hot-House Climbers.

All the most beautiful hot-house climbers, such as the *Allamanda Cathartica*, the *Ipomoea Horsfalliae*, *Petrea Volubilis*, etc., may be grown in the open air, by keeping their roots in heat; that is to say, if the roots are grown in a stove, or pit heated with hot water or fires of stove heat; the stems may be brought through some opening purposely contrived, and twined over a trellis in the open garden.

Young Trees.

Young trees, two or three years from the seed, or one year from the graft, are not infrequently headed down to two or three buds on purpose to strengthen their growth. A single bud is then trained vertically, and the rest pruned away in the course of the summer. In such cases, the growth of the top being attended with a corresponding increase of fibrous roots, the tree at once becomes vigorous and healthy.

Petunias.

No class of summer flowers better repay the small care they require, than petunias; they are a mass of bright fragrant blossoms from June to November, and are a great addition to any flower garden, whether planted in patches, vases or pots. There are many varieties of petunias, all beautiful and very hardy. A bed of choice plants in full bloom is a beautiful sight.

The Vegetable Garden.

We must not, in our love of flowers, forget the vegetable garden, although little is required besides frequent hoeing between the different crops; rain closes the surface of the soil, and it is of the greatest benefit to the roots of everything to loosen this and let in air; another great advantage attending it is that it keeps the weeds from growing, and leaves the surface clean.

Plants in the House.

Those who grow plants in dwelling-houses frequently have a neat wire stand inside, instead of confining themselves to the windows. In this case it must be placed so that it shall get all the light; if not, the plants will draw up weakly, and the leaves get pale; and if the room be confined they will suffer still more rapidly.

Asperula.

Woodroof or Woodruff. A hardy herbaceous plant, which deserves culture for its beautiful, sweet-scented white flowers. It is very suitable for rock-work on a large scale, though it increases so rapidly by shoots from the roots as to overrun a small rockery.

Apples.

Certain kinds of apples bear moderately every year. The *Belle-fleur* and *Holland Pippin* are the choicest.

Saving Seeds.

Choose the best plants for seeds—the most *true to their kind*, and the most perfectly developed; allow the seeds to become entirely ripe before gathering them; gather when dry, and especially take care that they are perfectly dry when put up; store them in paper bags carefully labelled, and keep them in a dry cool place. Great care is necessary in raising seeds to procure the sorts unmixed, as varieties of the same species or similar species are almost sure to mix if planted near each other. If you raise more than one kind of pumpkin, melon, squash or corn in the same garden, you cannot be sure of pure seed.

Grafting.

Grafting may be performed at almost any season of the year with scions properly kept; but by far the best time in our climate is from the middle of February, in mild weather, all along until the middle of May at the North, and till the end of March at the South—stone fruits first, and other fruits somewhat later. To produce dwarf trees, apple is grafted upon paradise (or doncin) stocks; the pear upon the quince, thorn, shad-bush or mountain ash; the peach upon the plum; the cherry upon the cerasus mahaleb, and in general, any tree upon any other kindred tree of slower or smaller growth.

Mulching.

Mulching is placing mulch or moist litter of various kinds upon the surface of the soil over the roots of trees, shrubs and herbaceous plants, and is very beneficial. Its uses are the retention of moisture, the prevention of injury by frost, and the promotion of an equable temperature. Strawberries thinly mulched, the crown being uncovered, are rendered more productive and continue longer in beauty, especially in hot, dry climates. Newly planted fruit trees are often greatly benefited by mulching.

Ants.

Ants are very great enemies to flowers and flower seeds; but there is no way to attack them save in their own strongholds, which must be done ruthlessly. The best method is to pour boiling soap suds upon the ant hills, which destroys both the insects and the eggs within the nest. In some places the ants are large and abundant, and they quickly destroy the beauty of a flower by attacking the root and heart.

Frankenia.

Sea-Heath. Dwarf perennials, which should be grown in pots, or on rock-work, in a mixture of loam and peat, and which are increased by seeds or cuttings. The foliage is light and graceful, having some resemblance to the most delicate species of ferns.

Gooseberry Bushes.

To prevent the gooseberry from being attacked by mildew, cover the ground around the roots with a stratum of salt hay, two or three inches thick, and allow it to remain through the season. Irrigation once a week with soap suds, taking care to sprinkle all the foliage with the liquid, will also be beneficial.

Muscari.

The Grape Hyacinth. Bulbous-rooted plants that require only planting in common garden soil, where they may remain several years, flowering every year in succession, without any care being necessary in taking them up.

Layering.

To increase flowering shrubs, rose-bushes, or any plant by layering, dig the ground around it to a good depth; then, with a sharp knife cut between the two joints, half through the stalk or branch, on the under part; turn the edge of the knife upward, and make a slit, carrying it past the first joint, half way to the next one; make a hollow in the ground, and insert the cut part from one to two inches deep, keeping the branch perpendicular, and the slit open. Each layer should be pegged down with a hooked stick made from a twig.

Watering Plants.

Never water flowers or plants when the sun is on them; as it causes them to pine. Always let the water stand in the sun if drawn from a well, until the chill is taken off. There is a very nice flower-pot, recently invented, with a sloping shelf half way down the outside, so that it will hold water; but holes are perforated at the bottom of this gutter through the sides of the pot, so that the soil can be wetted half way down at the same time that it is watered at the top.

Slips and Cuttings.

To raise hardy flowering shrubs by slips or cuttings, let a border be prepared in a shaded and sheltered situation, by mining and deep digging. Provide cuttings about a foot long, insert them in the ground full one third their length, press the ground around the stems, and rake it smooth. If this is done in the spring, with watering in hot weather, and hoeing occasionally, they will be rooted by autumn. If made in autumn, they should be protected by leaves, straw or litter.

Pink culture.

If you water pinks too much their roots become rotten, and if you suffer them to become too dry, they become diseased. Beware of extremes. The best way is to keep them just moist. The tendency of pinks is to spread out flat, but if allowed to do so the plants droop and dwindle; better keep them tied up to little sticks. The leaves of fine pinks should be rounded, not pointed.

Scions.

Scions are of two sorts; those properly so called, and buds. A scion is a cutting or portion of a plant caused to grow upon another plant, from which it extracts fluid for its leaf buds, and thus becomes gradually united to it.

Cuttings.

Cuttings should be made from shoots or stalks of a prior year's growth. Those that are well ripened should be selected, having joints not far apart, cut so as to have three or four joints in each.

Suckers.

Suckers are in reality young plants connected with the parent at the root, which should be carefully separated and transplanted.

Layers.

Layers differ from cuttings in nothing except that they strike root in the soil while yet adhering to the parent plant.

Budding Roses.

Budding is best performed on rose-trees in August, as the buds are generally matured, so that the bark parts freely from the wood.

The Housewife.

Wild Fowl.

The flavor of wild fowl is best preserved by not stuffing them; put into each, pepper, salt, and a bit of butter. Wild fowl do not require so much dressing as tame; they should be done of a fine color, and nicely frothed. A rich brown gravy should be served in the dish, and when the breast is cut into slices, before it is taken from the bone, it will be much improved by a squeeze of lemon, some salt and pepper. If you wish to take off the fishy smell which these birds frequently have, put an onion, salt, and hot water into the dripping pan, and for the first ten minutes baste them with this; then remove the pan, and keep constantly basting with butter.

Lemon Marmalade.

Allow to a pound of lemons eighteen ounces of fine loaf sugar; grate the rind of a few; cut them into half; squeeze and strain the juice; boil the skins in two quarts of water slowly, till reduced to one pint; scoop out the pulp and white part; cut half into thin chips or parings, and pound the other half in a mortar; pound the sugar, and pour over it the juice; stir, and let it boil for five minutes; skim it; take it off the fire; put in the parings and the pounded skins; boil it for five minutes, then add the grated peel, and let it boil for five minutes more; take it off, and stir it till half cold, before putting it into jars.

Rolls.

Rub into a pound of sifted flour, two ounces of butter; beat the whites of three eggs to a froth, and add a tablespoonful of good yeast, a little salt, and sufficient warm milk to make a stiff dough. Cover and put it where it will be kept warm, and it will rise in an hour. Then make it into rolls, or round cakes; put them on a floured tin, and bake in a quick oven or stove. They will be done in ten or fifteen minutes.

Effervescing Lemonade.

Tartaric acid, 50 parts; bicarbonate of soda, 30 parts; powdered lump-sugar, 200 parts; essence of lemon to flavor. Mix in fine powder and keep it dry, if for powders; but if for bottling, put it into a soda-water bottle, and fill it up with water; cork down as quick as possible. This may also be made in the same way as soda-water, only adding the extra articles.

To procure Green Peas in Winter.

Take the peas when they are plenty, shell them, wash and scald in hot water, then drain, put them into bottles, and pour strong brine on them until they are perfectly covered; over this pour a thin layer of good salad oil, and cork tight, then dip the corks into melted pitch. The bottles should be quite full and kept upright.

Candles.

Prepare your wicks about half the usual size, wet with spirits of turpentine, put them into the sun until dry, then mould or dip your candles. Candles thus made last longer, and give a much clearer light. In fact they are nearly or quite equal to sperm, in clearness of light.

Ink Stains.

To remove stains of ink from the hands, rub them immediately with salt and lemon juice mixed together.

Orange Marmalade.

The juice of two dozen sweet oranges, and one dozen bitter oranges; the peels (rinds) of twelve sweet, and six bitter oranges; and five pounds and a half of sugar. Boil the rinds in two quarts of water slowly, till reduced to one pint. This will take an hour and a half, and in this time the rinds will be soft. Mix the pint of rind-water with the orange-juice and sugar, and put it on the fire. Cut the rinds into chips; and when the syrup boils, add them, and boil slowly twenty minutes. Put the marmalade in small jars, tie dry paper over, and keep in a dry place. In paring the oranges leave a little white on the rinds. The syrup of this marmalade is quite clear and thick, and the receipt is much liked.

Pigeons.

Pigeons are better for being freshly cooked; their flavor passes off in a day or two. When cleaned and ready for roasting, prepare some stuffing of bread crumbs and about three oysters to each bird, a spoonful of butter, a little salt and nutmeg. Mix these well together, and fill the belly of the bird. They must be well basted with melted butter, and require thirty minutes careful cooking. When full grown, and in the autumn, they are best. For a sauce, take the gravy which runs from them, thicken with a very little flour and some chopped parsley. Serve hot. This bird is in perfection when it has just done growing.

An Irish Stew.

Take a loin of mutton, cut it into chops, season it with a very little pepper and salt, put it into a saucepan, just cover it with water and let it cook half an hour. Boil two dozen of potatoes, peel and mash them, and stir in a cup of cream while they are hot; then line a deep dish with the potatoes, and lay in the cooked mutton chops, and cover them over with the rest of the potatoes; then set it in the oven to bake. Make some gravy of the broth in which the chops were cooked. This is a very nice dish.

Maccaroni Cordial.

This favorite French liqueur is very little known abroad. Put into half a pint of spirits of wine half an ounce of the oil of bitter almonds; shake it up two or three times a day for three days; infuse the above for ten days, with one ounce of Spanish angelica root, in three gallons of brandy, one drachm of the essence of lemon, three quarts of clarified sugar, two quarts of mille-feur-water and five quarts of soft water, then filter the whole through a bag.

Cream of Roses.

Oil of almonds, 1 pound; rosewater, 1 pint; white wax and spermaceti, each, 1 ounce. Mix in a pipkin with a little heat, then add essence of neroli, 20 drops; otto of roses, 15 drops. Put it into pots and tie it over with skin or oiled leather.

Nutmeg Pudding.

Pound, fine, two large or three small nutmegs; melt three pounds of butter, and stir into it half a pound of loaf-sugar, a little wine, the yolks of five eggs, well beaten, and the nutmegs. Bake on a puff paste.

Camphorated Vinegar.

To make camphorated vinegar, reduce half an ounce of camphor to a very fine powder, mix it with a little rectified spirit, and dissolve it in six ounces of acetic acid.

To Bake a Ham.

Put the ham in soak previous to dressing it; if an old one, two hours will be required, but if not very old, an hour will suffice. Wipe it very dry, and cover it with a paste about an inch in thickness. The edges being first moistened must be drawn together, and made to adhere, or the gravy will escape. Bake it in a regular, well-heated oven; it will take from three to six hours, according to its weight; when done remove the paste, and then the skin. This must be done while the ham is hot. If well baked and not too salt, it will prove of finer flavor than if boiled.

A cheap Filter.

Put a piece of sponge at the bottom of a large flower pot, and fill the pot three-quarters full with clean, sharp sand and small pieces of charcoal, mixed in equal parts. Lay upon this mixture a piece of linen or woolen cloth, so as to hang over the sides. The water poured through this will come out at the bottom clean and pure. The cloth must be kept clean, and the sand and charcoal, as well as the sponge, washed and occasionally changed,

French Mustard.

French mustard is frequently made as follows: one ounce of mustard, two pinches of salt, and a large wine-glass full of boiling water are mixed, and allowed to stand for twenty-four hours. Then pound in a mortar one clove of garlic, a small handful of tarragon, another of garden-oreg, and add these ingredients to the mustard, putting vinegar according to taste.

Buckwheat Cakes.

To one quart of buckwheat flour add half a cup of yeast, a cup of cream, a table-spoonful of salt, and make a thin batter with warm water. After beating them well together, set the mixture to rise for about eight hours; heat the griddle and rub it with a dry cloth well saturated with salt. Bake in small cakes.

Unbolted Wheat Bread.

To five pounds of flour well mixed with nearly a table-spoonful of salt, add a cup and a half of yeast, a cup of molasses, and about a pint of warm water. Unbolted wheat bread is more wholesome than bolted wheat. It should be upon every table, and eaten at least a part of the time.

Currant Jelly.

Take of red or black currant juice one pound, sugar six ounces. Boil them down to a jelly; it will want two hours' boiling with the above quantity of sugar. The liquor poured off when making jam will settle into a jelly. To try it, put a drop on a cold plate, and see it congeal.

To remove Stains from Books.

To remove ink spots, apply a solution of oxalic, citric, or tartaric acid. To remove spots of grease, wax, oil, or fat, wash the injured part with ether, and place it between white blotting-paper. Then, with a hot iron, press above the part stained.

Gooseberry Jam.

To every quart of ripe red gooseberries use two pounds of sugar, bruise the fruit, and boil it with the sugar, until upon taking a little up and letting it cool, it will be found to set into a stiff jam. Half an hour's boiling is sufficient.

Batter Pudding.

Take six ounces of fine flour, a little salt, and three eggs; beat it up well with a little milk, added by degrees till the batter is quite smooth; make it the thickness of cream; put it into a buttered pie-dish, and bake three quarters of an hour; or, in a buttered and floured basin, tied over tight with a cloth; boil one hour and a half or two hours. Any kind of ripe fruit that you like may be added to the batter—only you must make the batter a little stiffer. Blueberries, or finely-chopped apple, are most usually liked.

Lobster Sauce.

Put the spawn of a lobster into a mortar, with a bit of butter and well pound it; then rub it through a fine sieve; put some butter sauce into a stewpan, and the spawn of the lobster; set it on the fire till it is very hot, and looks quite smooth and red; if not smooth, pass it through a sieve; then put in the meat of the lobster, cut into small slices; make it very hot; squeeze in a little lemon juice, and serve.

Oyster Sauce.

Save the liquor in opening the oysters, and boil it with a bit of mace and lemon peel. In the meantime, throw the oysters into cold water, and drain it off. Strain the liquor, and put it into a saucepan with them, and as much butter, mixed with a little milk, as will make sauce enough; but first rub a little flour with it.

Dyspepsia Bread.

The following receipt for making bread, has proved highly salutary to persons afflicted with dyspepsia, viz:—Three quarts unbolted wheat meal; one quart soft water, warm, but not hot; one gill of fresh yeast; one gill of molasses, or not, as may suit the taste; one teaspoonful of saleratus.

Cauliflower.

Choose one that is white; take off the outside leaves, put it in boiling water with some salt. Skim and boil it slowly; when done, take it up in a colander, and press out the water. Put it in a vegetable dish, cover with drawn butter, and serve while hot.

Pickled Eggs.

Boil one dozen eggs until hard; put them in cold water, take off the shells, put them in a jar with half an ounce of mace, the same of cloves, allspice and whole pepper. Season your vinegar with salt to taste; heat it, and pour it over when cold.

Tomatoes dressed as Cucumbers.

Pour boiling water over and let them stand a few minutes. Take them out, remove the skins, and when they become cold, slice them and season with salt and red pepper. A little vinegar may be added for those who like it.

Lemon Cake.

Beat to a foam three cups of sugar, and two of rich cream; add the yolks of three well-beaten eggs, the juice and grated peel of a lemon, and the whites of five eggs. Add to these four cups of flour as lightly as possible. Bake half an hour.

Corn Pie.

To twelve ears of green corn grated, add half a pint of rich cream, two eggs, salt to the taste, a little mace, and a pickled lobster. Stir all together, and bake it with or without thin paste.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A YOUNG HERO.

A little boy in Holland was returning one night from a village to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, when he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the dike. He stopped and thought what the consequences would be if the hole was not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell the sad disasters which happened from such small beginnings; how, in a few hours, the opening would become bigger and bigger, and let in the mighty mass of waters pressing on the dike, until the whole defence being washed away, the rolling, dashing, angry waters would sweep on to the next village, destroying life and property, and everything in its way. Should he run home and alarm the villagers, it would be dark before they could arrive, and the hole might even then be so large as to defy all attempts to close it. Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently awaited the approach of some villager. But no one came. Hour after hour rolled by, yet there sat the heroic boy, in cold and darkness, shivering, wet, and tired, but stoutly pressing his hand against the dangerous breach. All night he stayed at his post. At last the morning broke. A clergyman walking up the canal heard a groan, and looked round to see where it came from. "Why are you there, my child?" he asked, seeing the boy, and surprised at his strange position. "I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the village from being drowned," answered the child, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could scarcely speak. The astonished minister relieved the boy. The dike was closed, and the danger which threatened hundreds of lives was prevented.

A TRUTH.—The present evil is often the husk in which Providence has enclosed the germ of future prosperity.

SIMILARITY.—In the United States there are said to be six thousand brokers and six thousand barbers.

RESOLUTION.—There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him who is brave in heart and determined in spirit.

LIEBIG.

The following account of the eminent chemist, Liebig, is from a European correspondent of Moore's Rural New Yorker:—"On the last day which I passed in Munich, I went to hear the world-renowned chemist, Liebig, lecture. His laboratory and lecture-room are in the same house in which he resides. When he entered the lecture-room the students all rose to receive him, and he acknowledged their attention with a polite bow. He wore a black dress coat and white pantaloons. Liebig is a fine, intellectual-looking man, tall though not broad; has iron-gray hair, which has fallen off from his broad and projecting forehead; he wears no beard. He lectures in a very conversational manner, part of the time sitting; makes many gestures, and good ones too. His face is expressive. He is indeed a good deal of an orator, and perhaps the best popular lecturer in Germany. Liebig was 56 years old on the 12th of May, 1857. He was born in Darmstadt, and at the age of 21 was made professor at Giessen. In 1852 he came to Munich. Between the years 1832 and 1856 he published one hundred and seventy-seven papers, many of which were very elaborate. He is said to be proud and overbearing; he is, however, on the side of progress, and heads the reform party in the University."

INDECISION.—The most remarkable instance of indecision we ever heard of, was that of the man who sat up all night, because he could not decide which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

THE BUSYBODY.—He labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity—save that some say, "It was a pity he died no sooner."

HAPPINESS.—If you cannot be happy in one way you can in another. This is not an affair of philosophy, but of health and good humor.

PERSONAL VANITY.—We all unconscious of our own defects. The hunchback does not see the protuberance on his own shoulders.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

The most wonderful triumph of human genius that the present age has witnessed, has lately been accomplished, in the laying of the Electric Telegraph Cable from Europe to America, beneath the deep waters of the Atlantic. This triumph is not simply the submerging a continuous line of cable beneath the ocean waves,—an exploit difficult enough in itself; but it relates back to the sublime discovery which appropriated the mysterious and noble agent called electricity, to the instantaneous transmission of human language to distant points, along a conducting wire. The application of this wonderful power to a wire cable stretching for thousands of miles along the bed of the ocean, and buried for miles beneath its boisterous surface, is the triumph of human skill and industry, which has just been heralded to the world. The triumph is complete. Time and distance have been overcome, and man speaks to man across the raging ocean, as though standing face to face and grasping him by the hand.

To the indomitable energy of Cyrus W. Field, is the world indebted for the accomplishment of this stupendous achievement. He it was that took up the suggestion of electric communication between Europe and America, and gave to it a practical realization. Amidst coldness and incredulity he persevered, until at length he enlisted the capitalists of Great Britain and of this country in the undertaking, and procured the essential aid of the national vessels of the two countries in making the attempt. Yet, hard as was his task, to bring about this combination of private capital and government assistance upon an enterprise of such unsurpassed magnitude, and so entirely novel, it was as nothing compared to the ordeal of mental anxiety and toil which awaited him, after the means were placed within his reach. The work was now before him, and the experiment was to be tried, whether he was equal to the task of organizing the forces placed at his disposal, and directing them to a successful result. Trial after trial was made with the apparatus which was provided for the work, and failure after failure took place. In addition to the mechanical obstacles which from time to time revealed themselves, and caused these failures; in addition to the unanticipated raging of the elements, to such a degree as almost to swamp the vessels in mid-ocean, were arrayed against him the solemn doubts and sage misgivings of men of science, who prognosticated that the electric laws would forbid the operation of the ocean cable, even if successfully laid. He had the faith to stand up against all

such disasters and forebodings, the courage to hold his mind steadily to the end in view, in spite of every obstacle; and the manly fortitude to call for a sixth attempt after five had failed. The sixth has been made; and pealing bells and thundering cannon, all over both continents, have announced and celebrated its successful result.

The British Frigate *Agamemnon*, and the United States Frigate *Niagara*, joined their respective ends of the telegraphic cable in mid-ocean, on Thursday afternoon, July 29th, and in seven days, viz., on Thursday, August 5th, they landed the opposite ends on the European and American coasts. The total amount of cable paid out by the *Agamemnon*, between the point of junction in mid-ocean and the Irish coast, was 1010 miles, and the length paid out by the *Niagara*, between the same point and the American coast, was 1016 miles. During the momentous seven days while the work was going on, Mr. Field, who was on board the *Niagara*, kept a daily journal of its progress. Our readers can imagine the intense anxiety with which he watched the slow movement of the cable over the vessel's stern day and night, during that period, and listened to the frequent reports of the electricians as to the state of the communication between the two ends of the twenty-two hundred miles of cable that lay coiled upon the decks of two vessels, or submerged at the bottom of the sea. On the evening of the first day, there was a complete failure of electric communication; the depth of the sea being nearly ten thousand feet, and the vessels twenty-five miles apart. But he was not disheartened even at this appalling indication, and "kept paying out very slowly, and constantly applying all kinds of electrical tests." In two hours the light of hope again dawned upon him. The cheering certainty that the connection was restored, was indicated by the renewal of electric signals from the *Agamemnon*, and the joyful order was given to renew the usual speed. Again, at midnight on the fifth day, when the ships were over twelve hundred miles apart, imperfect electrical action was a second time discovered, indicating that some part of the wire was not properly insulated. Here was another sad foreboding of ultimate failure; for where might not the imperfection be? Why not at the bottom of the ocean, and caused by some injury to the cable? Fortunately, the imperfect portion was discovered to be on board the ship, and within sixty miles of the lower end, which was at once cut out from the coil, and removed from the circuit. Perfect insulation again appeared, and the current run through the

whole length, from vessel to vessel, with undiminished force. Nothing further of an adverse nature occurred on board the Niagara. She pursued her course, and on the morning of the sixth day, Mr. Field discovered the headlands of Trinity Bay. What a load of anxiety was lifted from his mind when the welcome sight of land appeared! How was that sense of relief heightened to gratitude and joy, when, as he feasted his eyesight on the shores of America, he received a signal from the Agamemnon that they too had made the land! The deed was accomplished; the electric spark traversed from continent; science had proved a true guide; nature had been propitious; and He who holds in his hand the destinies of nations, had looked with favor on the enterprise! Well might the prayer of gratitude ascend from the deck of the Niagara, as her company knelt around the commander, and heart and voice united in the service.

A SUSPICIOUS RABBIT.

A gentleman, relating the incidents of his travels while in Paris, says: "I entered a restaurant on the other side of the Seine, and ordered a rabbit. I was green, verdant as the first cucumber, even as early peas, or I should not have done thus. The rabbit came, and I offered the *Moniteur* to an old Frenchman opposite, whose eyes were fixed upon my plate, but he bowed a negative. The bow puzzled me; it was too much. 'Monsieur has not been long in Paris?' 'No; I have just arrived.' 'Monsieur is going to eat that?' 'Yes; may I offer you a slice?' 'Monsieur will you allow me to make a small suggestion?' inquired the Frenchman, with a frightful grimace. 'Certainly,' I replied, becoming alarmed. "Monsieur that rabbit *once mewed*," he replied, with the utmost gravity."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—What weapon does a young lady resemble whose acquaintances pass her in silence and without notice. A cutlass.

STRANGE NICKNAMES.—It is odd that we should nickname a foolish fellow a Solomon! a blustering, bullying fellow a Hector! and a Jew Moses! as in contempt.

THE EGG CROW.—The value of the eggs laid in this country annually, at eight cents a dozen, is \$121,666,666. "Tell Chapman to crow!"

A WORD TO THE WISE.—Never contradict a woman. It is not only ungentlemanly, but altogether useless.

A NEW SLEEPING CAR.

The Michigan Central Railroad Company are now engaged in placing upon their track those most desirable of all railroad appendages, sleeping cars. Rejecting the devices of foreign inventors, they have adopted the conception of one of their own mechanics, Mr. S. C. Case, Superintendent of Car Works, which is one of the most simple and convenient arrangements of the kind that has yet been perfected. By a very quick and easy method the two seats occupied during the day are at once converted into soft cushioned beds for the use of three persons. A curtain then falls over the whole compartment, forming a family room, which with the windows raised for the admission of air, is all that can be desired. The great advantage of this invention is, that it can be adapted to the common cars now in use upon the road, which was not the case with the Woodruff patent. Cars which require refitting are thus made available by entirely changing their internal arrangements, at a cost probably not exceeding that required in the common mode of fitting. Those who travel much by railroad will fully appreciate the efforts of this model road in thus placing within their reach all the comforts of life. Four of these cars will be placed upon the track in a short time. They will be furnished with a regular attendant, to provide for the wants of travellers. Water-closets, wash-rooms, etc., are also attached.

POETICAL JUSTICE.—A cow which attacked women and children picking berries in a pasture at Templeton made a misstep while chasing them down a steep hill, and broke two of her legs. Perhaps it wouldn't have happened if the cow hadn't had a couple of horns when she started.

ACTIONS AND WORDS.—Actions speak more forcibly than words; they are the test of character. Like fruit upon the tree, they show the nature of the man; while motives, like the sap, are hidden from our view.

DELICATE ALLUSION.—An exchange, commenting on the fact that a number of Cincinnati young ladies have lately been married away to other places, says no city has a better claim to supply spare ribs for the universe.

ARISTOCRACY.—In Providence there is a lady so aristocratic that she refuses to take a newspaper because it is made of rags.

AN AGED LADY.—Isabel Gomez died in Havana on the eleventh of July, aged 102 years, and in the full possession of her faculties.

THE THERMOMETER.

This useful little instrument for measuring heat, is getting to be a very common article of daily use. We see it suspended in the dwelling-house, the office, the shop, and the church; and few are willing to pass the faithful little monitor by, without asking the question which it stands ready at all times to answer. The glass tube of quicksilver, with its enlarged bulb at one end, forms the most important part of the machine. It has to be prepared with much care and skill, in order that it may be useful. Every particle of air must be exhausted, and kept out, or the instrument will not tell the truth. The simple principle which lays at the foundation of the theory of its construction, is, that quicksilver, or mercury, will freely expand by heat and contract by cold, in a definite ratio. But air expands and contracts by heat and cold, in a much greater ratio than mercury, and therefore it must be shut out entirely from the tube—otherwise its action would utterly derange the regularity of the mercury's expansion. Mercury is selected for the liquid for thermometers for two reasons: In the first place, it does not freeze except in an intense cold, nor boil until exposed to a white heat; and thus has the greatest range between the freezing and boiling points of any liquid that is known. In the second place, the relations between mercury and glass are such, that the rate of increase of expansion, caused by increase of temperature, is the same in both; thus causing the increased capacity of the glass bulb to absorb the surplus expansion of the mercury, and make the portion in the tube move through exactly equal spaces at all changes of temperature.

For a perfect thermometer, it is necessary that the bore of the tube should be perfectly uniform; for if it were smaller in some places than in others, the same quantity of mercury would measure unequal lengths in different parts of the tube. The tube is prepared by closing one end and blowing a bulb thereon. The bulb and tube are then completely filled with boiled mercury, by atmospheric pressure from without, and expelling the air from within by heat. When this filling is completed, the tube is set aside to cool, with the bulb down. When it has completely cooled, it is then heated to the degree which it is designed to measure—usually that of boiling water; and while thus heated, the open end of the tube is closed by melting it with a blow-pipe, and in that way made air-tight. When the instrument then cools to the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, the mercury of course contracts and sinks, and there remains a space in the upper part of the stem which is entirely

empty—in fact, a perfect vacuum. This is the ordinary state of the tube, when in use. The next step is to graduate it for use by exposing the bulb to the contact of melting ice. The mercury in the tube falls to a certain point, owing to the contraction caused by the cold. This is carefully marked, as the freezing point of water. The tube is then immersed in boiling water, and the heat thereof causes the mercury to expand and rise in the stem. The point to which it rises is carefully marked, as the point at which water boils. We have now a standard interval upon the tube, designating the range of the mercury between freezing and boiling water; and this interval may be divided into any number of equal parts, called degrees, which will measure any temperature between the two extremes of freezing and boiling water. To measure greater degrees of cold, it is only necessary to lay off the portion of the tube which is below the freezing point into like equal parts; and for greater degrees of heat than boiling water, the portion of the tube above the boiling point is laid off in the same manner. The degrees of a thermometer are usually marked on a metallic scale, to which the tube is attached—the freezing point on the scale corresponding to the mark on the tube.

The thermometer in common use in this country, is called the Fahrenheit thermometer, after its inventor. In this instrument, the standard interval between freezing and boiling water, as ascertained by the experiment above described, is divided into one hundred and eighty equal parts, each of which is called a degree. The freezing point of water is marked on the scale 32° , and the boiling point, being one hundred and eighty higher, is consequently marked 212° . The zero point, on this scale, is the point to which the mercury sinks when exposed to a freezing mixture of salt and snow, which Fahrenheit erroneously supposed to be a state of absolute cold, in which bodies had no heat at all. He consequently called that 0, and started from it in making his scale. Subsequent observations and experiments have shown that a much greater degree of cold is possible, than that produced by the salt mixture; and therefore there is no good reason for placing the zero point where Fahrenheit has done. In practice, however, it works just as well; and as people in England and in this country have long been accustomed to this scale, the relative proportions of heat and cold are very readily ascertained by it. The ranges of temperature, which are observable by a Fahrenheit mercurial thermometer, are from 39° below 0 to 630° above. Mercury freezes at 40° below, and boils at 660° above; but the vapor thrown off

makes its indications unexact above 630°. The thermometers in common use do not usually range above "water boils," or 212°, or below "mercury freezes," or 40° below zero.

The most convenient thermometer, and the one usually employed by scientific persons, is that which is common in France, Germany, and the north of Europe. It is called the centigrade thermometer, from the circumstance of the standard interval of the mercury column being divided into one hundred equal parts, instead of one hundred and eighty, as in the case of Fahrenheit's. Each degree of the centigrade is therefore equal to one and eight-tenths of the latter. But there is another, and a more important difference between the two, which makes the chief merit of the former; and that is, that the zero point of the centigrade thermometer starts at freezing water, instead of thirty-two degrees below, as in Fahrenheit's. The point of boiling water is consequently 100°, on this scale. Thus our ideas of heat and cold are by this instrument rendered more definite, by adopting for a starting point a common and entirely constant circumstance, like that of the congelation of water. The wish has often been expressed by scientific men, both in this country and in England, that the Fahrenheit scale might be laid aside, and the centigrade adopted in its stead, for the sake of greater simplicity and uniformity in observations.

The greatest cold that has ever been produced, artificially, is 135 degrees below zero of Fahrenheit—and this by the sudden conversion of a liquid into a vapor at ordinary temperature. The question arises, how this intense cold could be accurately measured, since mercury freezes at a temperature ninety-five degrees above that point? The answer to this question introduces another kind of thermometer, viz., the alcohol, by which alone could such an extreme degree of cold be measured. Pure alcohol is the only liquid which has never been frozen; and for this reason, it is employed in the thermometer, where great degrees of cold are to be measured. But though useful for indicating low temperatures, it is comparatively useless for measuring higher, as it boils at 174 degrees of Fahrenheit, and vaporizes at a few degrees higher. For higher degrees of heat than that at which mercury boils, still another instrument is used, which is called a pyrometer. The principle of its action is the expansion of iron in heating, and by it the temperature at which the various metals and other hard substances melt, has been ascertained. Thus, silver has been found to melt at 1873 degrees of Fahrenheit, and cast iron at 2786 degrees.

A THOUGHT FOR PARENTS.

A New York daily inquires and replies: "Who are our aristocrats? Twenty years ago, this one made candles, that one sold cheese and butter, another butchered, a fourth thrived on a distillery, another was contractor on canals, others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society, as their children will be after them—though it will not do to say so out loud. For often you shall find that these toiling worms hatch butterflies—and they live about a year. Death brings a division of property, and it brings new financiers; the old gent is discharged, the young gent takes his revenues, and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death, or his children do, if he does not. So that, in fact, though there is a sort of moneyed race, it is not hereditary; it is accessible to all; three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up—a score of years will bring them all down, and send their children to labor. The father grubs and grows rich, the children strut and spend the money; they inherit the price, and go to shiftless poverty; next, their children, reinvigorated by fresh plebeian blood, come up again."

THE USE OF A MAGNET.—A smith, in Brighton, England, while forging a piece of iron, felt something strike his eye, and subsequently feeling great pain, he went to Dr. King, in Palace Street, who discovered that a piece of iron had embedded itself in the ball of the eye. After vainly endeavoring to extract it in the usual way, Dr. King thought of a powerful magnet which he had. He applied it to the eye, and was rejoiced to find the piece of iron instantly removed. It was as large as a grain weight.

EFFECTS OF THE FLOOD.—Some wag, writing from Cairo, Ill., since the subsiding of the flood, says there are now in that city four hundred and fifty-two distinct and different smells, and several wards yet to hear from.

A GREAT QUESTION.—Trelawney says Byron never smoked. Byron speaks in one of his letters of "twirling his moustache and smoking." It is therefore a question of veracity.

CRINOLINE AND MATRIMONY.—As flounces increase in number and become greater in size, wives diminish and lessen.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.—For the Kentucky giant-ess, eight feet high, to marry above her.

A HENGAL PRINCE.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says he has just returned from a visit to the palaces and grounds of the Rajah of Bushwan. The estate of this petty prince, a fine-looking fellow, thirty-eight years old, gives an annual income of about four millions of dollars, over \$450 an hour. His residence is on an estate of seventy-five acres of gardens and parks, which is interspersed with a number of large tanks one of them being a full mile around its four sides, with many stone stairways leading down to the water. The stud of the Rajah contains eight hundred of the best horses that can be procured in India, and he has besides about thirty fine elephants in his stables. He owns, in addition to his immense country estate, bazaars and considerable property in Calcutta. Twelve thousand men are employed on all his lands, four thousand in the immediate vicinity of his palaces. The monthly expenditure for the support of all this is only about \$4000, and the native labor is the cheapest part of it.

FATAL FUN.

In Princeton, Ohio, Daniel Elliott, a respectable butcher, after dinner went to his slaughter house to clean it out. While there he was plaguing the children, and placing the rope with which he hoisted beeves around his neck, told a boy to turn the windlass and hoist him up a short distance, at the same time telling his daughter to go and tell her mother that he was going to hang himself. When the child told her mother what he had said, she paid no attention to it, as he was in the habit of plaguing her and the children, being a very lively person and fond of sport. But it appears that the little boy turned the windlass too far, and the rope suddenly slipping, caused a large iron hook which was fastened to the rope, to sink into the back part of his neck, and he was suddenly strangled. He carried his fun too far and lost his life.

SPIRITUALISM.—According to the Spiritual Register, the number of persons professing spiritualism, or kindred doctrines, on the American continent, is upwards of a million.

FAILURES IN LIFE.—Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping.

THE COOLEST YET.—Telling a friend, who is melting with heat in the dog-days, to keep cool.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

One fine day during the reign of his gracious majesty George III., a tar-ry breeched British man-o'-wars-man essayed, by dint of an unseemly missile in the shape of a paving stone, to crush the cranium, or, in the culprit's phrase, to "crack the cocoanut," of a certain nobleman or other distinguished dignitary of the realm, whose name is not distinctly remembered. But it occurred in London, near Eastcheap, on Easterday, and either Lord North, Sir Benjamin West or Doctor South was the proposed victim. At any rate, from all points of the compass, the usual congratulatory cataracts and avalanches were showered upon the fortunate pate which the villanous pebble did not happen to hit. Some envious epigrammatist of the time—possibly the assailant himself—adding insult to injury, perpetrated this cruel additional fling upon the occasion:

"Talk no more of the 'lucky escape' of the head
From a flint so unluckily thrown;
I think very different from thousands indeed,—
'Twas a lucky escape for the stone."

WORTH THINKING OF.—Many of our readers and subscribers have quite a collection of magazines, sheet music, pamphlets, and the like, lying about their rooms in the most unavailable form. Now to double their value, to preserve them, and to make them convenient for use and ornamental to your apartments, you have only to place them together, send to our office by express, or hand them in personally, and they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned to you in one week. A valuable collection of books is accumulated in a little while by this means at an extremely trifling cost.

JUVENILE SIMPLICITY.—A little girl was told to spell ferment, and give its meaning, with a sentence in which it was used. The following was literally her answer, "F-e-r-m-e-n-t, a verb, signifying to work; I love to ferment in the garden."

SHAKESPEARE ON HOOPS.—Prospero tells Caliban that his mother, "the foul wench Sycorax," with age and envy, "was grown into a hoop." It is to be hoped that no such accident as this will occur to the present generation.

EAST INDIAN ATROCITIES.—The Nana Sahib has been blowing prisoners from cannons lately, showing the British that two can play at that game.

THE QUESTION.—If a fender costs six dollars, what will a ton of coal come to?

Foreign Miscellany.

The cost of building the railways in Great Britain nearly equalled half the national debt.

Italy, the land of poetry and song, is the most extensive dealer in pork.

There are 13,000 blind women in Great Britain without remunerative work.

A lawyer in Sweden has been condemned to a month's imprisonment for undertaking an unjust cause.

At Paris, just now, they are all mad about Russian baths, which are said to cure gout, rheumatism and debility.

A work by Martin Luther, never before translated into English, has just appeared in London. It is called "The Creation: A Commentary on the First Five Chapters of the Book of Genesis."

The ordinary expenses of the French government have increased as follows: They were in 1847, 1,431,774,014*f.*; in 1848, 1,597,000,000*f.*; in 1857, 1,645,000,000*f.*; in 1858, 1,736,000,000*f.*

A large number of blood horses have recently been imported into Australia and sold at high prices. One horse, called Bolardo, half-brother to Imperieuse, brought \$6750.

A grand banquet has been given in Galway to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in celebration of the establishment of a transatlantic line of steamers from the port of Galway.

A wealthy Venetian has just left £24,000 in trust to Count Cavour for public instruction in Piedmont. He was one of the many Italians who look upon Piedmont as the main instrument in the future liberation of Italy.

The Judges of the English Court of Common Pleas have decided that railway travellers are not bound to take care of any portion of their baggage, the company being legally responsible for its safety.

The French government has authorized the purchase for France of all the Spanish school paintings still composing the Soult gallery, and though many first-class works were sold by the old marshal during his life, the remnant is now bought for 500,000 francs.

A manufacturer in the south of France advertises a preparation which he calls "Eau de Noblesse," and declares that it makes the hair always preserve an "honorable" direction, and gives to the person who uses it an "air of distinction and supremacy."

The amount contributed to all the missionary and benevolent societies in Great Britain last year, was about one million pounds, or five millions of dollars. The amount expended in the same time in intoxicating drinks was seventy million pounds, or three hundred and fifty millions of dollars!

The Isle of Wight papers mention that a robin has built her nest inside the organ of Arreton Church, in the island, and is rearing this year's second brood there. It appears that after rearing the first brood, she built her nest in a pew in the church, but it was torn down just as it was completed, and then the poor bird returned to the organ.

The cholera has broken out at St. Petersburg, and Paris just now is very unhealthy.

The waters of the Seine, at Paris, are in nearly as bad a state as those of the Thames.

London is to be encircled with telegraph wires from the house-tops, in the style of Paris.

Madame Champagneaux, only daughter of the celebrated Madame Roland, recently died in Paris.

The number of churches in Great Britain is 14,000, while the number of dissenting chapels is 20,000.

The Emperor of France has proposed that the debts of M. de Lamartine should be paid by the nation.

A Paris letter says there is scarcely a French lady, even of very moderate fortune, who does not possess one or more India shawls.

A monument to Madame Sontag has been erected at Marienthal, near Dresden, by the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz.

Miss Louisa Pyne has been appointed to the office of *soprano* singer of the Foundling Chapel, London.

John Gordon, the richest commoner in Scotland, died on the 16th ult. He was worth about \$15,000,000.

Two firework manufactories in London exploded on the 12th ult., injuring about two hundred persons, some fatally.

Small satirical journals are rapidly on the increase at St. Petersburg, twenty-one of them being at present published there.

An accomplished, beautiful, and wealthy young Englishwoman—Miss E. Southall—has fallen in love with, and recently married Juan Fernandez, a celebrated bull-fighter at Madrid.

Napoleon III. has presented to the Church of St. Thomas, Canada, through the Rev. Mr. Trachon, a valuable dessert service of silver, inclosed in a splendid case with the Imperial arms, accompanied by a letter.

A subscription has been opened in Piedmont to raise a statue to Silvio Pellico, the well known victim of the Austrian *carcere duro* at Spitzberg, in his native town, Saluzzo. It is headed by Count Cavour.

The new rifles for the French infantry carry the shot a distance of six hundred metres, while the old rifles only reached four hundred metres. The bullets are oval, and hollow inside, and open on the base, which is filled with gunpowder.

According to the Italian papers, the people are returning to their ancient love for Rossini's music. At Rome the *Sieve of Corinth* is now the operatic rage, whilst at Florence and Genoa *Guillaume Tell* and *Moise* are being performed with the utmost enthusiasm.

The crew of a French ship, Marie Caroline, were lately murdered, and the ship burnt, on the coast of Madagascar. It appears that she came to the island to take free laborers for the French colonies, which one of the Madagascar chiefs promised to supply. When the captain came on shore to receive them, he was treacherously murdered.

Record of the Times.

The Massachusetts Arms Company, of Chicopee Falls, make about \$100,000 worth yearly.

Before the 8th of Nov., 127 members of the U. S. House of Representatives are to be elected.

A log has been found in New Jersey composed of three kinds of wood—oak, maple and hickory.

There are 100 artesian wells in Iroquois Co., Ill. The average depth is about 120 feet.

Among the marriages reported in Cincinnati lately was a Mr. Moon to Miss Shine.

100,000 barrels of lager beer, of 32 gallons each, are manufactured in Philadelphia yearly.

The poetess, Mrs. Estella Ann Lewis, has obtained a decree of divorce from her husband.

Fitz Greene Halleck says Campbell is his favorite among all the English poets.

In Illinois, two years' absence causes divorce. Among out-door exercises for ladies we are pleased to see the old sport of archery revived.

A man is in no danger, so long as he talks his love; writing it, impales him on his own pot-hooks.

Judge Yerger, of Vicksburg, Mississippi, has decided that a policy of life insurance is not subject to attachment, either in law or equity, to satisfy the claims of creditors.

The Minnesota Assembly have passed a law fixing the rate of interest at fifteen per cent. per annum on money. It is thought the Senate will stick for eighteen per cent.

Cincinnati is now the largest horse market in the United States, and during one week, lately, forty thousand dollars worth of horses were sold at the various stables.

The Masonic fraternity of Louisville have erected a building that has cost from \$130,000 to \$150,000. It has been built almost entirely at the expense of the members of the fraternity.

The Indianapolis Journal says a young woman in that city committed suicide by taking strychnine, giving as a reason that she had been in better circumstances and could not bear to be working in the kitchen for a living.

The number of distinct species of insects already known and described cannot be estimated at less than two hundred thousand—there being nearly twenty thousand beetles alone, now known, and every day is adding to the catalogue.

In the city of New York, since the first of June, no less than 4489 dogs have been received at the dog-pound, and destroyed by drowning, except a few that were reclaimed by their owners. Fifty cents is allowed for each dog.

An island, about five rods square, covered with a luxuriant vegetation, floated down Lake Ontario a few days since. The soil was sufficiently firm to bear up a man, and was inhabited by small birds.

California is one of the most extraordinary instances of rapid growth, probably, ever known. Emigration commenced in May, 1848. At that time, it contained hardly 15,000 inhabitants. There are now 600,000, showing that in ten years it has increased forty fold.

A boy in Watertown, N. Y., smothered an infant he had charge of, because it cried.

The Utah mail party lately encountered in their journey millions of buffaloes.

A young lady of 17 married a man of 75 in Kansas, because she liked his speeches.

Property in San Francisco has declined twenty-five per cent. within a short time.

While a detective officer was asleep in the Chicago cars a light fingered rogue stole his boots.

A letter from New Brunswick, Texas, says that the government camels are increasing in numbers, and that the young camels are thrifty.

Dover, the capital of Delaware, contains 1140 inhabitants, and increases at the rate of about 100 souls annually.

J. W. Davis, of Holyoke, Mass., caught an eel, a few days since, in which was found a gold ring worth four or five dollars.

Two hundred thousand pounds of women's hair is annually sold in France. The price paid for it is usually six cents an ounce.

One hundred thousand roses are required to give a yield of one hundred and eighty-eight grains of attar or oil of roses.

The present valuation of Bangor, Maine, is: resident real estate \$3,606,061; personal estate \$1,966,058; non-resident real estate \$441,590; total, \$6,013,709.

In order to prevent extravagance in dress, the Trustees of the Newberry (S. C.) College have instituted a system requiring all the students to wear a uniform dress.

When Mr. Stevenson was asked by a railway committee whether he could make a railway under the Alps, he replied, "Under the Halps, mon! Why, yes, I could make a tunnel under the world, if ye liked—it's merely a question of pounds, shillings and pence."

The annual receipts of Yale College are stated to be \$55,704 21; expenditures \$55,351 86. The average amount spent in New Haven by those connected with the College, can hardly be less than \$400, so that the College yearly disburses some \$300,000 among the citizens of that town.

The Bombay Geographical Society announce in their proceedings that they have received a specimen of the walking leaf from Java, with eggs and young; and, what seems more curious still, a walking flower, described as a creature with a white body, pink spots and crimson border.

The other day a clerk in a store at Wheeling, Va., discovered, in a coffee sack, a note of the denomination of \$1000 on the Royal Bank of Brazil, a piece of silver coin, and twelve gold pieces of Brazilian coinage. The treasure had evidently been placed in the coffee sack for safe keeping. The lucky clerk fobs the plunder.

It is not more than twenty years ago since the tinder-box was in universal use. It is abolished now. The invention of the friction match spread slowly, but who, at this day, would venture to say they could do without it. Insignificant as matches appear to be, single factories, with extensive machinery, cut up large rafts of timber annually for them.

Merry-Making.

It's the last ostrich feather that breaks the husband's back.

Rats and conquerors must expect no mercy in misfortune.

The man who was filled with emotion, hadn't room for his dinner.

Beware of the gaming table—you can't always "nick."

What fishes have their eyes nearest together? The smallest.

When is the weather favorable to hay-makers? When it "rains pitchforks."

"Can you return my love, dearest Julia?" "Certainly, sir. I don't want it, I'm sure."

When you go to drown yourself, put off your clothes; they may fit your wife's second husband.

If petticoat government is not more oppressive now than formerly, it is certainly double in extent.

A man can no more believe with another man's faith, than he can satisfy his hunger by seeing another man eat.

Washing shirts, says an exchange paper, wears them out. When they get dirty, rub them over with chalk. "Economy is wealth."

When you hear the phrase, "I may say without vanity," you may be sure some characteristic vanity will follow in the same breath.

It can hardly be said of a man when he is hung that he pays the debt of nature; it is altogether likely that he goes into a state of suspension.

Every rose has its thorn. We never helped to shawl the flower of a ball-room without being convinced, by painful evidence, that she had a pin about her.

"Come, Bob, how much have you cleared by your speculations?" said a friend to his companion. "Cleared?" answered Bob. "Why, I've cleared my pockets!"

"Jack, I think your father is going to flay you and make leather of your skin." "Why so?" "Because I heard him say that he would tan your hide well for you."

When is a door more than a door? When it is to (two). Why is the medical profession the most tedious? Because it requires more patience (patients) than any other.

Julius Caesar Hannibal, giving an account of his sea-voyage, says: "All de passengers was now heavin', and as if dat wasn't enough, de captain give orders for de ship to heave too, and she hove too."

"I would do anything to gratify you; I would go to the end of the world to please you," said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. "Well, sir, go there, and stay, and I shall be pleased."

A lawyer in one of the Western courts lately threw a cane at the head of another. The court required him to apologize for it. He did so, and added: "While I am about it, I may as well apologize beforehand for throwing another cane at him the first chance I get."

When is a boat like a knife? When it is a cutter.

What is that which is invisible, but never out of sight? Letter I.

Why is a dandy like a haunch of venison? He is a bit of a buck.

What kin is that child to its father who is not its father's own son? His daughter.

When is the letter α like one of the United States? When it is in Diana (Indiana).

Why is a nail, fast in the wall, like an old man? Because it is in firm.

What word is that to which if you add a syllable, it will make it shorter? Short.

How can five persons divide five eggs, so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish? One takes the dish with the egg.

"What did you give for that horse, neighbor?" "My note." "Well, that was cheap enough."

The Woburn Budget thinks there has been considerable "wire-pulling" lately between England and the United States.

A man ceases to be a "good fellow" the moment he refuses to do precisely what other people wish him to do.

Here is a piquant extract: "He kissed her, and promised. Such beautiful lips! Man's usual fate—he was lost upon the coral reefs."

To a friend who had married a lady who was on the point of taking the veil, Jerrold said: "Ah, she evidently thought you better than nun!"

"It is a curious fact," says some entomologist, "that it is only the female musquito that torments us." A bachelor says it is not at all curious.

A young man stepped into a bookstore and said he wanted to get a "Young Man's Companion." "Well, sir," said the bookseller, "here's my daughter."

A few days since, a Missouri sheriff, after making a legal return to a writ, added: "I think it right for me to mention that there is no such person as John Doe in the State."

A man hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said contemptuously: "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why, if my grandfather was alive, he would now be a hundred and fifty years old."

A soldier found an inscription on a tomb in antique letters of bronze. He detached the letters one by one, and, carrying them in a bag to an antiquary, threw them down before him, asking the meaning of the inscription.

An aurist was so remarkably clever that, having exercised his skill on a very deaf lady, who had been hitherto insensible to the nearest and loudest noises, she had the happiness, next day, of hearing from her husband in California.

GIVEN AWAY.

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge. M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

Sketches from our Humorous Gallery.



A Horsepital.



"Would you mind, sir, obliging me by playing that delightful instrument opposite the magistrate's, only three doors off!"



Entering the Mouth of the Thames.



Two Pinks of the Fashion in New York



You must come along with me to the cage



A Quilldriver—driven to pen-ury.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



"What's that hare?"



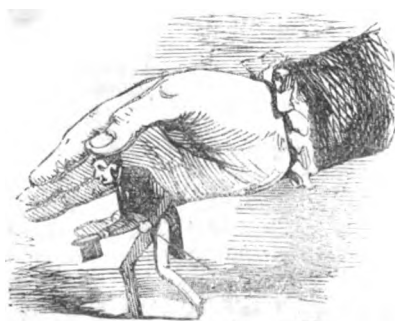
The thing's boddly impossible!



Tongue-tied.



A moving tale.



He's under the thumb of his mother-in-law.



"What a time they are opening the door!"

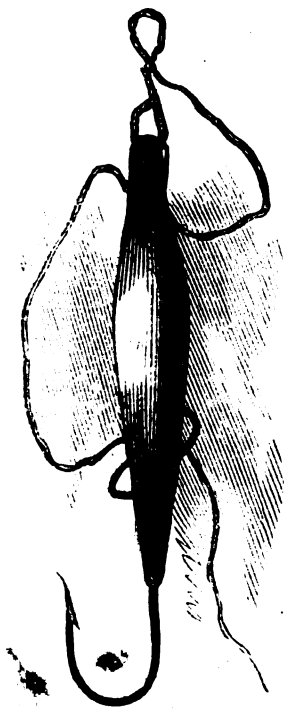
BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.—No. 5. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1858.

WHOLE No. 47.

THE MACKEREL CRUISE, WITH A CURSORY GLANCE AT THE COD FISHERY.

To the accompanying illustrations, drawn expressly for us, we add an explanatory text, the materials for which, as well as the sketches, were the result of a trip undertaken the past summer for health and recreation. Every summer the mackerel fishermen of Gloucester and fishing ports of lesser note, send out their tidy, trim



MACKEREL JIG, FULL SIZE.

built vessels to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Bay de Chaleur. The fleet is mostly composed of fore-and-aft schooners, varying from 60 to 120 tons. They are fitted out by their owners, and provisioned for a ten or twelve weeks' cruise. The small craft carry from six to ten hands; the larger ones from ten to twenty. The men are shipped on shares with the owners—consequently each individual is interested in the well doing of his vessel. The captain, or skipper, as he is called, is usually part owner, and spares no pains to make the voyage not only profitable but also pleasant.

We left New York July 4th, and started for Gloucester, the largest fishing mart in the United States, where we were so fortunate as to procure a passage in one of the fastest sailers of the fleet, the "Republic, owned by parties in Gloucester, and commanded by Capt. George Friend, of the same place.

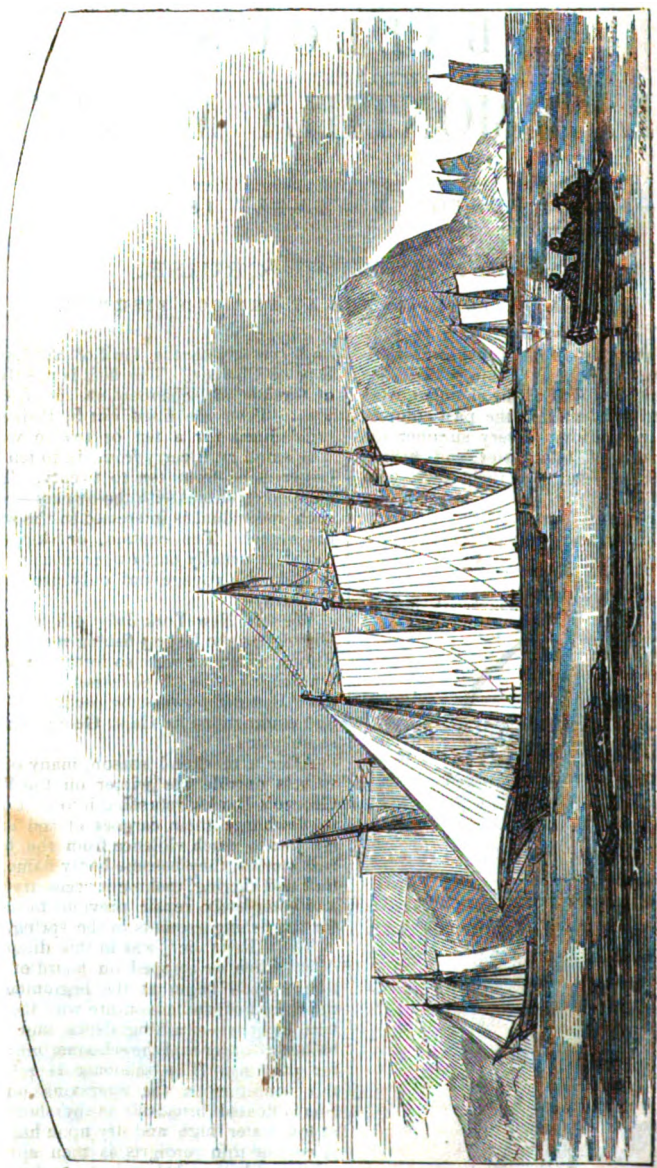
After a mackerel season, many of these little vessels outride the winter on the Western and George's Banks, returning into port occasionally to discharge their cargoes of cod and halibut. Subject to much violence from the heavy northeast storms, they become badly damaged in both hull and rigging, making it necessary to overhaul and completely repair previous to the departure for the fishing grounds in the spring.

The "Republic" was in this dilapidated condition when we stepped on board of her; therefore, we will begin at the beginning, and open the record of the adventure with the first important business—washing decks and discharging ballast, in order that the schooner may be beached for painting. The schooner is represented in this condition in the engraving on page 415. She is floated broadside to the shore, and is left at low water high and dry upon her beam ends. A coat of thin verdigris is then applied to the sides and bottom below the water line, to prevent any injury to timber by the destructive sea-worm; after, which, the hull, masts, decks, etc., are painted to suit the fancy of the skipper.

It was a glorious summer morning, wind and tide favorable, when our saucy little schooner, with her crew of sixteen hands, left the harbor

of Gloucester for the town of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, our first stopping-place, where we dropped anchor early on the afternoon of Saturday, after an extraordinary passage of fifty-one hours. The picture of the schooner under way gives a correct idea of her appearance. Our object of

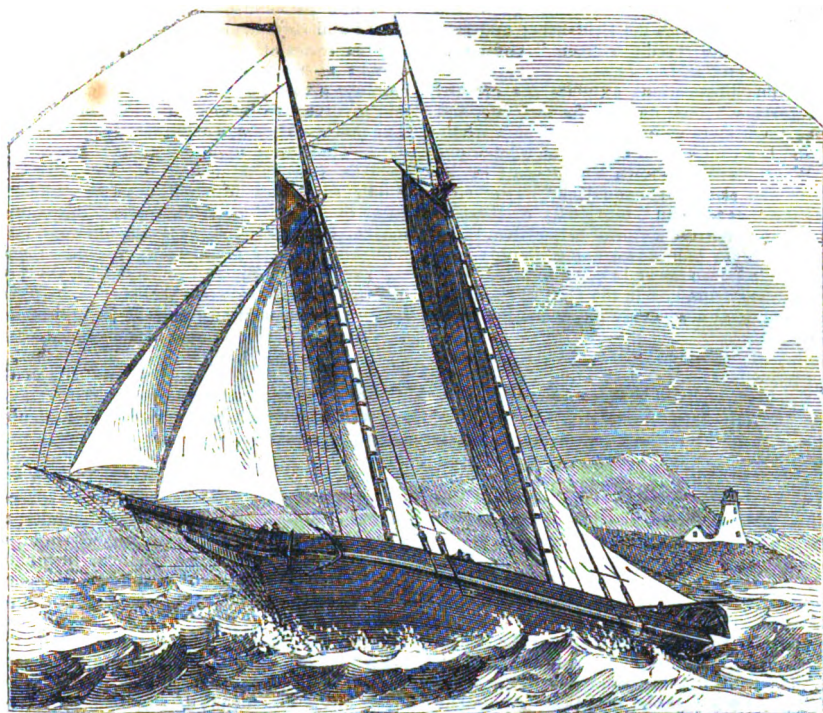
changed, and the vessel headed for Pirate's Cove, a romantic harbor midway in the Gut of Canso, where we arrived in good time, and remained a few hours to obtain wood and water. On Thursday the wind, which had been favorable, suddenly left us becalmed in the Bay of St. George



DEAD CALM IN THE BAY OF ST. GEORGE.

the visit accomplished, the following day, with a spanking breeze, we were again on our course, making Cape Canso—the easternmost land of Nova Scotia, distant about four hundred miles from Cape Ann—on the afternoon of the following Tuesday. Leaving this point, our way was

(this interesting incident is depicted in our second engraving) when active preparations were at once made for moulding jigs, setting knives, reeling lines, etc., each man striving to excel his shipmate in mechanical ingenuity. Jig-moulding, especially, is one of the fisherman's delig' ts,



THE SCHOONER UNDER WAY.

and is entered into with great zest by all hands. They are formed of the best quality of hooks of different sizes cast into sinkers of block tin and pewter. Our first sketch delineates correctly the "mackerel jig." After all necessary appurtenances for catching the fish are completed, the right rail of the schooner is divided, according to the number of men, into what are called berths, or stands for fishing. The best of them are then sold by the skipper to the highest bidder. One of our engravings shows the amusing scene of the auction. This proceeding is always productive of the greatest excitement. Fun and frolic are now the order of the day; and rare jokes are perpetrated, and original *sells* are conceived for the benefit of each impatient bidder, making the scene one of uncommon interest. Thirty, fifty, and even sixty dollars premium is often paid for the "high line position." Barrels of bait are now drawn from the hold and ground by a machine for the purpose into requisite portions for feeding. This is done from troughs securely fastened to the fore and main rigging. Bait is constantly thrown to entice the mackerel to the surface of the water. They rise in vast schools, and are fed continually while about the vessel. Saturday morning, with a light breeze came the order to set sail, the island of Bonaventure, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, our destination, where we "hove to" for our first chance among the numerous schools of fish surrounding us. When the vessel is well off her course, jibs down, and sails motionless, each individual takes his place at the rail, and with a line in either hand, waits

patiently for the mackerel to rise. Soon a *tinker* is seen to dart swiftly up the schooner's side, and over the shoulder of the "high-line man." Another, and another follows it, the sight of which makes the little pale lad at the bait-box half frantic with joy. And now they come! Hurrah! how fast from the bubbling water!—all hands, from the weather-beaten skipper to the green hand aft, joining with wild delight in this most exciting sport. One of our illustrations depicts this exciting scene. The fisherman holds a line in each hand, but uses both to draw the fish, which is thrown over the right shoulder, and dropped into the barrel behind. A crack fisherman *never* moves from his position, only using his arms; and can endure three days' fishing without fatigue, though they sometimes drop asleep. Fishermen when busy stand the entire day at the rail, and salt nights.

In active times, it is not unusual to fish and salt three or four successive days. Success, however, does not always follow the mackerel catcher. A lucky man may return home with his vessel in a fortnight, and discharge a capital load of three or four hundred barrels; while his neighbor skipper that sailed out with him, may dodge about from place to place, till he is forced back by wintry storms, with only fifty. Nevertheless, among the unlucky ones there's a deal of contentment; for 'tis all play with Jack when tinkers are scarce. You will find him, on such occasions, either spinning out the toughest yarns, or dancing till he is black in the face, some good old-fashioned reel. Then there's the *lark* ashore,

and the breakdown with the village girls; the political discussion with the Britishers; and last, but not least, the "red-eye frolic," ending in broken heads and aching limbs.

One of our illustrations exhibits the crew of the mackerel schooner dancing for dear life, and enjoying themselves as men only can with whom recreation is an infrequent episode of a laborious life. We have also shown an incident in the cruise in the sketch of a squall, by way of contrast to the "dead calm" previously delineated. No vessel can outride a storm better than these fishermen. They haul down flying jib only, and "let her slide" into ten and twelve knots. These squalls are very common in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, blowing almost every day when the wind is off shore.

Another of our views represents Arch Island. This extraordinary rock rises abruptly from the sea to the height of 288 feet, and is a third of a mile in length. It is uninhabited by man, but myriads of wild birds build their nests, covering the entire surface, which is as white as if capped with snow. The singular arch at the southwestern extremity was formed by the action of the tides, and can only be approached in calm weather. Six miles distant, Mont Perce, or Table Roulante, is seen towering 1250 feet above the town of Perce at its base, and visible distinctly forty miles from the ocean, a prominent and conspicuous landmark.

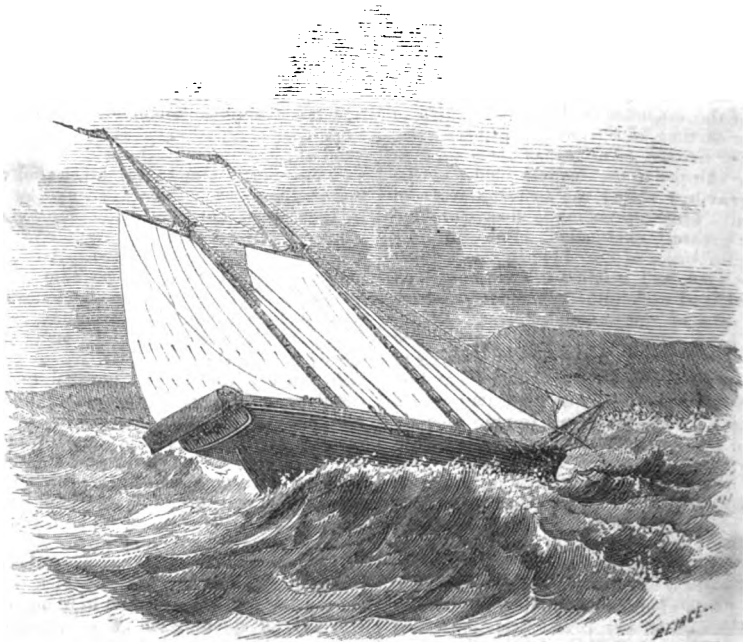
In another sketch we have depicted the operation of splitting mackerel. The splitter takes the fish in his left hand, and draws the knife down through the back from head to tail. An expert hand can split sixty fish in a minute. Another hand immediately cleans the fish, and a third

salts and packs them in the barrel. Each hand marks and sorts his own catch.

This series of views will give our readers a correct idea of the details of a business which employs a vast amount of capital and tonnage, and involves the labor of a perfect army of men. The mackerel belongs to the family of Scomberoides. That found upon our coast is the *Scomber vernalis* (spring Mackerel of Mitchell). Dr. Storer says that Mitchell describes under the name of "*grex*" and "*vernalis*" the common mackerel of our coast. Cuvier, although he admits both in his great work, considers them as the same; and Richardson remarks, the "only difference between scomber *grex* and *vernalis* seems to be in their size and color, and they are very probably different ages of the same species." In the specimens brought to Boston market, Dr. Storer found the difference between the two too slight to constitute distinct species.

Perhaps no branch of human labor is subject to greater hardship and peril than the fisheries. The men engaged are schooled by their avocation to habits of endurance and privation which bring out in full development every internal source of strength and nerve; and it is a wonder, that when their remuneration is often so slight, and their returns so precarious, there can be found so many willing to undergo the toils and dangers of a life which has so few of the elements of romance about it.

From six to eight thousand barrels of fresh mackerel are sold annually in Boston market alone; but "their great value to this people arises from the means of employment afforded to an immense number, by the process of salting and packing." We believe the fishery of a sum-



THE SCHOONER IN A SQUALL.



SALE OF BERTHS.

'gle year in Massachusetts alone, has amounted in value to a million and a half of dollars. The number of barrels of mackerel inspected during a period of five years, in this State, was 1,079,116. As we have remarked before, the luck of the fishermen is very variable. "In some years," says Storer, "immense shoals of these fishes are readily met with, and the vessels return in a few weeks with full cargoes; while the same localities may be visited in other seasons, and the efforts of the fishermen prove fruitless and his fare meagre. So peculiar are the habits of this genus, that oftentimes weeks may pass, and the fishing smacks be surrounded by millions sporting upon the surface of the ocean, and scarce one allow itself to be taken; while again, the success of a few days will retrieve the disappointments of nearly a season. Thus, a fisherman informs us, that last season, having been in the Bay of Chaleur, and taken but few fish, the vessel to which he belonged was returning home, when, off Cape Cod, the fish were so numerous and voracious that the crew, consisting of ten men, captured in two hours nearly thirty barrels. At this time about two hundred smacks were together, and they were all equally successful, some of them taking even forty barrels of fish. * * Several of the most intelligent fishermen inform me that the difficulty of taking mackerel is yearly increasing, from the barbarous custom of gaffing them, of collecting them around vessels by means of throwing out bait, and then suddenly drawing up an instrument armed with numerous sharp iron points, by which many are captured, and greater numbers are cruelly maimed without being taken."

The European mackerel was early known as an article of food, and was held in high esteem

by the ancient Romans, as forming the celebrated *sarum*—a pickle or sauce—of which they made great use. This was prepared from several different kinds of fishes, but that from the mackerel was deemed by far the best. The generic character of the scomber are "scales on the body small and smooth; vertical fins not bearing scales; two dorsal fins widely separated; some of the posterior rays of the second dorsal and the anal fin free, forming filets; sides of the tail slightly carinated; one row of small conical teeth in each jaw, the parts of the gill cover without denticulations or spines; seven branchiostegous rays."

The delicate colors of this fish, shading from black on the head, and dark green on the back, to silvery white with reflections on the sides, make it a perfect picture. It is certainly one of the nicest table fishes we have, and when broiled by a skilful hand, fresh from the water, forms a dish that a hungry man can relish without much coaxing of the appetite. The mackerel, salted and cured, forms a staple of export and consumption perhaps second to no other fish—a branch of business too well known to be discussed in this connection. A mackerel cruise, as an episode in one's life, is a pleasant thing to look back upon; while a life devoted to the business is one of severe toil, and not unfrequently attended with great danger.

While engaged on our mackerel cruise, we picked up some interesting facts in relation to the cod-fisheries of the French, which, we trust, will prove an acceptable appendix to the foregoing sketches.

The fisheries are the schools which have furnished the best sailors to the respective nations engaged in them. In the midst of tempests, and

on stormy seas, the young mariner receives his first professional baptism; in this school of danger and privation his strength and intelligence are exercised. In all times the maritime powers have found the elements of their prosperity in the fisheries. Venice and Holland, the two republics which, in times past, threw so great a weight in the balance of nations, started with nets on their shoulders and began their career in fishing-smacks.

These nations of mariners soon became rich and strong, and their preponderance on the sea ensured them the commerce of the world. The maritime power of France was also swelled by the fisheries: her squadrons were formed only at the period when the fishermen could unite in large fleets; this was in the commencement of the 16th century, when the Portuguese Corte Real, which had observed the extraordinary affluence of cod upon the great bank of Newfoundland, pointed out this inexhaustible mine to the European fishermen; and Francis I. caused these resorts to be explored by Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo, the best sailor of his time. Still, at first, no great profit was derived from the resources which chance had discovered in these latitudes. John Cabot, the Venetian, sent by Henry VII. of England in search of a supposed northwest passage to China, recognized, in 1497, an island which he called *Prima-Vista*, and which maritime nations, envying by turns the possession of

this new country, translated each into its own language.

In 1501, Juan Ayamonte, a Catalan sailor, received a license from the queen of Spain to make explorations in the *Tierra Nueva* (*para ir a saber el secreto de la Tierra Nueva*), and he was recommended to take with him two Breton pilots. The English named it Newfoundland, and they did not think of colonizing it till a hundred years afterwards. The charters granted by Henry VIII. for founding fisheries there, at first produced no result, and the English marine only acquired sure preponderance in those seas after the celebrated Drake had driven out the Spaniards. Their taking possession of Newfoundland only dates really from 1585; the island only reckoned sixty-two colonists in 1612, and the number of fishing vessels hardly reached fifty. The French only commenced the fishing business seriously in 1540. The permanent establishments they founded on the shore did not meet with the success anticipated at first; and it was only under the reign of Henry IV. that the minister Sully favored the cod-fishery to the extent of his power by placing it under the protection of the government. Hence this business, which the French now follow on the high sea at more than six hundred leagues' distance from their country, which for more than three hundred years has employed so many hands and supported so many people, at first only moved very slowly. It re-



ALL HANDS FISHING.

quired State bounties and aid to raise it to commercial rank. Then the fishing-stations on the shores and banks of Newfoundland attracted the fishermen of different nations. France and England, who for a long time disputed the possession of the island and adjacent waters, ended by fixing the different limits in which fishermen might pursue their business under the sanction of treaties.

Before 1713, the French fisheries supplied the wants of almost all Europe, and sufficed for the supply of the French vessels; but the treaty of Utrecht, that of Versailles (1783), and the cession of Canada, changed their situation. They lost successively all the rich establishments they had formed at a distance, and which had raised the fisheries to the highest degree of prosperity. The colonies of Acadia and Canada, Isle Royale, Isle Saint John, and Newfoundland, passed from the hands of the French. Reduced now to confined limits, without the power of establishing any dwelling, but only scaffolds and huts, to dry fish; possessing only, for shelter, the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon—bare and wretched rocks, which they are obliged to supply with the necessities of life—the French vessels are obliged to sail annually from the ports of France. Yet, notwithstanding this state of things, and thanks to the encouragement of the government, the French fishermen have struggled bravely to compete with those of England, established and domiciled on the southern part of Newfoundland, and, with those of this country, enjoying all the advantages of proximity.

The cod-fishery occupies annually more than 400 French vessels, which, with those employed in accessory labors, make a fleet of 600 sail, manned by 13,000 seamen, or about a quarter of the effective *personnel* of the maritime enrolment—a valuable reserve, always disposable, and hardened by the roughest labor on a stormy sea and in a rigorous climate; a reserve useful for commercial navigation in time of peace, and indispensable, though inadequate to the manning of the fleets, in time of war. The produce of the French cod-fisheries is estimated at about 370,000 quintals of fish, of which about 135,000 are exported to the colonies, Italy, and Spain, and the remainder absorbed in home consumption.

The fishery on the coast of Newfoundland has always been placed in the first rank; it is that which occupies the greatest number of seamen. Vessels of all sizes are employed in it, from 30 to 350 tons. When the vessel arrives on the coast, about the first part of June, it is dismantled, and the crew goes ashore into one of the wooden huts, which always need repair after the winter. Thence boats, manned by two seamen and a green hand, are sent every morning to fish with the line, returning at evening. Independently of these "dories," every French vessel fits out one or more "seine battaux," manned by ten men each, who fish when the cod become more abundant. On the return of the boats the fish are split, salted, and piled. After remaining a few days, the green hands and boys dry them on piles of stones until they reach a degree of desiccation to permit their being housed. The fishermen leave the coast at the end of September to return to France—some of them to carry a cargo of fish to the Antilles.

The fishing at St. Pierre and Miquelon is similar to that on the coast of Newfoundland; it is carried on by means of flat-bottomed boats, like our John Dories, which they call *warps*, or in pirogues. These craft, to the number of 200 or 300, are propelled by sail and oar. They carry two men each, leave in the morning and return at evening. The different classes of people devoted to the taking or preparation of fish on the shores of these two little islands are divided into three categories—1. The stationary fishermen or colonists, numbering 1000 or 1100; 2. The hibernating fishermen, who pass the bad season, or establish themselves on shore for several years: their number, subject to variations, rarely exceeds 500 individuals; 3. The transient fishermen, who come from France and return at the end of the fishing season: there are about three or four hundred of them annually. The fishing and the preparation of cod, being the only business of the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, occupy the whole of the hibernating fishermen, and almost all the stationary inhabitants, men and women, young and old, even from the tenderest age. The fishing begins in the month of April, and is continued to the middle of October; it is generally abundant enough, and yields small fish, like the coast of Newfoundland.

The fishing on the Grand Bank is effected by vessels of 120 and 130 tons, provided with two large boats each. Sixteen or twenty men are required to man a vessel and its boats. Their departure from France takes place from the first to the fifteenth of March. The vessels repair directly to St. Pierre, and there land the fishermen, boys, and green hands, who form the legal complement of their crews, and who are designed to do the work of drying on shore. Thence they set sail for the Bank, where they anchor. The two boats are set afloat; and every evening, manned with five men each, they throw out their lines with 4000 or 5000 hooks. The lines are hauled in every morning, and the fish, split, washed, and salted, are placed in the hold. The part of the crew who remain on board busy themselves with hand-line fishing. The first fishing finished, which takes place from the 15th to the 20th of June, the yield is taken to St. Pierre, to be dried there; while the vessel, furnished anew with salt and bait, returns to the Bank for a second fishing. Sometimes a third is made, the produce of which, only salted, is carried direct to France in a green state. The fishing on the Grand Bank is harder and more perilous than that of the coast; it requires thorough sailors and intrepid men; it is carried on upon a constantly agitated sea; and losses of men and boats are frequent in squalls and fogs. The shore fishing makes sailors—the Bank fishing hardens them.

As for the Iceland fisheries, they are carried on in a latitude of 64 or 66 degrees north, in the midst of floating icebergs, where there is no anchorage, and the sea is always rough. On the coast the fishing-vessel is stripped; in the Banks she rides at anchor; but in the high latitudes she is necessarily kept under sail. The fishing is by lines a hundred or more fathoms deep, and the fish is prepared and salted in tuns brought from France. The vessels range from 60 to 80 tons, manned by 12 or 15 men each. They sail in April and return in September. Some favored



ARCH ISLAND, IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

ed to form bold seamen, and none is marked by severer losses of men and vessels.

The French are paying, like ourselves, particular attention to the sustenance of their fisheries. With them it is a productive business, is already the most important branch of their commercial navigation, and furnishes a fifth of its force to their mercantile and naval marine.

Regarded as a supply of food, a source of national industry and commercial wealth, or as a wonder of nature in its continuance and multiplication, the codfish may justly challenge the admiration of every intelligent observer. Though found in considerable numbers on the coasts of other northern regions, an extent of about 450 miles of ocean, leaving the chill and rugged shores of Newfoundland, is, as we have already stated, the favorite resort of this fish.

Few members of the animal creation contribute a greater mass of subsistence to the human race, still fewer are more universally serviceable, than the codfish, of which every part is applied to some useful purpose. When fresh, its beautifully white, firm, and flaky muscles furnish our table with one of the most delicious dainties; salted, dried, or otherwise conserved for future use, it affords a substantial and wholesome article of diet, for which a substitute could not readily be found. The tongue, which is always separated from the head when the fish is first caught, even epicures consider a delicacy; and tongues, salted or pickled along with the swimming-bladders, which are highly nutritious, being almost entirely pure gelatine, are held in much estimation by house-keepers, under the title of *tongues and sounds*. The sound or swimming-bladder of codfish, if rightly prepared, supplies an isinglass equal to the best Russian, and applicable to all the uses for which the imported is employed. The liver of the cod, when fresh, is eaten by many with satisfaction, but it is more generally reserved, by fishermen, for the sake of the large quantity of fine limpid oil which it contains. This is

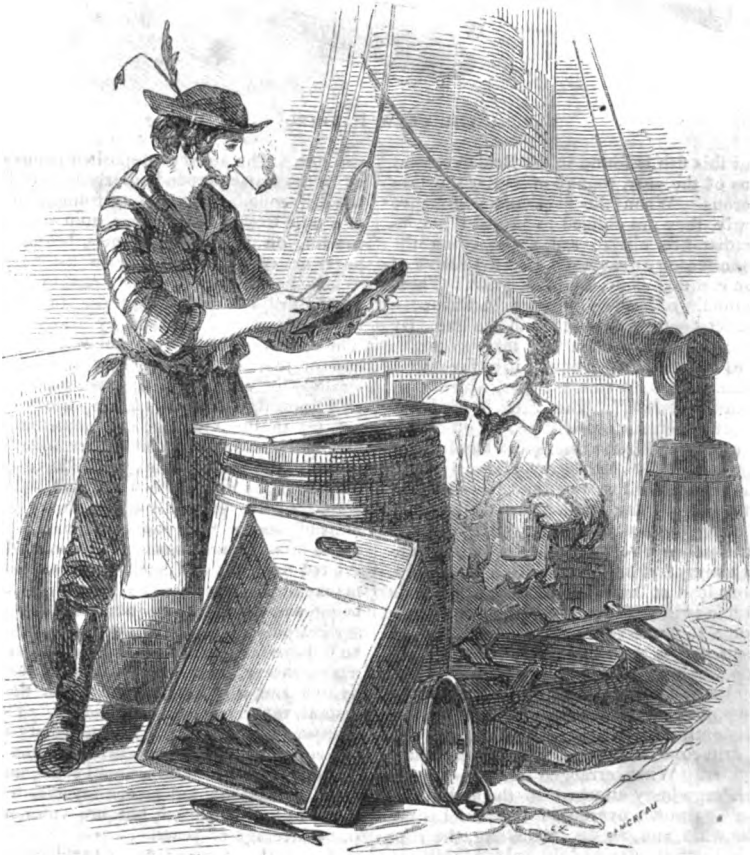
ones return home in June, and sail again directly on a second voyage. Thus some crews keep afloat for six months. No fishery is better adapt-

extracted by heat and pressure, and forms the well-known *cod-liver oil* of commerce, which, in many respects, and for most uses, is superior to

the commonly used fish-oil. The heads of cod-fish, after the tongues are cut out and the gills are saved for bait, are thrown overboard, on account of want of room, and because salting would not preserve them to any advantage. Yet the head, being almost entirely composed of gelatine, is, when fresh, the richest, and perhaps the most nutritive, part of the fish. The fishermen, it is true, make use of it for their own nourishment, but the great mass is thrown into the sea—a circumstance we cannot reflect upon without regret, when we remember how many poor, in various charitable institutions, and through the country generally, might be luxuriously fed with this waste. If vessels were provided with the requisite implements and fuel, these heads would furnish a large amount of strong and valuable fish-glue or isinglass, that would well repay the trouble and expense of its preparation. The intestines of the codfish also yield a tribute to the table; the French fishermen, especially, prepare from them a dish somewhat similar, and not far inferior, to the sounds. Finally, the ovaries or roes of the females are separated from their membranes, and the eggs, nicely pickled, afford an agreeable and gustful relish, far more delicate

and inviting to the palate than the celebrated Russian caviare. In addition to these usual modes of employing the different parts of our fish, the Norwegians, Icelanders, and Kamtschadales pound up the backbones and other refuse parts, for the purpose of feeding their dogs and other domestic animals during the winter. Strange as such diet may appear, it is stated as a well-established fact, that cows, fed upon these pounded bones, mingled with a small quantity of vegetable matter, yield a larger supply and a better quality of milk than those supported upon more ordinary provender.

Returning from our cursory view of the cod-fishery as a branch of industry engaged in by the French, to the subject-matter of our article, the mackerel, we premise that our readers are probably aware that the mackerel is as abundant on the French and English coast as on our own. And, as with us, it is held as one of the most delicious table-fish. The mackerel fishery affords employment to numbers of French and English. The mackerel approaches the coast of England in large shoals, and it was formerly considered that its annual movements were from northern to southern, and from southern to northern, lati-



SPLITTING THE MACKEREL.



THE CREW DANCING.

tudes; but this fish is found in the British seas at all seasons of the year, though in winter they are not numerous. When the fishermen commence fishing early, they are obliged to proceed a considerable distance out to sea, approaching the coast as the season advances. The first catch of the season commands a very high price. There are three modes of fishing pursued in Europe—with drift-nets, with seines, and with the line. By the latter, a couple of men will take from five hundred to one thousand a day, if it be favorable. The fishermen prefer a smart breeze, which they call a "mackerel gale." The French boats go out frequently with six or eight people on board, all of whom fish with the line, some hands tending two lines. The fish bite voraciously; frequently a rag attached to the hook is sufficient bait. The seine fishing requires two boats. The drift-net fishing is thus described by Mr. Yarrell: "The drift-net is twenty feet deep by one hundred and twenty feet long, well corked at the top, but without lead at the bottom. They are made of small fine twine, which is tanned of a reddish-brown color, to preserve it from the action of the sea-water, and it is thereby rendered much more durable. The size of the mesh is about two inches and a half, or rather larger. Twelve, fifteen, and sometimes eighteen of these nets are attached lengthwise, by tying along a thick rope, called a drift-rope, and, at the ends of each net, to each other. When arranged for depositing in the sea, a large buoy attached to the end of the drift-rope is thrown overboard, the vessel is put before the wind, and, as she sails along, the rope with the nets thus attached is passed over the stern into the water till the whole of the nets are

run out. The net thus deposited hangs suspended in the water perpendicularly twenty feet from the drift-rope, and extending from three-quarters of a mile to a mile, or even a mile and a half, depending on the number of nets belonging to the party or company engaged in fishing together. When the whole of the nets are thus handed out, the drift-rope is shifted from the stern to the bow of the vessel, and she rides by it as if at anchor. The benefit gained by the boats hanging at the end of the drift-rope is, that the net is kept strained in a straight line, which, without this pull upon it, would not be the case." The nets are set in the evening, and sometimes hauled once during the night; at others, allowed to remain in the water all night. The drift-rope is hauled in by means of a capstan. The boats employed are generally about thirty feet long, built of oak or ash, copper-fastened, with great depth of waist and breadth of beam, and are considered both fast and safe. The seasons of the mackerel fishery fluctuate greatly, an abundant being succeeded by an unproductive one; or, several plentiful seasons may occur together, and be followed by as many of scarcity. On some nights two or three thousand fish will be caught by one boat, and another, not more than a mile distant, may not take one hundred. This uncertainty contributes to render the fishery a precarious source of subsistence to those who can only embark capital in it on a small scale, and cannot stand against the unforeseen reverses which may occur in a short period, but are counterbalanced on an average of years.

The study of fishes or ichthyology (from the Greek *ichthys*, a fish, and *logos*, a discourse or

treatise) is not only very interesting but very important. Of all classes of vertebrate animals, there is not one which affords so great a number of species useful as food to man. Nor is the supply scanty: they are drawn by millions from the deep; the work of fisheries gives employment to thousands, and the amount of capital employed is enormous. The fisheries, we have observed, are an excellent school for seamen, and the best sailors and commanders in the mercantile and naval marine of this country have served an apprenticeship at the fishing business. Tenants of the waters of our globe, the organization of these animals expressly fits them for their liquid element. They are clothed neither with

comotion in fishes, but these, in fact, are principally used as balancers of the body, as agents in turning the direction of the animal's course, or of guiding it as it swims along. It is the tail, or elongated muscular extremity of the fish, tipped with a broad extended web or fin, which constitutes the efficient organ of locomotion. The fish sculls itself along by rapid strokes from side to side, as may be seen by disturbing one of these animals while at rest and watching its motions. It is by the movements of the same organ, only more violently exerted, that the fish leaps out of the water, springs at insects, or clears the waterfall; and we may further observe that it is only in such fishes as have the tail muscular and pow-



THE SCHOONER BEACHED.

hair nor feathers, but with smooth scales, often beautifully bright and delicate, giving uniformity of service to a compact contour, admirably adapted for progress through the waters. Some, it is true, have a hard osseous envelope, like the *Ostracans*; and others are arranged in a panoply of spines, as the *Tetraodons* and *Diodons*, which remind us of the hedgehog. There are some, also, as the eel, the codfish, shark, etc., which have the skin naked, smooth, and slippery. As is the case with terrestrial animals, they vary in their habits and powers of locomotion. Some move slowly along, others cleave the waves with the velocity of an arrow, bear up the rapids and clear the falls with wonderful energy. Many persons regard the fins as the principal organs of lo-

erful, and the body compactly shaped, that this faculty of leaping exists. The large-headed, slender-tailed codfish cannot leap, but the salmon and trout will spring several feet above the surface of the water. The use of the fins as balancers was proved by the experiments of Boullé, who observed that when both the ventral and pectoral fins of fishes were cut off, all their motions were unsteady, and they reeled from right to left, and down, in a very irregular manner. An internal sac, usually termed the swimming-bladder, a reservoir of air placed beneath the spine, and varying in form and size in different species, by the inhalation or expulsion of its contents, enables it to sink or rise. The sight of fishes is ordinarily very acute.

THE WITCH GLASS:

—OR,—

THE THREE SISTERS OF WOODAWAY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

WOODAWAY was an old chateau, built in the reign of some old king—I forget who. It was romantically situated, as most chateaux are, in the midst of a charming grove. It had been purchased by a man who had grown weary of the world and its hollow hearts. He had found a wife who was willing to court the charms of solitude, and both being rich they determined to forsake the enticements of society and, finding congenial companions, a few of them, live in a world of their own, independent of the wretches who often exist under the name of fashionable people. So they prevailed upon two very small and very charming families to take up their abode with them, and entered their new home one beautiful spring morning, while the birds were singing and the buds bursting into blooms.

The new old residence had been transformed into a charming place with the aid of upholsterers and all sorts of work-people. It was like all such antiques, full of elaborate passages, winding staircases, suites of charming little rooms, many large and oak panelled apartments, blue parlors and green parlors, and purple parlors, and voted by Monsieur Herman and his wife, and the two monsieurs and their wives who accompanied them to be in every particular "just the thing."

Nor was it wanting in beautiful gardens, fountains, whose white spray fell over groups of marble forms—hot-houses, conservatories and all the appliances of ease and elegance.

Years passed on, and three fresh, lovely young faces gathered around Monsieur Herman's knees. The families who entered the chateau with monsieur grew tired with the solitude and were gone.

"I am glad of it," said he, "they talked too much of the world outside and would have corrupted our little ones."

"They were not fitted for such a life," said the madame, "unless like us, they had had children to enliven their time."

"That is so; and here they come from the bath, little angels!"

It was true, they looked like little angels, that is they were extremely beautiful. Judicious training had developed them gloriously. They were accompanied by their *bonne*, a shrivelled, mahogany-colored, but good little Frenchwoman who had been in the family for seventy-five years.

And yet one could hardly tell which were the sprightliest, the children or she.

Louise was the golden haired. A true blonde beauty, her locks hung in rich ringlets below her waist. Her chest was round and as white as marble—her whole form harmoniously developed. There were dimples from her cheeks to her fingers. Her color was as the bloom of the brightest rose, her brow and her teeth, milk white; her lips pink and prettily pouting.

Lillias was brighter and darker than Louise. Her hair rippled in browner waves, there was a more decided contrast between her eyes and her complexion. But the dimples, the color, the animation and the sweet, quick smile were the same. Her stature was of the same height, though she was less in years by two.

But the darling of all was Jeannie, the sunbeam. She looked like both sisters, both parents. She was suggestive of laughing waters, red rosebuds, and dancing rays of light. They all idolized Jeannie, and there was a sweet competition which should do her the most favors.

This then was the household of Monsieur Herman. No pains were spared in the education of his lovely daughters. They had masters of the first eminence, all old, grave men, who were not slow to carry news of the extreme beauty of their young pupils, so that though they lived in strict seclusion, their fame rang through the land. Many a nobleman would have given half his fortune for a sight of the three lovely sisters of Woodaway.

At length when they were of the respective ages of thirteen, fifteen and seventeen, Herman took a pleasant journey to Paris, to call upon his old friends and note how time had fared with them. Previous to this, he caused Louise, who painted superbly to execute the miniatures of her sister and herself on ivory, and enclosing them in cases of gold and pearls, he set out upon his tour, smiling and talking to himself. The truth is, he had taken so much pains with the fair sisters, that he did not relish the remotest possibility that bad husbands could or might undo all he had done; so the chief object in this journey that he contemplated was to choose husbands for them. He was welcomed as one from the grave by the friends who had thought never to see him again. Most of them were more changed than he, and all of them had families who seemed to be a trouble and perplexity to them.

The young men in these families perhaps surmising the cause of his unusual presence, put themselves on their best behaviour that they might be invited to the chateau so near yet so remote.

Monsieur Herman had not lived and thought and studied in solitude for nothing. His mind had been so long freed from the gross control of conventional living, that it seemed to have grown purer, and intuitively able to detect the presence of gross vices, or deforming errors in all whom he met. Fine faces and manly forms there were in abundance. Young men of means—of titles and of family, were solicitous for an invitation to Woodaway. They little knew how easily he detected their selfish thoughts. How he learned that some were fonder of the gaming table than of their honor, others indulged in strong potations till they were senseless—others were vain, others quarrelsome, and many of them vapid, silly self-lovers. However, he invited them cordially, after a certain time, and trusted to the ingenuity of his daughters to find out their several traits of character.

He was one day dining with the Count Mourney. His son, a young man of twenty-two, sat opposite, in an enormous neck-tie. He was profuse in compliments to the guest; he had been favored with a sight of the miniatures.

"By-the-by," said Monsieur Herman, "I have heard nothing of my old friend, Sebastian Spiers."

"O, he is entirely ignored in polite society," said the young nobleman.

"So am I," returned Herman, with a graceful bow.

The young scion bit his lip. "It is you who have ignored society," he said, quickly.

"And what has my friend done, that he should be cut?" asked monsieur, politely.

"Bought him some acres out of the town," replied young Mourney, "and 'tis said that he and his three sons work the ground with their laborers."

"Ah! But Spiers was a very superior man."

"Yes, so considered, and his sons had nothing more to learn in the universities. They had the path of fortune opened to them, why should they be hum drums?"

"True," said monsieur, quietly, "true. Have they much fortune?"

"O, nothing; although they fancy they are rich men because they have health, strength, willing hands and active brains. Paugh! what notions!"

If the young scion had taken the trouble to look over his neck-tie, he could have seen an expression of contempt on the features of his host. But he was busy with his salad, which he boasted it took him always forty minutes to prepare.

"So! I must go and see friend Spiers," soliloquized Monsieur Herman. "It seems he was

nearly of the same mind with myself; preferred the contempt of popinjays to the company of fools. He was my good friend; an honest, upright man. He had also a beautiful wife, a superior woman. I admired her much before I saw my own wife."

So he had a fine horse saddled, and away he rode to S., a great old town, very ancient and of very few inhabitants. It was in the autumn of the year. As he passed by a thriving field of corn, he called to a poor man who was repairing the fence, and asked whose field it was.

"M. Spiers, your honor," replied the man, with French politeness, stopping to uncover his head.

"And that noble orchard yonder—the trees run as straight as the lines of parallel, and the apples look like drops of gold."

"M. Spiers, your honor," again reiterated the man.

"This M. Spiers has great possessions, I should think," said Monsieur Herman.

"He's a great man, your honor," replied the laborer, and resumed his work.

Half a mile further on, monsieur's path was intercepted by gaily painted wagons that were being driven into an overloaded orchard, from the trees of which men were taking bushels of bright red apples. Never were more thrifty limbs, richer, ruddier looking fruit.

A young man seeing him pause, gathered some of the best of the fruit and brought it to him in a small basket. He was a splendid specimen of a farmer. His garb, though suited to his occupation, was not coarse—his linen was white—there was an air of superiority about him.

"Young man," said Herman, "you look like M. Spiers."

"It is not remarkable," said the young man, smiling, "since I am his son."

"His son, indeed? Your father was my oldest and best friend. He married three years before I was born. I was at his wedding. My name is Herman. Have you heard him mention me?"

"Yes," said the son, his handsome face beaming. "Will you ride to the farmhouse, where my mother will be proud to welcome you, or shall I call my father, who is in yonder group of apple-sorters?"

"Call my friend to me by all means, if he can be spared," said Herman.

M. Spiers was soon by the side of his old acquaintance. He did not look much older than his eldest son of three-and-twenty, as he stood there. Joyful congratulations over, M. Herman was conducted to the farm house, which was lo-

cated in a situation combining all the beauties of a rural landscape. It fronted on a river; it was surrounded by gardens. It seemed to Herman as if he had returned again to his beloved chateau: The mother also astonished him; she looked still so blooming, so beautiful!

"It is our charming country air and occupation," she replied, when he expressed his astonishment.

The guest was taken all over the noble farm. Every where it gave token of the taste and industry of its possessor. "I have nearly cleared it," said he, with an honest pride; "I am almost a rich man. On these three pleasant sites I shall build houses for my sons. Then when they marry they shall bring their wives here, and we will together make a happy family."

"Your sons have wives in prospect, I suppose," said Monsieur Herman, with a shade of anxiety in his tone.

"O, no; they have been too busy building nests for them. That is my only trouble. Suppose they should bring hither worldly, fashionable women. I should no longer be contented."

"My dear friend! I make no propositions—but look at my treasures;" and out came the three miniatures.

"Charming! heavenly! what truth and purity of expression!" exclaimed M. Spiers.

"Yes, my friend, I have endeavored to keep them pure, and my only anxiety is respecting their future partners. Money is no object to me; it is their happiness I seek—the happiness of their children."

M. Spiers smiled thoughtfully. "You and I always adopted odd notions," he said, seizing the hand of his friend. "How strange that we should be in circumstances so similar. I have three children, so have you; they have been brought up for each other. Let us go in to dinner."

At dinner there was much of the *etiquette* of city life. They had not abolished the refinement of certain customs and habits. The father and his sons appeared costumed like gentlemen; the mother in a courtly dress, presided. Servants in abundance waited. The meal was excellent, and the silver massive.

The three sons were all nobly handsome; the youngest only nineteen. They saw the miniatures and were enraptured. "Leave them," said M. Spiers, "and take those of my sons instead. Then we shall have mutual remembrances of each other."

This was agreed upon. An eminent artist was called in, and the work well and delicately done. The three handsome heads on ivory went to

Woodaway, snugly ensconced in Monsieur Herman's pockets.

His family was delighted to see him again, and listened with rapt attention to his description of the places and persons he had seen. He told the blushing girls to prepare for visitors, at the same time handing them a list of names of young men, with some queer items of his own attached. The next morning they each found the miniature of a handsome young man upon her table. They compared faces, but each liked her own the best, and wondered why they should receive so strange, yet so acceptable a gift. Preparations, meantime, went bravely on. Dressmakers had feasted their curious eyes and hungry ears, and gone home to empty out budgets full of wonder.

One day, Louise said gravely to her sisters, "I have thought of a plan for dismissing our admirers without words, and also to punish them for their sins."

"What is it?" cried both sisters, eagerly.

"Come with me," replied Louise.

She led them to the centre of the house where was an oval room, very dim, because lighted but by a few windows from the hall, and which was used only of evenings.

In the centre stood an immense mirror, placed in a highly elaborated frame, and from the ceiling hung a canopy of laces, thus making a reflection somewhat obscure.

"Do what you see me do," said Louise, and forthwith she began removing the quicksilver with a little scraper.

"O, Louise!" cried Lillias, in consternation, "you are ruining the glass!"

"The glass is mine," returned Louise, gravely, "papa gave it me, and approves my plan; so scrape away."

"But cannot some of the servants do this?" queried little Jeannie, shaking her amber-colored locks from her brow. "I can see no earthly use in such work."

"You will see," replied Louise, with dignity.

"I would not have the servants know for the world. This plan must be a secret between us and our dear parents. There! it is finished. Now Lillias, get your tambour frame, and work a coiled serpent with its head protruding. Make the body full, cover it with gold thread, and put in two emeralds for eyes. It must be so natural as to hiss, almost."

Lillias was open-eyed with wonder, but nothing suited her better. And she went to work.

"You, Jeannie," said Louise, "where is our poor old pet, Minnette, that papa had stuffed."

"In one of the rooms up stairs," said the little Jeannie, looking with all her eyes.

"Well, you are ingenious. Go measure him and make him a Parisian suit, with a frilled shirt, a high collar, and I will see that his boots are ordered."

"Louise, are you beside yourself?" and Jeanne threw back her head, while a musical peal of laughter rang from her pretty throat.

"I am not in the habit of being beside myself," said Louise. "You should do as I wish, when I have both papa and mama's sanction. Besides, you will have much fun in robing poor old Minnette."

"Truly so I shall," laughed the young girl. "I'll give him a scarlet coat and plum colored breeches. He shall have a chapeau equal to De Lise's best. I'll put a feather in it. And his ruffle! O, his ruffle!" repeated the little beauty, clapping her hands, "I'll make it stand out so far. He shall have a superb collar, reaching to his ears like those of papa's *valet*. I will go and find materials immediately." And away ran the pet, skipping, dancing, full of glee, to drag down the poor old stuffed ape.

Meanwhile, Louise was busy in her studio, mixing colors, laying them on, and painting on huge sheets of Bristol board. Only now and then she allowed her parents to judge of her work; they invariably came out from the studio smiling.

At length there arrived three young men at the chateau, ostensibly to hunt, fish and enjoy the season. Really to make good their claims to the possession of the three fair daughters. When they spoke of this object at the close of their visit, Monsieur Harman made reply: "I like your personal appearance well enough—my daughters must decide for themselves. But before you ask them, I must tell you of an ordeal which all claimants for their love must pass. In this, as in most old houses, there is a peculiar, I will not say a haunted chamber. In that chamber is a mirror which has the strange power of reflecting the most prominent moral trait of the individual who looks therein. If this mirror shows you your own faces clearly and fairly, you, Sir Bertrand, may sue for the love of Louise, whom you confess you admire—you, and you, may do the same to each of my other daughters. But if you see aught else but your faces, you must never speak to them of love."

Bertrand, the son of Count Mournay, smiled between his neck-tie and his eye-brows. "I am willing to try the test," said he.

"Very well," said Monsieur Herman.

On the first announcement of their visit, the girls had consulted their list.

"We must give them a lesson, sisters," said

Louise, "for see what my father says of them." And she read:

Bertrand Mournay—son of a count—insufferably vain—a brainless exquisite.

Eugene De Lasne—wedded to cards. Already a gamester of repute, though of a great family, and rich.

Edmund Lascelle—stinging in speech, subtle in motive, and sarcastic in manner.

"Now," she exclaimed, "you shall see what I am going to do." With their help she completed a background of a brilliant tint, and placing the stuffed monkey, arrayed in his gaudy habiliments, behind the glass, she arranged the curtains to an appropriate focus, and bade them look within.

It was a laughable sight to see master Jocko sitting up in all the pomp of scarlet and gold, grinning horribly at the spectators, and the girls enjoyed it thoroughly, laughing to their heart's content and half pitying the poor victim of their sport.

But he anticipated unmixed triumph. The fair Louise, had she not smiled upon him? Was not his father a count? Did he not inherit vast wealth? Would any girl spurn a home in a castle—a coronet—a fortune? And all these, with his incomparable self, he was willing to lay at her feet. True, he felt a little uneasy at the first—but monsieur was an odd man—he always had been an odd man, and had perhaps arraigned in that peculiar chamber his daughters wedded gifts—or some unlooked-for surprise.

Therefore, with his valet following to see that no accident befell him, he strutted to the chamber. A very quiet, subdued light fell within. He marched boldly towards the mirror—paused—drew the curtain, and stood transfixed with surprise, mortification, indignation. Worse than all—his valet had seen. There was a suppressed smile on that worthy's face as he turned around. The young noble saw it, and—kicked him for it; then with blazing cheeks and stately tread, without once waiting to smooth his neck-tie or pull up his collar, away he trod—down the stairs—out of the house, and calling for his horse, he rode from Woodaway forever.

The next victim, as he drew the curtain, saw a purpled, fiendish face, with cards in both hands—a sneering, leering countenance that displayed all the bad passions of the gamester. Furious at the vision, he flew down the stairs and made an assault upon the monsieur. He was quietly helped out of the chateau, and putting spurs to his horse, and venting curses, he hurried from the place.

The third was the most quiet and cat-like of

the whole. He stole up by stealth, and seeing the fangs of the serpent, the cold glitter of its green eyes, he crept away as quietly as he entered, and making as if he had seen nothing, politely informed his host that he would save himself the fatigue of mounting to the oval room; he would mount his horse instead, and bid him a very good morning.

Monsieur, however, knew what he had seen, and so did his daughters.

Again and again these symbols, with many others, were brought into requisition. Some of these visitors went away furious, others thoughtful. Every vice for which they were distinguished, Louise, who was a genius, had placed upon canvass in a delicate way, and, strange as it may seem, it had the effect to reform several young blades, who had never before been placed where they could "see themselves as others see 'em."

Meanwhile, the young girls had not been idle over their miniatures. Jeannie, child as she was, put hers under her pillow every night, that she might see that beautiful smile the first thing when she awoke, she said. The other sisters valued theirs in the same ratio.

So with the young M. Spiers. They had every day grown more charmed with the lovely counterfeits of the beautiful sisters.

"I am sure I love her, she is so innocent," said the youngest, pressing the delicate ivory to his lips.

"She is an angel of beauty!" remarked the eldest, gazing with rapture upon the pictured lineaments of Louise.

"And mine is not a whit less lovely," ejaculated the second brother, placing it carefully next his heart.

But the tidings of the oval room had somehow leaked out. "The Hermans had a witch-mirror that would cause their daughters to die old maids," they said; "for who is perfect?"

The three brothers felt perhaps a little nervous at this news, but being willing to risk something for the sight of these beauties, they concluded to go, especially as M. Spiers, their father, encouraged them, saying: "Doubtless they have been waiting for you, and have kept other lovers at bay."

News of their coming set the sisters in a flutter of delight.

"I hope mine will be the handsomest," said the wild little Jeannie.

"They are all handsome," said Louise, looking at her miniature as if she thought one at least excelled the others.

"But sister," said Lillias, "what shall be

done to the mirror? Remember there is no back to it. They cannot see themselves."

"True," replied Louise, "but we will arrange that when they come."

The next day the brothers arrived. In their hearts the sisters said that none of all the rich and noble young men appeared as handsome or as distinguished as these. There was an air of superiority about them which possibly they had acquired by a thorough intimacy with nature. And then their pure habits and lofty morality combined to render them remarkable. Madame Herman was in extacies with them. "If her children might be so happy as to get such husbands," she said, "she could leave the world with less regret when her time came."

But the trial of the oval chamber remained to be repeated.

"Perhaps," suggested Monsieur Herman, "they had better all go together, and station themselves before the glass. It was wide enough—a stately old mirror." So they entered the room, supported by each other, smiling, yet fearing. The curtain was drawn. The brothers stood, startled, delighted, and silent. There, opposite the eldest, was Louise, blushing beautifully, holding up to view, as in a mirror, his own likeness. Next stood Lillias in the same posture, opposite the second brother, and the third beheld *tele-a-tete* the mirthful, dimpled Jeannie, half ready to explode with laughter, whose little hand was exhibiting the same sign of recognition and acceptance.

It was very French—that is, very tasteful and beautiful. A mutual pleasure was the result, and the fine old chateau resounded with their twain voices for many a day after. The old folks were satisfied that the refined simplicity of their children would not be outraged, and the children themselves—O, they were charmingly suited—of course!

According to their ages they were married, Jeannie waiting two years. If anybody travelling in that part of France, will take the pains to find Woodaway, somebody will tell him of the witch-glass in the oval chamber. Or, if he will go in a different direction, to the monster-farm of the rich M. Spiers, he will see the different families, old and young, living together in the most perfect harmony.

WOMAN.

Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which showed—though wandering earthward now—
Her spirit's home was in the skies.
Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,
Is always pure, even while it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.—MOONS.

THE SISTERS.

BY BEATRICE.

They were through their young lives
To difference won;
Their souls blent no sweet ties—
Sorrow hath made them one!

Nourished by the same care,
Sheltered by the same vine,—
O mournful thought! that there
No soul-rays shine!

Ye missed the spring-time mirth,
The gush of song,
Borne by the dewy airs
And scents along!

Childhood all sunless passed,
Youth with a deepened frown,
Years, as they gathered fast,
Sank with more coldness down.

Till grief with a mighty stroke
Struck a slumbering thrill,
And a kindred feeling woke,
Time might not still.

With the bowed head and heart
Came burning thought,
And playing the penitent's part,
It a union lasting wrought.

Sing the triumphal strain
To hearts once lone,
They are gathering joy from pain—
Sorrow hath made them one!

GUILFORD EIGHTY YEARS SINCE.

A TALE OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

"It will not do to let things go on in this way; now mark my words. What it is best to do with these meddlesome, factious fellows, I will leave others to say. I don't like to have all the talk to myself."

The speaker straightened himself up, as with a feeling of intense self-denial. An old, wiry looking farmer, with a bilious face, made a step forward, eagerly raising his forefinger to seize more vividly the attention of the listeners.

"The squire has said jest right, only he hasn't said enough. Now as far as I see, the only way to stop the trouble with these cantankerous sort of people, is jest to root 'em right out, stem and branch. That's the way. There isn't more than one or two at the bottom of all this mischief, and we must send them packing right off. Give 'em orders to start by to-morrow arternoon, and if they don't do it, jest turn out and help 'em. That's what I say. Get old Burrill and one or two others out of the way, and we shall

be able to get along. That plaguy Burrill—"

The farmer stopped suddenly, as he noticed the approach of a young man, apparently from twenty to twenty-five years of age, well made, and rather quiet in demeanor and expression. The party under the tavern windows eyed him with no very inviting glances, and one of them accosted him with an ironical air.

"Look here, now, Burrill, we've heard that Allen has given either you or the old man a governor's commission. Now, let's know how 'tis, can't you? Hope you won't be hard on us."

"I have not heard anything of the kind," replied young Burrill, calmly.

"What a beautiful young man! Such a nice, harmless temper," said another, cheered on by the approving grins of his friends. "I dare say now, if any one were to kick him, he would be willing to overlook it—wouldn't even think of resenting it."

Burrill did not appear to notice these jibes, but passed on into the house. His retreat was watched by his ill wishers with unmitigated contempt and scorn.

"Would any one suppose," exclaimed one, "that any Green Mountain lad could have so little spirit as that fellow has got? You can't quarrel with him anyhow. Whatever you are a mind to say or do, he'll put up with it. I could bear him, and the old man too, better, if it wasn't for their sneaking way. Confound all white livered chaps, I say!"

"You mustn't be too severe, Caudrey," said the young lawyer. "You know that all men haven't the pluck that you have. I wouldn't like to have either old Burrill or his son really harmed; though, as to whether they don't deserve it enough, I won't say."

"There, now, Squire Danby, it isn't any use to talk," answered Caudrey. "Them Burrills, old and young, are mean, sneaking, under-handed chaps, and you know it as well as I do."

The squire's countenance indicated that he felt the complete truth of the accusation, and he made no rejoinder. His manner, however, quite as effectually declared his opinion, both to his companions, and to one who was by chance a witness of their discourse. Fair Lucy Carroll sat at an open window above the conversants, and her ears, not altogether unwillingly, drank in the purport of their discourse. Yes, she had even glanced through the vines which wound upward, and had marked the bearing of young Burrill and his antagonists. A slight expression of scorn mantled on her lips:

"I had thought him possessed of more spirit," she said to herself.

"Halloo ! Lucy !" cried the voice of her father, from below. "Come down, gal ; here's young Burrill wants to see you a moment."

Lucy hurried down to the large, old-fashioned parlor, and entering it, found John Burrill standing hat in hand. He bowed with an embarrassment which was not altogether displeasing.

"Miss Carroll," he said, "I heard you some time since, wishing for some slips of the Lancashire rose. I was so lucky as to procure some the other day, and would offer them to you if you are not already supplied."

The unfavorable impression vanished from Lucy's mind at this mark of attention.

"Thank you," she answered. "I should be very glad indeed to have them. But why do you not sit down?"

"No, I must be going ;" and the young man hesitated again ; his fingers nervously clutched the rim of his coarse hat, and he turned half away.

"Miss Carroll, I wish to say—there are hard feelings, as you well know, between our folk and your own, and others also. It is not for myself, —but what I would like to say is, that a word from you would be likely to influence your father and others to peace more than anything we can do ; and—"

"How do you do to-day, Miss Lucy?" interrupted young Squire Danby, making his appearance at the open door. "Ah, Mr. Burrill ! how d'ye do?"

Burrill took no heed of this forced recognition, but with a constrained bow bade Lucy good morning. His adieu was received with cold civility. His face burning red, he hurried away.

"What a fool I have made of myself," he murmured half aloud. "What a dolt I am that I could not speak plainly what I meant, and no more. I dare say Miss Lucy thinks I am a cowardly —. Sdeath ! I won't think of it ! But it's for the old folks, yes, for my old father and mother—for them I *will* hold my peace."

As he walked along with clenched fingers and lowered eyes, a hand was laid not lightly on his shoulder.

"Look here, lad," exclaimed old Carroll, for it was the tavern-keeper himself who spoke, "I was never the man to use my neighbors ill, and I wish to treat everybody decently ; but just see here. As near as I know, you and the old man, and a few more, are contriving and plotting with old Allen's gang to get the whole town, property and all, into your own hands. Now, I want to be right out, square and above-board—no sneaking for me. If you have a mind to do what is right, I'd be glad to see you here any

time ; else, I hope you'll never step foot in my house again."

John, in his abstraction of mind, had not heard the first part of this speech, but the latter part struck home to his soul in letters of fire. He dashed away the landlord's hand with a sudden fierceness.

"Spare your words, Luke Carroll," he cried. "Neither my father nor I will ever care to cross your doorstep again."

The landlord gazed after him open-mouthed, too much astounded at first, to feel the anger which soon rose within him.

"Dang it!" he exclaimed, his stout chest heaving with the heat which flushed all over his broad, round face. "To be snapped up in that way by a boy like Jack Burrill, a white-faced boy, that has hardly had spunk enough to show his face, except among friends. He and the old man, plotting and working underhandedly as they have done. And he to snap me up so, when I only wished him to speak honestly and frankly. Gad ! but I'm glad it has come to this ; I'll see that he doesn't go sneaking round my Lucy any more, I rather think."

Hearing a step behind, Carroll checked himself.

"How are you, Ben?" he said, at sight of the young lawyer—"or squire, I spose I ought to call you, since you take that name now. But I'm no great hand for titles. By the way, (his face grew hot again) here has that jackanapes, young Burrill, just left me in a way that had I been a few years younger, would have bred a worse humor than I am in now. D'ye see, I thought to have a word or two with him about these difficulties that we have had of late, in my plain, blunt way, meaning no harm, when Master John cuts me short in such an insulting way, and with such a look. Gad, sir ! if I had been a little younger and hotter blooded, I believe I should have knocked him down on the spot."

"Had you been a younger man," replied the squire, very slowly, "he might not have spoken as he did."

"That's the truth !" exclaimed the landlord, with an emphatic shake of his huge fist. "For the life of me, I can't see how a young fellow like him can show so little spunk as he generally does. With me, it used to be a word and a blow, and then I was more ready to make up than ever. But these cold-blooded boys — foh ! I can't abide 'em."

"You are right, my dear sir," replied the young lawyer, with earnestness. "Youth is the season of generous, outspoken impulse. It is no season for slow, selfish calculation and under-

handed plotting. For my part, I am sorry to see that John Burrill has so much of his father's slow, crafty temper about him. Anything like meanness in one of his age, so disgusts me. Why, it was but just now that I happened to overhear him saying to your daughter—but no, on second thought it would hardly be the thing to mention it."

"Speak out!" exclaimed Carroll, testily, seizing him at the same time by the arm. "Speak out, man—what are you afraid of?"

"Why, merely this," replied Danby; "it might have a look as if I had been playing the spy—but you know me too well for that. It's but a trifle after all, and I ought not to have spoken of it."

"What are you so backward about, if it's such a trifle?" cried the landlord. "Out with it, if you don't want to put me in a passion. If you don't speak, I'll have the girl tell me it at once."

"It was merely this, sir," replied the other, still affecting much reluctance. "I was lounging along, in my careless way, towards your parlor, scarce thinking there could be any one there. As I came along, the door was a little way open, and I stopped a second or two, taking a look at that picture of the capture of Louisburg. Just then, I heard John Burrill talking to your daughter within the room, and what he was saying so surprised me, that it held me fast for a moment or two. But as soon as I came to myself, of course, not wishing to overhear what was not designed for my ears, I walked straight in. To be short about it, he was attempting to wheedle Miss Lucy, asking her in so many words to coax you over to his interest, and that of the old miser his father. I declare, sir, that I was so disgusted at his sneaking meanness, that it almost choked me. I do not know but it was well that he took himself off at once, or I might have said what I ought not."

"Miserable fellow!" exclaimed the exasperated host; "if I only had him within my grasp, I could shake him limb from limb. Now Ben, or squire, I should say, I want to ask you if we are bound to suffer such nuisances amongst us, as these Burrills and their abettors? You are a man of the law, and ought to know something about justice and the law. Now, what is your opinion about this?"

"My opinion, sir, is very clear on that point; and had I been an older man, I should have felt really obliged to speak it ere this, and most distinctly, too. According to the law of the land, we are, as you well know, living under the jurisdiction of the State of New York, under which

jurisdiction, also, you and the other magistrates hold office. But the Burrills and their abettors totally deny the authority of the laws, and of course, the authority of the magistrates also. They deny that New York can convey lands or claims. To come to the point, just as soon as Ethan Allen and his myrmidons can spare their strength from elsewhere, just so soon we are to be overawed, and cowed down by their presence. And it will be the most we can hope for, if we be allowed to remain quietly where we are, by yielding up half of our possessions."

"By all that's great!" cried Carroll, striking his massive palm upon his thigh, "we'll not remain quiet—not we. Look here, Ben; here is a letter from New York, which I have had about me these two days, without saying a word to any one before yourself—without knowing indeed, whether to act on it at all. But now look at it, and judge for yourself. Tell me what you think of it."

After some rummaging in his pockets, he had produced the missive, which he now placed in Danby's hands. The latter glanced it over, repeating now and then a few words and conning the rest in silence.

"State of New York, and so forth; to Luke Carroll, and so forth, magistrates. Whereas we have positive information that Paul Burrill and John Burrill, the son of said Paul, together with certain associates herein named, to wit, and so forth, we do command that you do hereby remove the aforesaid Burrills (and such of their associates as you may think proper) forthwith from your limits. Also, that in the name of the government of New York, you warn them beyond the boundaries claimed by and for said State. Allowing only such previous notice before actual removal, as you may deem absolutely necessary. Signed, and so forth."

"My dear sir," continued Danby, turning to his elder with an expostulatory air, "I can appreciate your feelings in thus hesitating to execute this mandate; but it does seem to me that you are unwise in prolonging the hesitation. Letting alone your duty towards obeying the authorities over us, can you justify longer delay in removing from our midst these—what shall I call them? Pests is a hard word—rather I will say, these continual obstacles to the prosperity and happiness of our town. It is—it must be, grievous to your kindness of heart, but there is no alternative; they must be removed. Give them the warning; give them all proper assistance in their disposition of property. Yes, and although they have no legal titles to their farms, no doubt men will be found to take them at as

decent prices as can be expected in these times. There are the Burrills, for instance, whose lands join some of ours. My father and I stand ready now, if they desire it, to take up the farm at a reasonable compensation."

"You are a good-hearted youth, and a knowing one," said Carroll, decidedly. "What you have said touches the point exactly. There's no other way. They must go, and that as soon as possible. We must give them notice to-night. And, as your father is one of us, I want you to mention this to him immediately."

The squire turned homeward across the green Guilford Common. No thought of the nature around him; no sense of the pure mountain air laden with blessings to body and mind. His heart was on enmity intent.

"No, I could hardly have managed it better;" so he deliberated with himself. "It would hardly do to be over eager at first. That would, very likely, spoil the whole. And Lucy is so ridiculously sentimental at odd times, that I dare not, if it were only on her account, push things faster. I think I have got the leading hand just now on that young boor, but I have thought sometime that the girl had more than half an inclination towards him. Confound you, John Burrill! Let me but once get you fairly under foot, and then—I!"

He set his boot-heel on a bit of soft moss which lay in his path, and, twisting and writhing his foot, ground the velvety substance into atoms scarce distinguishable from the dark mould with which they had now become mingled. Smiling at this ominous token of his thoughts, Danby lifted his head, and passed on.

There was a crowd in the kitchen of Paul Burrill. His old wife had retired to rest near an hour before, and of the household only Paul and his son remained; the latter standing on one side of the fireplace, while the old man sat at the other corner.

"You have heard us, Paul Burrill," continued Carroll, who had just communicated the notice of quitting—"you have heard us, and seen the authority which obliges us to act. What say you, then? Will you submit to this necessity peaceably and quietly, or will you not?"

There was no reply. Paul sat with both hands placed on the head of his staff, his chin resting on them, his sharp, gray eyes half buried beneath the bushy white brows, glancing from one to the other of his unwelcome visitors. The silence was broken by the young squire.

"It grieves me much," he said, advancing—"it grieves me very much, sir, that you do not

realize the constraint under which we ourselves are placed, and that the attitude which we assume toward yourself and one or two others, is in principle an act of mere self-defence. Nor do you appreciate, I fear, the sacrifice which some of us are ready to make in taking up the farms you at this moment occupy. Surely we all regret, we very much regret—"

"Stop, Benjamin Danby!" interrupted Paul. "Much as I dislike you and your breed, I would not have you lead your conscience with too many lies at any one time. Now do you and Luke Carroll listen for a moment to what I have to say. You, Benjamin Danby, talk of regret at doing anything that can further your interest or your spite? It is not in your blood, nor your father's to feel it. Mark me! Fifteen years ago, your father, by a mean, pettifogging trick, deprived me of every cent I possessed in the world. Two years after, my eldest son died in the street a drunkard. Who made him so? You, Luke Carroll!"

"You wrong me, Paul!" exclaimed Carroll, with a troubled voice.

"Liar!" cried old Burrill, his eyes glistening with fierce excitement, and his cane half raised in his hand. "But stop, I will contain myself. Think you, that I am going to pay heed to your commands, your honeyed insinuations! Never! Not a step will I budge from this house, I or mine, till violence remove us. Whatever harm comes of it, be it on your own heads."

"Mr. Burrill," replied Danby, "it is a pity that you will not listen to reason. But as you have determined to resist the law and the authorities, you must needs take the consequence. As for your invectives against my honored father, I can let them pass for what they are worth. But if I am not very much mistaken, you might have offset your abuse by saying that it was to his efforts solely that you were not many years ago a condemned criminal and a tenant of a jail."

The old man whom he addressed turned his head, and for a moment gazed steadily at his son, who still remained immovable at the opposite corner of the fireplace.

"John," the older Burrill said, in a low, stern voice, "did you hear what he has just said? And do you stand there calm and unmoved, while this young villain flings his lying venom in my face? Have you no blood in your veins! Shame on you! shame!"

The youth flushed red, and for an instant laid his hand on the narrow mantel-piece, as though to steady himself; then, withdrawing it, thrust it behind him and remained as motionless as before. A look of something like contemptuous

pity flashed over the old man's face, and he turned again to his visitors.

"Go," he said, pointing to the door. "Take your course; what mine will be, I have already told you."

Thus commanded, the parties addressed went out as quickly as possible, scarcely either of them possessing at the moment the like feeling with his companions. In Carroll a large degree of sympathy mingled with his political animosity. But in the former feeling he was nearly alone.

"The old reprobate!" cried one. "He's no better than a jail-bird let loose. Think of him trying to urge his son into a squabble the way he did!"

"Phe!" replied another; "I don't blame the old fellow. That boy of his has no more spunk than a cow. He's a coward, and the old man knows it."

"Perhaps so; any how, if I'd been in John's place, I think I should have been likely to have showed a little fin."

The company forthwith determined on proceeding to the tavern of Carroll, where they might find a fit place, and the good liquor wherein to celebrate the decisive step which they had taken in behalf of the supposed rightful authority of New York—for the deed was considered as good as done, now that the intention was so clearly proclaimed. Speech-making and the singing of partizan songs mingled by turns with the flowing honors offered in full glasses to the York dignitaries, civil and military. It was getting well towards midnight before the company thought of dispersing. Danby was one of the first to leave. But he had scarce taken his departure, when he re-appeared with a frightened look, and gave information that a body of armed men had surrounded the house.

"Out with the lights!" exclaimed Carroll, hastily, "and secure doors and windows. "They must be Hampshire men! There are a few king's arms below!"

As he spoke, a volley of musketry crashed through the upper panes of the second story windows, and immediately the main door of the building was assailed by repeated and heavy blows.

"We demand," cried a loud voice from without, "the persons of Luke Carroll and Benjamin Danby, traitors against the laws, and accused of conspiracy with the British."

"Your charge is false!" replied Carroll, undauntedly. "We are a law abiding people—as sail us at your peril! We are prepared for you!"

"Give it to them, boys!" was the rejoinder. "Kont them out of their barrows!"

The butts of their muskets clanging on the door, soon splintered its panels and forced an entrance. Armed men crowding in quickly, spread themselves over the house amid the cries of terrified women, oaths of assailants and assailed, the clashing of weapons, straggling shots, and sounds which, in the oft prevailing darkness, were clothed with more than their natural share of alarm. The contest was soon over, and the object of the assailants attained. Much more than attained as concerned Carroll, who lay unconscious on the bar-room floor, his head supported by his frenzied daughter. Candles had been found and lighted, and as the terrified girl gazed about the room, her eye caught that of young Barrill, who, musket in hand, stood dejectedly near. Her countenance underwent an instant change, flashing at once with indignation and scorn, as she accosted him:

"This, then, is your doing, Master John! Brave Master John, who dare not do his will in broad day, but comes with mach help to murder in the dark! Brave Master John!"

"Lucy," he said, with a half-choked voice, "I would not have harmed a hair of his head. I came here with the rest, it is true, but—"

He stopped, unable to proceed. The look with which Lucy's eyes turned from him, and the pitying glance which they cast on the captive Danby, were too much for young Barrill to bear. As he was going away, a huge hand gripped him by the shoulder:

"Don't make a fool o' yourself," said his rough friend, "nor take on about the gal's scolding. Old Carroll's got nothing more than a nice whack on the head, and he'll be all right to-morrow. Why, bless you, it's just nothing at all."

Three days had passed, since the occurrences last mentioned, and Guilford already appeared a miniature epitome of civil war. Houses and shops closed and barred, the street deserted—all seemed gloomy and desolate. Sunday had arrived, the wonted day of peace and rest to body and soul; the good old day of general re-union at one common church. Now, the doors of the meeting-house were shut—no sound of singing issued from its walls, and in the hearts of those who had been wont to assemble there as brothers, now reigned discord, hatred and mutual revenge. Of all this, thought the good, white-haired pastor, as he stood in the porch of his little dwelling, his eyes so dimmed with tears that he could scarce discern the scene before him, familiar to his office for more than forty years. In this mood he was unaware of the approach of a

brisk little man, who hurried up to him with :

"Ah! good morning, good morning, parson. Sad times these—sad times. I have called for you this morning, as I promised, to accompany you to the Burrills. Great trouble there, sir—great trouble. I really can't tell how it will end."

The old clergyman had already donned his well worn cocked hat, and had turned from his threshold in company with the little doctor.

"Is the young man no better?" inquired he.

"Not at all, sir—not at all. Symptoms very bad indeed. Lies insensible, breathing hard and labored—sometimes convulsive. There is reason to fear one of the balls may have penetrated the lungs."

"How did this matter happen?" inquired the pastor. "When I heard of it very early this morning, the story was told so confusedly that I could scarce gain a clear idea of the affair."

"Why, Parson Morris," replied the doctor, lowering his voice with an air of special confidence, "I really believe, in my own mind that the Danbys are somewhere at the bottom of the whole affair. You will understand, that when the young squire was carried off by the Hampshire men the other night, he was presently released by them on his solemn promise to make himself scarce for the present, and to answer for the good behaviour of old Danby himself. I've heard that he did this the more readily, because certain suspicions are afloat concerning some communications reported to have been had between themselves and the British. But I know that it is impossible in the nature of the Danbys to live without mischief-making, and I am morally certain that they set on this gang of Yorkers who last night attacked Burrill's house. They found the old man ready for them, however, and when they undertook to rush into the house, he levelled one of their number with the first shot. Infuriated at this, they fired point blank into the house, burst in and struck down the elder Burrill. All the associates of the latter had fled, except the son, who, by what I have heard, must have fought like a lion, nearly killing several, before he was brought down, with at least three balls shot into him."

"And the old people?"

"Ah, sir, it's a sorry sight! Old Paul sits with his face leaned over on his hands, not stirring, neither looking at, or speaking to any one. The old wife has gone out of her head, poor thing, though she's quite peaceable, and tottles about twisting her fingers, and murmuring to herself. She was slightly touched, it seems, at the first fire, though she was in an inner room."

After a rather long walk, Doctor Perley and

his venerable companion arrived at the Burrills. A neighbor's daughter ushered them into a large room where John Burrill lay. Here also were the father and mother; and the clergyman, who had already visited them for a short space early in the morning, attempted as before to offer some words of consolation, and especially to open the heart of old Paul, which seemed closed and locked as with a bolt of iron. But his efforts seemed of so little effect that the worthy man turned away at length, discouraged and sighing. The doctor beckoned him to the door.

"Where is your niece Patty?" inquired the doctor. "More help is needed here; but we want exactly the right sort of help. Especially on the lad's account. His situation is very critical, and very much will depend on skilful and careful nursing."

"I am sorry, indeed," replied the elder; "but Patty is now at Brattleborough, or over on the other side of the river, I know not which. I dare say, however, that we can get her here by to-morrow."

"Let us have her here then as early as possible. But who is this? Lucy Carroll, as I am a living man!"

The girl sped by him like a ghost. Flitting white and silent by, she sank down at the feet of the old father within. Paul raised his head in astonishment; at the sight of the maiden, his cold, gray eyes grew still more chill and steely in their look. But Lucy, seizing his hands within her own, gazed up into his face with such a wild, imploring look, that his eyelids trembled, and a faint, quivering movement spread itself over his countenance.

"O, sir, they tell me he is dying! It cannot be—it cannot be. Suffer me but to watch over him, and you, and her. Do not bid me away!"

Paul made a slight effort as though to disengage his hand; he turned away his head; a groan straggled from his heaving chest. Lucy rose, and bending over him, pressed her lips to his forehead; then, gliding away, took her station by the bed whereon the son lay. So calmly and quickly did she adjust herself to the gentle duties of the task she had undertaken, that the good doctor stood speechless, watching her with admiring surprise. At last, however, he turned toward Elder Morris, and touching him with his forefinger, said with a sly twinkle of his eyes:

"Elder, on second thought it will hardly be necessary to send for Patty on purpose. On the whole, I think we will be able to get along pretty tolerably as it is."

"Servant, sir;" and with this rather rough salutation, a tall, broad-shouldered man, with

shock hair and piercing blue eyes, strode into the room, and after a hasty glance at the bed, walked straight up to old Paul, who had scarce noticed his entrance, and placed a huge hand on his shoulder. "Paul!" he said.

The old man sprang on his feet at the sound, and an enthusiasm like that of youth flushed in his face, as he seized the proffered grasp. But the joyous light passed away as quickly as it had come, for his eyes turned instinctively towards his son. The stranger (for such he was to most of those present) pressed the fingers of the old man still more tightly, and his voice was deep and full of emotion.

"Paul Burrill," he said—"Paul, you have been a dear friend to Ethan Allen; and by the living heaven, he is not one to forget either friend or foe. If it indeed be that your son lose his life, there's not one of his cowardly murderers but shall pay for his blood, to the last drop."

"There is One to whom vengeance belongeth," interrupted the voice of the old clergyman.

Allen was for a moment abashed.

"Your pardon, parson," he replied to the elder. "I had forgotten that one of your cloth was present. You have spoken fitly, and as becomes your office. But each one to his part. You are a man of peace—I a man of the sword. I, also, must do my duty."

"O, beware, sir," said Lucy, who had stolen toward him unperceived—"beware, sir, what you do. And for the life of John Burrill fear not—for I know that it is given into my hands."

Allen looked at her with wonder.

"Marvellous!" he exclaimed. "I do believe the gal's inspired. And if she's determined that it shall be so, I can't say that 'twill be the contrary. These women will have their way."

With these words he left the house as abruptly as he had entered, mounted his horse which had been fastened to a neighboring tree, and rode to the green in the centre of the village, where a troop of fifty or more horsemen sat in saddle, surrounded by the greater part of the male population of the settlement. Worthy Doctor Perley hurrying to the ground as fast as his less speedy means of locomotion would permit, found Allen addressing the town's people with a rude but energetic oratory.

"I tell you, people of Guilford," continued the hardy soldier, "that you are nothing but a pack of fools. You have suffered yourselves to be led by the nose by two rascally lawyers named Danby, father and son, who are the devil's own imps in disguise, as I do verily believe. Why, I have in my coat pocket proof in their own hand writing, that they have sold themselves to

the British, for whom they have been plotting these three months. And this York game has been but a means to draw you on toward their purposes. Now, mark me closely, men of Guilford. If you do not, henceforth and forever, desist from those tyrannical proceedings of which you have lately been guilty, and behave yourselves as becomes true patriots, then, by the powers of the sky, and the Continental Congress, I, Ethan Allen, will make the town of Guilford as desolate as ever were Sodom and Gomorrah of old. Mind that; and remember that Ethan Allen never yet broke his promise!"

He wheeled his horse, gave the word of command to his men, and the troop rode off at full speed. The crowd of villagers dispersed slowly. The earnest, though rather hyperbolic address of Allen, and the various incidents of the last few days, had inspired a pacific feeling in the minds of all. Hardly a doubt existed in the minds of any with regard to the treachery of the Danbys; for during the five or six hours previous, rumors laden with every semblance of truth had penetrated throughout the whole village. The tide of popular sentiment, too, had turned in favor of the younger Burrill. Men who held him in reproach, as devoid of spirit and character, were now eager to avow their change of conviction. He had shown an example of self-restraint which ought to have been better followed. On the one hand he had sought to guard against the vehemence of his father—on the other he had borne up manfully against the jeers of his antagonists, till, at the last, he had shown a fire and a desperation most remarkable. Carroll, to his credit be it said, had been first to own his error, and to lament its consequences.

"Doctor,"—thus he addressed the bustling and sympathizing physician—"I thought the Danbys were little less than saints. As it is, I am ashamed of their company, and of my own doings also. I had no hand in the present trouble of the Burrills, though I must own that I am in some degree mixed up with it. Say to Paul, for I know not how to meet him now, that I hope the time will come when he can take me as his friend. What I can do, I will, toward repairing the mischief of the past."

In a year from that time, the dwellers in Guilford were knitted together once more in the bonds of neighborly kindness. John Burrill and his wife Lucy, a most happy couple, were living in a new cottage, half way between Carroll's and the elder Burrill's. The Danbys were never again heard of within the limits of the States; the father and son having fled on the discovery of their treacherous plots.

MARGARET.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Crowned with a coronet of grace,
Breaking in blushes o'er her face;
Her brow so calm, and pure, and sweet,
You long to worship at her feet.

The azure flush of summer skies
Has lent its glory to her eyes!
Her hair has caught the rippling gold
Around the sunset pillars rolled.

Celestial goddesses might blush,
From their ripe Paradisiac flush,
To see the tempting damask mouth
Of this fair daughter of the south!

She walks—a thing of shining light—
In majesty on truth's stern height;
Her white robes round her slivery fair,
A bath of Tyrian sweets the air!

Children of poverty—the gnome!
With spectre Want within each home—
Rise up this priestess fair to bless,
Whose hand relieves their wretchedness.

The very brutes on pasture hills,
Cooling beneath the beech tree's stills,
Turn loving eyes as she goes by,
For water from the spring-wall nigh.

The milk-white kitten softly purr,
And licks no other hand than hers;
His gentle paws he puts to rest
Upon the velvet of her breast.

The robins do not fear to sing
Their lyrics in her grape-vine swing;
The nightingale—bird of the stars!
Chants boldly on her window bars!

The winds are loth to toes her curls
Rudely as those of other girls—
And it does seem all nature tries
To gather flavor in her eyes!

A mote upon the shoreless sea
Of life—she has rare smiles for me!
She fills my heart! Cares I forgot
In thoughts of queenly Margaret!

THE BROTHERS' MEETING:

—OR—

A NIGHT IN THE STRAITS OF SUNDA.

A FORECASTLE YARN.

BY JAMES F. ALCORN.

SOL BENTON was the most inveterate yarn-spinner I ever met with—a sort of Munchausen; such as are frequently met with aboard of long voyagers—men who despise all that portion of the seafaring fraternity who from choice or other causes prefer the coasting trade, or short to long voyages. He and I were ship, and indeed watch-mates, on board the ship "Wing of the

Wind," an East Indiaman, and night after night I and my watch-mates have sat spell-bound, all through the middle, or first watch, as the case might be, listening to the relation by him, of his hair-breadth adventures by flood and deck, one of which I will give my readers in his own words.

"Yes!" said he, in reply to a demand by one of the watch, "if he had ever encountered a pirate," and as a preface to the yarn I am about to relate; "I've met more'n one o' the fellows since I've bin to sea, and fought 'em, for that matter; but about the toughest fight I ever got mixed up with 'em in, was here away"—(we were off the sand heads at the time)—"a matter of some twenty-five, or maybe thirty year ago.

"Ye see, I'd bin cast away in a typhoon and got carried to Calcutta, where I an' two or three o' my shipmates joined a vessel bound up to Canton for a cargo of silk and tea.

"The skipper as we shipped with didn't have a rag of a character among the shorefolks in Calcutta, some of whom represented him as a bloody pirate, or something worse, telling all manner o' yarns about him, and trying to prevent white men from joining the ship, or going in her.

"But we stuck by. In fact I kinder tack a fancy to the skipper, for he was young and looked like a darn good fellow, while the way he issued his orders an' moved round the deck, proved him to be a prime sailor. We sailed, but hadn't got clear o' the river when it leaked out for'ad somehow, 'at there was twenty-eight thousand dollars in gold on board, stowed in the cabin. That ere made all hands kinder skeery, 'cause ye see if sich a thing had got wind in Calcutta afore or after the ship sailed, she was sure to be attacked by pirates in the Straits, or afore she got there. There was plenty o' the pesky critters afloat in these waters then, an' they managed by some means to keep purty well posted consarnin the amount o' money as each ship carried out o' port.

"Things went smoothly enough until we run nearly down to the Straits. We didn't see nothing suspicious in the shape of vessels, nor nothing, until one afternoon, when we was expecting to make Sumatra next day. 'Twas getting along to eight bells, an' the second mate was aloft, examining the sarrice on the main topgallant stay, where the foot of the royal had been chafing a spell, the batten having got off that day. All at once he sung out, 'Sail ho' and afore the old man could ask, 'where away,' was coming down the backstays like lightning.

"I knowed there was something up, right off, an' so I went aft, pretendin' to lay up the main

brace, which was hove down on deck, but really wanting to hear what he said about the stranger.

"'Why, Mr. Mosely,' says the old man, 'what's the matter? You look s'if you'd seen the sea serpent.'

"'Matter enough, captain!' says the second mate. 'That there sail's the "Pirate of Sunda." If taint I'll agree to go on short allowance of grog for a week.'

"'The Pirate of Sunda!' said the skipper, seizing his glass from the becket. 'How did he bear?'

"'Broad on the starboard bow, an' stan'in athwart hawse of us,' says the dicky; whereupon the skipper mounted the main rigging, an' set'tin himself on the topsail yard, begun to squint at the stranger.

"By the time I'd got the mainbrace laid up, the old man had made his mind up about the vessel, for he sung out: 'Turn all hands up, Mr. Mosely, an' get the stunsails out! Call the mate! Bear a hand! we must show that fellow a clean pair of heels.'

"We had the stunsails out, an' the gear rove, in less'n no time, when the old man laid down from aloft, an' tuk his station 'longside the wheel, while we rigged out the booms alow an' aloft an' give her the muslin. I tell ye the way the old ship ploughed the brine, was a caution to green horns. We had 'bout all the wind we wanted, and it soon begun to be purty evident we'd give the stranger the go-by if he didn't wake up a bit. In less'n fifteen minutes arter we'd finished making sail we had him hull up off deck an' bearing 'bout five an' a half points on the bow, when we could see him keep away, and purty soon up went his stunsails.

"'That's your game, is it?' says the skipper. 'Thank Heaven, two can play at it! Mr. Barnes,' says he to the mate, 'I guess you'd better have the guns all ready. By the way, that fellow moves; it seems he's bound to furnish us work for them.'

"'Ay, ay, sir!' says the mate. 'He acts s'if a dose of cannister wouldn't do any harm,' an' at it we went, clearin' away the barkers—we had six on 'em—real beauties—and reeving of gun-tackle, an' etcetera.

"By two bells we'd all ready—fires out and guns loaded to the muzzle, all 'cept one; an' that the old man had histed onto the poop, an' loaded with round shot, so as to have a lick at his spars, if he show'd ugly afore he got into short range, which he didn't seem likely to do, judging by the way we crawled ahead of him.

"We had him abeam an' 'bout a mile off by the time we'd got through, when the skipper

said's how we might get supper, an' be all ready in case we was wanted, for, says he, 'That's the Pirate of Sunda, men, an' no mistake; an' we have to fight him sure, if we can't outrun him.'

"Well ye see, that there information didn't add much to our appetites nohow! I guess all hands didn't eat enough—an' there were forty of us, all told—to make a supper for ten longshore men a'ter they'd bin on a spree for a week. Howsomever, much or little, we hadn't got through when the stranger fired a gun, an' showed British buntin'.

"'No ye don't!' says the old man, as soon's he see'd her colors. 'Show him the gridiron, Mr. Barnes! He can't fool me with the "meteor flag!'" He might as well show the death's head an' cross bones at once!'

"'Perhaps he would if he could only get within short range,' says the mate. 'Wouldn't it be about as well to haul to, to starboard a couple of points? We'd hold a stronger breeze, and fetch him astarn sooner.'

"'Yes, and aid him to shorten the distance between us!' says the skipper. 'No, no, Mr. Barnes! We have nothing to spare to starboard; but I've half a mind to haul to for the main; if it were not for the risk of being becalmed under the land, when we would have more than this fellow to deal with. Let her go as she is till dark, there's no moon to-night, and see if I don't double on him.'

"The old man went below then, leavin' the mate in charge, while the second mate an' steward were busy overhauling the arms-chest and passin' out pistols ready for use. He hadn't bin gone more'n a minute, when bang went another gun on board the pirate, and a shot struck the water about a hundred yards astarn. That brought the old man up from below mighty quick, when he sung out:

"'In starboard lower an' topmast-stunsails! We must get that fellow astarn or he'll be taking the sticks out of us with that big gun.'

"I'll tell you what, them stunsails come down by the run, an' afore you could say Jack Robinson, the yards were checked, an' the old ship headin' up E. S. E. We hadn't got the stunsails made up though, afore the pirate twig'ed the move, an' sent a whole broadside after us, but it didn't reach us by a longways. Then he tried his long gun, an' hove a shot close alongside. He fired again as fast's he could load, an' put a round shot through our mainsail. A third time he was more fortunate, for he hit the mizzen top an' stove one side of it all to pieces, while the shot passed on an' lodged in the mainyard, 'bout five feet from the slings.

"'Twas luck for us it was almost dark, for if he had had light enough to kept us in view another half hour, he'd took some of the sticks out of us sure, but as it was, that shot was the only one as did any material damage, an' he only fired a couple more, when it had got to be so dark he couldn't see us nor we him.

" 'I guess that fellow's 'bout done for t'night,' said the skipper, soon's we lost sight of the pirate. 'He wout be likely to get another shot at us to-night, an' if this wind only holds good, I'll bet a big apple he wout in the morning.'

"Don't ye think, the old man hadn't more'n got the words said, when flap went the courses agin the masts; the wind had begun to die away. From that minute the breeze kept growin' less an' less, until 'bout six bells in the first watch, when it had died away 'bout dead calm. My eye! Didn't the old man swear a little! We were in for it sure, an' were 'bout makin' our minds up to have our throats cut, when the skipper, who was stan'in' aft, lookin' over the topsail, sung out:

" 'What in thunder! Where does that light come from? I told that confounded steward to ship them after dead-lights! Jump down, Mr. Barnes, an' put that cabin lamp out! I shouldn't wonder if we had some more o' them round shot about our ears,' an' he bent down over the taffrail to see where the light came from. But he hadn't more'n done it, when he jumped back an' says he: 'Mr. Barnes! drag that —— Ethiopian up here! Lay aft here all hands!'

"We mustered aft in less'n no time, when he sung cut, 'We've got a traitor amongst us, men! Just look over the starn!'

"We did so, an' I'm blowed if there warn't a signal lantern, all lit up, an' hanging under one of the starn winders. Made us mad as thunder, when we see it, an' by the time the mate had hauled it in, we were 'bout ready to eat the steward. He came on deck with the mate, an' looked mighty blue he did when the old man asked him how that lantern come hangin' out the starn winder. The darn'd nigger said he didn't know; but 'twan't no use. We all know'd he did it, an' told him so; so by-m'by he give in, an' owned up as he did it for a signal to the pirates.

"When the old man heard that it made him awful ugly. He made a spring at the darkey, an' catchin' him by the throat, choked him till he'd almost killed him, an' then he hove him on deck an' jumped on him two or three times. Darn the fellow! I pitied him; but I knew he deserved it, so let him slide.

"When the old man left him he laid for dead, we let him lay, for just then we heard the

measured an' muffled sound of oars nearly alongside.

" 'Jump to the guns, men!' shouted the old man, an' we did, while at the same instant a most infernal yell broke on the stillness of the night, an' a minute after, one, two, three boats dashed into view in quick succession. They were crowded with men, an' in less'n five minutes were right alongside an' fast to us, while their crews were clambering up the ship's side an' over the rails in half dozens. One of them laid us aboard in the forechains, another at the main, an' the third hooked on to the mizen chains, where she was stove by the skipper as soon's she touched, who darted a couple of cold shot into her, knocking a hole in her bow as quicker'n lightning, while hardly one of her crew gained our deck but were cut down or tumbled overboard by the skipper and some eight or ten of our lads who had remained aft to receive them.

"We had our hands full for'ad though. Jes as fast's one o' the rascals fell wounded or dead, half a dozen jumped into his tracks from the rail, until they outnumbered us, an' were driving us aft, inch by inch, when the capt'n an' his gang, havin' settled accounts with the crew of the stern boat, jumped down on the main deck to lend us a hand.

"We had used our pistols with good effect at first, but they pressed us so hard, we'd no time to re-load; so we had to trust to our cutlasses, at which they were more'n a match for us, an' though we made a stand for a few minutes, after the old man joined us, we were again forced to give way an' retreat.

"Our men were falling every minute, an' there was every prospect of havin' all our throats cut, when the old man shouted—'Give way to starboard an' port, men!' an' we did give way, when bang! the old man fired one of the guns, which he had slewed round, an' pointed right at the thickest of the pirates. That discharge mowed down more'n a dozen of 'em, and kinder raised our courage, so that we drove 'em for'ad almost to the foremast, where they rallied again, when the fight became fiercer than ever. In the meantime the skipper had got another gun to bear on 'em, but didn't dare to fire it lest he'd kill as many of his own crew as of the pirates.

"We had to give way in turn, and were falling back slowly on the maindeck, some one of our number being cut down momentarily, when the skipper sung out: 'Avast the Marions!' meaning our crew. 'Down, every man!' but we couldn't do it, so the old man jumped into the thickest of the fight himself, an' was soon en-

gaged hand to hand with the leader of the pirates. Just then I lost sight of him an' got entangled with a fellow 'at I'd bin trying to get foul of for sometime. I had it in for him from the first. Ye see he hit me a thundering clip on the head, just as he jumped from the rail; almost laid me over. I used to be considered some punkins with a cutlass, in the sarvice, an' had come off first in every single-handed tussle that night, but I'm blessed if I hadn't met my match at last. We cut away at each other sometime, but couldn't get blood, when all at once he made a lunge at me, which I made an attempt to parry, when my foot slipped an' I fell backward, expectin' every instant to feel the pirate's cutlass between my ribs. But I didn't. Just as I fell the mate jumped in an' took my place, an' catching the fellow foul, pinked him quicker'n you could say beans.

"When I got up I found the fight had kinder slackened on both sides, a good many of the survivors being too deeply intent on the issue of the fight between our old man and the leader of the pirates, to think of further hostility for the time. They were both splendid swordsmen, an' about as well matched for size an' weight as they could be, while the way their cutlasses twisted an' twined 'round each other was a caution. First one give way an' then the other, but neither could boast of any advantage for nearly ten minutes, when they separated by mutual consent, to regain breath. Their separation was the signal for renewed contest between their supporters, which was commenced by our mate, who had trained the gun—before prepared by the skipper—to bear on our assailants, during the cessation of hostilities, an' now fired it, annihilating nearly one third of our antagonists.

"The rest were speedily driven for'ad, with the exception of their leader, who, on perceiving the havoc made by the discharge among his followers, instantly returned to the fight, in which he was again met by the old man. One by one, they fell dead or wounded beneath our blows, until but few remained; an' they, afeared to linger longer where death awaited them, jumped into their boats an' shoved off, leaving their leader to our tender mercies. Him we soon secured, after he'd succeeded in wounding our cap'n severely. But we had scarcely made him a prisoner when a cheer of defiance from the remnant of his followers, answered by one more distant, warned us of their return, with fresh forces.

"I tell you what, lads! that answering cheer appalled with fear the hearts of all who heard it, for we were few an' exhausted with the conflict, besides being encumbered with the dead an' wounded of both parties, who lay in heaps on

our deck. On came the attacking party, while we re-loaded the guns an' run 'em out, depressing their muzzles to the lowest angle, hoping to be able to pour their contents into the approaching boats, ere they could gain a hold on the ship. But fortune favored us when least expected, for just as we heard the splash of their oars, a gentle breeze filled our sails, giving the ship steerage way; when we sprang to the braces an' in a few moments the old boat was going three knots through the water, with a gentle but freshening breeze on the quarter.

"The way we cheered them wasn't slow, I tell you, an' had you heard the way them fellows swore an' tuk on, you'd a thought we wouldn't have met much mercy had they bin aboard. But they didn't get aboard, for the breeze come up quick, and in less'n five minutes we were going good seven an' a half, an' leavin' 'em astern at no small rate.

"We'd got one gun onto the quarter deck afore they boarded us, an' that the mate now ordered us to bowse aft to the topsail, when he fired a pistol in the direction of the boats, hoping they would return the compliment, an' betray their exact whereabouts. The ruse succeeded to a charm, for they replied with a discharge of some fifteen or twenty shots, one of which killed the second mate on the spot, an' another struck me on the arm, just below the elbow, an' broke it.

"At the instant they fired the mate was glancing along the gun, awaiting the flash of the expected volley, to enable him to point the piece with some show of success. She was about right, an' jumping one side he applied the match. It was a success judging by the yells an' screeching which followed the report, an' lasted for mor'n a minute, when it died away an' all was silent as the grave, save the ripple of the sea an' the rush of water under the ship's bow and along her waist an' counter.

"We got lanterns then an' mustered aft, when we counted ten able to stand an' go, myself included, twenty of our original number being missing. Of them we found fourteen killed an' wounded, on deck, while of the pirates we counted sixty-eight dead an' wounded, including their leader who lay bound hand an' foot, an' slightly wounded—besides a number of pieces of bodies—legs an' arms, etc., which had bin blown to pieces by the two discharges.

"The dead an' wounded of the pirates shared the fate of our dead shipmates, though we hove their bodies overboard with less regret than those of our gallant shipmates; while in the meantime our wounded, including the cap'n, were convey-

ed to the cabin an' made as comfortable as our means would admit.

"The pirate cap'n—as he afterwards proved to be—we placed in double irons, an' then we had a drink all round on the head of our victory. 'Twas daylight by that time, an' we could see the pirate ship hove to an' hull down to the west'ard, which relieved us of all further apprehension concerning her, when we turned in, all hands save the mate, the man at the wheel an' I; an' I followed the other's example as soon as Mr. Barnes had sot my broken arm an' secured it.

"At eight bells the mate roused all hands out to wash decks an' get breakfast, after which the skipper sent for us to go to his state-room. We went in a body, when he said a great sight 'bout our brave defence of the ship an' our own lives, an' so on, winding up with a request to see the pirate skipper. He was soon brought into the cabin, ironed as he was, an' ushered into the presence of the cap'n, who asked him a sight o' questions, an' among the rest what his name was.

"'Wilbur!' says the pirate, at which our skipper started partly upright in his berth, an' says he kinder sudden, 'Wilbur, did you say!'

"'I did,' says the pirate, kinder surprised.

"'And you belong in ——?'

"'What is it to you where I belong?' growled the pirate, with an angry scowl.

"'Much!' groaned our cap'n.

"'How so?'

"'Answer my question, an' I will answer yours,' says the old man, eagerly.

"'Humph! Well! it can do no harm if you do know,' muttered the pirate, adding aloud: 'You belong in the United States?'

"'Yes! I belong to Boston. But what has this to do with the answer to my question, unless indeed, you —'

"'Belong there,' said the pirate, interrupting him. 'Yes! Boston city is my native place;' an' his head sunk on his breast, while he drew his hand hastily across his eyes.

"'Boston's your native place, you say? an' your first name is —'

"'Henry!' said the pirate, sadly.

"'Yes! I thought so! Look up! My name is Wilbur. Alas! am I so changed that you cannot recognize me? Take off his irons, Mr. Barnes, an' leave us!'

"The mate hastily unlocked the handcuffs, while their wearer, gazing amazed at our skipper, muttered:

"'You a Wilbur, an' born in Boston! Who are you? Speak, in Heaven's name, an' tell me that my hand has not been raised against —'

"'Your brother George!' said the old man, interrupting him, an' the next instant they were clasped in each other's arms.

"We stole out o' the state-room quietly an' left 'em together, but 'twant long afore the pirate come out an' called the mate, an' they went into the cabin together, where they stayed a long time, when the mate come out an' told us a long yarn 'bout how he'd come to be a pirate an' all that, an' wanted to know if we'd give him up to be hung when we got to Batavia, or give him a chance to lead a different life?

"Darn my buttons if I could say hang him, when I had heard his history; nor could a single one of my shipmates; so we said, 'let him live!' an' so said the mate, an' we were glad of it when we found out what a good fellow he was, even if he was a pirate."

"But you haint told us how he come to be a pirate, Sol," said one of the watch, who believed Sol's yarn to be ended.

"No more I aint!" rejoined my messmate, adding, "but I guess 'taint too late yet."

"Ye see, he run away from home to avoid a licking, which his governor had promised him. He was but a boy then an' couldn't do much to git his own living, so he shipped to go to sea in a whaleman, an' did go. Whaling didn't agree with him, so he an' three or four green horns took it into their heads to desert the ship, which they did in the South Pacific, expectin' to get away from the island they had taken refuge on almost any time. But they were mistaken. They had to stay there a matter of three year afore they got the first chance to leave, an' when they did it was in a whaleman, from which they run away on the coast of China, somewhere up above Whampoa, to which they were carried by a tradin' junk as picked 'em up, when about half starved.

"At Whampoa they joined an English ship bound to London, but their usual luck followed them, for she was run into in the night, an' sunk just outside the Straits of Sunda, by a pirate, who saved most all the crew, but compelled them to turn pirates.

"That's how he got among them, an' being kinder smart an' intelligent, he soon got promoted until they made him cap'n, 'bout two year afore we fell in with him.

"I see'd him once since. 'Twas in New York, 'bout eight or ten year ago. He knew me an' hailed me, an' made me go to the hotel with him, where we talked over old times—for he an' I had got to be regular chums afore our ship left Batavia, where we had to put in for a crew after the fight.

THE LEGEND OF ENSSENTHAL.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Lonely in the silent valley
Stands a convent's ruined wall,
Where once rose the lofty turrets
Of monastic Ensenthal.

Ensenthal, whose abbot hoary
Once a princely name had worn,
And o'er Palestine his banner
In the holy wars had borne.

Till of fame and life grown weary,
He had sought the cloister's shade,
For a cowl and cassock bartered
Plume and helmet, mail and blade.

Left his vassals to another,
To another left his hall,
And with his overflowing coffers
Enriched monastic Ensenthal.

Here too kings had brought their offerings,
Penance gold to Mary's shrine,
Pearls from 'neath the waves of ocean,
Gems from distant India's mine.

Till the priceless treasures hidden
By the monk-knights of the vale,
Seemed to wondering ears that heard it
Like some o'erwrought fairy tale.

But no treasure half so cherished,
Shrine of saint or relic old,
As the chapel's deep-toned organ,
Formed of massive, burnished gold.

When the morning anthem sounded,
Or the vesper hymn was sung,
Floating o'er the quiet valley
Its melodious measures rung;

Till the pausing traveller listened,
All his senses held in thrall,
By the solemn music peeling
From monastic Ensenthal.

Fame, the gray old convent's story,
Bore to many a distant shore,
Till were heard its organ's praises
Where remotest billows roar.

Long within their peaceful cloister
Had the gray-robed friars old
Told their beads and masses chanted
For the parting sinner's soul—

When bold Rudolph, outlawed chieftain,
Led his sacrilegious band,
To despoil the churches' treasures,
And lay waste with sword and brand.

Vain the holy men's endeavors
The grim warriors to oppose,
And o'er Ensenthal's proud turrets
Waved the banner of her foes.

But ere rose that implous banner
At the holy altar's side,
By stern Rudolph's cruel falchion
Had the gray-haired abbot died.

And to where within the valley
Spread a morass dark and wide,

Bore the priests the golden organ,
And sunk it in the turbid tide.

Lonely in the silent valley
Stands the convent's ruined wall,
But not one of all its dwellers
Ere again saw Ensenthal.

Far in distant regions scattered,
Houseless wanderers, one by one
Died the monk-knights of the valley,
Poor and friendless, sad and lone.

But when seven years are numbered,
Rising from its marshy tomb,
Sounds the golden organ's music
On the solemn midnight's gloom.

Now its low melodious breathings
Softly float upon the gale,
Now to mighty billows swelling
Peal its tones along the vale.

Then the peasants in the valley
Pallid grow with fear and dread,
For they know the vale is peopled
With the spirits of the dead;

And that through departing ages
Still responsive to their call,
Is the long lost golden organ
Of monastic Ensenthal.

MISS VERNE'S DOG.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

ROVER! That was the name they gave me, while I was only a wee bit of a doggie, scarcely able to waddle about on my little, weak, unmanageable legs, Rover! And I learned to run at the call, to bark and frisk and gambol, to testify in my faint dog-fashion, the gratitude I felt. Rover! Ah, was that name prophetic of the destiny which awaited me? Is it possible that those who bestowed it upon me foresaw the wandering, homeless life I was to lead so long? Did they know the yearnings of my puppyhood for something above the ordinary attainments of common puppies? Did they anticipate the struggles and privations of my dog-existence in the years ahead—years, when my heart pined for the music of a kindly human voice, when my head ached to feel the stroking of a caressing human hand, and my whole soul sickened in its utter destitution, longing for the shelter of a kennel and the smell of a marrow-bone?

I was an eccentric dog. Even from my infancy I was given to the expression of thoughts and feelings which made me the laughing-stock of many of my friends, and an object of reproach among the rest. Even my mother failed fully to appreciate the character and disposition of her son. Naturally affectionate, sensitive and proud, I grew haughty and reserved, even among

from recent fright, begged for the privilege of fanning me with her brown wings. She seemed an angel to me at that moment, and looking into her lustrous hazel eyes, lifted shyly to mine with a glance of unutterable gratitude; watching the graceful curve of her slender neck, and listening to the tripping music of her light feet, as she glided about me softly and tenderly as a mother could have done, I felt a new emotion creeping into my world-weary heart—an emotion sweet and blissful, as it was new and strange.

Ah, reader, you will anticipate me, I am sure. It will not need what I am about to add, to convince you that this was a case of love at first sight. Yet hear my confession. Before an hour had passed in her gentle presence, I knew I loved that beautiful chicken better than I loved my life. That knowledge brought with it a new fear, an agonizing doubt. Was it possible that she could reciprocate that affection? I was a poor, plain, unhappy little cur, without fortune, friends or social position. She was young, beautiful, the brightest ornament of her family, the pride and hope of a fond mother. And yet, I loved her—I told her so, with the desperation of one who cannot bear doubt or suspense—who would rather face a terrible certainty, than indulge a vain hope. Imagine my rapture, when she drooped her bashful head, and told me that from the first moment of our meeting, she had been favorably impressed with my appearance, and that admiration coupled with gratitude had deepened into love.

Our plans were soon made. All my old ambition came back to me. My beautiful Biddy should never blush in acknowledging the one of her choice. She should not only love me, she should be proud of me. And so I tore myself away from her sweet presence, and went out into the great world inspired with fresh hope and courage. She never should know the degradation of poverty, I said. Not till I had won myself a home, a name, an honorable position among dogs, would I return to claim her.

O, the weary, weary struggle of the next twelve months! Many times was I tempted to give up all hope. But fortune smiled on my importunities at last. I found a master in the streets of a great city, where I had been wandering for months. He took me home, I was faithful to him and his interests, and he kept me. For more than a year I served him zealously. At the end of that time I was in possession of a nice kennel, a soft blanket, and a brass collar. There was nothing to hinder me from going for my Biddy. I had a home, friends, fame, and a true heart. What more could she expect?

Well, I went. I found the very coop from which she had ventured, when the hungry cat pounced upon her. A wee chicken that was the miniature of her as I first saw her, peeped, and ran from me as I approached. I went up softly to the coop, and peered through the bars. O, sight for a fond, trusting heart! There she sat,—my Biddy, a matron—with thirteen children around her! My brain reeled. My heart seemed bursting from my bosom. I called her name in accents of reproach. She flew towards me, her face distorted with rage. She picked me in my eyes, on my nose—the eyes and nose that had once bled for her! O, wee! O, anguish! O, treachery unparalleled!

I went away a sadder and a wiser dog. Life had no more charms for me. I loathed the whole female sex. I railed against them for perfidy and falsehood. But I went not again to my home. I had no heart to cross its desolate threshold, when the hope that glorified it had burned to ashes.

I have little more to add. Life since then has been a continuation of disappointments and disasters. I have a mistress now—a plain, poor, old maid, who treats me kindly enough, and whose hospitable roof I should delight to call my shelter, but for a rival I have in her affections—a huge, speckled cat, who purrs in her lap, and lies unproved among her papers—the very cat, in fact, from whose claws I rescued Biddy years ago. I wish I had let him eat her. I think that he remembers me, for his eyes glitter and he humps his back savagely every time I venture near him.

Last night I told my mistress my story through my eyes, and she offered to become my amanuensis, and write it out for you, dear Mr. Ballou. And she said, taking my head between her hands, that in her life-time she had seen men like me; little men, who barked at great reforms, as I barked at the cow; men who were always taking themselves for bull-dogs, when in reality they were very little curs—men, who, if one woman refused them, would snarl at the whole sex forever after. I don't know what she meant—do you?

To those scenes of domestic peace, which pure religion created and adorned, the thoughts of the youngest member of the family will cling in after years; they will become a kind of hallowed ground in his memory; they will exert a restraining and sanctifying power; and thus we may expect to see the promise fulfilled: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—*Vermilye*.

The generous heart
Should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.
THOMSON.

STANZAS—YOUNG HOPE.

BY RICHARD WRIGHT.

Young Hope is like the brilliant gem, or sweetest-scented flower;

'Tis known but once, may last for years, or droop within the hour;

But be its reign or long, or short, the heart that feels its glow,

Will ne'er forget in summer's bloom, or winter's frost and snow.

Young Hope! we hail thy magic power, so fervent and so pure,

The holy, sainted dream of life, bright rainbow to allure; And though the dream, the rainbow fade, and fainter still are seen,

While being in, young Hope's first charm will rise up fresh and green.

Young Hope inspires the ardent youth and virtuous maiden fair,

Who tread on fancy's fairy ground, and breathe of fancy's air;

Time, for awhile, may break the spell, the world's cares intervene—

Memory calls back young Hope's sweet smile, like angel visits seen.

Till nature's laws, eternal, change, young Hope's own vivid star,

On high will shine pre-eminent, its rays shoot near and far,

Gliding life's happiest morning with a light before unknown—

Lingering, last star of evening's sky, when all the rest are gone!

VALET FOR A DAY:

—OR,—

A BLOW IN THE DARK.

BY NED ANDERTON.

In one of the streets of the Faubourg —, there stood, during the Regency, a noble old mansion frowning down upon the enclosed courtyard, the residence of the Marquise de Corandeuil, a young and lovely widow, whom an attachment on the part of the late eccentric marquis had raised from superintending the affairs of his household, to the guardianship of himself and gouty foot, until the period of his decease, two years prior to the commencement of this sketch.

Her low birth being now obliterated by the rank and title conferred on her by the marquis, it is not to be supposed that so much wit, youth, and beauty lacked suitors. But the lady having served so tedious a bondage to attain to her present position, was in no haste whatever, to relinquish this easy life of uncontrolled liberty for a new servitude, and remorselessly condemned all

aspiring suitors to despair. One only persevered, despite the impatient disgust manifested toward him; this was the nephew of her husband, Baron de Sergy, an old, gray-headed fop, who still affected the graces and gallantries which sat idly enough upon his wrinkled face and meagre form.

It was at the marquise that the chief battery of his fancied fascinations was brought to bear. A degree of affection for herself, and a still larger one for the fortune his uncle had left her, and to which the baron had always supposed himself heir presumptive, were the mingled sentiments that induced his suit, somewhat unequally it is to be feared, since, although he would doubtless have accepted with edifying resignation the fortune without the marquise, it is by no means so well established a fact that he would have received with like rapture the marquise without the fortune.

Into an elegant apartment of the Hotel de Corandeuil, the baron one fine morning found his way, followed by Nicol, the confidential servant of the marquise.

"Has a valet waited on me this morning?" inquired the gentleman.

"Yes, monsieur—he is now in the ante-room."

"Is the marquise yet visible?"

"Madame is in the conservatory," replied Nicol, bowing.

"Very well—I will go to her. Tell the valet to remain here till I return."

And so saying he sauntered off by a door at the right hand, which was scarcely closed after him, when one opposite opened, and a fine tall fellow in livery appeared.

"Was that the Baron de Sergy who just left you?" he inquired of Nicol.

"It was; and he desires you to wait here."

"In this room?"

"Those were his orders," replied Nicol, quitting the apartment.

"Orders!" repeated the valet musingly when left alone. "That word has a decidedly unpleasant sound, but I must not forget the character I represent. My pride must go in livery also, or else I must pocket it which amounts to the same thing in the end."

Here in the course of his perambulatory soliloquy, our philosopher stopped short before a large mirror. A dubious expression crossed his countenance, and he resumed his walk at a more rapid pace, spitefully kicking whatever object he encountered while he continued with some heat:

"No one would suspect me in this garb, to be sure! And now I hope I'm safe—to be recognized as the Chevalier St. Real would be slightly awkward at this present juncture, as the Bas-

tile might petition for the immediate honor of supplying me with lodgings. What an awkward affair was that adventure at Mousseaux last night! The regent, not satisfied with giving his guests a fete in his park by torchlight, with that elegant discrimination for which he is so renowned, must needs order the lights to be extinguished, and like that," here he vigorously snapped his fingers, "we were all in the most delightful darkness.

"Of course I started for the outlet, but in that process stumbled over somebody's foot—just my infernal luck! and hearing a most energetic oath explode at the same moment, I naturally concluded it was a man. Expecting a blow would follow, I took time by the forelock and struck out lustily at random, and instantly heard a musical shriek, plaintive as a dove. Good heavens! A woman had received the blow!

"Having a natural repugnance to fainting fits and hysterics, I fled, but not before I heard the exclamation behind me—'Madame Perabere is ill.' It was then the favorite of the regent whom I had struck! Hang Mousseaux, I say! Hang darkness! Hang the regent! But take care, or it is I that will hang!

"Well, here was a pretty dilemma. Possibly she had recognized my voice, and unfortunately her temper is not always characterized by spring-like gentleness. I could devise no better expedient than to don this disguise, write a letter of recommendation of myself under the cognomen of Francois, my own valet, and apply to the Baron de Sergy for a situation, who by an unexpected stroke of good fortune does not know me personally. But here he comes—now I must look livery as well as wear it."

"Well," said the baron, as he entered, "are you the person who wrote to me?"

"I am, monsieur," replied the seeming valet.

"On account of your late employer, whom I am acquainted with by reputation, I should like to retain you. But as there are at present no vacancies in my establishment, I have spoken to my aunt, the Marquise de Corandeuil, who, learning that you were recommended by the Chevalier St. Real, consents to receive you."

"Much obliged to her, I'm sure!" muttered our hero. Then addressing the baron, he inquired if she knew his late master.

"I cannot tell you. But one thing you will please observe, you owe this situation entirely to my influence."

"Monsieur le Baron, I am the soul of gratitude," replied St. Real, with an obsequious bow.

"Very well, that we shall see; I am now about to confide to your discretion a matter,

which I trust you will not betray having received. Some years since, my uncle, the marquis, who was a most eccentric animal, had in his service a youthful and charming housekeeper, who was remarkably skilful in compounding ices and jellies. My worthy relative being a fool as well as an epicure, took it into his wise head one day to marry this pretty goddess of the culinary department."

"I perceive—by the laws of action and reaction her ices kindled a flame in his bosom."

"Just so. The result of this ridiculous union was, that my expectations went to the dogs, where it seemed highly probable I should follow, having nearly exhausted cash and credit. To speak plainly, the marquis, instead of leaving me his fortune, at his decease two years ago, had the very bad taste to settle it all on madame."

"Shameful in the extreme—what reckless disregard of your feelings, monsieur."

"True—but the old gentleman never did possess any regard for the comfort of others. However, to repair his blunder, and set matters in their true position, I propose to marry the marquise, who is still sufficiently captivating to preclude the idea of a sacrifice."

Here the baron surveyed himself in the mirror with the utmost complacency.

"What, monsieur, marry your aunt?" inquired St. Real, slightly surprised.

"Precisely so."

"You have my full consent."

"Doubtless—but unfortunately it is her's that I want; and to obtain it I require your assistance."

"Whatever is possible of performance in my humble capacity, M. le Baron may command."

"To commence then, I must inform you that she hates the very sight of me."

"She is evidently a woman of taste!" ejaculated St. Real, mentally.

"But I imagine if I place a faithful fellow like you about her, and continually harp upon my perfections, and abuse all others in a masterly fashion, much may be done in time, to dissipate her coldness. Do you understand my meaning?"

"O, perfectly! I am to combine the functions of a servant with the avocation of a spy; losing meanwhile no opportunity of knocking everybody else down, and bolstering you up?"

"Your aptitude enchants me. Accept this as a guarantee of my appreciation."

"Thanks, monsieur," said St. Real, pocketing the bribe; "I entirely enter into your feelings. You seek a subtle, cunning, ingenious knave."

"Exactly. I rely implicitly on you in this noble warfare."

"You overwhelm me with honor," replied he of the livery, bowing humbly.

"That's a good Francois; and don't forget that as knowledge is power, and by all means commendable, there can be no possible harm in applying your ears to the doors, and your eyes to the letters—all in a quiet way, of course."

"I comprehend, monsieur—for instance," so saying he motioned as if rounding a note to peep at the contents. "Although not educated," he continued, "I am enough a man of letters for that. The old scamp!" The latter ejaculation was rather less audible.

"Your cleverness quite astonishes me. (Why, the rogue will be invaluable in this enterprise! I'll secure him fast.) So highly do I esteem your discrimination," he resumed, aloud, "that here's a further proof of my favor."

"O, monsieur!" exclaimed St. Real, with affected modesty, holding his hands behind him.

"Pooh! pooh! my fine fellow," cried the baron, as he laughingly forced a louis into the apparently reluctant hands, which by a sudden turn of their owner seemed to present themselves accidentally. "But hush! Here comes the marquise. Leave me, Francois, while I speak to her of you."

"Ah, baron," muttered the chevalier, as De Sergy advanced to meet the lady, "if you could but know the blunder you are making."

At this moment the marquise entered, and taking no notice whatever of the baron, who followed with an inquiring air, began pacing the room in a state of evident disturbance.

"I would give half my fortune," she exclaimed, apparently to herself, "to know who it was—"

"Who who was, I wonder?" muttered the baron.

"Each time I think of it I feel as though I could scarcely breathe. Mousseaux was always my paradise, and after the lights were extinguished by the regent's orders, I received two declarations, four kisses, and—yes—a blow!"

"What a deuce of a temper she is in, to be sure!" soliloquized her wondering suitor.

"To be sure the declarations and kisses were all well enough, but that blow—"

"Dearest aunt!" said the baron, coming to her side.

"O, here you are again. What a bore it is to have a nephew antiquated enough to pass for one's grandfather."

"Captivating aunt!" exclaimed the individual thus complimented, drawing his features into grotesque shape by an effort at a distorted smile.

"Captivating fiddlesticks!" retorted the lady.

"Don't make such frightful grimaces I beg you.

It increases your resemblance to the monkey tribe. A smile on your face reminds me of a butterfly on a nutmeg grater."

"I can't see the simile," mused the discomfited swain; then recovering himself, he resumed:

"Charming, incomparable aunt!—O, that I could add wife. I wish to speak with you of the new valet."

"Where is he?"

"In the ante-room, dearest aunt."

"Bid him come hither. That horrid old man will cause me wrinkles before I'm thirty," she impatiently exclaimed, as the baron advanced to the room adjoining, and beckoned to St. Real. "He irritates me beyond endurance. Well," she said, as the chevalier advanced, then suddenly starting with a faint cry, looked eagerly at the pretended valet.

"What is the matter, sweetest aunt?" tenderly questioned the baron.

"Nothing, nothing—I merely fancied I had seen the man before," leaning back in her chair.

"How absurd!" she whispered, "beside, the other was much more slender." Then turning to St. Real, she said, "Come here."

He slowly approached.

"Come here, I say!" cried the irascible beauty, stamping her foot ill-naturedly.

"Madame, I have not got wings," coolly responded the chevalier, not quickening his movements in the least.

"Who said you had, fool. What is your name? Speak! don't keep me waiting."

"Francois, madame. (She has got a temper of her own.)"

"Well, Francois, I'm in an ill-humor."

"Madame, I should never have expected it," was the sarcastic response.

"Exquisite readiness," chuckled the delighted baron, softly rubbing his hands—"why, he'll do wonders for me."

"Francois!"

"Yes, madame."

"Nothing!" ejaculated his mistress, peevishly.

"Thank you, madame," he replied with the utmost composure.

"I intend taking you into my service. You will have nothing to do, and plenty to eat. Do the conditions suit you?"

"To the letter. At doing nothing I am a master, I beg your pardon—a valet; and in the matter of appetite, from childhood I have been distinguished for my capacity in that respect."

"Yes, yes, I know all about that—servants are just alike," said the marquise.

"There is nothing like experimental knowledge," mumbled the baron.

"Well, Francois, leave me now, but remain in sound of my bell—do you hear?"

"Every word, distinctly, madame," was the cool rejoinder, as the speaker sauntered off at his original, lazy pace.

The marquise now turned her attention to the baron.

"Baron," she remarked, "I have seen you twice before to-day."

"That means go," he sighed with a comical despair. "Yes, darling aunt, I know your observation is correct, yet I could see you a thousand times a day, and—"

"I would not wish to see you once. Good morning, baron," she added with a formal courtesy.

The baron returned this sign of dismissal with an obsequious bow, and retired grumbling.

"Her ill-breeding is remarkable. This comes of entering the drawing-room through the kitchen."

The marquise gave a sigh of relief as he disappeared.

"What astonishing resemblance that valet bears to his former master, the Chevalier St. Real, whom I once loved, when I was lady's maid to his aunt, the Baroness Pascal, at St. Germain's. A lady's maid, and now a marchioness! Could one credit from my air, that I was not born with a ready-made coronet on my head." And she swept up and down the apartment to display her dignified grace.

"Ah!" she resumed, stopping thoughtfully, "the chevalier has forgotten me. I left his aunt and went to the Marquis de Corandeuil as housekeeper, and in becoming his wife destroyed all trace of little Florine, as he once called me. Ah, me!" she cried, sinking into a chair, "his valet recalls a long series of pleasant recollections, and I am not sure that Florine was not happier than the marquise. I've an odd fancy that this valet looks exceedingly like the master—I must take a fresh survey of him." And she touched her hand-bell.

St. Real entered. "Did you ring, madame?"

"Why did you come?"

"Because madame rang."

"Why then did you ask?"

"I believe that is the usual remark of servants."

"The usual remark of servants," repeated the marquise in a low voice; then addressing St. Real—"You are quite right, Francois. (If my memory is not at fault, he is very like.) Francois?"

"Yes, madame."

"I am perishing with ennui. I desire to be amused. Suppose you relate a story."

"What shall I tell, madame?"

"Something I don't know, of course."

"That is impossible, I fear."

"Come, come, proceed; stay, ring for Manon. She shall finish dressing my hair, while you entertain me with some pretty anecdotes. One you heard from your former master."

"I tremble to inform you, madame, that I just gave the servants leave to go out."

"What do I hear!" cried the marquise, jumping up. "You gave them permission, you, you, you!" and she advanced towards him threateningly. "Why I never heard of such audacity. (Ah! he is so like the chevalier that I can't scold him.)"

"Madame," said St. Real with deliberate decision, "I may as well tell you now as at any other time, that I cannot accept a situation unless permitted to do just as I please."

"O!" exclaimed the marquise, faintly, sinking upon a chair. "But at least, I may presume that if you send the servants out, you will perform their several duties."

"Unquestionably, madame. I can do anything—from serving an ice to arranging a lady's hair."

"Perhaps you will demonstrate your skill, then, on mine. (His impudence is refreshing.)"

The marquise now seated herself before the toilette mirror, watching the operations of the chevalier. The latter made a great parade of collecting combs, brushes, oils, pomades, etc. etc.

"I shall endeavor to give madame entire satisfaction," he said, as he commenced an attack upon the magnificent embellishment of the lady's head.

Despite the great length and thickness of the curling tresses, he actually succeeded in rearing a sufficiently graceful and becoming, but it must be confessed, entirely unique superstructure, more resembling a study from the antique, than the senseless fortresses then so much in vogue. The marquise watched its progress in silent admiration. At last he sprinkled powder on it.

"Take care, don't get the powder in my eyes!" cried the lady impatiently.

"I have certainly thrown dust in people's eyes before now, but never powder, especially in such eyes as madame possesses."

"Bah! how awkward you are." Then looking up in his face—"Do you think my eyes pretty?"

"They overflow with sweetness and expression, as my former master would say."

"Your former master; well, tell me something about him. Does he still dislike the military life?"

"I believe so."

"They say he is brave, too."

"He would go through fire and water to serve a friend. Water, in particular, for he can swim."

"I am told he will not fight a duel?"

"No, that's a crotchet he has. I have heard him say many times, that duelling is a relic of barbarous ages."

"Between ourselves, Francois, I think him a bit of a coward."

"A coward!" cried St. Real, coloring.

"What is your opinion?"

"I'll take it on myself to answer for him that he is not."

"Perhaps so. But I'm not at all clear on that point. Where is he now, I wonder? Is he far away?"

"Not very!" replied the chevalier, pointedly.

"Where then?"

"In this city, and closely disguised."

"In disguise!"

"Yes, madame; now you will betray him?"

"I give you my word of honor—no."

"Last night he was at the regent's fete, at Mousseaux, and in the dark struck the regent's favorite, Madame Perabere, by mistake."

"What! That blow which has made so much noise!" exclaimed the marquise, inwardly laughing. ("Then it was St. Real's hand that dealt it, and he thinks Madame Perabere received the blow.") Do you know where he is secreted?"

"I flatter myself I do."

"Is he secure?"

"I hope so—(with all my heart!)"

"Do you think he would be safe here?"

"O, yes, madame, but—"

"But what?" Then going to her escritoire, she continued; "I'll write to him immediately, and you shall carry the letter."

For a moment or two the pen gliding over the surface of the paper was the only audible sound. St. Real then interrupted the silence.

"Your pardon, madame, but may I inquire whence arises this interest? You know him, then?"

"How many b's are there in trouble?" demanded the marquise, still writing, and paying no attention to the chevalier's question.

"Generally speaking, one."

"There—it is finished. Listen. 'I hear you are in trouble. I offer you an asylum in my hotel—do not hesitate to accept my protection.' What a bore writing is when one forgets how to spell," she added, folding the note. "Here, you must direct it." And she handed it to him.

He superscribed and returned it to her, saying: "This is great kindness on your part, madame."

"(That handwriting! I'll swear it is his," said the marquise to herself, looking at the address, "my suspicions are confirmed—it is indeed the chevalier; but he must not know that I recognize him.") Then turning to St. Real, gaily—"You undertake—what did you say your name was?"

"Francois, madame."

"(How well he plays his part!) You undertake to convey this to him safely?"

"Madame may be as easy as if he had it at this moment," he coolly replied, putting it in his pocket.

"Now go and see if the servants are returned, and order luncheon."

"Yes, madame."

"The chevalier here in disguise!" exclaimed the marquise, as St. Real left the room, "and in consequence of the blow I received! If it were any other than he, I would—well, I don't like to confess what I would not do. My new station must change me wonderfully, or he would have recognized, though it is several years since he last saw me. Then we were both poor. Now he has a title and fortune—so have I. What strange changes time does make, yet I still retain the same love I had for him when I was a girl. Stay, before I interrogate my heart too closely, there is a cloud on his courage that I must clear up. Ah! here he is."

St. Real and a servant entered, bearing a small table, spread with a lunch. A chair was placed for the marquise, who seated herself and ordered the servant to retire.

"I trust madame has a good appetite. (I'm furiously hungry myself.)" And he took up a wine glass to help himself.

"Francois, what are you about? Your place is to stand behind my chair."

"Ah, madame, I forgot myself."

"So it appears."

"You will pardon me?" requested the chevalier, taking up his station behind her chair.

"By the way, Francois, to resume the subject we were talking of, is the Chevalier St. Real married?"

"No, madame," responded our hero, taking a maccaroon unseen, and eagerly devouring it.

"Has he never loved?"

Unfortunately his mouth was so full by this time, that reply was not to be thought of.

"Do you not hear me, Francois?"

"Yes, madame," ejaculated St. Real, after one or two frantic, but at first, ineffectual attempts.

"Then why don't you answer?"

Francois preferred to pass over his reasons,

good and sufficient though they were, in silence, and prudently proceeded to answer the first on the catalogue.

"Never but once, I think, and that was some years ago."

"Who was the object of his adoration? Some opera dancer, I dare say!"

"Nothing of the sort—she was simply a lady's maid."

"What was her name?"

"Florine, if I remember rightly. She was waiting maid to his aunt at St. Germain's."

"He did love me then!" thought the marquise, starting violently with the suddenness of the unexpected confirmation.

"What is the matter, madame?" inquired the chevalier, perceiving the movement.

"Nothing—only a bone that came near going the wrong way. Did you ever hear him say if this girl was pretty?"

"O, yes; I have seen her myself, and I fancy she resembles you, only your complexion is fairer, and your cheek more beautifully dimpled."

"But if, as you say, he loved her, why were they not married?"

"His aunt obliged him to quit St. Germain's, and afterwards wrote him that his Florine had eloped to England with an officer of dragoons."

"(The old vixen! O! I shall choke with rage—I know I shall.)"

"Of course this news made my master very unhappy. He at once resolved to forget her, and accordingly plunged into all the dissipations Paris afforded. But what a lucky escape for him—was it not, madame? Just think of a fine, handsome fellow marrying a woman who could behave in that style."

"(England! Officer! Dragoons!) I feel as if I should choke."

"Choke?—no, don't. Wash it down with this," and quickly pouring out a glass of wine, he handed it to her.

"There, I am better now, Francois."

"Would you believe it, madame, my master never took luncheon without me."

"Humph! (I can readily believe it.) Perhaps you would like to continue the practice in your new quarters?"

"To speak honestly, I am dying with hunger. Nothing would afford me greater pleasure."

"Sit down then," said the marquise, laughing. "You must consider yourself highly flattered by this honor. It is not every valet who is so favored as to lunch with his mistress."

"Believe me, madame, I do feel honored, and I attribute it to the most eccentric of condescensions—leaving kindness out of the question."

"You possess penetration, I perceive."

"It is a habit I caught from my master, madame."

"(Pretty egotism, I declare.) There, there; you have eaten enough for this time."

"I assure you I have but just begun."

"It will make me desolate to see you eat more at this moment;" and the marquise threw herself on a couch. "Francois, place this cushion under my feet, and bathe my head with rose water."

The obedient chevalier took a bottle from the toilette table, and prepared to comply with her request.

"No, lavender." He changed the bottle with perfect composure. "No, orange water—no, millefleur—no, violet; there, I don't know what I want." And she threw her head back on the couch, fanning herself violently.

"(She is capricious as a swarm of humming-birds, and changeable as a weather-cock.)"

"Francois, what are you muttering there to yourself? Place this cushion under my feet."

He placed the cushion on the floor, and the marquise rested her feet coquettishly upon it, arranging her dress so as to display them to the best advantage. Very pretty feet they were too, and good right had the lady to be vain of them.

"There, that will do," she pronounced, having satisfied herself that the position was all that could be desired.

St. Real looked admiringly at them, and finally knelt beside the lounge to examine them at his ease.

"Pardon, madame," he said, "but your feet are so tiny and exquisite, that I quite wish I were one of the little blue slippers that are so favored as to encase them."

"Francois," cried madame, with affected anger, "you are growing presumptuous."

"That's another habit I caught from my master. He never sees a beautiful woman, but he revels in a sea of compliments; and in that respect I strikingly resemble him."

"(That's no great wonder.)"

"Madame, you assert that I am presumptuous. After all the livery is but the covering of the man. Is it merely because you are a marquise, that you are pretty? Who knows but that it is precisely because you are pretty, that you are a marquise?"

"Is he about to declare himself?" thought the expectant beauty.

"Marquise or not," St. Real earnestly continued, "I but see in you a woman—a pretty, amiable, coquettish, spoiled woman. I will confess, then, yes, if I perish for my boldness,

I love you with all my soul. Behold—you see at your feet, not your valet, but your slave!"

Thus saying, the chevalier threw himself before her, and taking a hand which was only matched by her other charms, covered it with kisses.

"Why does he not reveal himself?" the marquise impatiently interrogated of herself.

At this highly interesting juncture, the Baron de Sergy, entering, perceived the chevalier in this lover-like attitude. Consternation held him spell-bound for a moment; he then exclaimed:

"The deuce! Here, fellow! is that the way you follow my instructions?"

"Remember, monsieur, disparaging remarks upon me are a criticism on the taste of the marquise," coolly remarked St. Real, who had risen with due deliberation at the advent of this unexpected and perhaps unwelcome visitor.

"Baron, you are a bore," was the comment of the lady. "Francois was amusing me so pleasantly."

"Yes, monsieur, I was relating a fairy legend to madame."

"Ah, yes! I know all about these fairy legends, as you call them," cried the baron, with impotent fury. "Leave the room," he continued, addressing St. Real, and striding tempestuously about the apartment.

"Ha, ha! how excessively amusing," laughed madame. ("Now to put my scheme in practice for trying the courage of my gallant chevalier.") And with a fresh burst of merriment, she glided from the room.

After several angry perambulations, the baron became aware of the presence of St. Real.

"How, fellow! are you not gone?" he thundered.

"There is no necessity, monsieur, to exert yourself thus; my hearing is excellent."

"Will you quit this room, sirrah?"

"Quit, indeed! I should think not. I have promoted myself."

"To what position, may I ask?" the nobleman sarcastically inquired.

"Certainly. To prince regent of the establishment, and knight commander of this boudoir."

During this reply, he commenced arranging the articles on the tables, placing chairs, etc.

"His impertinence absolutely chills me!" gasped the baron.

"By-the-by, Monsieur le Baron—do you take snuff? Perhaps you will oblige me with your box."

"Fellow!" cried De Sergy, livid with indignation.

"I dropped mine in the river this morning," quietly continued St. Real, unheeding the flattering expletive. "Confound the thing! it was a present from my late master. It had a double lid—on the outside a painting of a madonna, and within, two lovers exchanging kisses by moonlight. Charming antithesis, eh?"

"Leave the room, knave."

"Impossible, I assure you. Madame's orders were that I should remain." He began humming a tune carelessly.

"Stop your singing, instantly."

"With pleasure," responded the chevalier, striking up a lively whistle.

"Insult me further, varlet, and I'll—"

"Are you fond of Terpsichore?" inquired our hero, dancing a few steps of the Minuet de la Cœur. "Perhaps you will join me in a minuet?"

"I'll minuet my cane about your back."

"Indeed? I strongly recommend you to do nothing of the sort. It is an old saying—'Two of a trade rarely agree.'"

"How, fellow!" But words being inadequate to express his sentiments, the baron hotly pursued St. Real round the room with uplifted cane—the latter using his arm to parry the blows, and finally dealing his antagonist a sound slap on the cheek. "A blow!" exclaimed De Sergy, thunderstricken. "Sacre Dieu! In ten minutes time, you shall hear from me." And he was rushing hastily away.

"How—a duel?" cried St. Real. "Ten or twenty minutes—it is the same to me."

"A duel—with a valet? No, fellow; I shall summon the guard."

"He has me in his power," said the chevalier, in an undertone. "I have assaulted him. The Bastille seems doomed to receive me. I had better claim the protection my rank affords, than be ignominiously dragged to prison."

"I'll teach you to assault your superiors."

"Baron de Sergy, I am your equal."

"How?"

"Instead of being Francois the valet, I am the Chevalier St. Real."

"Pooh, pooh! that's a likely story. This is the dress of a chevalier? O, yes; of course—"

"I tell you, baron, I am in disguise."

"And why in disguise? Why do you attempt to dupe me with your mean disguises?"

"Well, then, I will own to you that at the fete at Mousseaux, last night, I hit Madame de Perabere by mistake in the dark."

"You seem to be an adept at that sort of thing," said the baron, ruefully, rubbing his

face. "However, sir, now that I know whom I am dealing with, we'll settle the conditions of the combat."

"You mean that one of us must die, unless apologies—"

"Of the most profound and humble character are offered—"

"Without witnesses?"

"Yes."

"Very good. Then apologize to me for using your cane, and I'll forgive you. Duels are so stupidly inconsistent."

"Come, I like your coolness. It is you who should offer an apology, not I."

"What an original idea! I understand it that you should be the apologist. Come, now—listen to reason."

"Listen to— I tell you it is I who must receive the apology."

"Baron, I did think you were more clear-headed; but we shall be compelled, I see."

"To fight, after all, Chevalier St. Real," cried the baron, angrily.

At this moment Nicol entering, announced "Madame Perabore," and retired. The lady was dressed in a riding-habit, a cap, with a rich plume waving down on her shoulder, whip in hand, and a little velvet mask, according to the fashion of the times, covering her face.

At her entrance, both gentlemen had mechanically repeated Nicol's announcement in amazement; and St. Real, reflecting that after his recent confession to De Sergy, "discretion was the better part of valor," concluded to make a quiet retreat. As he was stealing toward the door for this purpose, the lady flourished her whip, and intercepted him, saying:

"Wait, young man. Which of you two is named Francois?"

"What a question to ask me?" said the baron, contemptuously, in an undertone.

"I have his description," she continued, consulting her tablets. "I see it is you," turning to the seeming lacquey. "You are the Chevalier St. Real in disguise. You will perceive I am not a woman to be trifled with."

"Denial is useless," replied St. Real, bowing. I am—"

"Perfectly," replied the lady, cutting short his avowal of identity; "besides, it saves time. Remain here, M. le Baron," she continued, addressing De Sergy, who was retiring. "Remain here—this is an affair of honor, and you will serve as a witness."

"A witness!"

"You may be aware, chevalier," turning to St. Real, "that a gentleman has very recently

insulted a lady grossly. You happen to be the gentleman, I am the lady—"

"Believe me, madame—"

"Not a word; one syllable to the Regent, and your head would have paid for the indiscretion. That, however, is not my mode of procedure. I consider it useless to entrust to others what can be accomplished by one's self."

"Then, madame, you desire—"

"Satisfaction for the outrage you committed last night. A trifle will satisfy me."

"Name it, madame."

"Your life," with great determination.

"I have every desire in the world to gratify you, madame; but, unfortunately, what you set so small a value upon, is highly important to me. I cannot, therefore, yield it without resistance."

"I have no inclination to fell you at one blow.

A duel is the better plan."

"Fight with a lady!"

"O, give yourself no anxiety on that score. You will find me a match for a man."

"I am overwhelmed by the honor you design for me, but I really am afraid of hurting you."

"Don't be alarmed, I beg. If it will heighten your confidence in me, allow me to inform you that I studied under St. George; and Madame Villars, the heroine of that famous duel with the Marquise de Nesle, is my pupil. I may also as well tell you that this very morning I pinked her three times, after having disarmed Madame Polignac, who possesses the steadiest nerves and the quickest eye in the kingdom."

As the fair Amazon concluded, she clapped her hands, and Nicol entered with two swords, one of which she took.

"My feelings have undergone a change," remarked the chevalier; "your account has forcibly impressed me. Suppose you kill me?"

"I confidently count on so doing," replied his antagonist, carelessly flourishing his sword.

"But permit me to argue—"

"Argue!" sneered the lady. "I fear I have made a mistake. Your reluctance shows you to be only a lacquey, and not the Chevalier St. Real."

"A lacquey!" cried the chevalier, bitterly.

"Yes, yes, madame; he endeavored to persuade me that he is that gentleman, but his cowardice proves the falsehood," said De Sergy.

"You are right, baron; it does, indeed. Ha, ha! and I wished to fight this drudge!"

"Ha, ha! a pretty impostor!"

"Drudge! impostor!" muttered St. Real, with flashing eyes.

"I'll work him up to it yet," thought the en-

raged fair one, marking his agitation. Then aloud—"You must have been terribly frightened, my poor fellow."

"Come on, madame!" cried the chevalier, seizing the remaining sword from Nicoli, who hastily quitted the room. "Come on, I don't wish your pity."

"(At last, it is well.) Guard!"

A short and spirited contest ensued. St. Real then obliged her to retreat.

"You will perceive, madame, that I am not a lacquey, but a gentleman."

"On my honor, he fights very well," admitted the lady, stopping to recover from exhaustion.

They resumed the conflict, and St. Real disarmed her.

"Ah!" she cried, falling on to a seat. "If I had any doubts of his courage, I am now sufficiently satisfied. What strength you possess!"

"A woman cannot fairly test it. The baron shall now develop it still further."

And advancing to De Sergy, he forced a sword into his shrinking hand.

"Eh! fight?" cried the latter, retreating. "No, no—thank you. I'll be content with an apology."

"Never! Come, don't waste the time."

"Then I'll make you one."

"I refuse to receive it. Defend yourself, or I'll impale you on the spot."

"Bravo! bravo! Ha, ha!" cried madame, applauding.

St. Real now fought the baron, who defended himself clumsily, and when the chevalier at length pinked him on the shoulder, he exclaimed: "Enough, enough! I'm wounded!"

"Then honor is satisfied," said St. Real, wiping his sword, "and I know you for a miserable coward. Will you deign, madame," advancing to the lady, "to forgive that blow given by mistake?"

"You are fully forgiven," she replied, taking off her mask, and revealing the features of his *ci-devant* mistress.

"My aunt!"

"The marquise!" exclaimed both gentlemen, simultaneously.

"Yes, chevalier, the marquise now, but once that same little Florine of whom you spoke to-day."

"Is it possible that the Marquise de Corandeuil is the identical Florine I loved at St. Germain?"

"The very one," said madame, playfully, "with additions and improvements too numerous to specify."

"It is like a wild dream. And how concerning that officer of dragoons and England?"

"All a malicious invention of your aunt to drive me out of your mind."

"Instead of which, it almost drove me out of my own. But tell me of that blow the other night; I am still in the dark."

"I was the recipient."

"Ten thousand pardons, dearest Flora, for so I shall now call you. The baron has been so kind as to take me into his confidence and relate the circumstances of your marriage, and I am aware you are now the most charming of widows."

"But she need not be so any longer—I offer her my hand," eagerly interposed De Sergy.

"Take care you don't get my foot in exchange," retorted St. Real, flinging the money offered as presents at De Sergy. "There are your bribes, old man."

"And do you love the marquise as you once did Florine?"

"With my entire soul; and singular as it may appear, it strikes me that I am greatly indebted to that very blow last evening; for it has restored my lost Florine to my arms."

"But, aunt, you are not going to marry this man?"

"Whom you yourself presented. You will be more careful in future, I trust, in the selection of your servants, lest in offering me a pebble, you find it proves a pearl. As for you, chevalier, I will only say that I've no wish to be severe upon what, after all, was but a striking proof of your regards. And, since by such an ingenious method you discovered me, we'll agree to call it a lucky hit, and let the matter pass."

GATHERING FRUIT BY MACHINERY.

William Doty, of South Hartford, N. Y., has invented an apparatus for gathering and sorting apples. The apples are shaken from the tree by a pole made to grasp the limb. As they fall, they are caught by an inclined cloth, stretched on a frame, through an opening in which they pass to a grating that retains the larger apples, which are drawn through a spout into bags or barrels. The smaller apples drop gently on a lower grating—through which the sticks, leaves and other foreign substances can pass and allow the apples to roll down a spout. Should the apple not be very regular in its form, it will not roll from the grating, but will stay upon it to be removed by hand; thus the apparatus will only deliver such apples as are marketable, and divide them into sizes fit for the same. This invention will interest our fruit cultivators, as it is one of the most difficult of things to gather apples so as to have them fit for long keeping.—*Rural New Yorker*.

SUMMER DREAMS.

BY MRS. DELIA E. CADWELL.

The summer is here, and I'm dreaming
Of a little brown cot far away,
That stands where the apple tree's branches
With sunbeams are ever at play.
Where the clambering vines full of blossoms
Have covered each window and door,
And the breeze rustles softly among them,
Or plays on the white sanded floor.

I hear the low murmur of waters,—
'Tis the brook in the shadowy vale,
That forever to listening pebbles
Is telling its musical tale.
The busy bees hum low and drowsy,
As they nestle the roses among;
And the bird by its home in the lilac,
Is teaching its nestling a song.

The fragrance of white clover blossoms
Comes up from each meadow and lee,
And the orchard so deep clothed in shadow,
Is cool as a grotto could be.
The sky there was always far bluer
My childish eye rested upon;
And the clouds intermixed with the azure
Were white as the breast of a swan.

Alas! that so sunny a picture
Should be clouded by sadness or care;
Yet tell me, O, summer breeze, tell me,
Do the dear ones I left linger there?
Can their bowed forms be seen in the garden,
Or out on the dim, dusty way?
Are they still sitting down by the hearthstone,
Or through the green lane do they stray?

And the summer breeze sighs as it murmurs,
"Ah, long, weary miles have I flown,
To tell you both forms from the cottage
With heavy hearts long since have gone!
For one to the churchyard was carried,
With death's silent seal on his brow,
And the other went forth among strangers,
I cannot tell where she is now!

I have traversed the mountain and valley,
To bring you a breath of the flowers,
Though no kind hand is left there to train them
Like that of the long ago hours!
The bee from the red rose's bosom
Its surfeit of sweetness still takes,
And the chirp of the bird by the window
The dreary monotony breaks!

The brook ripples on—but more softly,
The meadow is fragrant and green,
And the clouds in the sky are as snowy,
The riftings of azure between!
But I've found you afar from the roof-tree,
In this dusty and busy old town,
To say, those you loved, and who loved you,
From the cottage forever have gone!"

In all countries where nature does the most,
man does the least; and where she does but
little, there we shall find the utmost acme of hu-
man exertion.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

"How dare you insult me, Charles, by men-
tioning such a thing? I ever give my consent
to your marriage with Adrianna Seroni! You
know better. Do you think I am insane? An-
swer, do you think I am insane?"

"No, sir, but—"

"I wish for no remarks. There is insanity
somewhere, and if it isn't me it must be you."

"I wish to say—"

"Say nothing. I am speaking. Let's con-
sider the state of the case. You, Carlos Cas-
talez, only son of the wealthy, proud Don Pedro
Castalez, wish to marry Adrianna Seroni, only
daughter of old Pietro Seroni, the beggarly mac-
caroni vender. Pretty good. Pretty good. I
have stated it fairly, have I not?"

"Yes, sir, you have understood me perfectly."

"Now, you wish my answer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you impatient?"

"Only moderately so."

"Glad to hear it. Here is my answer. By
the Holy Virgin, I'll disown, disinherit you if
you marry her."

"It is my present intention to do so."

"Then, it is my *present intention* to disinherit,
curse you. By—"

"Stay, sir! withhold your curse till the right
time. It is a bitter, fearful thing to incur a
father's curse. If you can show me any good,
solid reason why I should not marry her I will
give her up."

"Well spoken, Charles. You are not as in-
sane as I thought for."

"Remember, sir; unless you can prove to me
that she is wanting in principle and proper maid-
en modesty, I hold the same mind, for I love
her."

"Fool! Have you ever spoken to her?"

"Never, save to wish her good day as I passed
her on the stairs or in the hall."

"Then you cannot say you love her. No
man can love a woman save he knows her voice,
has hung enraptured on her words, has touched
her hand. But to business. I have many ob-
jections to set before you. She is poor, of low
family—a char-woman by necessity. Why, man,
the idea is preposterous! My son marry a char-
woman! Tush! the boy's demented."

"You have told me nothing I didn't know be-
fore. My resolve is taken. I shall win her if I
can, for though I have never conversed with her
I have heard her voice and know her well."

"Go your ways, but I tell you look to me for—"

"Hush, father, that is her step. Your picture looks finely, sir;" and when the door opened Charles Castalez was sitting looking admiringly at a large picture resting on an easel, while Don Castalez busied himself with arranging the paints upon his palette.

The door opened, admitting the figure of a young girl, beautiful as a picture, and almost like a picture she looked as she stood for a moment waiting in the doorway undecided whether to enter or not. Her figure was tall and slender, though exquisitely proportioned, and her face was perfectly beautiful, a face that once seen would never be forgotten, would be remembered for years in dreams like an angel's. At a signal from Don Castalez, Adrianna Seroni entered the room and began her customary duties of arranging the room, which she did neatly and skilfully. Charles Castalez lingered for a little while apparently utterly regardless of the young girl, but the large mirror over the mantel-piece reflected every motion, every change of feature, then sauntered slowly from the room. When he was gone, Adrianna seated herself on a low stool beside her master, and busied herself with grinding the colors for the painter. She ground patiently, but her eyes were constantly fixed upon the growing picture before her. Thus two hours passed away. Adrianna's task at last ended, she rose to go. As she laid her hand upon the door, Don Castalez spoke:

"I wish to speak a word to you. Here is what I owe you, and from to-day I shall need you no longer. You have been faithful, and I dislike to part with you. If in time to come I can aid you to obtain another situation I will do so."

The young girl turned pale as the painter spoke, but took the money extended to her, and with murmured thanks left the room and the house.

"What ails you, child?" asked old Pietro Seroni, as with slow, spiritless step, Adrianna entered their humble dwelling. The girl looked up with a sad smile and attempted to answer cheerfully, though her eyes filled with tears as she said:

"Nothing much, dear father. Don Castalez does not need my services—I am discharged. Now I must, till something else is found to do, be a burden upon you."

"Never mind that, dear child. We can get along nicely. Now let's think of something else. If ill luck came to you, good luck has come to me. I have let the little attic."

"Let the attic, father?"

"Yes, yes. Call you not that good luck?"

"Surely. But who has hired it? I am curious to know, dear father."

"Sit down to your supper, dear child, and I'll tell you. I have let it to a young man, a well-favored fellow—an artist I think he said he was."

"An artist, father!" and the young girl looked up with a beaming face. "Then I am not wholly wretched, for I can sometimes catch a glimpse of a picture."

"Silly child! Sometimes? Every day, for you are to take charge of his room. Your face brightens now, Adrianna. Your heart is light—keep it so, child."

Together the father and daughter sat conversing till the warm, golden twilight faded, and the city sunk to rest. Then they also sought their pillows—old Pietro to sink into a deep slumber, but Adrianna laid awake, weaving visions of future happiness. Adrianna had a soul for art, an eye for color, and her greatest aim, ambition for the future, was to learn to paint. The walls of her little white-washed room bore evidence of her genius. Every stray piece of paper was covered with sketches, landscape and figures.

With the dawn Adrianna rose, her heart throbbing with impatience to begin her new duties; and in justice to her, be it said, that no thought of the artist mingled with her desire, she wished only to look on the pictures. Adrianna had cleared away the remains of their frugal breakfast and arranged the little room neatly, and taking her sewing seated herself at the little lattice, when she started at hearing a knock at the door, a sound very rarely heard there, for the daughter of Pietro, the macaroni seller, had few visitors. With a slight feeling of nervousness, she arose and opened the door. Before her stood a young man, dressed very coarsely, but with infinite neatness. The young man removed his hat with great respect, and anxious to relieve the embarrassment he saw the girl labored under, spoke:

"I was told that signora would be at my service to help me in the management of my room. If not engaged, I would like to avail myself of her assistance now."

"I am ready directly," and with a light step the young girl followed her lodger up stairs. The room was scantily furnished, but heaped on the floor lay a confused mass of things—tin easels, palettes, frames, casts, canvasses and sundry other things necessary to the artist. With singular grace, dexterity and cheerfulness, Adrianna began to put the room in order, the young man, Henri Calotin, merely looking on or giving

ing directions where certain things should be placed. With her eyes drinking in everything, Adrianna labored. As she unpacked picture after picture, and hung them on the little low walls, her eye sparkled, but when Henri Calotin, opening a case, gave into her hands a beautiful gem by Raphael, she could not repress an exclamation of admiration. The young man addressed some conversation to her then for the first time.

"You are fond of pictures?"

"Yes, signor."

"Have you seen many?"

"Not very many. For nearly a year I performed for Don Castalez the same services I am to render you. He had a number of pictures."

"Yes, yes, I know that don. He paints but indifferently well. Among those pictures on the left is one of his. Can you, think you, tell me which?"

Adrianna paused a moment, then with a deep blush, pointed to a small sunset scene, saying modestly, "I am but a poor, uneducated girl, but I think I know his color and touch."

"You are right. You have a correct eye. Now tell me, signora, which you consider the finest of all these pictures here."

Without a moment's hesitation, Adrianna turned towards the young man the gem of Raphael's, which she still held in her hand. The young man smiled, and after a few casual remarks, allowed the young girl to go her ways.

With a light step and beating heart Adrianna descended the little narrow stairs. She had seen a gem by Raphael. In her heart lived the beautiful little picture, scarcely more than a study, still beautiful in grace and coloring. With face flushed and head bent down, Adrianna drew, and very many artists now would be proud of her quick touch and accurate memory.

Day after day rolled by and Adrianna dwelt in her world of pictures. The new lodger proved himself a modest, unassuming person, apparently intent only on his art. One day coming suddenly back to his room, he found Adrianna seated in rapt attention before a picture, while a piece of paper in her lap attested the fact that fingers as well as eyes had been busy. The young girl rose in the utmost confusion when Henri entered. He pitied her embarrassment, and to give her time to recover her self-possession, the young man stooped and picked up the picture or sketch, which in her sudden rising, she had allowed to fall on the floor unheeded. No sooner did his eyes rest upon the paper than he exclaimed:

"Who drew this?"

"I did, signor. I meant not to have it seen.

Please forgive the liberty I took in copying your picture."

"Signora Adrianna—" and he paused, while the girl, misunderstanding the cause of the stop, hastened to say:

"Pardon me. Let the beauty and grace of the picture be my excuse for my presumption."

"O, you understand not my meaning. My pause was one of astonishment not displeasure. You shall be an artist. In this rough sketch there is skill and genius."

"O, signor, you laugh at me."

"Upon my honor, no. Where learned you to draw so boldly and well?"

"In my own room."

"Who was your teacher?"

"I had none. At night I have endeavored to draw from memory such pictures as I saw in the day time."

"You have more, then?"

"Yes, signor."

"Go bring them to me instantly. I must see them."

Wondering at the young man's manner, but still obedient, Adrianna soon placed before the young artist the little rough sketches she had made from time to time. Henri Calotin's eyes grew bright with wonder as he gazed at the unmistakable proofs of more than ordinary talent. Adrianna watched with a beating heart the face of the young artist. At last he raised his head and spoke:

"Would you like to become an artist, Adrianna?" 'Twas the first time that he had ever called her by her Christian name, and that, together with the question, thrilled to her heart. She paused, and the question was repeated.

"I should like it," answered the young girl, trembling with delight.

"You shall. I will teach you."

"You, signor?"

"Yes, yes. All I can will I teach you."

"You forget, signor, that we are very poor."

"I do not forget it. But that has nothing to do with the subject."

"Ah, Signor Calotin, it has more than you think. Gladly would I become your pupil but I cannot, for there is no money to pay for the lessons." And as Adrianna spoke her heart beat heavily with the thought that the glorious idea must be given up.

"Foolish girl, I ask no money. I will gladly teach you; proud to be the means of improving the wonderful talents God has given to you—talents, Adrianna, which many an artist here in this good city of Florence would be glad to possess."

So it was settled, and Adrianna became a pupil of Henri Calotin—ay, a pupil who learned two lessons at once. Many an hour did the two paint side by side, Adrianna catching every suggestion with eagerness, and in an incredibly short space of time she equalled her master. Soon Adrianna learned what was not taught her—to love her master. Yes, the truth dawned upon her to her despair. One day Henri Calotin came not to his studio, for the little attic was used only for that purpose—he lodged elsewhere. The non-appearance of her master opened the eyes of the young girl. She knew then that love had crept into her heart unawares. For a long time, Adrianna sat that day, revolving upon the course to pursue. The only one before her was a painful one, but with a firm, though aching heart, she resolved to follow that one, cost what it might. Late in the afternoon Henri Calotin appeared and summoned his pupil to take her accustomed lesson, and was surprised to find that Adrianna obeyed with a faltering step and downcast eyes. The lesson was got through with slowly and sadly. Henri wondered at the want of interest in the hitherto enthusiastic pupil, and the pupil herself painted on, dreading the close. It came at last, and as she laid aside her brushes, Adrianna spoke, and her voice though low was firm:

"Signor Calotin, I must now thank you for your kind instruction. Earnestly I wish it was in my power to repay you for your invaluable instruction, given so very kindly and cheerfully to a poor girl."

She paused and Henri looked up in wonder—wonder at the young girl's words and the grave manner, so different from her former light, merry tone.

"Adrianna has something more to say. Perhaps you are tired of my instructions?"

"No."

"Ah! I have it. You see that I can teach you but little more. You are desirous of seeking a better master."

Adrianna's eyes filled with tears at the unmerited suspicion, but, making a violent effort, she controlled her feelings while she said, in a tone rendered hard and cold by the struggle:

"Signor Calotin is unjust though right in one thing, which is, that these lessons must cease."

"Wherefore?"

"The reason, pardon my seeming rudeness, I must reserve for myself. 'Tis neither because I am wearied with the lessons nor desire a better master."

"Then why, Adrianna, give them up?" The question was asked in a gentle, pleading tone, which broke down the seeming coldness Adrian-

na had guarded herself with. Her eyes filled with tears and her lips trembled, though by a violent effort the tears were held back and the voice kept firm.

"Do not ask my reasons. I cannot give them, but I must give up my lessons. Heaven bless you for your kindness. Farewell."

And as if daring to trust herself no further, Adrianna was about to leave the room hastily, when her steps were arrested. A hand was laid gently and firmly on her arm, and one word was spoken which thrilled her very heart.

"Adrianna!"

The girl paused, raised her eyes to the face of her young master, then covered her own face with her hands.

"Before you go away, Adrianna, you must hear me. You take with you all the sunshine. I love you and cannot live without you. Adrianna, Adrianna, I love you—I love you. Will you not stay by me? Will you not be my wife? Adrianna, before you is the door—if you walk through it, I will read it as a sign that my hopes are vain; if you stay, you are mine. There is the door—go."

"I would rather stay."

The words came low and timidly, and a deep blush overspread her face and neck.

"Blessings rest on you, my darling Adrianna!" And in a moment more she was clasped in the arms of Henri—held fast and kissed repeatedly.

The lessons went on uninterruptedly from that hour; and many times did Henri raise his eyes from the canvass, to watch the beautiful girl as she sat painting beside him.

"Ah! Adrianna, dearest, I've been to the exhibition to day," said Henri, entering the room where Adrianna sat busily sewing. The girl raised her head and a bright smile spread over her face.

"Were you pleased, Henri?" she asked, while her lover took a seat beside her.

"Pleased? It is glorious. I only got in by chance. Met Don Castalez, who insisted upon my accompanying him. To-morrow, dearest, you must go. The collection is very fine, but the gem of the whole is a beautiful head—Faith—No. 508. The artist's name is not put down in the catalogue. You will admire it."

"Perhaps not," answered Adrianna, with a bright smile.

"You'll have to, for it is too exquisite. To-morrow, darling, you may see and judge for yourself."

To-morrow came, and with a beating, throl-

bing heart, Adrianna went to the exhibition. It fully realized her expectations. Hall upon hall was filled with a collection of the choicest pictures which could be procured. Before the picture of Faith, Adrianna paused. There was nothing about the picture to strike the attention. It was simply a female head, and part of the figure, just the shoulders and bust. The face was exquisite in color and expression. The hair fell in careless waves over the shoulders. The picture once looked at, had to be studied, to be gazed at again and again. Around the picture stood a number of people, most of them connoisseurs in art, and various were the comments which Adrianna listened to.

"Henri, I rather like the picture, but I want to examine that Galettea. I've looked at this enough." And so speaking, the young girl walked away, and soon went home.

The next day, Adrianna and Henri were sitting together by the open window. Old Pietro Seroni entered the room with a paper in his hand.

"Well, well, my young artists. The judgment has passed and the prize has been awarded."

"To whom?" asked both the young people.

"To the one who painted the head called Faith—No. 508—name as yet unknown."

"Henri!"

That was the only sound—a sort of cry, and to the utmost horror of both men, Adrianna sank, fainting on the floor. Tenderly, Henri Calotin raised his fainting bride, bore her to her chamber, and, together with her father, used all the means in their power to restore Adrianna to her senses. Their efforts were successful, and soon she was sitting up in bed speaking.

"What was it, Adrianna, which caused you to faint?" tenderly asked Henri.

"Yes, my daughter, what was it? a sudden pain?"

"No, a sudden joy—joy too great to think of. Listen—I painted the head of Faith, which has drawn the prize."

"You!" exclaimed old Pietro Seroni.

"You!" reiterated Henri, dropping the little hands he held.

"Yes. I painted it. To you, dear Henri, all credit is due. O, how can I ever thank you—but for you this had never been—never been."

"Nay, dearest, no praise for me. Your own genius has brought you to this."

Not many hours passed before all Florence rung with the wonderful story. The picture deemed worthy of the prize by all the learned academicians, was painted by Adrianna Seroni, daughter of old Pietro Seroni, macaroni vender! Was ever heard so strange a story? In

one short day the young girl was raised from obscurity to the pinnacle of fame, sought afar and courted by all the nobles of the land. Crowds of artists and wealthy citizens thronged to the door of the hitherto almost deserted dwelling. Invitations of all kinds besieged the young girl, but one only was instantly replied to. That was from her old patron and master. Adrianna sought his studio as requested.

A warm welcome awaited her from both father and son, who were together in the room.

"I have sent for you, Signora Seroni," said the old man, "to ask you to look with favor upon the suit of my son, who loves you—who loved you when you were my little maid, known only as the daughter of the macaroni seller."

"Yes, signora," and the young man stepped forward—"I love you, and—"

"Pardon me, my lords," said Adrianna, while she looked with dignity at the gentlemen before her, "I cannot listen to such words. I came here as requested, because I wished to thank don Castalez for the instruction I gained while with him. I—"

"I gave you none," hastily interrupted the old man.

"You gave me no lessons, Don Castalez, but here in your studio watching you I first learned to draw and paint—from observation and from the remarks made to others I received my instruction."

"Why scorn my son's suit?" abruptly asked the painter.

"Because for many months I have been betrothed to one Henri Calotin."

"Is he wealthy?" asked young Castalez, eagerly.

"Is he noble?" as eagerly asked the father.

"Neither the one nor the other," answered the young girl.

"Reflect, child," said Don Castalez. "My son offers you rank and wealth. Break the base bonds made in your obscurity. Become my son's bride."

"Signor, such language is unworthy you. I love Henri Calotin, and were he the veriest beggar in Florence, but honest and kind, I would marry him. What was I but day-before yesterday? Then, had your son asked my hand in honorable marriage, you would have cursed him."

The old man bit his lips as he listened to those words, uttered in a firm tone, and Charles Castalez, with a mortified air and low bow, left the room. Again Don Castalez spoke:

"You are mistaken. I plead for my son."

Just as he was speaking the door opened, and Henri Calotin walked in. With a bright smile

Adrianna welcomed him; then presented him to the old don. Throwing aside his slouched cap and pulling off a pair of whiskers, Henri Calotin, pressing an arm round the waist of the astonished girl, thus spoke:

"Adrianna, when you were in my father's studio I loved you. You left and my heart sank, but I determined to win you. You know the rest. I love you dearly, and am only sorry that fame and fortune came to you before you were my wedded wife, for you may think but for that I would have played you false."

"Hush! hush, Henri, your words pain me. I love and trust, and thank fortune that you bring not to your father's house an obscure, portionless bride."

MORMON TYRANNY.

The New York Times Utah correspondent writes as follows:—"I informed you a week ago that the Townsend House, opened as a hotel by its owner, had been suddenly closed by Brigham's order. Since then Heber C. Kimball has purchased the establishment and put an agent into it, under whose management it is in full blast. Townsend, who owned the property and several adjoining buildings, but had been fool enough to 'consecrate' it to the church, has been ordered away from the city for his temerity in opening it and taking Gentiles to board without Brigham's consent. You are already aware, I suppose, that when a Mormon 'consecrates' his property, he makes a regular deed of it to Brigham as (to use the accustomed phrase here), 'Trustee in trust for the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.' Thus he absolutely signs away all control over the property he has acquired, and becomes a beggar the moment he dares resist the despotic will of his priestly superior! Do you understand that these are solemn facts, incident to life in a Territory of the United States under the American Constitution, and in this nineteenth century?"

KIND WORDS.

They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of one mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good-nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make the blaze more fierce. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and empty words, and profane words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his morose, unkind feelings.—*Pascal*.

THE VOICE OF JOSEPHINE.

BY M. REBECCA OSBORN.

"The first applause of the French people," said Napoleon, "sounded in my ears sweet as the voice of Josephine."

Sweet as the voice of Josephine,
When in her flute-like tone,
The gay and busy world shut out,
The song for him alone.
Or, when as evening hours drew nigh,
She graced the festive hall;
He heard the music of her voice
In common with them all.

Sweet as the voice of Josephine,
When she so swiftly sped
To some poor peasant's cot,
And soothed his dying bed.
Or, when at early, blushing morn,
She turned her thoughts above,
And breathed a holy prayer for him,
Her gentle heart's best love.

Sweet as the voice of Josephine,
The fond, forsaken wife,
The sharer of the joys and cares
And sorrows of his life.
Sweet as her voice, who in her worse
Than weary widowhood,
E'er spoke of him who wronged her so
As something pure and good.

O, cruel fate! that one so true,
So gifted, and so fair,
Must, in this selfish world of ours,
Such disappointments bear.
"And sad it is in grief like this,
O'er visions loved and lost,
The truest and the tenderest heart
Must always suffer most."

THE WHITE QUEEN'S CASTLE.

BY DAVID A. HARRISON.

COUNT ALBERT CARMIOLO died very suddenly. There had been a grand hunt, a magnificent wild boar had been slain, and the exultant party came back to the grand old castle of Carmiolo, to devote the remainder of the day, and the whole of the night, to eating, and drinking the exquisite old wines with which Count Albert's cellar was stored. Wit and mirth had reached their height, wine flowed like water, and the spirits of all the company were high, when, seizing the huge, silver hunting cup, Count Albert rose to pledge the successful marksman, Count John Earnstein. A very handsome man was Count Albert, but a deep drinker, and one lost all sense of his beauty in disgust for the face now so inflamed. High he raised the massive goblet, but before he could utter a single word, a deadly paleness overspread his flushed face, the drinking cup dropped from his nerve-

less hand, and he fell forward with his face on the table, dead, without a groan. His horror-struck companions raised him up and strove to restore consciousness; but in vain. All was confusion in that banquet-hall, which a few minutes before was the scene of such wild revelry and unbounded license. Sadly the company bore the body to an inner chamber, and then left the house.

The Countess Carmiola was dead—dead long since—killed, it was reported, by the coldness and neglect of her husband, an imperious, bad-tempered man. She died, leaving one daughter, now about nineteen years old, who inherited all her mother's beauty and gentleness, with just enough of her father's haughty spirit to add piquancy to her manners. If Count Albert had been unkind to his wife, he could not be charged with treating his daughter, the lovely Lodoiska, in the same harsh manner, for to her he was kind and indulgent, and it was with wild despair that the girl heard of her father's sudden and awful death.

With all the pomp belonging to his rank, the remains of Count Albert Carmiola were laid to rest in the tomb of his ancestors, and with a sad heart, Lodoiska returned to her now desolate home, for her sole companion was her father's maiden sister, Annie Carmiola, a lady of uncertain age, and still more uncertain temper. During the life-time of Count Albert, his sister, who always made it her home with him, had little opportunity to give way to the haughty, imperious temper she possessed, and which, joined to insufferable pride and affectation, rendered her an unpleasant companion. Fearing her brother, she curbed her own haughty spirit, and appeared a quiet, rather silly woman. The count left a will, giving two-thirds of his property to his daughter, and the remaining third to his sister Annie, whom he appointed Lodoiska's guardian, until she should marry.

But a few months had passed since the melancholy death of the count, before Lodoiska felt the full weight of her aunt's imperious will. Wanting in beauty and fascination herself, Annie Carmiola could only look on her charming niece with jealous, envious eyes, and soon began to curtail her proper liberties. Almost like a nun the beautiful girl was kept—seeing very little company, rarely going out even to ride, unless accompanied by her detested aunt. Feeling the loss of her father very deeply, Lodoiska submitted quietly and uncomplainingly to the authority of her aunt—desiring only to be left to her painting, music and reading. So quietly had Lodoiska obeyed all commands and restrictions

put upon her, that Annie Carmiola began to feel herself surely the mistress.

One day Lady Annie drew a chair beside that of her niece, and in a commanding voice, said:

"Lodoiska, you are to regard the Count Armand Kardozag as your future husband."

The words were abrupt, and the information they conveyed far from pleasing. The young girl raised her head with a sudden start.

"What did you say, Aunt Annie?"

"This day you will receive Count Armand Kardozag as your future husband."

"By whose authority?"

"By mine."

"Impossible," answered Lodoiska, quietly. And she resumed her embroidery as if the affair was settled beyond dispute.

Lady Annie looked at her niece with astonishment. Was it possible that she dared dispute her will? So astonished was she that she could not speak for a few seconds. At last, she found voice to say:

"Impossible? Impossible?"

"Yes, quite impossible. And now we will drop a subject quite unpleasant to me, if you please."

"I don't please, miss. I will have you understand that I do not recognize the impossibility. You will receive the count, as I informed you."

"I will not!"

"Diana!" exclaimed the infuriated woman. "I can scarcely credit my ears. You—will—receive—the—Count Kardozag—when—he—presents—himself!"

"I will receive him when he comes, but as to returning a favorable answer to his suit, I shall do no such thing. My answer will be a point blank refusal."

"You are not called upon, miss, to give any answer. I have given him my promise. You have only to receive him politely."

"Which I shall not do. How dare the low, depraved, debauched libertine and gambler to aspire to my hand?"

"Such terms, Lodoiska, applied to the man whom I have chosen for your future husband, are highly unbecoming and insulting, if not to him, to myself. I expect him every moment, so you may as well prepare to receive him calmly, and not show such evident and unmistakable signs of ill temper."

"I will show no ill-temper, as you call my just indignation, but a proper spirit. I have submitted too long to your impositions, and now, you have to learn that the daughter of Count Albert Carmiola possesses some of his spirit."

Lodoiska had scarcely done speaking, when a servant announced the Count Kardozag, and in a moment he was ushered in. Lady Annie rose to receive him, giving him a warm welcome, but Lodoiska, raising her head, bowed with chilling hauteur, and then resumed her work. With a quick, admonishing glance at her niece, the enraged aunt placed a chair for the count near her own and equally near that of Lodoiska. The count accepted the seat, and addressed the girl before him :

"Lady Lodoiska, your aunt, the amiable Lady Annie, an ornament to her sex, gives me to understand that you are ready and happy to see me to-day."

"As ready and as happy now as ever," was the ungracious reply, delivered in freezing tone and manner.

"Ah! eh!" ejaculated the count, struck by the haughty air of the girl. "You are sarcastic. How is this? Your aunt led me to believe that you looked with favorable eyes on my suit—nay, that all was positively settled." And the count rose in great rage.

"You are right—she does, she does," said the faithless woman, rising in her turn, and laying her hand on the count's arm. "Do not mind what she says, for the dear girl is in one of her odd fits when she speaks without thinking."

"Your pardon, aunt, and yours, too, sir count, if I contradict the statement just made. It is no mere whim that induces me to treat you as I have done. My aunt made you rash promises which she cannot fulfil."

"How is that, mixx? Remember I am your lawful guardian."

"That I know to my sorrow; but, thank Heaven, I can guard my own happiness, and in order to do so I respectfully, decidedly, refuse to listen to Count Kardozag's suit."

"Death and fiends!" exclaimed the count, springing towards the young girl as if he meant to seize her. "Dare you say that to my face, Lady Lodoiska?"

"Ay, and do not make me forget by your own actions the fact that I strive to shut my eyes upon, that I am dealing with one who can lay no claim to the title of gentleman."

Annie Carmiola did what Count Kardozag could scarcely refrain from doing—she seized the young girl rudely by the arm.

"Retract, Lodoiska, your unlady-like, insulting words, and receive the count as your future husband."

Quickly removing her aunt's hand from her arm, Lodoiska, drawing her tall form haughtily up, spoke coldly and deliberately, and as she

did so the count acknowledged to himself her beauty, and felt more determined than ever to make her his own.

"Aunt, my answer is unchangeable. I refuse to have anything whatever to say to Count Kardozag, whom I neither like nor even respect, and consider that he does me an incalculable injury by proffering such a suit, when his base, unworthy character is so well known. I have nothing further to say, save that you, Count Kardozag, are at liberty, nay, are requested to retire, and if that request is not complied with on the instant, I shall summon a servant. No, to spare you that alternative, I retire myself, with the admonition that if ever you seek to enter this house again, on any pretext whatever, you will be turned from the door." And with the step of an empress the justly incensed girl walked from the apartment, leaving the plotters standing looking at each other in speechless rage.

A few minutes they stood thus, then seating themselves, they talked long and earnestly in whispers. The conference ended, Lady Annie hastily attiring herself, ordered her carriage, and accompanied by the base count, set off on some mission.

Lodoiska sat in her room, vainly striving to quell the angry and fearful thoughts that passed through her mind. She knew Count Kardozag as a bold, bad man, and her aunt for a vain, scheming woman, and now that she was alone, she felt that the affair was not so easily ended, and trembled with the thoughts of the misery her scornful, bitter words would probably occasion. Full well she felt that she had made an enemy of the count, and with a beating heart Lodoiska resigned herself to wait for the end, which was sooner in arriving than she thought for.

Three hours after the above related scene, Lady Annie Carmiola, with an exultant smile on her face, entered the room where, sad and apprehensive, Lodoiska sat, vainly endeavoring to fix her attention on a book before her.

"Now, rebellious girl, we shall see who will triumph!" And Lady Annie held a paper before the eyes of the poor girl. The seal caught her eye, and with pale lips, and her voice trembling in spite of herself, she asked :

"What have you there, aunt?"

"O, nothing much, only a command signed and sealed by Arch-duke John, compelling you to receive Count Armand Kardozag as your future husband. Your answer now, proud girl!"

"I must obey."

Lodoiska rose and left the room, to fling herself in an agony of tears upon her bed. But

she was not a weak girl to sit and weep when anything was to be done. Springing up, she bathed her face with cold water and removed all traces of emotion from her face, then dressing herself in robes of elegant deep black, she left the room. At the parlor door she paused irresolute—then opened it.

"Aunt, after so much agitation, I need exercise. I go to ride." The door closed, and she muttered as she went down the stairs, "ay, I can try my power, too, and if I fail, I will leave my native land."

It is necessary to inform my readers that a few weeks before the events just narrated transpired, Lodoiska had plighted her faith to a handsome, noble-hearted young man, Count Victor Ernstein. This was a secret; for both felt that the hatred which Annie Carmiola bore the young count would lead her to do all in her power to separate them and destroy their happiness.

Sitting in his dining-hall was the Arch-duke John, of Austria. On the table before him was a chess-board and a huge, golden goblet filled to the brim with his favorite wine, the genial Johannisberger. Arch-duke John was a very singular, brave, and generous man—high-spirited and imperious, he at times governed with gentleness, but often with the sway of a despot. He was an inveterate chess-player—every leisure moment was devoted to the study and practice of the game. Indeed, one room of his palace was marked off in squares, and on that extensive board he played games, using human, living beings for chess men. A door opened, and the chamberlain informed the duke that a lady desired to speak with him on business of importance. Would she be admitted? The duke gave a sign of assent. The door closed and opened again in a few moments to admit a lady. When the door had again closed, and the lady found herself alone with the duke, she knelt before him.

"Lay aside your veil, which completely conceals your features. We like not to receive prayers or petitions from one afraid or ashamed to show her face," said the prince, gravely. With a gesture in which pride and fear were mingled, the veil was thrown back, disclosing the beautiful features of Lodoiska Carmiola. Prince John could scarcely repress a start of astonishment and admiration as he looked at the extraordinary beauty of the face before him.

"Ah, whom have we here?"

"A poor girl who asks for mercy and protection—Lodoiska Carmiola."

"The name methinks I have heard. Aha!

but now we gave a written order for your marriage. What brings you here, fair lady?"

"Despair!" And the beautiful head drooped.

"Like you not your future spouse? Methinks we heard you did."

"Nay, sire. A base, unprincipled man is Count Kardozag. I prefer death to a life with him."

"Is hatred for his character the sole reason for your disinclination to wed him?" And the duke bent his dark eyes upon the face before him.

A deep blush for a moment spread over the pale face of the girl, adding another charm, as she said:

"To you, my prince, may the truth be told, I love, and am betrothed to another—Count Victor Ernstein."

"We know him—a brave soldier and a faithful subject. I fear, Lady Lodoiska, you have come too late," said the arch-duke, in his perplexity laying aside the "we." Scarcely an hour ago I signed a paper enforcing your aunt's wishes.

"Alas, I know it. For the love of Heaven recall, annul it. Save me from such a fate!"

Prince John leaned back in his chair in deep thought. The sight of her distress troubled the really kind hearted duke. Suddenly he raised his head, while a smile spread over his face.

"I see it all now. I cannot take back my promise, but will half retract, and the matter shall be decided by a game of chess. Yes, yes, Duke Albert (Zortkow shall be my opponent, Count Kardozag shall be king of the red chessmen, your aunt the queen. You, Lodoiska, shall be queen of the white men, and your betrothed, Count Victor Ernstein, shall be your castle. In my chess-room with human beings I will play. If the red king be checkmated, you are free, if not—"

"God help me!" exclaimed the despairing Lodoiska, almost involuntarily.

The cry excited the rage of the imperious duke, who asked with a fierce scowl in his face:

"How—doubt you our skill? The game is ours, of course, and you are free to wed whomsoever you please. If we lose, you must abide by the command given to your aunt. We have decided. You may retire."

With a heavy heart, Lodoiska left the hall. Was this the prince so proud of his justice—to settle such a question by a petty game of chess, wherein one false move and all might be lost? There was nothing left but to wait patiently the issue of the game, praying to Heaven that the prince might be victorious.

All Vienna rung with the strange story. Few

knew what the question was, but all knew that a question of great importance was to be settled by Arch-duke John by a game of chess, in which living human beings were to take the part of chess-men. The day before the one appointed for the singular game, Lodoiska sought an interview with Duke Czortkow. She was shown into an elegantly furnished apartment, and there the duke came to receive her.

"I am the Lady Lodoiska Carmiola, to decide whose fate you play a game of chess with Prince John."

"How can I serve you?"

"By playing as poorly as possible—by losing the game."

"That cannot be. Prince John knows that I play well, and should I fail in my usual skill, and give him an undue advantage, it would ruin all."

"The fame of your playing is spread through the kingdom, but the most skilful may make one false move. I will give you anything you ask, Duke Czortkow, if you will lose the game."

"All I ask?" said the duke, bending his eyes upon the bewitching girl before him.

"I said all you asked," haughtily answered the girl, rising, "trusting to your honor as a gentleman to ask nothing beyond my power to give."

"Well then, suppose I ask for yourself—your own fair self?"

One lightning glance, and Lodoiska walked proudly to the door. There she paused:

"The world speaks of Duke Czortkow as a gentleman. I know him now. Play the game as skilfully as you can, I neither expect nor wish anything from you."

She bowed and was gone. Had Lodoiska been witness to an interview between Duke Czortkow and Count Kardozag, she would have waited the end of the game. Duke Czortkow was a gambler, and the large sum of money offered him by his friend, Count Kardozag, made him anxious to win the game.

It was a bright though singular scene which the room in the palace presented. The strange floor marked off in squares of black and white. Thirty-two of these squares were occupied by people in rich dresses. The prince had played games before, but never with such great preparations. The figures were dressed like chess-men—one set in red, the other in white. Lodoiska looked very beautiful in her dress of white satin and velvet, and crown of diamonds and pearls, though her face was deadly pale. The game began, and was carried on in silence. At first, Lodoiska tried to follow the moves made by the figures, but at length she turned her face away, and

lowered her eyes. To her it seemed a vast space of confusion, that chess-board—and she sighed to think that the eccentric prince had not chosen to decide it by a game played on a table with inanimate pieces of ivory. The peculiar game was for her interest, for the prince, accustomed to play on such a large scale, was never confused, while his opponent made several false moves. This Lodoiska knew not, and was blindly sent from one end of the board to the other. Hour after hour the game was carried on, till the poor chess-men were ready to sink with fatigue. Lodoiska was almost in a fainting condition, and leaning in a very unqueenly manner upon a knight who occupied the next square, when she was obliged to move. This she did mechanically, past minding how the game went, when a loud voice exclaimed exultantly:

"Checkmated!"

The game was decided then. With a wild glance, Lodoiska looked up and gasped out:

"Which king, red or white?"

"The red king."

Lodoiska heard the answer, and felt she was saved. Reaction followed, and she fainted from fatigue and anxiety. A long while she lay in deathlike stillness, almost as white as her dress; but recovering she saw Prince John and Victor Ernstein bending over her. As soon as she was able to sit up, the prince spoke to her.

"The game is finished, and the priest stands ready even now to unite you to the man of your choice, of whom we approve. In consideration of the pain and anxiety we have made you bear, in fatherly love and care we will take it upon us to give you away."

Banishing the natural shrinking she felt, fearing another misfortune, Lodoiska stood up, and in presence of the assembled knights and ladies she was made the wife of the handsome, brave Victor Ernstein. Prince John gave the bride away, and in later days smiled as he saw the beautiful woman and her husband the brightest ornaments at court, for he thought of the time when Victor Ernstein was the WHITE QUEEN'S CASTLE.

We talk of the intemperance of the poor; why, when we philosophically consider the crushing miseries that beset them—the keen suffering of penury, and the mockery of luxury and profusion with which it is surrounded—my wonder is, not that there are so many who purchase temporary oblivion of their misery, but that there are so few.—*Jerrold.*

LOVE.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds:
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.

DAVIDSON.

LUCRETIA.

BY M. POTTER, JR.

Dare I whisper, gentle Lu,
 May I tell thee what I feel?
 Will it give offence to you
 If my secret I reveal?
 It will not detain you long;
 Will you come aside with me?
 For 't is not amid the throng
 It should be told to thee.

Don't deny me, gentle Lu,
 'Tis a favor easily done;
 Confidence from friendship true
 You will not unkindly shun;
 And although you may surmise
 What this secret sweet will be,
 Still I trust you'll not despise,
 And coldly turn from me.

I will tell thee, gentle Lu,
 Of a feeling which has lain
 Dormant, till thy presence threw
 Round my heart its magic chain;
 When from wandering I returned
 And sought thy side again,
 How affection fondly yearned
 To speak—shall I refrain?

I have scrupled, gentle Lu,
 To unfold ambition's aim—
 Ambition, which, dear Lu,
 Seeks neither rank nor fame;
 Scruples that from love arise
 Have made me hesitate
 To raise to thee mine eyes,
 And learn from thine my fate.

THE HEART OF A QUEEN.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"My fair Katherine!"

The whisper was clear and distinct which floated from behind the heavy tapestry hangings of a high, mullioned window, in a spacious chamber.

Lady Latimer started from her embroidery frame, and a flush broke up the clear paleness of her cheek. She dropped her embroidery needle and listened intently.

Again the whisper, this time more distinct and bold; and the window hangings were put aside by a white, jewelled hand, shaded by a deep ruff of costly lace, followed by the owner of that hand—a tall, haughty-looking, and handsome young chevalier.

"Sir Thomas!" exclaimed the lady, somewhat indignantly, while a frown gathered on her lovely brow and her small foot tapped the floor.

"Nay, be not angry, sweet Katherine!" pleaded the cavalier, advancing and respectfully

kneeling, striving to lift the hand which lay on the folds of her robe of sable velvet—for Katherine Latimer, though young in years, wore for the second time the garb of widowhood—"frown not on your slave, sweet lady; turn not away the light of those sweet eyes. I have been groping in the dark since thou hast banished me from thy presence, and to-day could not resist the fraud to steal in here, where thou sittest alone, and thus gain audience which of late thou hast denied me. Why dost thou look so coldly on me, Katherine? In what have I lost thy favor?" And he pressed his bearded lip passionately to the hand he held.

Lady Latimer's very soul thrilled to the words and caresses of her noble lover; yet, while a spasm of mental agony contracted her features, she drew her hand suddenly from his and assumed an air of haughtiness, saying:

"Sir Thomas Seymour, since, in thus coming unannounced before me, you have failed to interpret rightly my silence and wish to avoid these meetings, my lips must utter what I would fain have spared us both. Sir Thomas, this is our last meeting when Katherine Parr must listen to the love words of Sir Thomas Seymour."

"And it is for *this* you have avoided me these many days, Katherine?" queried the noble, rising to his feet and folding his arms before her.

The lady bowed her head.

"And yet one week yestreen you sat in this very room in my arms, Katherine!" And a smile, half tender, half scornful, broke over that young man's firmly-closed lips.

Katherine spoke not, but buried her face in her hands, mayhap to hide its pallor.

"Katherine Parr—Lady Latimer, it is enough! I have heard it whispered at court, and yet in my faith in your truth and fealty, I would not heed what is now too evident, since your conduct would confirm the tale. Speak, Lady Latimer, and tell me if it be true our royal king hath cast his eyes upon you for his consort. I have a right to demand this, woman!" And the speaker's tones were like iron, falling heavily on the listener's heart.

But no answer came from that wretched woman's lips—though her jewelled hands were clasped more convulsively over the face which she bent suddenly upon the embroidery frame, and one or two hot tears stained the white satin into which those clasping fingers, in the palmy days of love and youth, had wrought rich medallions, the imperial crown of England, and flowers of wondrous beauty and fidelity.

"Yes, it is enough. I am answered! Katherine Parr—scorning Thomas Seymour's hum-

bler love—will sit on England's throne as England's queen. But, Katherine, there have been fair and beautiful women there before thee; and ah! bethink thee, woman, ere it is too late, concerning them. Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, and Katherine Howard—what fate was theirs? And hath our King Henry grown more merciful since the last fair neck was bared to the headsman's axe? Bethink thee well, proud, ambitious woman!" said Seymour, hoarsely.

A convulsive shudder shook Katherine Parr's frame. But the hour when these terrible thoughts, now crowding upon her mind, might have availed in turning her aside from her ambitious schemes, was past; now she could only summon her ambition and pride, and advance.

Flinging back her beautiful hair which had fallen forward, sweeping the embroidery frame, and assuming a stern and composed demeanor, she exclaimed, haughtily and firmly:

"This is well! Sir Thomas Seymour's language is that of a traitor to his king! Know you that, did I choose, an hour hence Henry's guard would lead thee to the tower or the scaffold, since such is the fate of those who question a monarch's will?"

"Go on. The loss of *life* is little worse than the loss of *faith in woman's truth*. Go on, Katherine!"

These words were uttered in a tone commingling so much of sadness and despair, that the heart of that proud woman was softened; and no longer was her disguise of coldness impenetrable.

"Sir Thomas," she said, after a slight pause, "let us talk calmly together. Spare Katherine Parr your reproaches, and she will spare herself the sternness which is so foreign to her nature. Sir Thomas," and here her voice grew lower and calmer, by an intense effort of will, "what you have heard rumored at court, is true. Our liege, the king, hath besought me to become his consort, and I have not answered nay. Not solely for my own sake have I done this, but for the sake of my land—for, Sir Thomas, Katherine Parr was bred in the Protestant creed, and who can foresee but that this new doctrine of the Reformation may yet, *through me*, sway the heart of England's king? Judge me not too harshly, Sir Thomas, for you know not how hard the fate of her who yields her own will to the call of duty! Besides, she on whom a monarch rests his eyes, has no other choice than to obey."

"Katherine!"—and the young noble advanced and spoke in somewhat softened tones—"if you had *loved me*, could you thus resign me? Is it too late, my beloved?" And he knelt at her feet.

"Nay, again thou wouldst take 'vantage of my weakness!' exclaimed the beautiful woman with a frown, under which she buried the keenest suffering. "I have spoken truly and firmly; henceforth, we must meet as strangers, or as the commonest friends, Seymour."

"Nay, say rather as a queen and her subject!" said the young man, passionately. "So wide a gulf does not lie between *friends*, my lady!" And Seymour stamped his foot.

The interview was becoming painful to the woman whose every power of will was nerved to its utmost tension. O, if he would but go, and leave her alone with her agony!

The noble turned and paced the apartment.

"So, so," he broke forth, "I have been idled, played with—the poor fool of a passing hour—content to steal in here at twilight and play the secret lover, while he, the king, comes openly to talk of a royal marriage! And she, whom I so doted on, but bandied idle lip service and idler caresses on her humbler lover—meantime lifting her eyes to a crown! Talk of duty and religious creeds, forsooth! What true woman ever let prayer-book or psalm come between her and her love? Nay, Katherine—Lady Latimer, it is your ambition hath done this—else, *you never loved me!* Woman, I pray God you may never meet an hour, when—a fickle king sated, and on the lookout for another victim—when, in the tower's gloomy prisons—you will repent this! But ah! Sir Thomas Seymour forgets, in his own excited mood, that he talks 'treason of his king!'" And he gave utterance to a mocking laugh. "Lady, this head, with whose curls your fair white hands have dallied, waits but your behest to Henry to roll from under the headsman's axe!" And he stopped short before her and bowed.

Katherine could not bear those mocking, horrid words, nor that sarcastic laugh.

"For heaven's sake, Sir Thomas, do not look at me in that way—do not speak thus to me!" And, shuddering, she buried her face in her hands. "Seymour," she added, when a little calmer, "I would sooner die than harm a hair of your head! You could not think I *meant* that! But go, now—leave me, if you would not kill me! There have been terrible things said here this night." And she peered round into the corners of that antique, panelled room, where the dusky shadows were thickening. "Yes, fearful things," she murmured to herself, swaying to and fro, with face again hidden in the embroidery frame. "Anne Boleyn—Jane Seymour—Katherine Howard—and, alas, if it be that Henry will weary thus of *me!* Why did I

place myself in his power? why promise? why—but ah, it is too late! too late!”

Then, as if remembering who stood before her, and might interpret her emotion aright, she conquered this mood, and raising her head, said sharply:

“Go! Why do you not leave me, Seymour?”

But that man, standing there, had not failed to catch a brief glimpse of Katherine Parr’s heart. It restrained his own excitement; it softened his own despair. His eye lost its angry, sarcastic light—a gleam of pity lit it now. He knelt at Katherine’s feet.

“Katherine, wilt thou forgive all I have uttered in this mad hour? Whatever betides thee—woman or queen—thou shalt have my fealty and my worship. God save thee and help thee, since thou wilt have our ways in life to differ! But O, Katherine, in this hour how much of bitterness and anger would it take from parting, if I knew thou hadst not made me thy tool—if I knew thou hadst loved me!”

And this time Katherine did not shake off the hand that clasped hers, both lying, whitely, on her sable robe; this time she did not angrily and proudly utter words of denial. But bending forward, forward, till her fair hair mingled and floated with his short, close curls—till her forehead rested on his bosom, and then her cheek crept up and laid itself softly against his, while an agonizing rain of tears fell on hair and cheek and shoulder, she said, in broken gasps:

“Thomas—Seymour—I have loved you!”

“And now I go, lest the woman be lost in the queen—lest, next moment, thou snatch from my soul’s sepulchre the torch I will burn evermore beside its buried dead! God bless you, Katherine, *you have loved me!* I can well afford to let Henry have thee now—thou hast loved me—thou lovest me still, my Katherine!” And with a long, convulsive kiss, the young noble went out into the darkness.

And when, a half hour later, Lady Latimer, calm and pale, rang for lights, and passed into the great receiving-room of her castle, and then, later, supped with Henry of England in her own boudoir—ensnaring, by her beauty, wit, and brilliant colloquial powers, this capricious monarch—who, looking upon her then, would have dreamed in what a drama of love and agony she had enacted during that winter day’s short twilight shadows? Ah, who can read the heart of a woman who casts out love and places ambition a sentry at its gates?

Five times had Henry the Eighth of England led fair and gentle women to the altar, and five

times had his unprincipled will and ferocity of temper consigned their partners to a dreadful death—the headsman’s axe. History, perhaps, never recorded royal statutes so tyrannical, so extraordinary, so capricious, as those issued during his reign. The succession to the crown had become an issue of the king’s changing judgment or affection; to-day, the right was jointly that of Mary and Elizabeth, then transferred to the children of Jane Seymour, next restored again to the former. The monarch’s despotic thrall bound England like a slave crouching in his chains.

But, terrible to think of young and lovely women—who had slept upon his heart and become the mother of his children—terrible to think that the tyrant breathed who would deliver *them* over to prison and death! Side by side with the names of Nero and Caligula, will the memory of Henry the Eighth descend to all future years. Even in his own age there were those found who did not hesitate to express their horror of his cruelty. Christina, Duchess of Milan, refused his hand with a shudder of horror, saying: “If I were possessed of two heads, one of them I would place at the service of Henry of England.”

And yet knowing all this, with the terrible fate of her predecessors before her, in the prime of her womanhood and beauty, Katherine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer, betrothed herself to Henry. What motive power could have thus impelled her? It could not have been *love*, for twice, already, had she tasted the sweets of conjugal life, and a third time given up her heart to one more consonant with youthful love, if history’s records be true, so widely did the young and handsome Sir Thomas Seymour differ from the two mature widowers who had in turn called fair Katherine Parr wife; it might have been from a desire to promote that faith which gained for her the title of the first Protestant Queen of England—for we read that “from the first moment of her marriage, and long before the king had taken any decided step in favor of the new doctrine of the Reformation, Katherine displayed the interest she really felt for the cause; and, in fact, she was so truly and emphatically Protestant in the full extent and meaning of the phrase, that her accession to the throne may justly be considered as one of the coincidences which ended in the establishment of the Reformation in England.”

Let us hope that her generally ascribed pious sincerity was the impelling principle which led Katherine to deliver herself up as wife of a tyrannical monarch; and yet, beneath all, may

there not have slept a tinge of ambition in this woman's heart? Such an impression Sir Thomas Seymour could not banish from his mind, as he left her side that night of parting; and yet he strove to subdue it, murmuring over to himself—"She confessed that she *had* loved me!"

And so, while Henry supped with the castle's mistress, the rejected lover walked to and fro without—now softened by that confession and nursing hopes that all might yet be as before, then falling into moods of despair and vengeance.

At a late hour, shadows moved athwart the curtains draping the boudoir window, and, a few minutes later, the king made his exit from beneath the castle's arched gateway, while a half-score of his guards lighted their royal master's way to his carriage with flambeaux, whose red gleam flashed far and wide into the darkness.

In the shadows of the wall, near the massive gateway, stood a closely muffled figure; and when Henry's foot was on the carriage step, it moved rapidly nearer.

"I might free *her* with one stroke, and rid England of a tyrant!" mused the dark figure, while the waving of the torches flashed brightly across a blade of blue steel for a moment. "It is but a stroke—an instant—and then, in this thick night, and in concealment among the many angles and turns of this wall, no one of the king's guard yonder could detect me. But I will not! The love that is won by the dagger stroke, would surely perish so! If the ambitious heart of a woman has led to this, so let it be! She loves me—and yet loves a king, a crown, far better. Ah, my fair Katherine!"—and he raised his eyes to the boudoir window where the white hand of Lady Latimer waved a moment to the king below—"ah, my fair lady, it is a bitter lesson I have learned to-night—and perchance ere thy tears are dried upon my cheeks, he whom thou acknowledged thou didst love, will have begun to learn to hate thee. "What ho! kisses to the king! Ah, sweet Katherine, beware!" And with a mocking bow, he strode away in the darkness.

Many days had not passed, ere there was a royal marriage at Hampton Court. The Bishop of Winchester solemnized the nuptials; the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth were permitted to be present; and, hidden among the deepest shadows behind a massive pillar, enveloped in his ample cloak, from whose muffling folds his dark eyes burned with intense brilliancy, there was another witness—though an uninvited one—of that ceremonial which made her he had so truly loved, England's queen.

Who knows her thoughts in that hour? Perhaps the pealing organ notes seemed a wail—slow and heavy, and terribly like the words of a death sentence; perhaps, in the glitter of chandeliers and the sparkle of jewels, she saw the flash of the headsman's axe; perhaps she saw, nor guest nor priest, but a pale band of terror-stricken women gliding adown the chapel aisles with upraised fingers and reproachful faces—those five fated queens, vanishing away into the shadowy realm of Death!

"It is scarcely possible," says Miss Strickland, "but the cheek of Katherine must have blanched when the nuptial ring was placed on her finger by the ruthless hand that had signed the death-warrant of two of his consorts within the last seven years."

And yet, for aught we know, the same determined spirit that had led her to that hour, sustained her *then*. Her nature might have been strong and unwavering, her heart valiant and brave, and her soul, perhaps, buoyed with a pious, martyr-like spirit, which led her to regard her marriage as a triumph and augury of the success of her Protestant faith.

But it was over; the vows were spoken. Beside the grim-visaged husband, the fair bride glided down the chapel aisles; and Katherine was queen.

"Well, good bishop—a word with you!" said the Lord Chancellor Wriethesley, meeting Gardiner Bishop of Winchester one morning in the ante-room of the king's chamber. "How fares our liege to-day? I was just seeking audience with his majesty."

"Poorly, poorly!" replied the bishop. "Goes your lordship through the gallery?" And, linking his arm in the chancellor's, he drew him into the corridor; then, glancing about cautiously, as if to make sure they were without listeners, he said, grimly: "I'faith, my lord, but not so bad in body as in mind. This Lutheran creed is fast usurping the good Catholic faith in our liege's heart. The queen is a powerful teacher—and, in his present weak state, Henry is like a puppet in her hands. Our cause is endangered, my lord."

"Ay, no more than I thought," returned the chancellor, bitterly. "Who really rules England? Not Henry, but his queen—and a Protestant queen, too! This comes of woman's subtle reasoning, and Henry's strange infatuation for this one who beguiles the tediousness of his sick room with scholastic and religious disputes. Why, good bishop, they say Queen Katherine argues the knottiest theological points like a pre-

late, and our king not only permits but is marvellously pleased with her sprightliness and ready wit. I faith, if we allow a woman thus to take church affairs under her sway, these mad Lutheran doctrines will soon undermine the true faith."

"Ha! think you so, my lord?" exclaimed the bishop. "I knew our king liked much these arguings with the queen; but not until to-day, when by chance I came unobserved into the ante room, thus overhearing their debate, not until to-day have I thought seriously what danger threatens our King Henry. And so your lordship thinks the same? Then it is time, indeed, that this be checked, ere the sapling has taken firm root in the soil. What thinkest thou? Will it not be doing the church good service to warn our king against thus lending his ear to heretical doctrines?"

A smile shot across the lord chancellor's lips.

"And does the bishop think our king will so look upon the matter?" he sarcastically exclaimed. "It is no light charge to bring against his majesty's favorite consort. Think you he would believe that heretic doctrines were taught by Katherine's lips?"

"I know our king hath granted Katherine larger liberties and more royal prerogatives than any former wife," replied the bishop. "Witness, that parliamentary act he passed on the eve of leaving England for France by which he conferred upon her the title of queen regent of the realm. And yet there is that"—and he spoke in a lower voice—"there is that in which Katherine is not so near the king's heart as it were possible. Katherine is childless!" And the bishop glanced significantly toward his companion.

"Yes, and other queens have been set aside for lighter faults than this," returned the chancellor, catching at the wicked suggestion. "Gardiner, thou art his majesty's spiritual adviser—thou visitest him in any mood—hast ever seen him vexed or ill-tempered with Katherine?"

"Ay, my lord; but it must be confessed that she hath a marvellous gentle temper, for she never replieth save in soft spoken words. But I do bethink me Henry is sorely afflicted, and values too well the care and nursing of the queen to set her aside for lack of legal issue. Katherine hath become necessary to him—for none can so bathe his head or diseased limbs as she."

"If it were not that she instills this Protestant faith in his mind," said the chancellor, "*that* must be checked. And how? Bishop," and his tones sank to a whisper, "this was I about to

suggest to thee. Thou art allowed free entrance to Henry's room—thou conversest with him daily, and he professes himself a true Catholic!"

"Ay," said the bishop. "Henry hath done nothing openly. And he would deny any deviation from the true faith. Our king is no convert yet to the heretic creed; it is of the *danger* I do bethink me. Poison seems a honeyed dose when taken from the fair hand of woman, oftentimes, my lord!"

"Then what remains, save to *palsy the hand that administers it*?" said the chancellor, in a hard, cold, determined tone. "Gardiner, there is no hope for the true church save in Katherine's death-warrant. Ha! you start. But have death-warrants never been signed before?" And a grim smile curved about his lips.

There was a little pause. Bishop Gardiner was not a bad-hearted man; but he was a firm Catholic, and would hesitate at nothing which involved the safety of the papal supremacy. Besides, as the chancellor had truly said, the removal of a queen who swayed her husband's will, and, through him, ruled the realm, seemed the only alternative which might lead to that issue.

"Ay, why not so?" continued the chancellor, still speaking in that low, yet firm, hard voice. "Henry himself deemed it but a trifle to send away to the scaffold her who had displeased him. An idle whim, a causeless jealousy, a mere caprice—and where have *they* gone, Jane Seymour and Katherine Howard? Who dared to pity or plead for her whom Henry had determined to remove from his path? And why now should Katherine Parr be left to turn our king's brain with her sophistry? Why, like a shorn Samson, shall he linger away his days in this Delilah's lap? My lord bishop, it must not be! Now, while Henry himself is in our borders, must he be won back to the holy mother church. Dost thou not see how easy 'twill be, in some mood when the king is incensed against Katherine, for thee to skilfully direct his mind to theological points and then hint thy belief that the queen is overcoming his faith with this Lutheran heresy? Thou knowest thy path now—eh, good bishop?"

"It is the only alternative, and our cause demands it," replied the bishop. "On the morrow, I will lead Henry's mind to these matters. Your lordship should have been created archbishop, for the church has need of more such vigilant sons." And with a smile, the two passed out together.

And thus the horrid league was formed to entice a feeble woman into weaving her own snare;

and no hand was stretched out to turn aside her feet. How well the Catholic bishop succeeded in his fiendish plan, may be inferred from the fact that scarce a day week had passed ere the imbecile and ill-tempered Henry, who, meantime, had been wrought upon by various machinations, had given his consent to the faction who thus misrepresented Katherine's theological disputations for "the drawing of articles accusing his faithful queen of heresy," followed by the mandate for her arrest.

"Ha, this is well! Thus would I deal with all heretics!" exclaimed the Chancellor of Wriothesley, slipping these articles and the paper for Katherine's committal to prison into his pocket, on the morning when he had obtained them. "This is well! The bishop hath nobly performed his part and done good service to our Catholic church. Thus perish all heretics!" And joyfully he hastened on through the long gallery at Whitehall.

It was evening, and Queen Katherine sat alone in her apartment adjoining Henry's. The king, who for months had been suffering under many bodily disorders, had early retired to rest. Katherine's own hand had bathed and rubbed his swollen limbs and helped him to his pillows; for she devoted herself to the duties of a nurse, and by her soothing attentions, had become almost invaluable to the miserable king. Alas! that such attentions and kindness could not save her from the effects of his mean and irritable temper! For the past week, the king had been harder than ever to please; he had often broke forth into violent reproaches, or by the hour together indulged in fits of sullenness or fault-finding.

On this evening, physically wearied and depressed in spirits, the poor queen at length sought her own room, after performing the last offices of the night for Henry. Sitting there, she dismissed her maid, and gave free indulgence to her own sad thoughts. What better than a slave was she—the target whereon struck the venomous arrows of the king's spleen and malice? Her chains, though gilded, fettered her none the less.

"Ah, 'tis a weary, weary life!" she sighed, pressing her hands on her temples. And then came another thought. "Where will it end? Perhaps, even then, her feet were wending in the same path her predecessors had gone! Every day Henry grew more morose, tyrannical, jealous and harder to please!" She uttered a quick agonized cry, and buried her face in her hands.

As she sat thus, a low tap came on her door.

Opening it, she was startled to behold a man closely muffled in a large cloak.

"Hush! not a word," he uttered. And carefully closing the door behind him, then crossing the apartment to assure himself that the door communicating with the king's chamber was shut, he turned and dropped his cloak.

"Sir Thomas Seymour!" cried the queen.

Yes, it was indeed he whom last we saw beneath the castle window of Lady Latimer. Five years had changed the young noble into a sterner, darker, more courtly personage; there was little trace of the queen's lover save that the same eyes looked now upon her as then—eyes in which commingled a mixture of love and despair.

"Yes, it is Seymour, Queen Katherine!" he replied, doffing his hat, as he stood in the presence of royalty. "'Tis years since we met thus, face to face, alone, my queen. You startle—you turn pale. Nay, be not alarmed! Sir Thomas Seymour will not forget in this hour the etiquette to which he submits in the audience room of your majesty. He but come thither to present this petition." And with a respectful bow, he knelt and offered a paper to the queen,

With a slow and trembling hand, Katherine took the folded paper. "It must be of importance, my lord, to urge thee into our very chamber at this unseemly hour. Thou shouldst have waited till the morrow!" she said, with a voice she vainly strove to render firm and imperious.

"Perhaps Queen Katherine will perform unseemly haste, if she but deigns to peruse the papers!" said Seymour, in a strange tone.

The queen opened the paper. Her eye glanced at first lightly along the written sheet, then she grew pale as death. Her lips parted convulsively, she eagerly clutched a second paper which she read like one in a horrible nightmare, then, while they fell from her hand, she sank in an agony of hysterics upon the floor.

In an instant, Sir Thomas Seymour had turned the lock of the door leading to the king's room, lest Henry, awakened by her cries, should seek to enter; then busied himself in the restoration of his queen. Chafing her pallid temples and wrists, bathing her face with perfumed water, and bringing her *vinaigrette* from the toilette, with the tenderness of a woman he assisted in her recovery. At length she brought a long, deep sigh—a faint tinge came upon her deathly pale cheek—and, transferring her head from his shoulder to the velvet cushions of a couch, Seymour withdrew to a little distance.

The queen sat upright, pushing back her disordered hair, and glared fearfully around.

"Where am I! I thought I read—O, these horrible papers!" and with a white, terror-stricken face, she gazed around till her eyes again fell upon them now lying on the floor.

She shuddered, and covered her eyes with her hands. "It is true, then, and not a terrible dream? O, *Henry!* and it is *thus I*, too, am to go at last!" and she burst into a passion of tears.

"Nay, tremble not, my queen!" exclaimed Seymour, now coming forward and taking the papers from the floor, and casting them into a small bronze censer filled with coal burning on the marble hearth. Then, standing beside it, watching the blue flames curl about them till they fell forward—a tiny heap of ashes that a breath might puff away—he turned and knelt before Katherine, who sat with straining eye-balls rivetted on the censer.

"Now thou art saved, my queen! The vengeance of thine enemies will remain unsated—they who have poisoned Henry's mind against thee will hide their heads in confusion. It is the Lord Chancellor and Bishop Gardiner who have done this. Bethink thee, Katherine, hast thou not talked much of late on religious points with the king?" Katherine bowed her head.

"*Thus* was it, they set a snare for thy feet. They wrought at thy downfall—and the poor king is easily moulded in their hands as the potter's clay. But *now* thou art saved. On the morrow beware of thy converse with the king; be guarded; defer thine opinion to his, and thou canst regain his lost favor."

The queen sank at his feet and convulsively kissed his hand.

"God bless you, Seymour! You have saved me from the scaffold. But tell me—how—how came you by those dreadful papers?—that dreadful warrant with Henry's own signature?"

"This morning my servant found them in the gallery of Whitehall. They had been dropped by the Lord Chancellor. I am happy that it has been thus in my power to serve the queen."

"And why—*why* has Seymour done this, when once—*once*?" but the poor queen broke into a passionate burst of tears. "Ah, Seymour, it might have been *your* turn now!" she faltered.

"Katherine!"—and the noble's voice grew stern. "Katherine, speak not of *that* now! I have buried the past. Or, if you will refer to that hour, bethink thee how Thomas Seymour then vowed fealty to her he lost as *wife* but to serve as *queen*. Ah, Katherine, I fear me much that the crown sits none too lightly on thy head. But for *that*, I might have *hated* ere this her I only *pity* now. But I must not tarry farther here. Be prudent; be firm; and forget not to

render thyself useful as of old to the ailing king. Make thyself *necessary* to him—and the danger is over. And now, good sleep and rest, fair queen!" and respectfully kissing her hand he resumed his cloak and left the royal apartments.

Next morning Henry endeavored vainly to beguile Katherine into a controversy, as had been his custom of late in accordance with the instructions of the Bishop.

"I cry your mercy, my liege. I am but a feeble woman, and ill able to compete with the head of the church," replied the queen, repressing a shudder and carefully obeying the advice received from Seymour.

"Nay, not so! by St. Mary, you are become a doctor, Kate, to instruct, not to be instructed. Thou forgettest how, many a time, thou hast sought to turn my head with thy Protestant creed!" exclaimed the king in a tone of pique.

"I faith, my liege, thou art wrong in this!" urged Katherine, "for, but that I hoped to amuse thee and turn thy mind from the contemplation of thy grievous bodily affections, I had never argued on these subjects. And, furthermore, why should the king be angry that his wife sought to profit by his superior learning and reasoning powers? Nay, thou judgest me wrongly, my liege!"

"Is it even so, sweetheart?" replied the king, delighted that such deference was paid him, "then we are perfect friends again. Poor soul, thou little knowest how nigh thou hadst become a heretic in Henry's eyes! But henceforth none shall injure thee in our favor. Still art thou Katherine the Queen," and he embraced her with the greatest cordiality.

Next day it was repeated to the queen that the Bishop of Winchester had surely fallen into disgrace with the king, since Henry had expelled him from the Council. And Katherine shuddered and turned pale—remembering what mere accident had saved her and disgraced him.

It was over—Katherine's period of slavery to the imbecile and capricious monarch. Henry the Eighth of England was dead. For the third time Katherine Parr was a widow; and this time a wealthy one—entitled, not only to the dower of a queen, but possessing also an immense private fortune she had amassed by the extravagant indulgence of Henry in his generous moods.

Did her heart thrill with a sense of liberty when the king breathed his last? Did she close his eyes and go out from his presence as one would emerge from a stifling dungeon into the pure, glad, outer air? History on this point is silent—for history deals not with thoughts and emotions, rather with the outward lives and hap-

penings of those who move to and fro upon its pages; and yet, drawing our inferences from the premises therein recorded, we feel that it would not be too much to say that Katherine looked upon Henry's death as a fortunate release from a system of conjugal tyranny. Besides, it is also recorded that, shortly after the king's death, Katherine clandestinely wedded Seymour.

Yes, they were wedded now; and still Katherine was in the prime of mature womanhood—and the noble, high in favor at court, and possessed of every manly grace and beauty.

But yet these five years had brought change to both. Katherine, amid the perils of her position as queen—steering between the Scylla and Charybdis of a feeble king's love and the machinations of his court—could not fail to grow distrustful, and to almost lose her once amiable temper; and Seymour, to whom the intrigues and subtle schemes of a court life had brought experience, and awakened ambitious dreams of preferment and power—ah, *he* was not the Seymour who, five years before, had sued for Lady Latimer's love!

But Katherine was a dowered queen, and he wedded her—and, further, it must not be supposed that his devotion, of which he had betrayed such late proof in giving into her possession the papers containing the order for her arrest and committal to the tower, had wholly died out. No! when he wedded the widowed queen, this love was strong; yet not many months had passed ere it was rumored at court that Sir Thomas regretted the step of his marriage, since he might have taken a higher one by wedding the young Princess Elizabeth—thus gratifying the ambitious views which were rapidly becoming engrafted into his life.

It was said, too—and there were not wanting titled gossips to carry such a tale to the ears of Lady Seymour, since talebearers belong to the same fraternity the world over—it was said that the young princess, with more of womanly coquetry than womanly modesty, proved herself quite willing to receive attentions and gallantries from her step-mother's handsome husband; and what wonder that, with such a report ranking in her heart, Katherine—half frantic with jealous fears, and remembering a time in the past when her own ambition had stepped between *her* heart and love—should meet Seymour with reproaches?

But when did reproaches ever soften the heart? On the contrary, they hardened Seymour's; he tauntingly hurled them back upon the sender—evoked the past, with all *his* love and *her* cruelty—charged her with wedding Henry of England for his crown and throne—and defiantly asked

"Why *men* might not do what *women* had done before him?" or, at other times, laughed contemptuously at her jealous remonstrances.

And so it went on; Katherine daily growing more miserable, and the ambitious Sir Thomas casting his eyes longingly on preferments and courtly honors yet above his grasp.

Then it was whispered throughout the palace that Katherine's health was failing—that, sitting alone in her room, she nursed her sorrow, and seemed the embodiment of misery; and then came the sad tale, that Lady Seymour, after the pains and perils of giving birth to a daughter, had died—while a few hesitated not to believe a darker rumor—that the treacherous aid of poison had hastened that tragic death!

Poor Katherine! The *grave* brought rest!

When Lady Seymour had been dead some days the will of Henry the Eighth was read. One clause in that document attracted the ambitious Sir Thomas Seymour's attention—"Should our well-beloved daughter, the Princess Elizabeth of England, contract a *clandestine* marriage, henceforth and forever let her and her issue by such a marriage forfeit their right of succession to England's crown."

"By some other means I must obtain her hand!" said the noble, musing as he walked along the palace galleries. "Ah! I have it now! I must gain the consent of the Council. I must warp my brother, protector of the young king, to my designs. Then, Sir Thomas Seymour one day will become the husband of England's future queen!"

But the aspiring man was caught in his own toils. His hasty procedures, coupled with various other imprudent acts, led those high in power at court to issue an order for his arrest; the charge of treason against his brother, Protector Somerset, guardian of the young king, was preferred against him; and, after a brief trial, he was condemned to death on the scaffold.

And thus perished Sir Thomas Seymour, while Katherine had gone before—they two who, scarce five short years before, had breathed love vows but to be sundered then—and, later, spoken them anew till ambition and death had sundered all.

Over two hundred years after the death and burial of the last queen of Henry the Eighth, a gay party of ladies were exploring the ruins of the ancient Sudley Castle, in Gloucestershire—an estate which for many centuries had been retained in possession of the Seymours—and, as recorded in an old MS., the burying place of Katherine. In prosecuting their search among the ruins of the castle chapel, they discovered a block of alabaster in the north wall.

"It looks like a portion of a monument, and perhaps was placed here to mark the resting place of some long deceased member of the ancient Seymour family. See! it is loosely set—the masonry has crumbled away. Let us remove it!" said one in eager mood; and forthwith those merry ladies thoughtlessly slid back the marble slab, and looked within the aperture.

Within about a foot from the surface of the wall they beheld a dark leaden envelope or casing; and one, more courageous than the rest, boldly thrust in her hand and opened this in two places—it yielding readily to her touch.

But how great her terror to observe, face to face with herself, *the dead!* A face of a corpse!—the shoulders and breast of one long entombed! With a thrill of horror she quickly replaced the leaden envelope, or coffin lid, and turned away sick at heart.

"O, come! let us leave this dreadful place!" she said with a shudder. But another, lingering a moment to read the nearly obliterated inscription on the leaden coffin, repeated—"The letters K. P. are engraved there. Here, then, must lie Katherine Parr, the last queen of Henry Eighth."

They hastened away, forgetting to replace the marble slab; thus the air found free admittance to the coffin which had remained hitherto unsealed for upwards of two centuries—and when others came, attracted by the tale they heard, Katherine Parr's skeleton was still there, but the face and form had crumbled to dust.

PRICE CURRENT.

The price current sheet presents some items of interest. We see "the demand for East India hides is active." Should not this properly come under the head of news from the seat of war?—as the English are just now largely engaged in the business of tanning native hides. "Though the demand for *indigo* continues good," yet holders look *blue*. We see "there is a firmer feeling for pig iron." We presume that should read "a firm a-feeling for pig iron." "There is rather more inquiry for sole leather." A strange announcement!—though sole leather is largely applied now-a-days, we were not before aware that any body was anxious to receive it. "There has been a fair demand for assorted sizes of nails." Then the number of henpecked husbands must have largely increased. We read that "tars are firm but quiet." Now we have seen several jolly jacks lately quite unsteady and belligerent. "In beef there is no change." Indeed! we saw a piece lately very much changed. "St. Croix rum remains without change." Of course, unless the change is forthcoming, it remains on the shelves of the retailers. "The business in pulled wool is moderate." A mistake—a good many voters have had wool pulled over their eyes lately. Really, we must get up a price current of our own.

MARY LISTON'S LOVERS.

BY M. A. ATHERTON.

MARY LISTON looked out of her chamber window and sighed. In all her life, she had never felt so utterly weary and miserable before. An hour earlier, the world wore its garb of fresh greenness and beauty, now, there was a shadow upon all things. Afar off she could see the hills purpling up against the sky, and the sunshine lying hotly upon the silent fields and meadowlands. But the summer that was blessing them, to her was a blessing no longer. There was a dry, dismal looking smoke sweeping down from the uplands and far-off clearings, and mixing itself up with the sunlight, so as to mar its beauty; and then it settled off into the sky that skirted the distant hills, and left a soiled border upon its blueness. She bent her sober, brown face against the blind and looked down into her own little garden. The rose-bushes were dry, dusty and worm-eaten; the borders of the diamond-shaped beds were yellow and seared; the hollyhocks and clumps of phlox were like husks as they rattled lazily in the breeze, while the purple faces of her dear pansies were bent closely down to the dry earth. Everything was asking meekly and patiently for rain, yet for many days she had not heeded the mute request. Her watering pot sat indolently by her gardening-hoe in one of the walks, looking as though it had not been used for weeks. A mass of morning-glories had reached up to her window, and hung there a shining wreath of green, dotted with purple, white and pink flowers. How eagerly Mary had watched their climbing all through the long summer, jealously guarding each leaf, bud and blossom, as though it were the costliest of gems; but now she put forth her hand and drew a withered bell in through the blinds roughly, and then sighed long and pityingly, as she tore the purple petals from the stem.

"So," she said to herself, pulling another and another flower from the slender vines—"so, I do not feel it, why should I care? Why should the tears come rushing up to my eyes? I could not help it. It was not my fault that Charles Weldon loved me. What could I do, but just what I did—tell him frankly and honestly that I did not love him, that he was like a brother to me, and that like a brother I always wished him to be? Dear, dear me, what could I do but this!—and yet he went away looking so sad and gloomy! Indeed, I wish I had never been born!" And Mary covered her face with her hands and cried heartily.

For a long time she sat there, busy with her cruel thoughts, which gave birth to a rapid flow of tears—sat there until the afternoon waned away, and the sun sank softly and quietly down behind the hills, and the air grew cool and delicious with the early evening—sat thinking what a great wrong she had done the dear friend who many years had been so kind to her invalid mother and herself. Ever since her father's death, twelve years before, he had been like a son to one, and a brother to the other. To be sure he was wealthy, and the little trifles he had bestowed upon them he would never feel; and to be sure they did not want or care for moneyed favors, since the house they lived in, with a little property beside, had been left them by Mr. Liston—yet he had been such a dear friend—and her mother she was sure was set upon her marrying him. But Mary could not help it, she said, soothingly to herself, raising her head from the window-sill, and smoothing back her tossed hair from her forehead. She could not help it, and she would not break her heart and make herself miserable with mourning.

Just as she said this, she heard some one whistling a lively tune in the street; she listened eagerly for a moment, while the red blood rushed up through the brown of her cheeks. She could hear a step upon the well-beaten sidewalk under the elms, and then—in a moment more, she saw, as she looked shyly through the blinds—for she would not have been seen by any one for the world—a lithe, graceful figure pause, and lean over the garden gate, as if he was waiting for some one he was very sure would come to him. Mary's eyes grew full of light in an instant, and with a pretty flutter of impatience, she smoothed down the folds of her black silk apron, adjusted the large, plump tassels, glanced into her little mirror and re-pinned her muslin collar, then sprang lightly out of the door and down the stairs. But when she gained the hall her step was slackened, and a moment after, as she stood in the door she looked the picture of a pleasant surprise on seeing the young man by the gate.

For one whole hour she stood there, chatting gaily with young Fred Brown, till her collar was damp with dew, and the curls that clustered about his forehead drew up closer and prettier into small, nestling rings. Once, twice, three times did the young man start away from the gate, and then go suddenly back again, as though there was something upon his mind that he could not be burthened with longer; and at last, as Mary stood with one hand on the gate-top, he drew a small box from his pocket, and took therefrom a slender gold ring. Mary bent her

eyes in an instant to the ground, as if she were not noticing what he was doing, or mistrusted what he intended to do—although, if the moon had been out, there would have been a rosy blush perceivable upon her whole face.

"Will you wear this, Mary?" asked Fred, taking her hand tenderly in his, and placing the pretty circlet upon her finger. "Will you wear it as I wish you to, as a pledge between us, that sometime we will be all in all, yes, everything to each other?"

Mary did not answer in words, but her hand nestled closely in his, and then, silly girl, as if that were not enough, she bent her head forward, and let it rest for just one little moment against his shoulder, then drew it back again as though frightened at her boldness. There was little more said between them. Their hearts were too full for speech, and Fred, after bidding Mary a low good-night, walked thoughtfully up the street, leaving her alone with her glad, happy thoughts. She did not go into the house for some moments; she must stay out in the free, clear air, till she could compose her feelings, and give this happiness a place in her heart, where it could not flow out into the sight of others; she must look it over once hurriedly, so that the strangeness of its face and possession should not surprise her into a sudden betrayal of its resting-place. For a little time, at least, she must have this joy all to herself—she could not bear that even her mother should know of its existence. She started to take the ring from her finger, as the sound of Charles Weldon's voice came through the window to the spot where she was standing. But, no—Fred had placed it there, and she would never, never, lay it aside until he wished it. There was a fervent enthusiasm in the resolution, and in the strength of it she entered the house and went up to her mother's room.

It was a hard matter for Mary to wear an easy, careless air of indifference, and talk pleasantly and freely, as she had always done in Mr. Weldon's presence before he had asked her to become his wife. But still she went up to her mother's bedside, close by which he was sitting, with a pleasant good evening upon her lips; and she bent down and kissed her tenderly, saying as she did so, that she was sorry she had stayed from her so long. For many days and weeks, she had not seen her mother appear so well and strong. There was a natural light in her soft, blue eyes, a flush upon her cheeks that gave her the appearance of almost perfect health, and even an olden tone to her voice, which she had not recognized for a long time, and had it not

been for Mr. Weldon's grief, Mary thought she should have been the happiest creature in existence. But the gentleman appeared as he always did to her, kind, attentive and brotherly, so at last, her embarrassment was entirely away, and before he took his leave she was quite herself again, doubting indeed, whether he had ever cared for her, or had only asked her to be his wife, simply because her mother wished it. She had seen him look at the ring upon her finger without showing feelings of pique or jealousy, and when she went to the door with him, as was her custom, his good night was just as pleasant and kind as it always had been, and the clasp of his hand as true and friendly.

When Mary went back to her mother's room, her resolution to keep all knowledge of her engagement from her mother vanished, she knew not why, and with tears in her eyes she knelt by her bedside, laid her face close by hers upon the pillow and told her all; how she had loved Fred Brown for a long time, because, as she said, she could not help it, and that she hoped sometime to be his wife, when they would all live together and be so very, very happy.

"All?" repeated Mrs. Liston, looking earnestly into her daughter's face, and laying her wasted hand upon her head. "All, Mary?"

"Yes, all, mother. You will be well then; and by that time Fred will have his beautiful new house finished. O such a nice house as it is going to be—he told me all about it this evening. I am very sure we shall be the happiest family in the world, and you, I am sure you will be quite well then."

There was a silence for a few moments, a deep, sad silence, and then Mrs. Liston said, in a soft, pitying voice, that sent the tears with a sudden rush, to Mary's eyes:

"I shall never be well again, my child. I can never gladden your new home with my presence. But do not mar your happiness with gloomy thoughts, dear. Mr. Brown is a good young man; the only fault I can find with him is, that he cares too much for money—he is too ambitious to be rich, just as his father was before him—but if he loves you, and you love him, I have nothing to say. With true love in your hearts you cannot fail to be happy. I want some one to take care of you when I am gone, some one that will be tender of you, just as I have always been, dear—that is all." And she drew her hand caressingly over Mary's wet face. "I once hoped that you would some time marry Charles Weldon," she continued, "but lately I have given that up. For a while I thought as I watched him closely, that he cared for you, but

he did not tell me so, and I never sought his confidence. I think now that I was mistaken. O, he's been a noble friend to us, and a friend he has promised to be to you always, after—don't sob so, Mary dear—"

Mrs. Liston did not finish the sentence, but drew Mary's head closer to her, and tried to soothe her by her gentle, quieting touch, and at last Mary fell asleep with her head upon her mother's bosom, and while she slept, Mrs. Liston slept also, a silent, breathless sleep which knows no waking. A sleep upon which the soul glides out as upon a quiet river, into the full glory of eternity's sunlight.

It was a wretched time to Mary Liston; a time of utter loneliness and desolation, but she had friends who stood by her through it all, and who promised over and over again never to forsake her. Friends, I said, who poured promises into her ears, but Charles Weldon was not of these. It was not a friendship that gave itself utterance in words; and while Fred Brown lingered by Mary's side, telling her of his love, and of the future when he should care for her, Charles was doing things that needed to be, and must be done for her comfort, silently and without display. And so the time wore away, Charles Weldon growing nearer and dearer to Mary as it went. Again she gave him her confidence, if possible more freely than before he had frightened her by speaking of his love, just as a meadow brook will flow out more strongly after its waters have been for a moment suddenly checked. At first, after her mother died, Mary thought to go to the home of a widowed aunt and remain awhile, shutting up the house, and dismissing her only servant; but Charles opposed it so decidedly that she gave it up, and at his suggestion invited her aunt to spend the fall and winter with her, so that the old homestead wouldn't be lonely and deserted. He could not bear, he said, to see the snow lie in great heaps by the door, without a well-beaten path running through it; or to see the blinds closed gloomily week after week, and no pleasant light shining out of the parlor windows in the long, dark evenings. O no, he couldn't stand it, and Mary must stay to please him, yes, him—her brother, he added, as Mary's face flushed at his earnestness.

And so it was that the autumn came and went, and the winter stretched out white and chilly upon the earth, and there was no change, after the one great change which had made its sweet mistress so white and still. For awhile, Mary wished that things might always go along in this quiet, even way; wished that Fred and Charles could always visit her, and she, the

while, be more a sister and friend to them than anything else. It was strange, yet as often as both gentlemen visited her, they never met, and she knew not why, but she avoided mentioning the name of one to the other.

"It is just as well," she said, when she first thought of speaking of her engagement to Charles. "I am sure it is all the same, so long as he cannot help knowing that Fred's visits mean a great deal; and when the time is set for our marriage, it will be soon enough to talk with him about it."

But the winter wore away, and the subject of marriage was never broached to her by Fred. True, his new house had been completed in the fall, and a number of the neighbors had been invited over to look at it, and it seemed as if they could never weary of praising its beautiful rooms, fine finish, and pleasant location, yet he had never asked Mary to visit it with him. At first, this looked very strange to her, but after a while she forgot to care about it, until people filled her aunt's ears with all sorts of vague rumors. Fred had been heard to remark, the gossips said, and a number of times, too, that he didn't care anything about Mary Liston, and that the fine house he had built would never know her as its mistress.

"Never mind them, auntie," Mary would say, "we know there is no truth in these reports, and why should we care? Why, Fred's visits here throw the lie upon these slanders!"

But still Mary was a bit uneasy, though she knew not why. It seemed as if Fred's manner was changed towards her, and that he did not love her as he once did. She felt, and was almost sure that some sorrow was close upon her, though she could not tell what. But at last, and in good time it was all revealed.

One evening, when Fred visited her, he tarried far beyond his usual hour, as though there was something upon his mind that he could not decide to speak out freely. Several times he drew his gold watch from his pocket, exclaimed at the lateness of the hour, sprang up from his chair, stood a moment before the fire, and then indolently sank back again, muttering something about the extreme cold.

"Shall you teach next summer, Mary?" he asked, carelessly, rising again, and buttoning up his coat.

"Teach? Why, no. Why should I?" was the reply, given in a tone of surprise. And then, in an instant, seeing that she had plainly revealed the direction in which her thoughts ran, she added, "I guess I shall stay with Aunt Lucy, if I conclude to shut up the house."

"Ah. I didn't know what you intended to do. Will Mr. Weldon rent the house? I believe it is his now."

The blood receded from Mary's face at this question. Like lightning flashed over her mind the remembrance of something she had heard when she was a child. That the house that her mother occupied was only theirs so long as her mother lived, then it was to go to an uncle to whom it rightfully belonged. If it was then in Mr. Weldon's possession, he had purchased it so that she should not want a home. Yet she was too wise to allow Fred Brown to see how deeply she was agitated, and she steadied her voice when she answered him, as though all he had said was a familiar story to her:

"I don't know whether he will rent it or not. He has never told me his intentions."

"I should think he would feel the necessity of doing so, since losing so large a portion of his property. He is poor now, comparatively speaking," said Mr. Brown.

Again Mary, with a strong command of voice, and manner that was strange and new to her, answered him:

"Mr. Weldon is not one to be moved by such losses, and the renting or ownership of one house to him is the merest trifle, where to others it would be a matter of as much moment as the saving of their souls."

There was an irony running through Mary's quietly uttered words that was not lost on Fred. He dropped his gaze from her face to the carpet as she spoke, and turned half way about in the direction of the door, as if he were uneasy to go.

"I don't know what I shall busy myself about another year, I am sure," he remarked. "I may sell out my property here, my new house and shop, and go South. I have had a capital offer. Upon the whole, I am quite sure I shall take up with it."

"I should advise you to do so, by all means," answered Mary, smiling.

"I must get rid of the house, at any rate," he continued, persistently, as though there was something about that, that he wished her to understand, and yet had not manliness enough to speak out in an open, direct way.

"I hope you will succeed," was her answer, as she moved along with him towards the door.

There was a silence of a moment, during which Fred nervously drew on his gloves, while Mary took from her finger the ring which he had given her, saying, as she placed it in his hand:

"Such a pledge is useless between us now. It is needed no longer."

"Thank you," said Fred, bowing, and color-

ing deeply. "I—I suppose before another winter I shall be obliged to address you as Mrs. Weldon."

"The supposition is worthy of your keenness, Mr. Brown, yet I'm afraid you'll have to wait patiently with other people until next winter, before you are made certain upon the point. Good night."

And so they parted and the little dream that had commenced so goldenly in the pleasant summer time, lay broken and dead upon the icy shores of winter.

"God be praised for this!" said Mary Liston, walking slowly up and down the parlor, after Fred Brown had left her. "How plainly I see his loving hand in all the ways he leads me."

Tears half of joy and half of sorrow fell from her eyes. There was bitterness, while there was gratitude in her heart. True, she was homeless now, she could not allow herself to remain in the dear old place longer, but she was saved by the means from union with a man who was but a miserable trickster; a sordid gold hunter, who was capable of sacrificing the purest and best feelings of the human heart to his mean ambition. And Charles? Mary bent her head down to her hands as she thought of him; and her tears and smiles fought a pretty battle upon her face, when she remembered how nobly and disinterestedly he had dealt with her.

"How can I repay him for all this?" she exclaimed. "What a friend he has been to me! How I wish he would come here to-night?"

It was a useless wish, Mary saw at once when she arose and looked out of the window. The streets were dark and deserted. It was very late, and she must content herself until the next day. But the next day did not bring him, or the next, or next, and at last a week past away and he did not come. What could the trouble be? Mary grew pale with anxiety. In his absence, the whole world grew dark to her. For Fred she had not a single thought, regret or wish, but Charles—where, O, where could he be?

"He will come to-night surely," said Mary, one dark, rainy, Saturday evening, drawing a chair up by the window, and seating herself in it, as though she was intent upon bringing him by her resolute, steady watching, if nothing else. "He will come to-night, I feel that he will!"

But her heart sank within her as the hours died away, and the sound of footsteps grew scattering in the street. Still, she did not give him up; and even when ten o'clock was sounded from the little French time-piece upon the mantel-shelf, and she stole out to the hall door and listened eagerly. A faint sound fell upon her ear from

the distance. She almost hushed her breath to hearken. She could hear some one coming—yes, Charles, himself was nearing the house, and in her joy she sprang out of the door, and down the wet, slippery walk. But why was it? He did not pause for a moment—did not notice Mary standing by the gate, or turn to see the bright light streaming from the parlor windows, but walked steadily and indifferently by. It might have been forward and unmaidenly, by far too much for Mary Liston to do, but for a moment, she was not mistress of her own actions, and with one quick, impetuous motion, she threw open the gate, exclaiming, as she caught him by the arm:

"Charles, dear Charles, what keeps you away from us so long?"

He could not answer for a minute, she had so surprised him, and then he only said, she thought as if to chide her for her boldness:

"Why, Mary! What brings you out in such a rain?"

But she led him into the house without replying, and motioned him to be seated.

"Now tell me why you have not been here for so long a time—have you been sick?" she began, her dark eyes beaming with eager enthusiasm.

"No, I have not been sick. Do I look pale?"

"Yes. But why did you not come?"

Charles raised his eyes to her face. Her questioning evidently pained him. "I—I could not come, Mary."

"And why, Charles?" she persisted.

"Because," he said, in a low, unsteady voice, "if you will force me to speak it, I was too selfish to look on another's happiness unmoved. Of late I have grown so desolate, that my heart must needs be kept resolutely, as one would keep a bad, passionate child. That is all, Mary."

"But I have wanted you so very much; I have missed you all the time."

"So, you would miss even a trouble, if you were once rid of it," he said playfully.

"Charles!" There was a depth of tenderness in the utterance of that one word that sent the hot blood with a sudden rush of joy through Charles Weldon's heart. He held out his hand.

"Mary, Mary, you would not deceive me—no, you could not be so cruel after—"

"Charles, don't, don't!"

There was no mistaking her this time, and with a joyful cry, he drew her passionately to him.

"All sorrow, past and present, is expiated in this one moment of happiness," he said, pressing his lips to hers. And Mary's answer was like a beautiful echo—"all, all!"

FALSEHOOD.

BY FANNY BELLE.

The dream on the pillow
That flits with the day,
The leaf of the willow
A breath wears away.

The dust on the blossom,
The spray on the sea;
Ay—ask thine own bosom!
Are emblems of thee.

When I trust the dark waters,
And tempests are near,
List the blue sea's false daughters,
And think not on fear,—

O, then I'll believe thee
As once I believed,
Nor dread thou'lt deceive me
As thou hast deceived.

When the rose blooms at Christmas,
I'll trust thee again;
Or the snow falls in summer,—
But never till then!

THE SECRET SLAYER:

—OR,—

THE AVENGER OF AUMALE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

TOWARDS evening on a summer day, in the year 179—, just as the drum was beating for a change of guard at the street corners and gates of the town of Aumale, a stranger indifferently mounted and somewhat travel-stained, appeared at the principal entrance, and demanded admittance. The sentinel instantly brought his musket to the present, and addressed him somewhat roughly, as follows:

"Stand back, comrade, and answer a few questions. In the first place, give the countersign."

"Countersign?" the other repeated, with a slight accent of surprise.

"Ay, man, that was my word. You've heard of such a name, I'll be bound; for I see about thee a military air, which tells me that at some time thou hast certainly followed the drum."

"Do you know me?" the stranger demanded, with a slight start.

"Know thee, man? By my musket, no," the loquacious guard replied—who, by the way, was a powerfully built man of middle age, bronzed and bearded, and who, in after years became one of Napoleon's veteran grenadiers. "I know no more of thee, than of a dozen other vagabonds who have tried to pass me to-day, and have suc-

ceeded no better than thou art likely to. What assurance have I that you are not some royalist spy?"

The stranger bit his lips with an air of vexation, as he rejoined:

"As for that matter, sir guard, I can assure you that your suspicions are wholly without foundation. I am an honest man—a republican, if that will serve to quiet your misgivings—and as great a hater of the aristocrats as yourself. My business here, is with the commander of the garrison—Colonel Duprez, is it not?"

"Right, monsieur," the soldier answered, rather more respectfully.

"You see I am acquainted with him. More than this, I have something to communicate to him which may be of importance. Still, if it you persist in refusing me admittance, I shall be compelled to depart without seeing him."

"By no means, monsieur; you shall go now of a certainty. Be pleased to consider yourself under arrest. Dismount, and don't move from that spot, or the consequences may be unpleasant."

The guard coolly examined the flint and priming of his musket, and continued to pace backward and forward before the gate, narrowly watching his newly-made prisoner. The latter, far from appearing disconcerted at this sudden change of affairs, stood unconcernedly in the position indicated, and evinced not the slightest symptom of fear.

"This is well," he remarked. "I shall now see the colonel."

"Most certainly, if he and you live another twenty minutes."

"And then you will know that I am no spy."

"I hope so, monsieur. However, we shall soon see."

"And in the mean time, soldier of the republic—"

"Plain Andre Descartes," the other interrupted, sturdily.

"Well, then, citizen soldier, Andre Descartes, will you have the goodness to inform me how it happens that I find this good town of Aumale under military law, and in a state of siege?"

"In a moment you shall be gratified. Here comes the relief, and we will now repair to the barracks. Countersign, soldier of the republic?"

"France without aristocrats," was the reply from the relief guard, who had just come up.

"Right, and now, monsieur, be pleased to come with me. Walk by my side, or some of our fellows may pounce upon you for a suspicious personage."

The stranger scrupulously obeyed, remarking:

"Your streets seem to be filled with troops. Why is the town so largely garrisoned?"

"The royalists, pest take them, are very numerous," the soldier replied, scowling. "We must watch them closely, or they would do much mischief. As it is, hardly a day passes without a round dozen of them being seized and stowed in the guard-house. So you see why the town is under strict martial law. The colonel has everything in his hands."

"He is acting under orders of the Directory?" the prisoner queried.

"Certainly; but here we are at the barracks. Follow me—this way, to the left. Here are the colonel's quarters."

Giving the word to the sentinel who stood at the open door, Andre Descartes entered with his prisoner. Two persons were seated in the room, both of whom looked up as the door opened. One was a somewhat stern-looking man, habited in full, military dress. His hair and whiskers were of an iron-gray shade, and his face was seamed and wrinkled, but his bearing was strictly military, and his movements lacked nothing in vigor. The other occupant of the room, who was seated on a camp-stool by his side, was a female, a handsome, coquettishly dressed brunette, who seemed the very personification of a soldier's daughter. Her dark brown eyes rested inquiringly upon the stranger, as he advanced under the charge of Andre, and the glance was quickly returned by one of undisguised admiration, which caused the maiden to turn away her head in confusion. This pantomime was quickly destroyed by the stern voice of Colonel Duprez:

"What now, Andre? Whom have we here?"

"I don't know, commander," Andre replied, with a military salute, "but he insisted upon seeing you, therefore I have brought him along. He has communicated with no one."

"Well, sir," said the officer, turning instantly to the stranger, "who and what are you?"

"I expected to be recognized," the man replied, "but I remember that ten years have made some alteration in my face and figure. My name is Jean Gouvionne."

Colonel Duprez repeated the name with much surprise.

"I have a nephew who is so called, but it is impossible that—"

"Not at all, my dear uncle; I am both Jean Gouvionne and your nephew. Do you not recognize me?"

"This is indeed a surprise," Duprez exclaimed, grasping the other heartily by the hand. "By the mass, Jean, but you have

changed; you have inches enough, ay, and whiskers and mustachios for that matter, to make a noble grenadier. If you will join my regiment, you shall have a lieutenant's commission to-morrow. What say you, Jean, will you take it? These are troublous times, and the republic needs stout hearts and willing hands."

"By-and-by, uncle; give me a few days to rest and recruit myself, and I will gladly join the good cause."

The inquisitive eyes of Jean Gouvionne turned again towards the young girl, which Colonel Duprez observing, he immediately called her forward.

"Come hither, Jacqueline, and salute your cousin. This is Monsieur Jean Gouvionne, whom you have often heard me speak of to thee and others. Thou shalt perhaps have him for a husband, my girl, should he become a general of the republic. Madame Jacqueline Gouvionne—of a truth, that has a noble sound. How do you like it, my daughter?"

Blushing and pouting at these half-bantering words, Jacqueline gave her hand to her cousin, and murmured a few inarticulate words of welcome. Nevertheless, she was not for a moment deceived in the character of the man before her. There was a certain boldness in his air and manner which repelled her at first sight, and as she observed his countenance longer, she was still more unfavorably impressed. His eyes were small, gray and restless, and in their quick glances there seemed constantly something of a vindictive nature. The remainder of his features were strangely coarse and sensual, and his whole face was sallow in hue. Still, notwithstanding his unfavorable appearance, his bold, frank manner and speech seemed to have prepossessed Colonel Duprez at first sight, and strongly influenced him in his favor. Many persons, too, see with different eyes, and what appeared rough and repulsive to the critical eye of the fair Jacqueline, might be naturally expected to seem otherwise and more favorable in the military eye and estimation of her father.

"I am happy to meet my fair cousin Jacqueline," Jean Gouvionne remarked, toning down the natural harshness of his voice as much as possible. "Let me hope that we shall be fast friends and loving cousins."

"Nay—Monsieur Jean must wait," Jacqueline replied very decidedly, with a somewhat forbidding expression upon her face. "We must try our acquaintances before we call them friends. And now monsieur will excuse me for the present."

With these words Jacqueline glided quickly

from the room. There was an expression of annoyance upon the face of Jean Gouvionne as he followed her with his eyes, during the continuance of which he looked far from amiable. The rigid muscles around the mouth of Colonel Duprez relaxed into an amused smile, and he hastened to say, soothingly:

"You'll like her none the worse for her backwardness by-and-by, Jean. She seems to take no great fancy to you at first sight; but never mind, my boy, she's well worth the winning. Prove yourself a good man and a brave soldier, and you'll soon find favor in her eyes, as well as mine."

This language had the effect of putting Jean Gouvionne into an unusual good humor, and in the course of the conversation which followed, he succeeded in working himself well into the good graces of his uncle. He was evidently gratified at discovering that the latter seemed already to regard him as the future husband of Jacqueline, and he passed by no chance to strengthen the favorable opinion of him which Colonel Duprez had evidently formed.

After Jacqueline had left the presence of her father and would-be lover, she rapidly traversed the passage-way leading to the parade-ground, and soon encountered Andre Descartes. The soldier saluted her with a profound bow, and was passing on when she detained him.

"Stay a moment, Andre," she said, "I must speak with you. You brought this man—my cousin, I believe?"

"Yes, ma'moiselle."

"And what do you think of him?"

"I will speak plainly," Andre replied, after a slight hesitation, "for I can see you don't like him any better than I. Pest on him!" he continued, vehemently, and bringing his musket-stock down emphatically upon the ground. "I don't like him at all; and if the colonel didn't happen to be his uncle, I should say he was a spying aristocrat, in disguise."

"Do you really think so, Andre?" Jacqueline anxiously asked.

"Well, ma'moiselle, perhaps I have said too much, but I don't like the fellow, that's flat. He has such a suspicious way with his little rat-like eyes, and—you'll pardon me, ma'moiselle?—his face is a rascal's face, even if he *should* happen to be an honest man."

"Why, Andre," Jacqueline replied, laughing merrily, notwithstanding her anxiety, "you give but a bad character to my cousin Jean."

"Can't help it, ma'moiselle; I'm sorry he happens to be your cousin. I shall watch him sharply, for there's something in his face that's

not altogether right; and if I never saw those eyes before, then my name's not Andre Descartes; that's flat."

Jacqueline returned no answer, and with another scrupulous salute, the soldier continued on his way. Without exactly knowing why, she confessed herself somewhat alarmed upon finding that Andre's suspicions in regard to Jean Gouvionne tallied so exactly with her own. The face of the latter was one not easily to be forgotten, and the maiden became aware at first sight that she had at some time seen it before—nay, that it must have been an object of dread to her; but when or where it was useless for her to try to remember. After reflecting upon the subject for a time, she slowly sought her apartments, resolved to dismiss the matter as much as possible from her thoughts, to say nothing to her father upon the subject, and meanwhile to avoid the company of Jean Gouvionne, and to quietly but decidedly discourage his advances.

And after all, it must be confessed that Jacqueline's feelings were slightly tinged with disappointment. From her earliest girlhood she had been accustomed to consider her unknown cousin Jean as a type of all that was manly and handsome, and to look forward expectantly to the time when she should meet him to whom her father had been accustomed jestingly to refer as the person who was to be her future husband. There was a deplorable difference between Jean Gouvionne, in *propria persona*, and the ideal she had so long cherished; still, we must do Jacqueline the justice to say, that she shed very few tears in her privacy, and that those were more through vexation than disappointment.

Upon the following morning, before the drums beat the reveille, there was a strange disturbance in the barracks of Aumale. A low whisper ran through the ranks as the soldiers formed on the parade-ground, and soon Colonel Duprez appeared, surrounded by his officers, and conversing anxiously with Andre Descartes.

The cause of these movements was quickly apparent. Three soldiers advanced slowly from the main entrance to the grounds, bearing a heavy burden, covered by a cloak. It was placed upon the ground, the covering removed, and the soldiers gazed upon the object thus revealed in sorrowful astonishment. It was a dead comrade in arms! The features were horribly contracted and distorted, the limbs stiffened, and the rigid fingers still held the musket with a tenacious grasp. Colonel Duprez hastily examined the body, but no wound was apparent on it.

"Where was this man stationed?" he asked.

"At the outer gate of the barracks, my colonel," Andre replied.

"And you found him thus at his post?"

"I did, just as you see him."

"On my life, then, this is strange! I know not what to make of it."

Further examination revealed a faint, livid line, a small, semi-circular puncture, upon the middle finger of the right hand. The surgeon of the regiment was equally at fault with the others in arriving at any certainty as to the manner of the man's death; no mark could be found other than the one described. The body was speedily buried, but the occurrence was not destined to be forgotten.

Another night elapsed, and the morning brought additional horrors. Two men had been mysteriously stricken down—one at his post, another as he lay upon his iron bedstead. The same livid mark was discovered upon the fingers, but nothing more. The whole garrison had now become alarmed by these mysterious deaths, and notwithstanding all precautions, rumors were transmitted to the citizens of Aumale. Twelve hours had not passed before another victim had fallen! A soldier was discovered in the guard-room, which happened at the time to be otherwise empty, lying upon his face, dead; while upon his finger was found the fatal mark of the secret slayer. The excitement in the garrison was now intense—four victims had fallen by some mysterious hand, and every soldier gazed fearfully upon his neighbor, as if expecting to be the next. Conversation was hushed to a whisper, and duties were performed under constant fear of death.

Upon the evening of the last death, Colonel Duprez was seated in his quarters, reflecting anxiously upon these strange occurrences. Jean Gouvionne was near him, and several officers had just entered the room in obedience to his summons.

"I wish to consult with you, gentlemen," the colonel remarked, "upon these mysterious occurrences which have lately taken place. What opinion shall we form as to the author of these murders?"

Various opinions were instantly advanced. One was sure that a secret agent of the royalists was in the garrison; another, that a terrible and unknown disease had broken out, and still another, that the deaths were mysterious beyond explanation, and entirely unaccountable. Colonel Duprez dissented from all of these.

"You will remember Raymonde Torvil," he remarked.

The officers instantly replied in the affirmative, while Jean Gouvionne suddenly started upon hearing the name. All eyes were at once drawn towards him.

"What is it, Jean?" the colonel asked.

"I—ah—that is—nothing—it was the singularity of the name. Who was he?"

"I was about to tell you. Raymonde Torvil was a soldier in my regiment some four years since. He was a dastardly, villanous churl, and everybody heartily hated him, and wished the regiment well rid of him. He—but what affects you?"

"Nothing; it was a passing tremor. Proceed, I am listening."

"The fellow was twice punished for disorderly conduct, but it worked no change for the better. Imagine my astonishment and indignation shortly after, when I discovered that he had for some time persecuted my daughter, Jacqueline, with his attentions, and declarations of his love, but that she, intimidated by his threats and menaces, had kept the matter secret, and suffered from his annoyance in silence. I instantly summoned Torvil before me, and made known my discovery. He, far from denying the truth, impudently avowed it, and made use of other language which fired my blood with indignation. By my orders the reprobate was immediately taken to the guard-house, and punished with fifty lashes. This punishment he endured unflinchingly, but at its conclusion, after a most bitter oath of vengeance, he fell insensible at my feet. That night he escaped from the guard-house, as well as the town, since which I have not heard a syllable from him. Nevertheless, I have always remembered his words; the savage and vindictive nature of the man prevented me from forgetting him or them, and I have ever since had a foreboding that we would yet hear from him. You know how my fears have been realized."

"But you cannot mean," one of the officers exclaimed, in utter astonishment, "that these murders have been committed by the hand of Raymonde Torvil?"

"I do—I am morally certain of it. Depend upon it, gentlemen, this man is now lurking near us with the means of our swift destruction in his hands. We must be vigilant, or we are lost!"

This reply was received in portentous silence, and shortly after the conference dissolved, each member pondering with terror upon what he had heard.

"I am almost prepared to enter the regiment," Jean Gouvionne remarked, when he found himself alone with his uncle. "My preparations will all be made in a day or two; and meanwhile, I

will exert myself to the utmost to discover the secret of these murders."

"Do so—do so, by all means," Colonel Duprez gratefully replied. "By heavens! I would give almost any reward for the capture of this Raymonde Torvil!"

A strange, dark smile curled the lips of Gouvionne as he left the presence of his uncle. He sauntered half an hour upon the parade-ground, waiting for the appearance of Jacqueline; but she came not, and he sought his quarters.

An hour afterwards, a strange, wild cry was heard. The sentry on guard within the barracks rushed promptly in the direction of the sound. Moving in the direction of the officer's quarters, he was barely too late to intercept the retreat of a dark and swift-moving figure; but a short examination revealed the cause of the outcry. Stretched upon the floor of his sleeping-room was one of the officers who had been present at the conference; his eyelids quivered slightly, and he expired as the sentry stood over him, with neither a groan nor the movement of a muscle. His orderly was discovered sitting in the adjoining room, seated in his chair, without one spark of life, and upon the hand of each of these men was also found the mark of the secret slayer!

The conduct of Andre Descartes, since the first advent of the terrible visitation which had so afflicted the garrison of Aumale was strangely cautious and reserved. His voice was rarely heard, and then only when absolutely necessary—he had determined to discover the author of the murders. His suspicions were locked closely in his own breast, but they were strong, and he believed firmly in their truth. To speak plainly, Andre Descartes had an unswerving faith that the paternity of these fearful deeds rested with Jean Gouvionne.

Whenever a favorable opportunity offered itself, the soldier watched him. He dogged him, followed him from place to place, and hung upon his steps with the utmost caution, but all in vain. Not the least confirmation of his suspicions could he obtain. Nevertheless, he persevered unflinching; it had become a fixed pursuit with him, for upon his success, he reflected, might hang the lives of his comrades, as well as his own.

Upon the day succeeding that of the deaths of Captain La Place and his orderly, Andre Descartes mounted guard, as usual, at the outer gate of the town, where we first introduced him. When relieved by the night-guard, he returned to the barracks, but not alone. With him was

a bold, handsome, young man of twenty-five, with whom, as on a previous occasion, he immediately sought the presence of Colonel Duprez, but not now, as then, did he immediately retire.

The town clock of Aumale had just ceased striking ten; the sentries for the night had been posted an hour before, with instructions from the captain of the guard to exercise redoubled vigilance. Three persons whom we shall have no difficulty in recognizing as Colonel Duprez, Andre Descartes, and his companion of the afternoon, crept slowly and cautiously around an angle of the parade-ground wall, resting at a motion of the former.

"That will do," he whispered. "Lie close to the shadow of the wall, and watch silently."

A sentinel was passing back and forth near the guard-box, close at hand, humming in a suppressed voice the *Marseillaise*. The breathing of the watchers grew slow, and their hands instinctively sought each other as if to enjoin silence, as they perceived the figure of a man slowly drawing near. The sentinel discovered him almost at the same instant, and dropping his musket into the hollow of his arm, awaited his approach.

"Who comes?" was the stern hail.

"Citizen Gouvionne," was the immediate reply.

"Advance, Citizen Gouvionne, and give the countersign," the sentinel resumed, relaxing not his vigilance, although he recognized the man by his voice and figure, as well as by his reply.

"The republic and liberty," was the reply to his command.

"Pass on in silence, Citizen Gouvionne."

The latter obeyed, or rather passed on to the extent of a few yards, and then paused. The back of the sentinel was turned towards him, and quick as lightning Jean Gouvionne darted upon him. There was no noise; the bewildered watchers could barely detect the rapid motion of the murderer's right hand towards his victim before the latter fell back silently into his arms. With the same noiseless rapidity, the lifeless soldier was placed upon the ground, his gun placed beside him, and Jean Gouvionne proceeded quietly on his way.

"My God!" groaned the astounded commander, "there can be no doubt now. Let us hasten, and shoot down the fiend, before he practises his devilish art upon more victims."

"Hold! stay a moment," Andre Descartes whispered. "See, he is entering that corner of the barrack-building which he knows is my lodging place. Villain! you have missed your prey for once!"

After the lapse of a short time, Gouvionne ap-

peared again, passing this time near the concealment of those who were watching him. With difficulty Colonel Duprez refrained from drawing his sword, and plunging it into the villain's breast, so great was his excitement.

"See, again!" Andre exclaimed, in a suppressed voice. "He is making for your quarters, my colonel; you can tell what he wishes to do."

To these significant words, the colonel replied through his closed teeth:

"I can—and I know my duty. He has seen his last sunrise!"

Five, ten, fifteen minutes were passed in anxious suspense, but Gouvionne had not yet appeared. Suddenly the young man exclaimed to his companions:

"Heavens! a strange fear has suddenly assailed me. Colonel Duprez, is not Jacqueline's sleeping-room next to yours? And if—"

"Great Heaven! she may be in danger now," the excited father exclaimed. "Let us go—"

"Halt!" interrupted Andre. "He is coming, and not empty-handed, I should judge."

Jean Gouvionne had emerged from the quarters of Colonel Duprez, and was swiftly approaching, bearing something in his arms. As he approached, the excitement of the watchers was by no means diminished by the discovery that his burden was the helpless form of Jacqueline Duprez, whom he had seized from her chamber and gagged, and was now bearing away. This discovery influenced each of the three in the same manner, and they sprang up simultaneously in front of the abductor. The young man waited not an instant; bounding forward, he planted a heavy blow in the face of the abductor, snatching at the same instant the almost insensible Jacqueline from his grasp. Gouvionne staggered and endeavored to regain himself, but a sweeping stroke from the musket of Andre Descartes laid him insensible at his feet. The relief-guard alarmed by the noise of the struggle, came speedily up, and to them was consigned the safe-keeping of the assassin. He was hurried to the guard-house, where he spent the night, heavily ironed and strictly guarded. The body of the slain sentinel was immediately examined, and upon the finger was found the same mysterious semi-circular mark, as was borne by those who had fallen by the same means.

One scene more, and our truthful life-drama has its end.

At sunrise, upon the day following the events just narrated, the regiment of Colonel Duprez was drawn up on the parade-ground to witness the solemn spectacle of a military execution.

The wretched prisoner was led forth, and after a moment's silence, Colonel Duprez commenced speaking:

"You see before you, men and officers," he said, pointing towards Jean Gouvionne, "a wretch whose present condition can excite no sympathy in your breasts. He is the Secret Slayer, whose hand has stricken down seven of our bravest comrades."

Confused exclamations of anger and satisfaction from the ranks followed this announcement.

"The mysterious means by which he wrought so much evil," the colonel pursued, "are unknown to us; he has persisted in refusing to disclose them. Andre, strip off his disguise."

The soldier moved forward at the word, and tore away Jean Gouvionne's false hair and beard. From a dozen throats went up at once the astonished cry:

"Raymonde Torvil!"

"Ay—it is he, and none other! The mystery now lies open to your eyes. Justly punished in yonder guard-house four years since, he swore revenge in the bitterness of his heart, and then made his escape. The disguise and name which he adopted upon his return, a few days since, were well calculated to blind me to his true character, and it would have been a wonder, had we not all been deceived. Under this cloak, as you well know, he has been working out his revenge, and only by an accident were I and another saved from his hand."

"That's true," Andre muttered in an undertone. "The villain couldn't be expected to forget the man who laid the lash so heavily on his back!"

"A providential accident," continued the colonel, "alone prevented him from carrying out his nefarious designs to the full extent. Jean, step forth."

The young man who had been Jacqueline's preserver upon the previous night, now arrayed in the handsome uniform of a lieutenant, advanced to the colonel's side.

"This," said Colonel Duprez, "is Jean Gouvionne, my nephew. His timely arrival yesterday disclosed to me the whole plot, and placed me instantly on the alert. To him is due the praise of rescuing my daughter Jacqueline from the hands of Torvil, and of assisting in the capture of the assassin."

A voice from among the near ranks at this instant shouted:

"Three cheers for Lieutenant Jean Gouvionne and Mademoiselle Jacqueline Duprez!"

Colonel Duprez instantly assumed a stern expression of countenance, but he could not main-

tain it. Military discipline for the moment gave way to the force of enthusiasm, and the united voices of the whole regiment pealed out three ringing huzzas, which to Raymonde Torvil must have sounded peculiarly unpleasant. Lieutenant Gouvionne repeatedly bowed his acknowledgments, and quiet was at length restored.

"Let the execution now proceed," Colonel Duprez said, in a tone of more than ordinary sternness. "Raymonde Torvil, have you aught to say why your sentence of death should not now be carried into effect? I give you one minute of life."

"It's more than I need," was the gruff reply. "If success had been mine, your troop would have been to-day without a commander, and your daughter safe among the royalists, and without a father. As it is, I have done you harm enough to make me die easy. Have I said enough?"

"You have uttered your dying words, at all events," was the significant answer. "Lieutenant Gouvionne, I leave the execution in your hands. Let it be conducted with all proper haste."

"First company, front rank—forward three paces," was the prompt command of the young officer. The men moved quickly up at the word.

"Ready—present!"

A line of muskets was instantly levelled towards the prisoner.

"Fire!"

A bright blaze and a crashing report answered the command. The smoke rose from the scene of execution, and Raymonde Torvil was discovered lying upon his face.

"He's dead," Andre Descartes exclaimed, "and he'll do no more mischief; but it seems strange that he should fall before the command was fairly given."

"Are you sure that he did?" Lieutenant Gouvionne asked, in surprise.

"Quite sure, my lieutenant—I watched him closely."

Andre's words excited much remark, and the body was ere long examined. To the surprise of all present, the fatal mark was found upon the finger! The volley had swept over his head, and Raymonde Torvil had purposely become his own last victim.

Little more remains to be told. Lieutenant Jean Gouvionne was, after the lapse of several months, made the happy husband of Jacqueline Duprez, who was heard to say, that her husband perfectly filled the idea which she had previously formed of her cousin Jean. And although Jacqueline did not wed a general, she married a

man who in after years rose until he attained that rank, the emperor personally conferring it upon him for his bravery at Marengo.

Colonel Duprez met with a soldier's fate, dying in one of the first of the battles which were fought in Italy for the republic.

We have elsewhere intimated that Andre Descartes became one of the "old mustaches" of Napoleon, but his distinguished services merit a more extended notice at our hands. Steadily refusing to leave the ranks, he followed his beloved leader through the campaigns of Italy, Egypt, Austria and Russia, was with him at Dresden, accompanied him to Elba, and was one of the host who rallied around him at Waterloo, in that last struggle for the empire, and fell upon that field of blood, shouting with their last breath, "*Vive l'Emperor!*"

The mechanism by which Raymonde Torvil accomplished his murderous work was discovered a quarter of a century after his death. The revelation was made by a noted assassin at Paris, at the point of execution, who had left the mysterious mark upon scores of his victims. The instrument of death was simply a ring worn upon the finger. A slight pressure of the thumb upon this, caused to start forth upon the opposite side a diminutive blade, as fine as the point of a needle, upon the end of which was a most powerful and virulent mineral poison, the introduction of which into the blood was almost instant death. Hundreds who read the confession of this criminal readily recalled to mind the events which form the basis of our story, and shuddered as they reflected upon the mysterious and fearful revenge of THE SECRET SLAYER OF AUMALE.

LIFE'S TROUBLES.

We may compare the troubles which we have to undergo in this life, to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once; he mercifully unties the bundle, and gives first one stick which we are to carry to-day, and another which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load, before we are required to bear it.—*Beecher.*

THE RIGHT USE OF THE EYES.—An Italian bishop, who had endured much persecution with a calm, unruffled temper, was asked how he attained such a mastery over himself. "By making a right use of my eyes," said he. "I first look up to heaven, as the place whither I am going to live forever, I next look down upon the earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want. I then look around me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am."

OLD MEMORIES.

BY M. REBECCA OSBORN.

With the azure sky above me,
And the springing grass beneath,
And the rich and fragrant flowers
Around me like a wreath;
Thus sitting 'neath the shadows
Which the waving elms cast,
I am sadly thinking—
Thinking of the past.
Of a little merry maiden,
Whose bands of shining hair
Fell softly o'er a forehead
Than the Parian stone more fair.

With her laugh so light and joyous,
And her heart so wildly free;
The very soul of merriment,
Unstained and pure was she.
We roamed the green fields, chasing
The painted butterfly;
Or, twining wreaths of wild flowers,
As the sunny hours flew by.
We were side by side when summer
Threw her bright blue sky above,
And the icy wreaths of winter
Bound us firmer in our love.

O, the many airy castles,
By golden pleasures gilt,
In hope's gay, rosy future
Our childhood's fancy built.
Our hearts were light and happy,
As we pictured future years—
All but the recollection
Were effaced by bitter tears.
O, childhood, sunny childhood,
How like a gladome dream!
But thy fondest hopes are broken,
Like the ripples on a stream.

The joyous sight of childhood
Has forever fled my brow,
And I often muse if Jeanne
Is the same bright creature now;
They tell me 'mong the lovely
She bears the palm alone;
But 'tis said the heart soon changes
When it lists the flatterer's tone.
And I would not now behold her,
'Mong that gay and thoughtless train;
For I know that we can never
Be what we were again.

THE FIVE SHILLING NOTE.

BY ARTHUR W. MACKAY.

ONLY one year had passed since Abel Buell and Anna West had become a married pair. The boy-husband was barely twenty, when the year expired; but however strenuous were the Blue Laws of Connecticut in other points, they did not forbid the marriages of mere children—and Abel and his wife were little more so.

But if children in years, they were both ma-

ture in intellect, sharp and ingenious, and well calculated to work their way through the world. The town of Killingworth still holds their descendants, and they are among the worthiest and best of the sons and daughters of old Connecticut.

An old, half dilapidated house was the home of the youthful pair; but they were looking forward to the time when they should build a pleasant little cottage, and meantime they made themselves quite happy in their shaky and time-stained room, that creaked wofully even under Anna's light step.

A gentle, pretty creature was the young wife, modest and quiet enough, usually, but with a world of ambition and enterprise in her heart. Gentle as she was, she often spurred Abel to some new thought or purpose, and more than once he would have desponded, in the first year of their marriage, had she not helped him both to plan and to execute. A small farm supplied the wants of their table; a bit of woodland gave them sufficient fuel; and out of Abel's ingenious capabilities all other wants were to find their realization.

In a long-disused chamber at the back of their old tumble-down house, Abel had collected a variety of odd tools, gravers, saws, files, and a thousand other things with which he was constantly at work in his leisure hours—sometimes making little knick-knacks, which Anna would lay away to adorn that pleasant cottage in Cloud land, which was ever before her eyes, and sometimes exercising his really fine mechanical powers upon some invention or other, by which he hoped some day to grow rich and prosperous.

"Come down, Abel! You shall not stay any longer in that old cell to-night!" called out Anna's cheerful voice, as she stood at the bottom of the staircase. "Come and read to me, while I work."

"One moment longer, Anna; I am trying an experiment. Come and stay with me till I get through."

But the little wife scolded and refused—declaring that she would go home to her father, if he did not stay with her more. Abel laughed, as he heard her harmless invectives, and thought how quickly he could press an apology, and seal his pardon, too, upon the pouting lips. It took him longer than he thought; and Anna, who could not bear the loneliness, went up stairs.

"That is right, love; now sit down opposite me, and look at what I have done. If I was inclined to do wrong, love, I could easily make a fortune. But, thank Heaven! I have no disposition."

He held out what had been originally a five shilling note, such as was then used in the colonies, but which he had altered to a five-pound note so ingeniously, that no one could have detected it save by the strictest scrutiny.

"Abel, what are you going to do with this?" she asked, with a half-distrustful look, as he explained the process of alteration.

"Build a palace, and dress you in gold!" said he, laughing. "Ah, Anna, if it were only right to do this! But it is not; and I shall burn this, or perhaps alter it back again. A palace bed would be filled with thorns, if I got it through dishonesty. But Anna, my love, what do you see?"

And well he might ask, for the poor wife's face was blanched to the whiteness of death, and her eyes, fixed on the window opposite her, were distended and wild, as she gazed.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, again.

Anna answered him slowly, and with great effort, speaking through her closed teeth, as if she feared some one would overhear her.

"There is a face—a man's face at the window. Do not look round. Some one, I am sure, who intends an injury, has climbed up to that high window behind you."

"Let us go down, then," said Abel. "We will invite him in, and disarm him if he is an enemy. But, Heaven bless my little goose of a wife! what enemies could she or I have?"

And the light hearted boy, thinking she was deceived, drew her tenderly down stairs, brightened up the smouldering fire, and brought up from the cellar a plate of apples and a pitcher of cider, setting them on the ample hearth to warm. Anna recovered her spirits, allowed that she might have been mistaken, and the rest of the evening passed off very pleasantly.

Early, next morning, Anna was surprised to see two or three men coming up to the house; and still more, on their nearer approach, to recognize the sheriff of Killingworth.

She called hastily to Abel, who was busy with some out-door work, and he came in, wondering, even more than herself, what business brought Mr. Smith to his house. He did not wait long, for as soon as he came into the room, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he was arrested, in the king's name.

"What have I done?" ejaculated the surprised prisoner. "Surely, I may know for what I am arrested?"

"Certainly, Mr. Buell. You have been accused to the king's attorney, Governor Griswold, of having been detected in counterfeiting money, and you are taken at this time to answer to it."

A mortal paleness seemed to overspread Abel's face. In a moment he thought of the one shilling note, the face at the window, and the hideous punishment that might be his. Poor Anna had mercifully fainted at the first sentence uttered by the sheriff, and she still lay in unconsciousness.

"Do not waken her!" he said to the officer who had stooped to raise her up. "Better that she should die, than wake to see me disgraced!" And the proud boy wept great tears at the ignominy which he felt in his heart of hearts.

He was taken before the king's attorney, Governor Matthew Griswold, tried and found guilty, by witness, of having altered notes to a large amount. The man who saw him, had climbed to the window from curiosity to see what he would be doing in that lonely chamber, every night—his wonder prompting him to bring a ladder, that he might ascertain the truth. He deposed that he had seen the note altered in the hands of Abel, and that when he took it up, it was but a shilling note.

Conscious of his innocence, Abel made a manly and spirited defence of himself, but to no purpose. The stern Puritan judge would not bend an inch—that is, he would not *appear* to bend. Once off the bench, he was as affable as possible, and really intended to do the best he could for young Buell, having been a friend of his father.

The case, however, was fully proved. The punishment awarded consisted of imprisonment, cropping and branding! All and each of these were to be administered at once. Buell's stout heart quailed at the sentence, for Anna's sake. Would she ever love him again?—a disgraced, mutilated prisoner, branded with his crime upon the forehead? His every thought was a concentrated agony.

He was in the judge's own room, adjoining the court-room, for so the humane man willed it, rather than that the son of his old friend, Stephen Buell, should be seen by the rude crew in the prison. The door suddenly opened, and Anna was in his arms, showering tears and kisses on the pale, stern face. He could not bear this. He felt his own degradation and hers, in being thus marked out for a criminal. Even the knowledge that he intended to harm no one by his unfortunate act, scarcely softened the pang.

He begged her to go home, and not to subject herself to the sneers that would follow her as the wife of a counterfeiter.

"No!" she exclaimed; "here is my place, and all the sneers of the world shall not drive me from you."

"You must not be near me when I suffer the punishment, Anna. Not that I fear it for myself, but you would suffer more than I."

"My poor Abel! what will they do to you?"

"What you must not see. Hark! they are coming now! Leave me!"

The officers approached him, and gently pushed his wife away from his side.

"I will not go!" she cried. "Cruel, savage men! you shall not do this!" as her eye caught the sharp instrument and the hot iron at once.

"Nay, Anna, stay by me if you will, and hold my hand. It will soon be over, and you must be calm, or I shall suffer doubly."

She clung to his hand, and averted her eyes. Not a nerve of the brave boy-husband quivered, as the sharp knife cut through the tip of his ear. The judge had ordered them to lay the severed piece upon his tongue, to keep it warm, and put it instantly back, as soon as the blood ceased to flow rapidly. It was done, and united to the ear by a small plaster.

Now came the branding upon the forehead. "Lightly, and as far up as possible," the judge had said; and this part of the punishment was scarcely felt, the iron being just placed on the skin and held there until the prisoner had uttered the words—"God save the king!"

Abel was wondering at Anna's calmness; but as soon as he could look down upon her, he saw that she had fainted.

"So much for letting women in!" growled the surly old official; but it was observed that he wiped his eyes upon the sleeve of his coat, when he carried her out into the air.

Abel was at first imprisoned in Norwich, but subsequently was carried back to Killingworth. Anna followed him, establishing herself near him, where she could spend most of her time with him; and by the interference of the judge, this was allowed.

She brought instruments to the prison, by which he constructed a lapidary machine, in which he fashioned a large and very beautiful stone. Anna got it set as a ring, by Abel's request, and large enough to fit his own fingers.

"What will you do with it?" she asked, smiling, as the glittering thing lay before them—scarcely a meet ornament for a prisoner.

"You will know by-and-by, dear," was his only answer; and the little wife, grown weaker and tenderer by misfortune, did not press the matter, but sat down to her work as placidly as if the prison had been a palace.

Not so Abel. His proud spirit chafed constantly to be free. Here were his best days, the golden prime of his years, passing away in a

prison for an imaginary crime, and the contemptible spy upon his privacy revelling in freedom! It seemed, too, that his friends, if he had any, had forgotten him; for no one came to see him. Even his father's friend, Judge Griswold, who had been very kind, was now in the depths of a political campaign, as he had heard, and could not be supposed to remember him. Abel was growing hard towards the world.

His painful reverie was broken by the entrance of his wife, with a newspaper in her hand. This was always a welcome treat, and never more so than now; for the first words he read were the announcement that Judge Griswold was elected Governor of Connecticut.

"Now, Anna, dear wife, you shall have this ring. I intended it for the governor, but little thought who was to fill that office. I entrust it to you. If the new governor thinks that an innocent man, who can be of use in the world, had better stay here in prison, I will not dispute him; but I do believe that Matthew Griswold, now that he has the power to serve the son of his old friend, will not spurn the petition of my wife. Go and ask him, Anna—and trust me, he will not refuse you."

And she did go; and she won the pardon for Abel by her own eloquence alone—cunningly reserving the ring as a dernier resort, if her woman's tongue should fail. Then she gracefully urged him to wear it in remembrance of two grateful souls, who, on the distant shore to which they should now emigrate, would pray for his prosperity and happiness.

In a foreign land, far from the scene of his mortification, Abel Buell earned a name among the best class of artisans as a lapidary of no small merit. No one knew why he wore the long hair, which hung so inconveniently over his work, and shaded forehead and cheek so deeply; nor did he ever betray that his youth was passed in America. Even when the thunders of the Revolution came booming over the sea, until they were echoed on other shores, he could not resolve to breathe the air which had once oppressed him, so deep and lasting was his sense of the injustice he had sustained.

But when children gathered around them, Anna's heart yearned so lovingly for her native vales, that he could not refuse to go with her and them, to taste once more of New England's hospitality. To his surprise, no one appeared to remember his disgrace; and he began to think that he had thrown away a great deal of unnecessary sensitiveness upon what was so soon forgotten. His midnight spy was no longer in existence.

THE DROP OF WATER.

BY M. B. ANDERSON, M. D.

The drop of water which to-day
Sparkles on the diamond's face,
To-morrow will have fled away,
In roral mists the rose to grace.

To-day it beautifies the pearls
Which stud the ocean's bed—
To-morrow, furiously is hurled,
In fleecy snow-flakes sped.

To-day it glistens on the rose,
Like tears on beauty's cheek—
To-morrow, mid the thunder's roar,
A distant land doth seek.

To-day, resolved to azure cloud,
Again, to-morrow, dew;
To-day, to flowers its freshness 'ford,
To-morrow, death bestrew!

A drop of water—O, how small
The seeming worthless thing—
Yet, drop by drop, combined, withal,
Hence mighty oceans spring.

THE TRIAL.

BY MRS. AGNES L. CRUIKSHANK.

"MOTHER, what makes you look so, are you worse; do you want anything I can get you? Tell me what I can do for you, mother, but don't look at me so." And the speaker, a tall, dark looking young man, bent down until his shaggy locks rested on the pillow, where lay the pale face of a dying woman. Twice the livid lips essayed to utter articulate sounds, and twice the words died away in a faint gurgle; but the third time she said, "Wine!" and her watchful attendant on the instant placed a broken cup to her lips, out of which she feebly drank the reviving cordial.

Again he entreated her to let him assist her, and it was mournful to hear the pleading tones of that strong voice, so full of sorrow and despair.

"Owen, you can do nothing for me, I am dying."

The young man made no reply, only buried his face in his folded arms, and groaned as he leaned on the pillow.

The woman appeared to gain new strength, she raised herself on her elbow and touched him with her thin hand.

"Boy, this is not a horror to me, I have long expected death to come; I do not fear him, but it is dreadful to die before my vengeance is accomplished. Owen, what would you do to make your mother die happy?"

"Anything, mother; speak and tell me what you want, and I will do it if it bring me to the gallows."

The woman shut her eyes and breathed heavily for a few seconds. She was struggling hard with death, but her will was invincible.

"I have much to tell you, Owen. Give me more wine, for that cold hand grasps my heart again. What is the night like? I think I hear the wild wind roaring round the cot."

"It is a dark, stormy night, mother. The rain is falling heavily, and the thunder rolls in the distance." The man shuddered as he spoke, and crossing the miserable room, stirred up the fire into a brilliant blaze. It shone on four smoke-stained walls and a blackened roof, the interior of the meanest kind of hovel. The bed was wretched in the extreme, and all looked black, damp and dirty, out of which the woman's white face looked with startling contrast.

"Dark and stormy!" she muttered. "Dark and stormy, like my life; but it is nearly over now, and then there is no more, no more!"

Again her son came to her side. She laid her thin fingers on his great brown hand.

"Owen, on such a night as this, five-and-twenty years ago, I fled my father's house with Owen Craig, your father. The old man cursed me then. Two years after, when my mother died of a broken heart, he cursed me again, and when he laid himself down to die, his last words were to drive me from his presence. It was horrible, but I would have endured treble the torture for Owen's sake, my idolized husband—the being whom I loved and worshipped alone out of all the world. We were happy then in a pretty cottage he had inherited from his father, and work was plentiful on the neighboring estate. People said Richard Conway was going to marry, and great preparations and improvements were going on. Your father, who had a good friend in the steward, found good employment and excellent wages. I know not what broke up this long-talked of match; some said that the lady, Jane Beresford, refused to keep her plighted troth when she heard how wild and lawless a life her middle-aged lover had led, others that he was the unwilling party, having heard several strange stories whispered about the lady Jane's youthful days. Certain it is that the match was broken off, and a terrible enmity arose between the two families. Richard Conway lived a wilder life than ever, drank deep, and was the terror of the neighborhood when in his crazy fits, and Lady Jane entered a French convent, where she shortly died. Two years after this, the head of the Conway family died, and he became Sir Richard

claiming all the estates and every shilling of the property, to the exclusion of his cousin, an orphan girl. But people said he had destroyed the will of his old uncle. Up to this time I had never seen Sir Richard, but he came to our cottage one day, when weary with shooting, and begged a glass of water to quench his thirst. Would that he had died of hunger and thirst ere his fearful footsteps crossed our happy threshold. Would that I had perished ere my hand ministered to his wants. He came again and again, and the last time he dared to tell me his hateful errand. I drove him from my presence and told my husband when he came home, but the mischief was done. A steady system of persecution soon reduced us to poverty, and drove us from our pretty home, and in a miserable cot, little better than this, my twin children were born. You were strong and hearty, but my little girl, my delicate little daughter, was too frail to endure such hardships. We saw her pining daily, while I, faint with hunger, was unable to give the sustenance she needed."

" 'You shall have food,' your father cried. 'I will not see you and your little ones perish before my eyes, while others revel in splendor.'

"He went away but soon returned, bringing in his hand a hare. I knew it had come from Sir Richard's park, but it was no time to indulge in scruples when no food had passed my lips for three days. I ate greedily the broth he prepared for me, and gave some to my infants, and your father watched us with tears running down his face, yet he himself ate nothing. In less than a week he went out again one evening. I knew his errand, but could say nothing to prevent it. That time he did not come back, and all night I strove to quiet the cries of my little, hungry babes, who were again suffering for food.

"At noon next day, Sir Richard himself came and told me all. My husband would come no more. They had caught him in the act of carrying away the stolen hare; a fierce fight had ensued ere he could be taken, and the head gamekeeper had received a severe wound. My husband was in prison, and the hard-hearted tyrant told me, with bitter malice, that 'when he left it he would mount the scaffold.' That evening my little girl died of cold and hunger, but I shed no tear, it was a relief to know that her sufferings were over. I thought of my father's curse when I saw the little limbs quiver and stiffen, and then grow still for ever, but I was stronger now than in my best days.

"Carefully I wrapped you up and fastened you on my back, then took the little cold corpse of my dead babe in my arms, and thus burden-

ed, I left the cottage and set out for my native town, now the place of your father's imprisonment. I never knew how the long journey was performed, only that kind people on the way gave me food for the children, and wondered I would not let them touch the one I held so carefully, but I reached home at last, found friends who listened pitifully to my story, who buried my dead child beside my parents, under the shadow of the old church, and who, when I was ill, tended you and brought me back to consciousness and misery. Your father's trial came on, not for poaching but murder, the man whom he had struck on that fatal night was dead.

"I found friends who would fain have seen justice done, from the physician, who swore that the man had killed himself with liquor, to the lawyer, who exerted every nerve in the vain effort to save an innocent man's life. Vain efforts indeed when opposed to such influence as Richard Conway. Suffice it, boy, that they condemned your father and sent him to a felon's grave. Again I felt the working of the curse, and I left the innocent, happy home of those who had sheltered and succored me, for I would not bring the sorrow and suffering to their door which I felt was my doom. You know only too well how we have struggled through these years, how, without any faults on our own part, we have been driven from society and sent out here to starve on this desolate moor. We owe this all to Richard Conway, whose vengeance has never slept. He is an old man now, has never married, and boundless wealth has fallen to his lot. He lives in luxury, while we, whose comfort he destroyed, perish here for bread or have to steal it to maintain life. I hoped to see the day when retribution should fall on his head, when sorrow should crush his proud heart, and bitter scorn drive him mad as it has me, but now I am dying, and he still lives to rejoice in the desolation he has made."

She paused, faint and out of breath with the exertion of speaking, while with flashing eyes, clenched hands, and hard drawn breath, the son sat muttering threats of vengeance. It was terrible to see the anger in that dark, fierce face, terrible to hear the wicked words which boded ill to the man whose evil deeds had now for the first time reached his ears.

At midnight, when the storm raged fiercest and the thunder rolled heavily overhead, the soul of the miserable mother departed, and Owen Craig, the poacher of the Black Moor, found himself alone in the world. He had loved her alone of all his fellow-creatures, and with her departed the restraint which had hitherto marked his con-

duct. He had stolen his neighbors' game solely for his and his mother's support; now he would do it for vengeance, to retaliate in every possible way for the unmerited wrongs of his parents. There was much of evil in this man's nature; his love for his mother was the only redeeming trait, and she was not capable of leading him to higher and better aims. Her words had filled his soul with longing for revenge, and he listened eagerly to the suggestions of the evil spirit, who is ever near to assist in leading men to destruction.

At the very hour, when with an aching heart and in savage gloom young Craig was placing the sods on the lonely grave he had made on the Black Moor, a scene of a different description was taking place in a mansion but a few miles distant, and between two people who little dreamed of poverty, loneliness, guilt or sorrow.

In the library of her beautiful home sat the lady Constance Beresford, one of England's fairest daughters, her companion a young man every way her equal, yet an unsuccessful suitor for her hand. The deep blush on cheek and brow showed the lady's agitation, even while she played in seeming indifference with a costly fan, while the gentleman, walking moodily up and down the room, displayed equal if not more annoyance. The sweet voice of the former first broke the silence:

"When you have finished your promenade, I should be glad to ask you a few questions, Clarence; there is something about this I cannot understand."

He came without a word and threw himself on a low cushion at her feet. He was not more than three-and-twenty, slight and elegantly formed, with bright chestnut curls above his white forehead, and blue eyes which looked all the love he felt for the fair girl before him. From infancy he had been the petted darling of two aristocratic families, singularly well provided with unmarried female members; with a princely income and uncontrolled liberty, he was yet too refined and fastidious to fall into the common errors of young men of his class, yet a glance at the two would have satisfied you that Constance Beresford could bestow no love on a man whose highest efforts were made for his own gratification, whose greatest sacrifices were paid at the shrine of fashion.

To be acknowledged the best dressed and most accomplished man of his set, to be admired for his well shaped foot and ladylike hand, to have his taste consulted on matters of dress and equipage, both by male and female friends, to be the

oracle, the pattern, the admiration of all his acquaintances, this and this alone was the end and aim of the Hon. Clarence Howard's ambition. And yet the man had much that was good in his composition, qualities which developed by adversity, would have won him respect, but uncalled for in his luxuriant life, were unnoticed and unknown, and suffered to be overrun by the rank weeds of idleness, vanity and adulation. But we have left fair lady Constance too long.

"What motive had you, Clarence, for renewing this conversation which once before I bade you never to resume?"

"Have I not told you the motive which urged me, love to yourself, dear cousin? Think you that is not of itself sufficient to induce a man to face all dangers and perils, even to the braving of your anger?"

The slightest possible frown darkened the lady's brow, as she bent forward a little and looked in his eyes.

"Why will you trifle with me, Clarence? Do you wish that even our friendship shall be ended? Remember I have not much patience to spare; and I know that it was not love alone which suggested to you the idea of renewing your suit."

The smile left the young man's face at her tone and manner.

"I will not trifle, Constance, since it annoys you. Truth to tell, I am in no mood for jesting; yet I had but little hope, and should not have come but for your brother's urgent request. I knew you too well to believe you could change, and this interview, though it has pained me, is scarce a disappointment, in spite of all Alfred said in favor of my hopes."

Lady Constance did not answer for a few moments; she was in deep and painful thought, and her companion went on speaking again:

"We are both young, Constance, and time may give you a more favorable impression of me. May I not indulge some hope that in the future—"

"Not the least, I shall never change, Clarence. I like you well as friend and brother, but you can never be more to me."

"But the reason, the reason. Do for pity's sake give me a reason!" he exclaimed, petulantly. "What have I done to make myself so hateful to you?"

She smiled quietly at his little show of temper. "I despise your whole mode of life, Clarence; your useless days and wasted nights, your devotion to dress and fashion, your dancing, your guitar playing, your little fopperies. I could not marry a man who would perfume his pocket handkerchief, curl his whiskers, or sit at my feet."

Clarence sprang to his feet and went away to the window, while Constance shut the fan in her hand with a violence that shattered the delicate ivory carving. There was again silence for a few minutes, and then she rose and went to him.

"Clarence, it is your own fault. You make me say such things to you, by persevering in a most annoying course. Let us be friends, as we used to be before any such nonsense as this was thought of."

He took the hand she laid on his arm, but when he would have pressed it to his lips it was hastily withdrawn, and she had left the room.

Let us follow her to her own boudoir, where she sat in silence and loneliness, until her maid came to ask permission to absent herself for a few hours, a favor very readily granted; then when the girl had withdrawn, lady Constance lighted a small lamp, undrew the heavy damask drapery which shaded the window of her room, and hung the light in a chain apparently placed there for that purpose. To throw around her person a warm shawl was the next proceeding, and then, precisely as the clock on the great staircase struck ten, she extinguished the light, and with noiseless footsteps left the room, and after passing through long halls and dreary corridors, went out upon the gardens by a side door, only used by the family, and which she locked after her.

Altogether it was a most mysterious proceeding, and only to be accounted for by the meeting which took place in another second, when under the beechwood she met a tall and stately looking cavalier, whose mode of greeting left no doubt as to the terms on which they stood. Few words passed, and those were spoken in love's own tone, too low for other mortals to overhear, but by-and-by the gentleman drew his companion's hand through his arm, and together they walked to a shady arbor which he wished to enter, but finally consented to her wish and sat down on a rustic bench outside.

"The night air is chill, love. I trust you will take no cold." Very carefully he folded the shawl about her, keeping it secure with his arm, but still she spoke not.

"I am not satisfied with these stolen visits, Constance, precious as they are. I feel that I am doing wrong, making you do the same, and acting unworthily altogether. I would call you mine before the whole world, and not steal here like a thief in the night to enjoy an hour in your society. I know not what to do for the right. Sometimes I think it would be best to give up all my hopes; best for you at least."

Very softly she laid her hand upon his lips.

"Richard, you must not say such things, I cannot permit them. You are sad again to-night, and cannot view matters in the best light. It is useless for you to make such resolves, for I will not be given up."

He kissed the little hand and held it fondly in his own.

"Love, it is for your sake I dread these meetings, the peril to your fair fame should it ever be known, and I tremble at the scene you would have to encounter with your father and brother, should it come to their knowledge."

Lady Constance laughed lightly.

"You are more than usually sad, to-night, Richard, but you need not try to infect me with your terrors. My father has never forbidden me to meet you, nor do I feel myself bound to hate you because of the dislike between our families; as for my fair fame, if it is ever called in question, I shall proclaim you my champion and expect you will kill my enemy."

And thus with merry jests she strove to banish the cloud.

"I think I will go and see my uncle, to-morrow, if a reconciliation can be effected. I should not hesitate to come to an explanation with your father; in fact, I would face anything to have the right to meet you here. I cannot endure this suspense any longer."

And thus they talked, the young lovers, until the chimes rang out the midnight hour.

"One moment longer, Constance," Richard pleaded, as she started to her feet, alarmed at the length of their interview. "One moment, dear one, I have a strong presentiment of danger or trouble; it may be that this will be our last meeting."

She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and looked up in his sorrowful, loving eyes.

"In sorrow, in trouble, in life or death, dear Richard, I am yours and yours only. Let us only keep hopeful, do right and trust in God, and we shall yet be happy."

Without another word he pressed her to his heart, kissed her white brow, and they parted.

Lady Constance stood under the shadow of the marble portico, twining rose buds round the neck of her favorite fawn; she wore them in her own bright curls, on her bosom, and fastened in a ribbon at her waist. How she loved the sweet roses and the bright sunshine. Just at this moment the world seemed unusually pleasant. Perhaps it was the remembrance of last night's conversation which lent nature this unusual brilliancy. Suddenly voices fall on her ear, her father and brother, and both appear agitated.

"Bless my heart, what a shocking thing," she hears the elder gentleman say. "And they accuse his nephew of the murder. O, I cannot believe it, bad as I believe all the Conways are."

"But it is actually so, father. They arrested the young man early this morning. He was found lurking in the woods not far from the house."

"And is the old man dead? Richard Conway dead?" And while he spoke there was a touch of remorse at the recollection of his own long cherished dislike.

"He is dead, sir; stabbed through his heart last night, and his nephew, now Sir Richard Conway, is arrested for the murder."

The old man walked slowly up and down the room, something like a tear glittering under his shaggy gray eyebrows.

"We were boys together, and I know he loved Jane, poor Jane. It might have been her fault as much as his that the match was broken. Poor Jane! poor Richard! both dead and gone."

Fortunately, in the depth of his sorrow, the father beheld not that crushed form, clinging to the marble pillars for support; the death-like face, the grief stricken figure of his daughter.

Silently, Lady Constance crept to her chamber, the dark shadow of this dreadful horror going with her, making her heart beat with a dull, heavy pain, and her brain throb with its intense agony. Where was all her joyous light-heartedness of an hour ago? She stood before her mirror, and with a shudder removed the roses, whose bloom made her own pallor more conspicuous. But Lady Constance was not one to sink under grief, let it come in what shape it might. Richard was innocent, she knew that—what had she to fear? She knew not, and yet the terror clung to her heart. If she only knew the particulars, and she dare not inquire.

Once she thought of rushing to her father and telling him all, entreating him to save the man she loved, but the next moment brought a smile at her own folly. No, she would wait. She had advised Richard to have patience, little dreaming how soon she should be called to practise it herself. We dare not linger on the weeks of suffering that passed, the agonies Lady Constance endured in listening to the varied versions of the subject which occupied all minds, and which wore upon her own until her father threatened to call in a physician if she did not soon recover her lost bloom and cheerfulness.

"And so you are really determined to attend the trial, mama?" said Miss Eveline Harcourt, as with a fearfully indolent yawn she arranged

the soft pillows of her sofa, and took an easier position. "I am afraid it will be a dreadfully vulgar affair, and I have a horror of such scenes; besides, I don't believe Alfred will go."

"But my love, I know he will, and Constance too, for I asked him yesterday. It will be really quite a fashionable affair, for you see there are many things to be considered. If Richard Conway is acquitted of this, you know, love, there will be Conway Park and twenty thousand a year awaiting some fortunate girl, and it will not do to throw away such a chance. The Howards and the Hardinges and the Stranshams are all going, and you must remember, my dear child, that your two sisters have less fortune than you have, and are not likely to make such a conquest as you have done. Younger sons are not always as fortunate as Lord Alfred, in having large fortunes left them, and unless I do something to help them, my poor girls may both die old maids." And Mrs. Harcourt wiped away a tear which the dismal prospect had called up. And thus it came about, that Richard Conway's trial was truly, as Mrs. Harcourt had foretold, "a fashionable affair."

Conway Park and twenty thousand a year! The owner an "extremely fine-looking young man," as the mother of the four blooming Misses Howard said complacently to herself. "What a catch for one of the girls!" And so looking their loveliest, there they were on the day that Richard Conway was to be tried for his life, and with them a bevy of fair Stranshams, with their cousins the three Miss Hardinges, "the three graces," as they were called among their gentlemen acquaintances. And there, too, sat Lady Constance between her father and brother, the young lover whose attention was divided between the proceedings and his indolent lady-love.

There were few witnesses, the old steward of the murdered man being the principal. He had parted with his master, in the library, at ten o'clock, had seen that the house was secure, and immediately retired to his own apartment. At twelve o'clock he was awakened by a strange noise, had heard a groan, followed by hasty, heavy steps, and the slamming of a door. On hurrying to his master's room he found him on the floor dead, and lying in a pool of blood. Had roused the other servants, but found all efforts to recall life unavailing.

The wife gave precisely the same testimony, and both were positive as to the hour.

The head gamekeeper was examined next. He had met "Master Richard" in the park, at daybreak. "Thought he looked badly, as if he had not slept any all night. Told him what had

happened, when he caught hold of a tree to steady himself, and looked dreadful pale."

Then came young Conway's housekeeper and her husband. "He ordered dinner earlier than usual that evening, and rode away immediately afterwards and was gone all night. But that was not uncommon, Mr. Conway had been gone all night several times during the past two months."

There were a few other unimportant witnesses, and then the lawyers had it to themselves.

The case looked very darkly for the prisoner. Evidently his own counsel was laboring under some difficulty, or thought his client guilty, for many remarked the careful avoidance of one particular.

As the prosecuting attorney said with an ill-concealed sneer: "If the prisoner was not at Conway Park at midnight, why not prove where he was at that particular hour of the night in question?" It was proved that he was there at day-dawn, wandering in the park, looking pale and weary. It was rather suspicious that the heir should have been so near at the very hour when the blow of a midnight assassin was putting him in possession of a princely fortune." He alluded to the ill-feeling between the uncle and nephew, and other suspicious circumstances, until "guilty" was written in the expression of each jurymen's face as plainly as if the letters themselves had been there.

Richard had cast but one glance on the assembled ladies and their attendants, and unconscious of the one pale face watching him with trembling anxiety, gave his whole attention to the court.

"Don't you think him extremely handsome, so romantic looking?" asked Eveline Harcourt, of her "most devoted," in a languid whisper.

Lord Alfred scarcely liked the superlatives. He raised his glass and took a cool survey of Richard, then inhaling the delicate perfume of his handkerchief, drawled out: "Passable! I think he is passable, but the idea of murder is so vulgar. To get one's hands and clothes stained with blood, how the thought turns me sick. If they let him off I shall always turn faint when he comes near me."

Miss Harcourt gave an affected little scream, half smothered by her lace handkerchief. "How dreadfully you talk, you'll frighten me to death."

"I am afraid there is no chance for him," whispered Mrs. Harcourt to her next neighbor. "And the next heir is a married man with a family. O, what a pity!"

"My child, you are very pale, and I feel you tremble. You allow this to agitate you too much. We had better retire. The scene has lost its interest for most of our acquaintances."

"But, father, you do not believe he did it."

There was something in Lady Constance's face which made her father draw back.

"I shall be really angry if you allow this to make you so nervous, Constance. Of course he did it, there is not a doubt about it. What is more probable, besides, why not tell where he was that night?"

"Lady Constance Beresford!"

How the name echoed through the great room, sending a thrill of astonishment through the whole assembly, striking Richard Conway like an electric shock, for he well knew what was coming, and paralyzing Lord Alfred so that he only made a feeble grasp at his sister's dress as she rose from her seat and moved forward.

There was a great stir and agitation in court as the lady threw back her veil, and laying her white hand on the book presented to her, took the witness's oath, speaking the words distinctly and slowly, her face meanwhile wearing the cold, calm, haughty expression which had long gained her the name of being the proudest of her proud race. Turning to the judge, before any questions could be asked, Lady Constance thus addressed him:

"My lord, I came here not to answer impertinent questions, but to inform your lordship and the gentlemen of the jury, of a fact which is important in the present state of this case. The prisoner, Richard Conway, was *not* at Conway Park at twelve o'clock on the night of the murder."

The lady's words were distinctly heard in the dead silence which had fallen, and never perhaps did so short a speech make so great a sensation.

"If not at the scene of the murder, can the lady declare on her oath where he was?"

The solemn voice of the judge restored the silence. The slightest possible tinge of color rose to the lady's cheek, as she replied:

"At the hour mentioned, he was at Beresford House."

The judge mused for an instant. The counsel for the prosecution rose.

"My lord, the prisoner could scarcely have been at Beresford House, without the cognizance of other of its inmates. Some of the servants must be able to swear to this fact, for in so important a case, it is well to have all the evidence possible."

Lady Constance felt the crimson flushing cheek and brow, as she heard the next question. Too well she knew that none but herself knew of Richard's visit. Again the judge asked:

"Who can prove this, Lady Constance?"

She felt that hundreds of eyes were scanning

her face, hundreds of whispers would be spread to her shame, if she yielded to the confusion, and lastly the thought that Richard's life depended on her firmness, gave her strength. She was on the point of declaring that their interview had been alone, when from out a gay party of ladies, stepped Clarence Howard, and walking slowly forward, took his place at her side.

Constance sank into the chair placed for her, while the elegant Clarence, after taking a survey of the assemblage, the greater part of whom appeared to inspire him with intense disgust, thus addressed the court:

"Sir Richard Conway was at Beresford House on the night of the murder, at the hour of twelve. The Lady Constance had an interview with him, at which no one was present but myself. Her father and brother were away, and none of the servants were aware of his being there. When the clock struck twelve, the lady warned him of the lateness of the hour; at a quarter past, he took his leave. Sir Richard having chosen to keep this secret, doubtless for fear of bringing the lady's name into court, I did not feel at liberty to speak of it; but Lady Constance having come forth nobly to tell the truth, and save an innocent man, I am happy to be able to add to the strength of her evidence."

Bowing slightly to the court, and profoundly to Lady Constance, he then expressed his willingness to answer any questions, very few of which were asked; and the gentleman fanning himself with a lemon-colored kid glove, daintily stepped across and took his seat in the midst of his party, when he put a vinaigrette to his nose with all the airs of a fine lady.

Lady Constance left the place with her father, but her brother did not return until Richard was pronounced innocent.

As if to confirm the verdict, a note was handed to the judge immediately after, from the keeper of a lunatic asylum, saying that a young man had been placed in his care, and from the nature of his ravings, it was very evident that he had been the murderer of Sir Richard Conway. Richard was at once set at liberty, but was immediately captured and borne off in triumph to "Eveline Lodge," very much to Alfred Beresford's discomfort, who could not help contrasting this stately owner of twenty thousand a year with his own pany self and very moderate fortune.

But as no harm came from the match-making lady's manoeuvres, we must believe that Richard wore a shield upon his heart, which rendered him invulnerable to the charms of fair ladies.

As soon as he could escape from the attentions

of his fair hostess, Richard hastened to ascertain who the man was for whose crime he had suffered so much. It proved to be Owen Craig, "the poacher of the Black Moor," and very little inquiry sufficed to give a reason for the dreadful deed. Maddened at the recital of his mother's wrongs, he had taken fearful vengeance on the author of her sufferings, and with one blow ended Sir Richard's wicked life. The excitement of doing such a deed, added to what he previously suffered, had completely unbalanced his mind, and he lived for many years a dangerous maniac.

The exciting scene of the trial proved almost too much for Lady Constance; but after a few days' illness, she began to regain her usual health—a recovery which was greatly hastened by her father one day leading in Richard Conway, to whose visits he now gave an unqualified consent.

The old mansion on the Conway estate was soon after pulled down, and a beautiful home soon stood in the place, to which Richard carried his fair bride one summer morning amid the ringing of bells and the cheers of his devoted tenantry.

"May your pathway be ever as now strewn with flowers," said Clarence Howard, as he bowed over the bride's fair hand, too well-bred to let others see the pang it cost him to lose the only woman he had ever loved; but when a few years of travel had cured him of this romance, he became the most intimate friend at the Conway mansion.

His presence at the stolen meeting in the garden, on that eventful night, was a subject he loved to jest them about, and at last the fair lady learned to speak of it without turning pale.

"I little thought," he would say, "when I was cursing the fate that led me there to be an unwilling listener to your conversation, that it would in the end be the means of doing you both a great service."

And Richard, remembering with a thrill his gentle wife's unpleasant situation on that day, grasps Howard's hand, forgetful of all his fopperies in the recollection of the timely assistance he had been to them both.

PASSING AWAY.

We have short time to stay as you;
 We have as short a spring,
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you or anything:
 We die,
 As your hours do; and dry
 Away,
 Like the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.—HARRICK.

Curious Matters.

Photograph of Saturn.

At the Roman Observatory, M. Secchi has obtained a good photograph of Saturn, which shows not only the dark space between the planet and ring, but the shadow of the planet upon the ring. It also establishes two points of considerable interest: First, that the planet is darker than the ring; and, second, that the light of the planet is more powerful than that of our moon. The proof of this is, that it requires twenty seconds to produce a photographic image of the moon, while that of Saturn is produced in eight minutes, or 480 seconds. But Saturn is at least eighty times further from us than the moon; and instead of requiring eighty times the number of seconds to produce his image, he requires only twenty-four times. M. Secchi infers from the planet's superior photographic power that he is surrounded by a reflecting atmosphere, while the moon is destitute of such, and entirely black.

A fat Fish.

The Siskawit, a fish of Lake Superior, is reported to be the fattest fish that swims either in fresh or salt water. The fishermen say that one of these fish, when hung by the tail in the hot sun of a summer's day, will melt and entirely disappear except the bones. In packing about fifty barrels, a few seasons ago, at Isle Royale, one of the fishermen made two and a half barrels of oil from the heads and leaf fat alone, without the least injury to the marketableness of the fish. Besides this leaf fat, the fat or oil is disseminated in a layer of fat and a layer of lean throughout the fish. They are too fat to be eaten fresh, and are put up for the market like the lake white fish and Mackinac trout.

Improved Parasol.

A late Parisian invention consists in making a parasol so that it can be folded in the form of a fan. Instead of folding it in the common manner. A small piece of brass is attached to the end of the shank of the parasol, and on the two sides of this plate two other plates are hinged. To these latter, the ribs of one half of each plate of the parasol are secured by joints which only allow them to move in the same plane of the plate. The two sides of the parasol fold together like a fan, and the shank and handle is jointed, to fold between the two in the same manner.

Astonishing, but true.

A curious calculation has been made by a lover of the astonishing. He finds that 1 pin dropped into the hold of the Leviathan the first week of the year, 2 the second, 4 the third, 8 the fourth, 16 the fifth, and so on, doubling each week, for the whole year (52 weeks), the entire number of pins dropped would be 4,503,599,627,370,495, the weight of them (allowing 200 pins to the ounce) would be 628,292,358 tons, or tonnage enough to fully freight twenty-eight thousand ships of the size of the Leviathan.

Parallel Customs.

In America we expect proof of a young husband's endurance and bravery. We look to see him tolerate for a time his mother-in-law's invasion, and then to behold him defeat and expel her. Curiously enough, Dr. Livingston says that in certain tribes of Africa "no husband is regarded as a worthy member of society, until he has received a severe scourging, and has killed a rhinoceros."

An Ancient Goose.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, writing from Hunterdon County, New Jersey, says: "There is a goose in his neighborhood that has seen the frosts of eighty-three winters, owned by one Mr. Schomp. This goose, famous for its great age, has been kept in the Schomp family ever since the Revolutionary war. When the news came to the people of Reddington Township, Hunterdon County, that the war was ended, and that they were a free people, they collected to have a general drinking jollification. There being some cause for a general rush into the yard where there were four geese, three of them were killed, and the one that escaped, is that which I now speak of. Two years ago she laid four eggs which she hatched. The young family are living and doing well. I was informed by Mr. Schomp, who has owned the goose for the last fifty years, of these facts."

A Delicious Beverage.

A dandified *attache* at Constantinople travelled into Koordistan, intending to copy Layard and write a book. He was what he called *roughing* it, with six or seven horses carrying his necessities; i. e., a few things he could not possibly do without. Among them were his wooden frames for cleaning his boots and shoes, and a case of bottles, of a peculiarly fine varnish, for his polished leathers. He was attacked by the Arabs, who overhauled his kit. When they came to the bottles, they opened them; and the varnish being made with Madaba, and scented with all sorts of good things, it smelt so nice that the thieves thought it must be something to drink. In vain did he explain that it was paint for his boots. They were sure it was too delicious for that; and in order to try, he should drink some. So they took out one of his own out-glass tumblers, and made him drink a glass of his own boot varnish!

Curious Pitcher.

Prominent among the curiosities at the Hermitage, once the home of General Jackson, is a wooden pitcher, remarkable both on account of the artistic skill displayed and the celebrity of the tree from which the wood was procured. It was made of wood from the elm tree under which William Penn made the celebrated Indian treaty. The pitcher was presented by the coopers of Philadelphia; and, though it is not larger than a common cream-jug, it contains seven hundred and fifty staves. The hoops, lid and handle are of silver; the bottom is a magnifying glass, by looking through which one is enabled to see the joints, which are invisible to the naked eye.

The Mammoth Cave.

A recent writer says that the avenues in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, thus far discovered, number two hundred and seventy-five, and their aggregate length is estimated at two hundred miles. Mr. Holsten, who was in the cave when the iron lamp was lost, still resides near its mouth. He is now ninety years of age. Stephen, the old guide, died last year. The temperature of the air of the cave, the same writer remarks, is at fifty-nine degrees Fahrenheit, the air dry and salubrious.

A Strange Fish.

A fish weighing 47 pounds, and measuring five feet in length, was caught a few days since at West Haven. Professor Dana pronounces it to be of the herring species. The scales are as large as a dollar, and have the appearance of pearl.

Remarkable new Invention.

A model of an autographic telegraph, the invention of Signor Bonelli, the director of Sardinian telegraphs, was exhibited at the late exhibition of the manufactures of the Sardinian States at Turin. In a machine on one side of a room, a slip of prepared paper, looking as if silvered, and on which a sentence is written, is inserted, this machine communicates with another at a little distance by an electric wire; a slip of yellow paper inserted between two small rollers, receives in its passage a green stripe, upon which appears the fac-simile of the writing on the paper put into the first machine. It is stated that this is effected by a chemical and electrical combination, and though only at present tried across a room, is nevertheless considered applicable for any distance or for submarine communication.

Crimson Cotton.

Mr. Thomas Smith, who resides in the immediate vicinity of Richmond, Virginia, has a small field of cotton which is considered a curiosity by all who have seen it. It differs but little in appearance from the ordinary kind, except in color, which is as delicately crimson as a maiden's blush. Not only is the stock of this of a gorgeous hue, but the leaves also, the vividness of color fading, however, as it approaches the margin of the leaf, into a purplish green. This is not the effect of disease, or of any extraneous circumstance connected with its culture, but a peculiarity in the plant itself, every stock possessing the same rich and healthful glow, and as thrifty as any cotton in the country.

Strange Duel.

The duelling fever would seem to have become epidemic in Brussels, and several have recently taken place in the regular way; the following, however, is somewhat of a novelty; two young men of Lemberg wished to fight; but, in order to escape the disagreeable consequences which the death of one entails upon the other, they resolved to draw lots as to which of the two should kill himself. He whom fate favored was to quit the city, recalling, in a letter to his adversary, the terms of their agreement; and actually the unhappy young man, obedient to the exigencies of mistaken honor, did not fail to blow out his brains on the day and at the hour fixed.

A Bird Anecdote.

An English paper relates that a pair of crows recently built a nest on a tree near a rookery. This seemed to give offence to the feathered inhabitants of the rookery, who revenged themselves by occasionally stealing materials from their nest. The persecuted birds, however, persevered and completed their nest; but after a council of war in the rookery, a flying brigade attacked the nest and quickly tore it in pieces; notwithstanding a determined resistance by the inmates.

Remarkable Case.

A man named Brown, living near Memphis, Tenn., attempted to commit suicide at La Grange, Mo., a few days since, by shooting himself through the head. The ball passed through the skull between the eyes, and lodged in the back part of the head. Part of the brain was scattered over the front of his hat. Medical aid was quickly at hand, and strange to say, after a period of insensibility, the man revived, and is now able to converse intelligently, and is considered in a fair way of recovery.

Canine Sagacity.

A remarkable instance of canine sagacity has recently occurred in Vermont. A stage-driver between Montpelier and Chelsea left Chelsea (where he resides) for Montpelier, to return to Washington to stop for the night. A child of his being very sick when he left home, he requested his wife to attach a note to the collar of his dog, informing him of the child's state, and to despatch the dog at 10 o'clock in the evening, in search of his master. At about 11 o'clock, Mr. Snow heard the dog at the door of his room in Washington, and upon his collar was the note, informing him that the child was much better. The dog had travelled about ten miles, and with remarkable precision went directly to the room in which his master slept.

Fatality.

An extraordinary instance of fatality has occurred in New Orleans. A German widow in the Third district was married, a short time since, to her fifth husband, not one of the previous four having outlived his wedding a year. A few days since this fifth husband took the yellow fever and died. This singular and most remarkable fatality among the husbands of one lady would create doubtful talk among her acquaintances, were she not well known and respected, and the causes of death of her different husbands well known to their friends.

Wonderful Escape.

As a young gentleman and lady were gazing down from the summit of "Lover's Leap," a high cliff near the White Sulphur Springs, Va., a few days since, the lady, in attempting to pluck a flower from the side of the cliff, lost her balance, and fell with headlong rapidity down the side of the rock. The gentleman hurried round the base of the cliff, expecting to find her mangled remains, but hearing her cry of distress, he looked up, and beheld his lady-love safely suspended by her steel hoops from the projecting limb of a gnarled oak.

Curious Accident.

A son of Hon. Mr. Duval, of Georgetown, Ky., came to his death a few days since from a very singular accident. His father and mother being away from home, a little negro girl got a vial of hartshorn, and was playfully holding it to the noses of the children. In putting it to the nose of the little boy, while he lay upon his back, she spilled the fluid into his mouth and nose. The boy was dead in thirty hours, the child suffering the intense pain.

Remarkable Skill.

Captain Travis, of Louisville, has acquired great reputation as a good shot, but his feat, performed a few days ago, is perhaps the best on record. It is related that he put a cork on top of a bottle, and on the cork a bullet, and then putting the target thirty-four feet from him, welded together the bullet he shot and the one he shot at.

Preserved Silk.

A piece of black web silk, nearly a yard long, in a perfect state of preservation, was recently discovered in North Troy, imbedded in a solid pine log. The wood had apparently grown over the silk, as there was no crack where it could have been thrust in.

A queer Hat.

The latest novelty is a hat made by a hatter in Newark, N. J., which he calls the "cable hat," the rim and band being finished after the manner of the Atlantic cable.

The Florist.

The sun is high,—the birds oppressed with heat
Fly to the shade, until refreshing airs
Lure them again to leave their cool retreat.—
I see about me groves with flowers decked,
Waters and fountains, fields with verdure gay.

SAA DE MIRANDA.

Pretræa Volubilis.

A beautiful climbing plant, with handsome racemes of dark purple flowers, and large, dark green leaves. It is a native of Vera Cruz and Martinique, where it ascends to the summit of lofty trees, hanging from branch to branch in graceful festoons, and producing its flowers in great abundance. This plant is sometimes called the *Master Flower*, because it flowers about Easter, and is used in the Antilles for decorating the Spanish churches there. It should be grown in chopped turfy loam, mixed with a little peat to keep it open.

Hints concerning Bees.

Bees are most fond of places where their favorite flowers are to be found; therefore bee keepers should encourage the growth of such shrubs and flowers as are known to supply honey and wax in the greatest abundance. The following are some of the flowers and shrubs generally sought for by the little insects, and they add much to the beauty as well as utility of the garden: mignonette, borage, lemon thyme, rosemary and wild thyme. Fields of beans, white clover, and especially buckwheat, are of great benefit, as well as many fruit trees.

Moss Roses.

The moss rose is one of the choicest of flowers, combining the glory of rose, the queenly flower, and the modesty of the violet. In order to perfect them, four things are necessary—a rich deep soil, judicious pruning, freedom from insects, and watering when requisite. If any of these be wrong, the success will be in some way incomplete. Soil is the first consideration; what is called a sound loam they thrive best in. A deep rich, light soil they require, and constant care.

Bulbs.

All hardy bulbs, except those of the Hyacinth and the Tulip, should be kept as dry as possible during the winter, as they are more liable to be injured by wet than cold; and when they are taken up to remove them, sets, etc., it should be in autumn, when the leaves have withered, and they should be planted again as soon as practicable, as they are very apt to be injured by damp if they stay long out of the ground.

Flower-pots.

There are many kinds of flower-pots, but the common red earthen ware are decidedly the best, because they are the most porous, and consequently do not retain the moisture so as to be injurious to the plants they contain. There are some double pots used principally in balconies. When double pots are used, the interstices between the pots should be stuffed with moss kept constantly wet.

Lopexia.

Annual and biennial plants, hardy, half-hardy and tender; but with light pink, feathery flowers, and pretty ball-like fruit, which is produced in long stalks, and is very ornamental. It requires the usual treatment of annuals.

Clipping Hedges.

Almost all thorn hedges are clipped square, that is, the top is made flat and the sides perpendicular, the object of this being to make them as much of a wall as possible. This system, it is thought, has a great tendency to make the hedge grow thin below, and that it is best to keep it widest at the base, and let it gradually taper to a point at the top. Hedges kept square are very apt, when old, to get "blanky," and grow bare near the ground, even though the top may be quite thick and flourishing. In this case there is no remedy but cutting down—a disagreeable necessity, for then all shelter is gone at once; but by keeping the hedge in a pyramidal shape, this will very seldom be necessary.

Carnations in Gardens and Pots.

Carnations are the pride of a garden, and deserve great care and attention. The commonsorts, which are planted in borders, should have a good rich earth about them, and be treated like the pink; but the finer roots should always be potted. Refresh the top of the pot with new soil, and keep the plants free from decayed leaves. Gently stir the earth around each plant occasionally; and, as plants in pots require more water than if planted in the ground, let the carnation be gently moistened every other day during dry weather. The watering should take place in the evening, for flowers are injured by being watered during the heat of the day.

Transplanting deciduous Trees.

In all cases of transplanting deciduous trees, with the exception of the Beech and Hornbeam, some pruning should be given to the top so as to lessen the number of branches and leaves, which are to be supplied by the root. The quantity of branches to be removed will depend partly upon the kind of tree and partly on the intention of the planter, but mainly on the climate and soil. Beech trees, when transplanted, are often injured and die in consequence of having many branches removed. Sycamores and all the acer tribe require little pruning of the head. The same may be said of the Holly, Yew, Lime and Elm.

Wounded Trees.

A simple composition both to make and use, in case of wounded or diseased trees is, one part or one quart of common tar, two parts or two quarts of finely pulverized and sifted chalk. Put the tar in an iron kettle, heat it, and, while hot, stir in the chalk. Care should be taken not to boil it too much, either when first made or when using it, as that will make it too hard and brittle. Should it become so by accident, add tar till it is sufficiently soft. When used, heat it till it boils or becomes exceedingly soft, and cover the wood with a thin coating of it, leaving no place for water to get under the composition. It is very healing, and will remain for years.

Coriaria.

The myrtle-leaved Sumach. A dwarf shrub, with handsome leaves but insignificant flowers. It will grow in any common garden soil, and is increased by division of the roots.

Idiatris.

Weed-looking, hardy perennials, with purplish flowers, which will grow in any common garden soil, and are increased by dividing the roots.

Weeds.

The flower borders should be carefully looked into and every weed extracted, for now is the time when many seeds will ripen and prepare a nice crop for the next season of troublesome weeds. The vacant places made by plants that have flowered, and have had their stalks cut down, may be now generally supplied by greenhouse plants, such as *Mesembryanthemums*, etc.; or by pots of *Thunbergia alata*, *Schizanthus retusus*. Hybrid *calceolarias*, etc.; which have been prepared purposely for filling up blanks. A number of German Stocks and Asters may now be planted out. The evergreens in the shrubberies may be pruned so as to prevent them from touching each other; and those flower seeds which are ripe be gathered.

Sand.

Sand is an important article in the propagation and culture of plants, and no good garden, whether large or small, ought to be without a stock of it. Sand relatively to gardening is of two kinds: pure white silver sand, free from earthy matter and ferruginous particles, which is only found in particular situations; and common brown or gray sand, which is found in pits either with or without gravel, and on the shores of rivers and the sea. The first kind of sand is used for striking heaths and other plants difficult to root by cuttings, and also for mixing with peat for growing the more tender kinds of house plants.

Anthemis.

The Chamomile. The Pellitory of Spain, is a pretty little perennial, with large white flowers, stained with lilac on the back. It is a suitable plant for rockwork, or boxes in a balcony, as it requires a warm, dry situation. Miller raised this plant in rather a curious way in 1782, finding some seeds among some Malaga raisins, to which they had adhered. The root was formerly considered good for the toothache. The Arabian Chamomile, a pretty low-growing annual, with yellow flowers, is now called *Cladanthus Arabicus*.

Pancreatum.

The Sea Daffodil. Splendid lily-like bulbous rooted plants, some of which require a stove, and others the greenhouse. They should be grown in light loam and vegetable mould, and should be allowed a season of rest, by being kept without water when not in a growing state.

Deptford Pink.

An annual species of *Dianthus*, with clusters of small pink scentless flowers, something like those of Lobel's Catchfly. A native of Britain, generally found in gravelly soils, and growing freely in any garden where the soil is not too rich.

Achimenes.

A new name applied to the genus *Trevizana*, some new species of which have lately been introduced here from Guatemala. Easy of culture, requiring only rather a protected situation; soil a sandy loam.

Ricotia.

A very pretty little annual, nearly allied to *Lunaria*, which only requires sowing in an open border in April, or planting in a pot in the house, where it will keep in flower all winter.

Securidace.

Stove climbers from the West Indies, with white flowers, which should be grown in a mixture of peat and loam.

Evergreens.

No garden should be without a due proportion of evergreens, and these plants are more essential in a small garden than in a large one. Their advantages are, that they afford a screen to secure privacy in winter as well as in summer; that they preserve an appearance of verdure in all seasons; and that they do not disfigure the walks by falling leaves. They also afford a rich background to those shrubs and trees which produce their flowers before their leaves; such as the double blossomed Peach, the Almond, Snowy Mespilus, and *Magnolia Conspicua*. It is the want of evergreens which gives to the gardens in the neighborhood of Paris and most other continental cities such an air of meagreness and poverty. But there it cannot be remedied, as few evergreens will resist the cold of their winters.

Training.

A new mode of training fruit trees, practised in the north of Russia, is well deserving of trial in the colder parts of New England, especially for cultivating the peach. A tree, one year from the graft, is headed down to two healthy strong wood buds. These are trained horizontally, about ten or twelve inches from the ground, to a south wall—perhaps the north side of a wall would do as well in our changeable climate. These arms are suffered to throw vertical shoots, which become covered with fruit spurs. These vertical shoots are kept shortened in to a length of not more than about one or two feet. The whole tree may thus easily be covered in the winter with straw, matting or earth.

From the Seed.

Young ladies are apt to lack the patience to cultivate flowers from the seed, preferring to obtain cuttings; but the most beautiful varieties and choice plants are obtained from the seed. It is very rare to see the same flower produced twice from the seed, therefore if any especial variety is preferred, and exactly the same sought for, biennials and perennials should be propagated by layers and cuttings.

Shade Trees.

The maple is one of the best trees to have before your door for the purpose of shade. It is not affected one particle by the extremes of heat and cold—the leaves never curl up, or lose their freshness, and in the fall the leaves change to the most gorgeous tints. The bark is clean and smooth, free from all insects, and the tree is a rapid, vigorous grower.

Geraniums.

All the shrubby kinds of these plants are kept in the house as a general thing, but that is necessary during the cold weather. In the summer the plants will thrive finely in the open garden, requiring only a little more attention than most garden plants.

Leucopogon.

Australian half-hardy shrubs, with spikes of feathery white flowers. They are very abundant in the temperate regions of Australia, and require only a slight protection in New England during the winter.

Gilly-flower.

An elegant, showy, fragrant plant, of two kinds—biennial and annual. The annuals are commonly called Ten Weeks' Stock. Of these there are several varieties, red, white, purple and scarlet. Every garden should have them.

The Housewife.

Fine Rhubarb Jam.

Let the rhubarb be drawn on a dry day; wipe the stalks clean, but do not wash them; peel off the skin and coarse fibres, and slice the stalks thin. To each pound thus prepared, allow a pound of fine sugar in fine powder; put the fruit in a pan, and strew a quarter of the sugar amongst it and over it; let it stand until the sugar is dissolved, when boil it slowly to a smooth pulp; take it from the fire, and stir in the remainder of the sugar by degrees; when it is dissolved, boil the preserve quickly until it becomes very thick, and leaves the bottom of the pan visible when stirred. The time required for preparing this preserve will depend on the kind of rhubarb used, and the time of year in which it is made. It will vary from an hour and a half to two hours and a quarter. The juice should be slowly drawn from it at first.

To preserve Purple Plums.

Make a syrup of clean brown sugar; clarify it, and when perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums, having picked out all unsound ones and stems; let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off, make it boiling hot, skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving-kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the syrup is reduced, and thick or rich. One pound of sugar for each pound of plums. Small damsons are very fine preserved as cherries or any other ripe fruit. Clarify the syrup, and when boiling hot put in the plums; let them boil very gently until they are cooked, and the syrup rich. Put them in pot or jars.

Tomato Catsup.

Take ripe tomatoes and scald them just sufficient to allow you to take off the skin; then let them stand for a day, covered with salt; strain them thoroughly, to remove the seeds. Then to every two quarts, three ounces of cloves, two of black pepper, two nutmegs, and a very little cayenne pepper, with a little salt. Boil the liquor for half an hour, and then let it cool and settle. Add a pint of the best cider vinegar, after which bottle it, corking and sealing it tightly. Keep it always in a cool place.

Baked Sweet Apples.

Wash well the apples; place them in a pan with a very little water, that the juice may not burn, if they are to be cooked in a brick oven; then put the apples in a jar, cover them close, and bake them five or six hours. Sweet apples should be baked long after they are tender.

Arrow-Root Jelly.

Steep for some hours, in two table-spoonfuls of water, the peel of a lemon, and three or four bitter almonds pounded; strain, and mix it with three table-spoonfuls of arrow-root, the same quantity of lemon-juice, and one of brandy; sweeten, and stir it over the fire till quite thick, and when quite cold, put it into jelly glasses.

Cold fried Chicken.

Cut the chicken in quarters, and take off the skin, rub it with an egg beaten up, and cover it with grated bread seasoned with pepper, salt, grated lemon-peel, and chopped parsley, fry it in butter, thicken a little brown gravy with flour and butter, add a little cayenne pepper, lemon pickle, and mushroom catsup.

To make good Coffee.

Put two ounces of freshly-ground coffee into a small saucepan, over a gentle fire, stirring occasionally until the coffee is thoroughly heated. Then pour over it a pint of boiling water, covering closely that the aroma may not escape. Let it stand near the fire from four to six minutes; now strain the coffee very gently through a piece of thick gauze. Warm it again over the fire, add hot milk and sugar (crystallized is the best), and serve it at table.

Jam of Green Gages.

Put ripe green gages into a kettle with very little water, and let them stew until soft; then rub them through a sieve or colander, and to every pint of pulp put a pound of white sugar powdered fine; then put it in a preserving kettle over the fire, stir it until the whole is of the consistence of jelly, then take it off; put the marmalade in small jars or tumblers, and cover as directed for jelly. Any sort of plums may be done in this manner.

To stew Pears.

Pare them and cut them in halves, if large, or leave them whole, if small; put them in a stew-pan with a very little water, cover them and let them stew till tender, then add a small teacup of sugar to a quarter of a peck of pears. Let them stew until the syrup is rich; a lemon boiled with the pears, and sliced thin when the sugar is put in, improves both flavor and color; or a wineglass of red wine may be used instead.

Pea Fowls.

These magnificent birds make a noble roast, and when young are very excellent; they are larded, plain roasted, and served with the tail stuck into the bird, which you have preserved, the head with its feathers being left folded up in paper, and tucked under the wing; roast about an hour and a half, take the paper from the head and neck, dress it upon your dish with water-cresses, and the gravy and bread-sauce separate in a boat.

To keep Damsons.

Put them in small stone jars, or wide-mouth glass bottles, and set the mup to their necks in a kettle of cold water; set it over the fire to become boiling hot, then take it off, and let the bottles remain until the water is cold; the next day fill the bottles with cold water, and cork and seal them. These may be used the same as fresh fruit. Green gages may be done in this way.

To dry Plums.

Split ripe plums, take the stones from them, and lay them on plates or sieves to dry in a warm oven or hot sun; take them in at sunset, and do not put them out again until the sun will be upon them; turn them that they may be done evenly; when perfectly dry, pack them in jars or boxes lined with paper, or keep them in bags; hang them in an airy place.

To bake Pears.

Wash half a peck of tart pears, cut the stems so as to leave only an inch length; put them in an iron pot over the fire, with half a pint of water and a pint of molasses to them; cover the pot or kettle, and let them boil rather gently until the pears are soft and the syrup rich, almost like candy; take care not to scorch it.

To boil Rice.

Wash well in two separate waters a pound of the best Carolina rice, then have two quarts of water *boiling* in a stewpan, into which throw your rice, boil it until three parts done, then drain it on a sieve; butter the interior of a stewpan, in which put your rice, place the lid on tight, and put it into a warm oven upon a trivet until the rice is perfectly tender, or by the side of the fire; serve it separate with curry, or any other dish where required. Prepared thus, every grain will be separate and quite white.

Stewed Pigeons.

Clean and cut them in quarters. Wash and season with pepper and salt; put them in a stewpan, with as much water as will nearly cover them. Put in a piece of butter mixed with a little flour. Let them stew until they become quite tender. If the gravy should be too thin, add a piece of butter rubbed in flour, and let them stew a few minutes longer. When done, if not sufficiently seasoned, more may be added. Then send to table hot, in a covered dish.

Succotash.

Take one dozen ears of green corn, cut the grains from the cob, wash one quart of lima beans and mix with the corn. Put the whole on to boil in two quarts of water with one pound and a half of nice pickled pork. If the pork should not make the vegetables salt enough, add a little more, with black pepper to the taste. When the water has boiled away to one half of the original quantity, serve the whole in a tureen as soup.

Beef Steaks.

Take two or more sirloin steaks; pound and wash them. Place the gridiron over the fire, and when hot, put on the steaks and cover them close. They require to be done quickly. In turning, do not stick a fork in them, as that will cause the juice to escape. When done, place them on a heated dish—season with salt and pepper, and baste well with fresh butter; then send to table hot.

Doughnuts.

One and a half pints of rich milk, half a pint of melted butter and lard, half a teaspoonful of sugar, some salt, half of a small sized tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, and four eggs—well beaten. Let your dough rise in your crock, and then make it up into a loaf not very stiff. Afterward work it up again, cut out your cakes, and let them rise before you bake them.

Boiled Crabs.

Boil them in salt and water twenty minutes, take them out, break off the claws, wipe the crabs very clean, throw away the small claws, but the large ones may be cracked and sent to table. Rub a little sweet oil on the shells, to make them a fine color.

Fried Calf's Liver.

Cut the liver in thin slices, wash it, put it in salt and water, and let it stand for half an hour, to draw out all the blood. Then wash it, and season with pepper and a little more salt. Fry it in lard; serve hot and nicely browned.

Lamb Pie.

Cut a small neck of lamb into chops, which must not be too fat, season them lightly with pepper and salt, and lay them in your pie-dish, with a few new potatoes in slices, pour in a little water, then cover and bake.

Nectar.

Chop half a pound of raisins in the sun, one pound of powdered loaf sugar, two lemons sliced, and the peel of one. Put them into an earthen vessel with two gallons of water, the water having been boiled half an hour, and put them in while the water is boiling. Let it stand three or four days, stirring it twice a day; then strain it, and in a fortnight it will be ready for use.

Sauce for Plum Pudding.

A good sauce for plum pudding may be made by melting some fresh butter in the way butter is usually melted for sauce. Then add to it some brandy, either a wine-glassful or half one (according to the quantity of sauce required), sweeten it to the taste with moist sugar. Give the whole two or three whisks over the fire, and serve it in a sauce tureen.

Baroness's Pudding.

Three-quarters of a pound of suet, three-quarters of a pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of raisins (weighed after stoning), and a pinch of salt. Mix well with new milk, and boil in a cloth four hours and a half. We can confidently recommend this pudding, and would advise our subscribers to try it as soon as they possibly can.

To remove Mildew.

Take two ounces of chloride of lime, pour on it a quart of boiling water, then add three quarts of cold water; steep the linen twelve hours, when every spot will be extracted. This will be found to quite surpass the butter-milk and chalk receipt so often used.

How to clean Leather Gaiters.

The following will give them a good polish. The whites of three eggs evaporated till the substance left resembles the common gum, dissolved in a pint of gin, and put into an ordinary wine bottle, and fill up with water.

Carrot Jam.

Boil some carrots quite tender, rub them through a colander, then through a sieve; to one pound of pulp put one pound of white sugar; boil it to a jam; when nearly cold add the juice of two lemons, and the rind grated fine.

Carrot Marmalade.

Boil one pound of carrots, and scrape off the outside; make syrup as for other sweetmeats, only adding one ounce of ginger to one pound of sugar: boil it well, and strain till the carrots are quite clear.

To remove Sunburn.

Rectified spirits of wine, one ounce; water, eight ounces; half an ounce of orange-flower water, or one ounce of rose-water; diluted muriatic acid, a teaspoonful; mix. This is to be used after washing.

Substitute for Coffee.

Scrape clean three or four good parsnips, cut them into thin slices, bake till well brown, grind or crush, and use in the same manner as coffee, from which it is scarcely distinguishable.

Browning for Cakes.

Half a pound of moist sugar, two ounces of butter; add a little water. Simmer till brown. A little of this mixture will give a rich color to cakes.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FOR THE NEW YEAR!

We have already commenced to perfect our arrangements for the coming new year, at which time we shall vastly improve and beautify all of our publications. New type, new style, new heading, every thing will be made perfect and beautiful, in the typographical department, and especially in the contents of our journals. We are closing engagements with several new and talented contributors, and shall be able to say, in a few weeks, that no paper in this country can show so large and select a corps of talented assistants, engaged upon its columns, as our own. New papers are springing up every day, all over the country, but the public do not easily forget old favorites, or lose confidence in thoroughly established and completely successful publications. Be not deceived by flashy advertisements, or loud promises. Judge calmly for yourself, and remember that those who have been tried and approved, are the safest and best!

Enterprises which require extraordinary puffing, and immense expenditures in advertising, to sustain them, have little of real intrinsic value in themselves. The public do not require to be told on every page of the daily press, which miscellaneous journal or magazine they should purchase, they know their own taste best, and will select and adhere to those which in themselves present most that is really valuable and interesting. Our own journals were never more popular or prosperous than at the present moment, and this popularity has been sustained by putting labor, talent and money into the papers themselves, not by placarding the town, nor filling the daily press with flash advertisements, calculated to excite the curiosity of the inexperienced!

TO GET A RIFLE.—Leave your smooth-bored gun out doors over night—in the morning, it will be rifled.

PBX.—A lever, small enough to be used by any man, but strong enough to raise the whole world.

METAPHYSICS.—Words to stay the appetite till facts are ready. Feeling for a science in the dark.

UNTIMELY REFUSAL OF RELIEF.

A baker in Paris, a very charitable man, who had always, upon principle, a sous, or a roll, to bestow upon the poor, became at length so beset and imposed on, that weary of the visitation of the pauper host, he solemnly vowed he would never more relieve one of them. How often are we made, like Jephthah, to repent of rash vows! And not long after taking this, a miserable looking object presented himself at the baker's door, imploring a crust of bread for pity's sake—he was starving. "Starving, indeed!" cried the baker; "that's the old story. But I am not now to be so taken in. March, sirrah!—you'll get nothing here, I assure you!" The emaciated, miserable object crawled away; the baker had the curiosity to watch him, and saw, alas! that his tale had been but too true; for many steps he had not proceeded from this beneficent tradesman's now inhospitable door, ere he fell to the ground dead! So shocked was the good baker by this circumstance, that he opened his house to all beggars as before; and retracting his first vow, made another equally solemn, that none hereafter who applied to him for relief, should ever depart from his door without it.

DIFFIDENCE.—Douglas Jerrold says, Diffidence is an acquaintance that hourly picks your pocket; that makes you hob and nob with fustian, when otherwise you might jostle it with court ruffles.

INJUDICIOUS PRAISE.—The keenest abuse of our enemies will not hurt us so much, in the estimation of the discerning, as the injudicious praise of our friends.

MARRIED HAPPINESS.—Married happiness is a glass ball; folks play with it during the honeymoon, till falling, it is shivered to pieces; and the rest of life is a wrangle who broke it.

TOBACCO.—A triple *memento mori* dust for the nose, ashes for the mouth, poison for the stomach.

PROGRESS.—The goal of yesterday will be the starting-point of to-morrow.

THE PUBLIC LANDS.

The lands belonging to the United States have been acquired by deed of cession from some of the older States, and by treaty with other powers. They constitute a vast and invaluable domain, and have thus far, and in the future will be, the chief element in the growth and extension of the Union. Up to the present period, the quantity of lands sold by the government, amounts to about three hundred and sixty-four million acres. The proper and judicious management of this vast national possession has been one of the most serious subjects that have engaged the attention of statesmen. Occasionally wild schemes have been started for distributing these lands among the States, or of giving them away to settlers. This policy has thus far been successfully resisted; and the plan has obtained of disposing of the lands in moderate quantities, from time to time, as the wants of the country might require, and at prices so low as to bring them within the means of all enterprising and industrious persons. This plan, with the addition of the privilege of pre-emption in favor of actual settlers, as detailed by us in a recent number of the Flag, has worked admirably thus far, in facilitating the settlement and promoting the rapid growth of the new States and Territories. The demagogue scheme of giving away the lands for nothing, would work badly, by removing from the settler all stimulus to industry and thrift in procuring the means to purchase his land, and thus entailing upon the new States a class of idle and worthless squatters, in place of the energetic and frugal population that now contribute so materially to their growth and prosperity. Such a scheme would be a virtual abandonment of that care and control over the public lands, on the part of the government, which is so essential to the establishment of order and the preservation of peace in a newly settled region. It would, beside this, be a wanton sacrifice of an important and legitimate source of revenue to the general government, and to the extent of many millions of dollars, annually, render it necessary to increase the taxes upon foreign importations.

Of late years it has become quite common for interested parties to get up cunning contrivances for plundering the public of their lands, and to urge the same upon Congress, for adoption. Of this nature are the donations to railroad companies, which from time to time are engineered through Congress, under the pretence of promoting internal improvements. The real object of the parties interested is to get up a great rise on their stocks by means of the land grant, and then sell out and pocket a large profit by the

rise. With this end in view, these sharpers can afford to pay well for lobby influence, to get their bills through Congress, and do pour out their money quite liberally, as the corruption investigations of the last Congress showed. Those investigations, by the way, although they resulted in the exposure and expulsion of several members of the House, were but a mere superficial affair, and did not begin to open the mass of corruption that lay buried beneath the acts of the thirty-third and thirty-fourth Congress. Had these iniquitous transactions been probed to the bottom, instead of being merely stirred up at the surface, blacker deeds would have been brought to light than any that were revealed, and other names implicated besides those of Matteson and his fellow-culprits.

CHROMATYPE.

This is one of the most recent processes, of really practical utility, in the art of photography. It consists in washing good letter paper with a solution composed of ten grains bichromate of potash, twenty grains sulphate of copper, one ounce of distilled water. Papers prepared with this are of a pale yellow color, and may be kept for any length of time without injury, and are always ready for use. For copying botanical specimens, or engravings, nothing can be more beautiful. After the paper has been exposed to the influence of sunshine, with the object to be superposed, it is washed over in the dark with a solution of nitrate of silver of moderate strength; as soon as this is done, a very vivid, positive picture makes its appearance, which then only requires washing in pure water.

A POPULAR FALLACY.—Many people fancy that a little fly is only little because it is young, and that it will grow up in process of time to be as big as a blue bottle. Now this idea is entirely wrong; for when an insect has once attained its winged state, it grows no more.

MINNESOTA.—The area of the new State of Minnesota is 78,000 miles, making it one of the largest States of the confederacy. One-fifth of it is water, as Minnesota is a State of small lakes.

TUSCAN INSOLENCE.—"When thou art buying a horse, or choosing a wife," says the Tuscan proverb, "shut thine eyes and commend thyself to God."

EARTH AND HEAVEN.—We go to the grave of a friend, saying, "A man is dead;" but angels throng about him, saying, "A man is born."

DEEP-SEA SOUNDINGS.

The depth of the ocean has ever been a subject of interesting speculation, and has excited all that interest in the human mind which attaches to the mysterious and unknown. Long ago, philosophers, by reasoning from analogy, arrived at the conclusion that the bed of the ocean, in its cavities, was a counterpart of the surface of the earth in its projections, and that the greatest depth of the former was probably about equal to the greatest height of mountains upon the latter. The truth of this opinion could not be verified to any considerable extent, until recently, owing to the impossibility of sounding at great depths with the old-fashioned line and plummet. The line would run out to any extent, and give no token that bottom had been reached; for the vibration of the shock caused by the lead striking bottom does not communicate itself through a very great length of line, and the under currents run out the line long after the bottom is reached.

A few years since, however, a plan of deep-sea soundings was introduced into the United States Navy, which promised better results. This plan consisted in the employment of a common twine thread for a sounding line, and a heavy cannon ball for a sinker, instead of the stout cord and leaden plummet formerly used. By this means, it was thought that the small line could be carried down straight without being affected by currents; and that by observing how much length of line was drawn out before the heavy weight ceased to draw, the depth could be correctly ascertained. Each sounding, upon this plan, involved the expenditure of a weight and line, for they could not be drawn up again, on account of the weakness of the small thread. But this was a trivial expense, when compared with the important object to be gained. In practice, this plan sometimes worked well, but the enormous depths that were occasionally indicated, led to serious doubts whether even this little thread was not drawn out by currents after the ball had taken bottom. With this apparatus, Lieut. Walsh, of the United States schooner "Taney," reported a cast of thirty-four thousand feet, without bottom; Lieut. Berryman, of the "Dolphin," one of thirty-nine thousand feet, and no bottom; Capt. Denham, of the British Navy, reported bottom in the South Atlantic at a depth of forty-six thousand feet; and Lieut. Parker, of the U. S. frigate "Congress," soon afterwards ran out fifty thousand feet in the same region, without finding bottom. These marvellous results showed that the obstacles to accurate sounding had not yet been overcome, and that

something was still wanting to distinguish the action of under currents in drawing out the line, from that of gravity. This deficiency was supplied by the discovery of the law of descent which governs this sinking of the weight in the ocean; and by always using a line of the same size, material and construction, and a sinker of the same shape and weight, the sounders were enabled to distinguish the action of gravity from that of currents, and make their calculations.

This law of descent shows a regularly decreasing ratio of speed for each hundred fathoms reeled out; and therefore by noting the depth reached, and the rate of movement of the line, it is easy to determine whether the action is due to the gravitation of the weight, or to the lateral action of currents upon the line, after the ball has touched bottom. In the former case, the rate of movement is continually decreasing, in the latter it is uniform. The application of this discovery to the process of deep-sea sounding, showed that the enormous depths of the sea at the places indicated by the officers above named, were not true, but that the appearance was attributable to current action. Under this improved system of soundings it does not appear that any part of the Atlantic Ocean hitherto fathomed has a greater depth than twenty-five thousand feet, and the deepest portion is probably between the parallels of thirty-five and forty degrees north latitude, directly south of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. The tract lying between Newfoundland and Ireland, over which the route of the telegraph cable proceeds, is comparatively an elevated plateau, the average depth of which for the greater part of its extent, is about ten thousand feet; the deepest portion being only about twelve thousand five hundred feet in depth, and that, midway between the two coasts. The soundings for the whole telegraph route were made by Lieut. Berryman, on board the U. S. steamer Arctic, in the summer of 1856, and specimens from the bottom were brought up.

Material from the bottom of the deep sea is procured by an ingenious contrivance of Lieut. Brooke, U. S. N., whereby a light, hollow cylinder is carried down with the cannon-ball at the end of the sounding line, filled with the material of which the bottom is composed, and drawn up again by the line, the ball itself being detached upon reaching bottom, by the combined action of levers and slings. By this admirable apparatus a double purpose is subserved, viz., ascertaining the depth of the sea, and also the nature of the bottom. From the deepest portion of the telegraph plateau, Lieut. Berryman brought up specimens of the bottom, which though appear-

ing to the eye to be clay, were found upon inspection with the microscope, to be composed entirely of minute shells, without a particle of sand or gravel among them. Upon a bed of this soft and yielding material, far beneath the reach of grinding icebergs, and free from the chafing action of the upper sea, the Atlantic telegraph cable will repose in security; giving through its throbbing pulses the messages from one continent to another. The deep-sea soundings of the American navy have discovered and exposed this secure bed for the telegraph wire, and demonstrated its adaptation for the purpose; and in doing this, the navy has won for itself a crown of honor of which her gallant and accomplished officers may well be proud.

UNIQUE PUBLICATION.

An unique work has appeared in London, prepared by Professor Smyth, Her Majesty's Astronomer for Scotland. It is called "Teneriffe: An Astronomer's Experiment; or, Specialities of a Residence above the Clouds." It is illustrated with stereoscopic pictures, and is accompanied with a stereoscope. The London Examiner gives the volume a very complimentary notice, and says: "The special interest of this work lies in the fact that it supplies the first example of the application of the principle of the stereoscope to book illustration. Nearly all the pictures have been taken at heights from seven to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea; and on the lower ground, we are shown a dragon-tree walk, a cactus-garden, cochineal-gatherers at work, and other scenes never before realized in this manner to eyes in England."

A LONG THEATRICAL ROW.—A gentleman, named Rene Perin, an old dramatist and editor, lately died in Paris at the age of eighty-five, having survived his reputation as an author. One of his most noted pieces was played two hundred nights in succession, and every night the dandies of the city, who were outraged at the word *muscadin*, applied to a representative of their class in the piece, mustered in strong force at the theatre, armed with sticks to chastise the actors. They, too, armed themselves in a similar manner, and every night there was a fight between the parties. Not much damage was done, and the excitement filled the theatre.

QUICK TIME.—A gentleman was one day arranging music for a young lady to whom he was paying his addresses. "Pray, Miss D." said he, "what time do you prefer?" "O," she replied, carelessly, "any time will do; but the quicker the better."

WHAT FEMALE EDUCATION SHOULD BE.

The first maxim in intellectual training is, that clever children are sure to be clever, and stupid children to be stupid; and the second is, that the only cleverness of any use in a child, is that which can be continued into maturer life. It follows that the great thing is to ascertain what all children, clever or stupid, can and ought to learn, and then to allow the clever only to go beyond; while care is taken that their cleverness shall be both judged and directed by the probability of its ultimate result. Now, what ought all young ladies to learn? First, to speak and write English correctly, and to read it aloud clearly and fluently. Next, to do plain needlework. It is a great mistake to think that wealth can supersede the necessity for this. In the first place, this is the most feminine of occupations; next, it affords even the stupidest person an opportunity of doing one thing well without being attracted by the display that usually attends excellence; and lastly, it is a most valuable preparation for a useful intercourse with the poor. Then must come the rudiments of history, geography and ciphering, and as much French as the natural ability of the student renders possible. Nothing more is necessary, except dancing—all else should depend upon natural gifts and personal tastes. Scarcely any woman can ever be so learned or clever, that it becomes a matter of indifference whether she is also good-looking; yet she may easily acquire a proficiency which will be a source of genuine satisfaction to herself and her friends. It must, however, be conceded that it is not possible to range all girls under the head of stupid or clever, and that some common ground of general education is wanted, which shall test, awaken, and develop their powers as they grow into young women. Incomparably the best instrument for meeting this want, is to be found in the study of standard English literature. Accomplishments are quite a secondary matter. If men do not get tired of the songs, they soon get tired of the singer, if she can do nothing but sing. What is really wanted in a woman, is that she should be a permanently pleasant companion. So far as education can give or enhance pleasantness, it does so by making the view of life wide, the wit ready, the faculty of comprehension vivid; and the only trustworthy engine of education directed to this end is an honest and intimate familiarity with great authors.

A FINE SIGHT.—Douglas Jerrold said there was no finer sight than a stream of human creatures passing from a Christian church.

JAMES SMITHSON.

Among the greatest English benefactors of our country will be classed James Smithson, Esq., of London, a natural son of a former Duke of Northumberland, who died some twenty-three years ago, bequeathing over half a million of dollars to the United States government, for the purpose of founding a national institution at Washington, "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Smithson was a single man, without family ties, and an accomplished natural philosopher. In the course of his scientific career he contributed several important papers to the Royal Society of London, of which he was a member. In his will, he speaks in the highest terms of the United States; and considering this country the most favorable for the accomplishment of his object, to advance the cause of science, he confers upon it the honorable trust of dispensing his fortune to that end, rather than his native land. Congress accepted the trust in 1846, and constituted a board of regents to administer the same, according to the intention of the donor. With a portion of the income accruing from the bequest, an Institute has been erected at the city of Washington, in sight of and near to the national monument of Washington. This building, which is constructed of brown free-stone, in the Norman Gothic style, cost three hundred twenty-five thousand dollars. It consists of a central body and two wings, and is adorned with a number of towers. The whole structure is spacious and imposing, forming a graceful monument to the memory of Smithson, and at the same time furnishing ample accommodations for the business of the institution. This business consists in the *increase and diffusion* of knowledge among men. To accomplish the former, scientific men in all parts of the country are induced to contribute the results of their observation and investigations, which are gathered together under the supervision of Professor Henry, the resident secretary of the institution, and so far as useful, prepared for the press, and published in the volumes of "The Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge." Scientific researches are also carried on at the Institute, by competent persons, aided by the use of excellent chemical and other philosophical apparatus, and a very extensive and complete library of works on natural science, embracing the productions of the ablest writers of every nation. Particular attention is given to the new pursuit of meteorological investigations, and regular observations are received from all parts of the country, as to the state of the thermometer and barometer, and the commencement, progress and duration of

storms. Upwards of two hundred and fifty reliable persons are engaged in communicating these observations, and it is anticipated that the results thereof will prove in the highest degree beneficial, in systematizing and improving the business of agriculture.

For the diffusion of knowledge, the valuable library of the institution, containing works of the rarest character, and constantly improving by the addition of new works, is open to all. The plan of this library contemplates the collection in one large room, of all the best scientific knowledge of the world, so that it may be readily accessible to students. The publications of this institution, which have already reached nine quarto volumes, and the printed reports which are annually made to Congress, are distributed liberally in this and other countries; and in return, the transactions of foreign and domestic societies are received and added to the library. There is also an extensive gallery of Indian portraits of members of the various tribes on the continent, which is receiving additions from time to time, and is intended to be a complete ethnological gallery of the primitive races. Courses of scientific lectures upon various subjects are delivered every winter during the sessions of Congress, by able professors who are employed for the purpose by the government of the institution. These lectures are free to all, and are delivered in a spacious lecture room of the building, well adapted for the purpose. In one large hall is contained a very extensive collection of curiosities in nature and art, which have been brought home by government officers from the various exploring expeditions; in another, is a variety of useful and curious philosophical apparatus, including a sulphuric-acid barometer, twenty-one feet in height, and in a room adjoining the large central hall, are preserved the personal effects of Smithson, such as his service of silver plate, family pictures, and philosophical instruments.

The noble bequest of Smithson yields an annual income of thirty thousand dollars, which is devoted to the various purposes indicated above, for carrying on the institution which bears his name. The expenses of the establishment are, to some extent, defrayed by annual appropriations by Congress, leaving a larger sum from the income to be devoted to the cause of science, than would otherwise be available. All the expense thus far incurred, except that which Congress provides for, has been paid out of the income of the fund, leaving the principal untouched, and a surplus of interest amounting at the present time to one hundred and twenty-five

thousand dollars. The great design of the donor, is therefore in a fair way of being accomplished, without wasting the means so munificently provided by him for carrying it out. The help which he has given to the cause of science is invaluable, and promises the most important and beneficial results in the future, in which not only our own country but the world at large will participate. With the hundred thousand pounds which he has entrusted to our country, he has laid the foundation of a monument that will perpetuate his name for ages to come, and blend it in honorable union with the ever-advancing triumphs of the human intellect.

INVENTION OF BALLOONS.

The admirers of crinoline will be proud to learn that the invention of balloons is owing to a similar contrivance. The French give a curious anecdote of a simple occurrence which led the inventor of such machines—Montgolfier—to turn his attention to the subject. It is to this effect: A washerwoman of the Rue aux Juifs, in the Marais, placed a petticoat on a basket-work frame, over a stove, to dry. In order to concentrate all the heat, and to prevent its escaping by the aperture at the top, she drew the strings closely together which are used to tie it round the waist. By degrees the stuff dried, became lighter, and the stove continuing to heat and rarify the air concentrated under the frame-work, the petticoat began to move, and at last rose in the air. The washerwoman was so astonished that she ran out to call her neighbors; and they, seeing it suspended in the air, were amazed. One individual, however, a simple paper-maker from Annonay, named Montgolfier, as much astonished but more sensible than the others, returned home, and without loss of time, studied the work of Priestly on different kinds of atmospheres. The result was the discovery of the first balloon, called Montgolfier's, of which he was the inventor. As the nautilus probably gave the idea of a sailing vessel, so also do very simple causes often produce great and unexpected results.

ABOUT GEESE.—One Mr. Lane is terribly severe on geese for their hissing every one that passes them. Yet a Michaelmas goose hissing hot from the spit, is no contemptible bird.

THE POOR WIDOW.—The Tribune tells a story of a widow with four children in New York, who gets only nine shillings a dozen for making shirts.

THE FIRST SCULPTRESS.

Sabina Von Steinbach was daughter to the great architect of the Cathedral of Strasbourg. From early childhood she displayed considerable talent in modelling, and it was to her that her father entrusted much of the ornamental part of his stupendous undertaking. Few, as they pause before the groups on the portal of the southern aisle, and admire their grace and beauty, imagine that they are the work of a *girl of twenty!* Tradition says, that, by the command of the Archbishop, Sabina herself attended to see the statues deposited in their destined niches; and that the prelate, followed by all his priests, came forth to meet her, and placed upon her brow a garland of laurel, consecrated by his own hand.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—One number more will close volume eight, for the present year, and we shall commence the new volume for 1859 with a renewed purpose of excellence and increased value in our popular magazine. After publishing *eight* volumes, we have brought the Dollar Monthly to a degree of perfection which has carried with it the most flattering success. In the former years which the Magazine has been issued, it has gradually increased in circulation, until there is but one monthly in the country which issues so large an edition. Show a copy to your neighbors, and let them see what a delightful monthly visitor they can ensure to their families for *one dollar* a year!

OIL AND BUTTER.—Perhaps our readers don't know that the people of the south of France are very fond of olive oil, and use it instead of butter, which they despise. Well, an inhabitant of Provence, on the eve of going to Paris, told a neighbor that he meant to have his portrait painted there.

"In what style?"

"O, an oil painting, of course."

"Then," replied the other, "I advise you to carry the oil with you, for in that rascally city, they tell me they do everything with butter."

THE GREATER CRIME.—If thou art but a dunce, Heaven will forgive thee, for it has not given thee wisdom; but if thou art not honest, begone!

POVERTY'S DARTS.—Of all the arrows shot at our miserable nature, is there one not made the keener if whetted on the poor man's hearth?

DIET.—A regular diet up to the point of temperance cures more people than physic.

Foreign Miscellany.

The Crystal Palace, England, has established a separate court for exhibition of British sculpture.

Three petticoats lined with cigars were lately taken from a female smuggler from France.

The Duke of Wellington's sarcophagus has been exhibited for sixpence in St. Paul's, London.

A man lately jumped from the top of the July column in Paris and was instantly killed.

There is a coal pit in Cheshire, England, the shaft of which is 686 1-2 yards deep.

There are about five hundred vessels of all sizes in the British navy.

The emigration from Ireland averages at the present time 100,000 per year.

At Birmingham, England, eight tons of wire per week are made into hooks and eyes.

A communication in the London Times suggests that the British government should purchase the Great Eastern steamer for the navy.

The Czar of Russia has authorized those of his serfs who can pay forty roubles to rank as free citizens.

The Marquis of Queensberry, better known as Viscount Drumlanrig, lately shot himself while hunting.

Louisa Pyne, the English opera singer, has made a fortune of not far from one hundred thousand dollars in three years.

The London Times believes the establishment of the Atlantic Telegraph to be a guaranty of peace between the two countries.

The French are not such coffee-drinkers as many people suppose. The United States use eight or nine times as much as France.

It is estimated that the Yang-tse Kiang, the largest river in China, is larger than our Mississippi. It is one hundred miles longer.

Several of the bishops of the established church in England are urging on their clergy the importance of practising extemporaneous preaching, to reach the hearts of the people.

The Jews of London intend to present to Lady John Russell a boudoir suite, consisting of a table and four chairs, composed of solid silver, as a mark of their sense of the obligation they owe to her husband.

The public debt of England is about eight hundred millions of pounds sterling (£800,000,000) and the number of stockholders in it is two hundred and sixty-nine thousand seven hundred and thirty six (269,736.)

Great Britain has invested in railroads, since 1839, three hundred millions pounds sterling (£300,000,000.) The gross earnings of her railroads last year were twenty-four millions (£24,000,000) and the declared dividends thirteen millions (£13,000,000.)

There are forty-six persons in England who have incomes of £450,000 a year, equal to two millions and a quarter dollars, while four hundred and forty-four persons have incomes ranging from fifty to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and eight hundred and eleven from twenty-five to fifty thousand.

There are said to be 803 nunneries in Spain, with 20,018 nuns in them.

The queen of Spain has declared her intention of founding nine great asylums for the poor.

The Imperial Horticultural Society of Paris have announced their intention of holding a great exhibition, open to all nations.

Madame Champagneux died lately in Paris, aged 77. She was the only child of the celebrated Madame Roland, who perished on the scaffold during the French Revolution.

The Turkish colonel who refused to interfere in behalf of the French and English consuls at the late massacre in Jeddah, has been degraded to the ranks and sent to a distant province.

The first vocal prize at the annual competition of the students of the Conservatoire of Paris, was lately won by a young Scotchwoman, Miss Augusta Thompson, of Glasgow.

There are 14 general hospitals in London which possess an income from realized property of £109,687. There are also 36 special hospitals, possessing an aggregate income of £117,218.

The country people who visit London spend something like £11,000,000 per annum in it—the profit on the expenditure paying the whole of the local rates of London, and at least half a million toward rent.

A ukase has been promulgated, prohibiting the teaching of the Latin tongue in all the colleges of the Russian empire. The hours hitherto devoted to that study will be devoted to the positive sciences.

The deepest coal pit in Great Britain, and probably in the world, has, after nearly twelve years' labor, been completed and opened at Duckinfield, Cheshire. The shaft of this pit is 686 1-2 yards deep, and the sinking of it cost nearly £100,000.

Walter Savage Landor, of world-wide literary fame, has been convicted at Bristol of a series of atrocious and disgusting libels upon a lady of Bath, named Yescombe, who, though formerly a friend of his, had in some way offended him. He was mulcted in damages \$1000 and costs.

At a meeting of the Great Eastern Steamship Company, it was resolved to receive offers for the purchase or charter of the ship, and to advertise her for sale at auction, and in the meantime to endeavor to raise money by mortgage.

The American company which undertook to raise the ships at Sebastopol, has failed. They raised one Turkish steamer, which was rotten. The Russian ships being of green wood, are probably in the same state. Their masts are gradually disappearing.

Persons in England who leave railroad cars while trains are in motion, are subject to legal penalties. A lady was fined five shillings, and five shillings costs, a few weeks ago, for having stepped out of a train on the Crystal Palace line before the cars had stopped.

In Australia the Methodists have 670 churches and 683 other preaching stations. Communicants, upwards of 25,000; attendants on the divine worship, nearly 150,000. The number of children in the week-day and Sabbath schools is 53,559.

Record of the Times.

The New Yorkers daily spend 10,000 dollars in cigars, and 8500 in bread.

Tuckerman, the bank robber, is employed in the Conn. state prison wrapping joiners' planes.

A New England farmer can make more money by raising cots than in any other way.

Dr. Abiel A. Cooley, who died recently at Hartford, was the inventor of lucifer matches.

Cyrus W. Field crossed the Atlantic twenty-one times on business of the telegraph company.

A crinolined lady in a 4th Avenue car, New York, honestly paid for four seats lately.

The rooster on top of the flag staff on Worcester Common is 192 1-2 feet from the ground. This is the highest flag staff in the United States.

A new route for an Atlantic cable has been already pointed out; it is through the Bermudas and Fayal to Portugal.

Recently, a man named Myers, was respited by the Governor of Ohio, just as the sheriff was about to prepare him for the scaffold.

The new style of bonnet is a unique affair, and resembles a cabbage leaf trimmed with tomatoes. The price is cheap—only thirty dollars.

According to a computation recently made, there are about 6000 Israelites in Cincinnati. They are principally engaged in trade.

The New Bedford Standard reports that the father of a lady in that vicinity recently presented to her a check for \$30,000, in view of her matrimonial alliance.

A liquor dealer in Cincinnati recently received an order from a Roman Catholic institution, to send "ten gallons of the best old Bourbon whiskey, and charge the same to the Church of the Mother of God."

M. Jullien is not coming to this country as announced, it seems. His arrangements for the fall and winter campaign are already made, and he will give his concerts at the Lyceum Theatre, London—the scene of his early triumphs.

Eleven persons in West Falmouth, living within a circuit of three and a half miles, recently met together, whose united ages were 897 years. The average was 81 years. Among them were three married couples.

The aggregate loss of cable by the Atlantic Telegraph Company during their several expeditions was about three hundred miles, which cost upwards of one hundred and forty thousand dollars.

The doctors' fee in New Orleans for a yellow fever case is one hundred dollars, more or less, kill or cure. If taken in season the doctor's attention is not required after the fourth day. One, two and three thousand dollars a week is no uncommon amount of fees for a good yellow fever physician.

Judging from the following notice, from an exchange of a bank in Minnesota, the money in that State must be *rather* below par: "It may be proper to add that a bushel of notes are traded for an iron spoon at the place issued, and gradually lose their value while travelling to remote sections of the country."

The average product of one acre of strawberries in California, is about half a ton.

The experiment of growing tobacco in Minnesota has proved quite successful—a heavy crop being anticipated this year.

The folly of one man is the fortune of another; and no man prospers so suddenly as by the errors of others.

The "Rainbow," a steel ship of one hundred and sixty tons, was lately launched from Mr. Laird's works on the Mersey, which is intended for the navigation of the Niger.

The stump of the old Charter Oak has been dug up and sold to a speculator, and the place is cut up for building lots. It is a shame the State did not buy the land and build a State House on the spot.

The notorious horse, Cruiser, which, next to the zebra, was supposed to present the most insuperable difficulties to the horse-tamer Rarey, is announced to appear at the Alhambra, says a London paper, as a circus performer.

The Troy Whig says there is residing in that city a young mechanic, who claims to have constructed a telegraph apparatus which will transmit words with twice the velocity that the Hughes instrument is capable of.

A two story passenger car has been invented at Philadelphia. The upper story is reached by a small winding staircase from below. It is not accessible to passengers in crinoline, but is intended for the use of smokers.

Potatoes are said to have been first planted in New England in 1719 by the Londonderry (N. H.) settlers, who, embracing sixteen families, put their first crop in the ground in May, upon a ridge of land now lying in the western part of Derry.

Memphis, Tennessee, is a fast place, and no mistake. The other day, Judge E. W. M. King was arraigned before the Recorder for carrying concealed weapons. He pleaded in defence that he had no *concealed* weapons, they being all outside his clothes. The Recorder then fined him \$10 for disorderly conduct, in appearing on the streets with weapons exposed about his person.

By the "act abolishing arrest in civil actions," etc., passed during the last session of Parliament, imprisonment for debt is virtually abolished in Canada. The effect will be to empty the jails in Upper Canada of debtors. Now almost every jail contains debtors, many of them large numbers.

A lad named William Rodgers, aged fifteen years, committed suicide in Blackville, Green Co., Pa., a few days ago, by hanging himself in a clearing near his father's house. The only cause assigned for the rash act is the fact that his father whipped him a short time previously for racing a valuable horse.

A young lady, eighteen or nineteen years of age, daughter of Mr. Haywood, gardener of John Jacob Astor, Jr., at Escopus, near Rondout, N. Y., died recently from the effects of fright. She was riding in a wagon, when the horse took fright and ran with great speed for about a mile, when he was stopped. The young woman was taken from the wagon in a dying condition, and lived but a few minutes.

Merry-Making.

A French comedian is out with a farce entitled "A Journey Round my Wife."

Demijohns are known by the more refined term, "spirit wrappers."

The gentleman who has been trying to raise the wind, finds himself *blown* all over town.

Some writer says that the word *would* in Rufus Choate's hand writing, resembles a small grid-iron struck by lightning.

Why had a man better lose his arm than a leg? Because in losing his leg, he loses something "to boot."

A wag about town says the head-coverings the ladies wear now-a-days, are *bare faced falsehoods*.

There is a man at Brixton so fat, that a child was recently killed by his shadow falling upon him.

An Irish servant girl, after reading the queen's message, Tuesday, said: "Faith, an' shure, an' was it for fear of breakin' the cable that the queen made it so short?"

An editor in Iowa, is said to have become so hollow from depending on the printing business alone for bread, that he proposes to sell himself for stove-pipe, at three cents a foot.

The Hartford Times suggests that those who cannot obtain a cable charm to wear, might take as a substitute, a four-pound weight, a string of sausages, or some other similar trifle.

An Arkansas editor complains that for some time past, his town has been "filled with fishermen and loafers," and wonders "what they are after." After loaves and fishes, no doubt.

An exchange speaks of a chap with feet so large, that when it rains, or when he wants to get in the shade, he lies down on his back, and holds up one foot. It fully answers the purpose of an umbrella.

It is stated upon the authority of those who have heard it, that a cat, when her tail is pinched between a door and post, utters the vowels, a, e, i, o, u, with great distinctness. If the injury is prolonged, she gives w and y.

"So, you would not take me to be twenty?" said a young lady to her partner, while dancing the polka, a few evenings ago; "what would you take me for?" "For better, for worse," replied he.

To an impertinent fellow, whom Jerrold avoided, and who attempted to intrude himself by saying a bright thing, Jerrold said, sharply turning upon the intruder, "You're like lead, sir, bright only when you're cut."

Some of the farms of Vermont stand so much on their edge, that plowmen with one short leg command double wages. Citizens who distinguished themselves in the late war with Mexico will please notice.

Said a runner to a competitor, before a whole depot full of bystanders: "I knew you when you used to hire your children to go to bed without their supper, and after they got to sleep you'd go up and steal their pennies, to hire 'em with 'em in next night!"

A man recently *walked* two days running, and was *weak* a fortnight afterwards.

Why are temperance societies a bar to friendship? Because they prevent shaking hands.

Squibbs wants to know whether doctors, by looking at the tongue of a wagon, can tell what ails it.

Why are ladies like bells? Because you can never find out their *metal* until you have given them a ring.

An Irishman complained of his physician, that he stuffed him so much with drugs that he was sick after he got well.

It was observed of a celebrated physician, that he never said in company, "I drink your health," but "my service to you, sir."

In a book recently published in London, camel riding is compared to "being in a swing twenty feet from the ground."

Mrs. Partington, speaking of the rapid manner in which deeds are perpetrated, said that it only required two *seconds* to fight a duel.

Why is an invalid, cured by sea-bathing, like a confined criminal? Because he is sea-cured (secured).

A waggish candidate, coming in the course of his canvass to a tailor's shop—"What we look for here," said he, "are measures, not men."

Gold sweaters are undoubtedly very dishonest people, but they make money out of it. Can there, however, we ask with all solemnity, be any excuse for copper boilers? We pause for a reply.

What is that which, supposing its greatest breadth to be four inches, length nine inches, and depth three inches, contains a solid foot? A shoe.

A friend of ours the other night discovered a fellow stealing his coal. The thief, observing our friend, but thinking himself unobserved, *stole away*.

We see the question discussed in several eastern papers, "whether a school-master can kiss his female pupils." We only know that we could when we were a school-master.

A young lady lately appeared in male attire in Baltimore; and one of the editors says her disguise was so perfect that she might have passed for a man, "had she a little more modesty."

A gentleman who has a scolding wife, in answer to an inquiry after her health, said she was pretty well, only subject at times to a "breaking out in the mouth."

An Indiana paper refuses to publish eulogies gratis, but adds: "We will publish the simple announcement of the death of any of our friends with pleasure."

In order to ease the labor of milking the cows, the Swiss maids sit on little low stools, which they carry about with them ready strapped to their person, producing an effect more characteristic than poetical.

GIVEN AWAY.

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge.
M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

DOG DAYS.

DEDICATED TO ALL INTENDING PROPRIETORS OF THAT FAITHFUL ANIMAL.



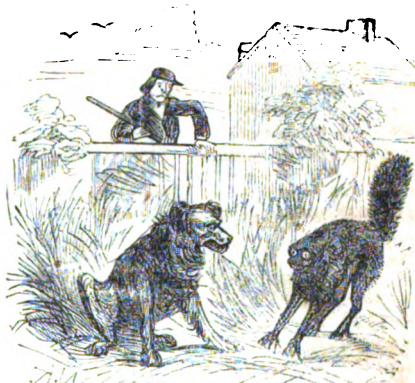
Young Foodle, a great but not lucky sportsman, buys a trained dog of wonderful character.



Prospect of Mr. Foodle on the road home with the animal.



Which proves its ability to the fullest satisfaction when Foodle takes him out again,



And remains staunch to his game.



As a watch-dog also he is unrivalled.



But as we are all subject to misfortunes, so the dog has a fit.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Of which he is completely cured by a negro, who understands all that sort of thing.



The dog's temper is not improved by the operation, and he takes it out, when they meet Foodle's lady-love and her pet.



Foodle licks him in wrath,



And the animal exhibits its accomplishments in another line



Not appreciated by the public functionaries,



By whom Foodle is arrested, at the instance of an irascible old gent, who declares the dog was stolen from his house.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.—No. 6. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1858. WHOLE No. 48.

ROUND THE WORLD.

In the following article we present the readers of the Magazine with a series of highly interesting pictures, embracing views and characters in Japan, China, Borneo, Cape Town, the Sandwich Islands, etc., drawn expressly for us by an officer of the United States steam frigate *Powhatan*. Though not the work of a professional artist, these designs have the rare merit of fidelity, and an air of great naturalness and spirit. They present some of the most striking incidents of a voyage round the world. Many of them delineate scenes in Japan; and of this country we shall first speak, not only from its intrinsic importance, but because it attracts great attention from the recent treaty, which, it is hoped, will lead to a permanent and profitable increase of our commercial facilities. The settlement of California, the trade from thence to China, and the idea of steam communication with the Pacific, involving the necessity of supplies of coal, together with the increase of the whale fishery in the Japanese seas, produced a desire on the part of this country to establish commercial intercourse with that great eastern empire, the ports of which had formerly been open to European trade, but of late had been jealously closed by an exclusive policy characteristic of its government. Previous attempts at intercourse, and previous difficulties, having given our government an insight into the character of the Japanese, it was resolved to send a strong squadron to Japan, in order that its appearance might command the respect which would not be accorded to an inferior force. The commander selected for the expedition was Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, a gentleman in every way fitted for responsibility and success. The objects of the expedition were defined in a letter from the Secretary of State to the Secretary of the Navy, as follows:—1. "To effect some permanent arrangement for the protection of American seamen or property wrecked on these islands, or driven into their ports by stress of weather (shipwrecked mariners having been habitually treated with great barbarity by the Japanese). 2. The permission to American vessels to enter one or more of their ports, in order to obtain supplies of provisions, water, fuel, etc., or, in case of disasters, to refit so as to enable them to prosecute their voyage. It is very desirable to have permission

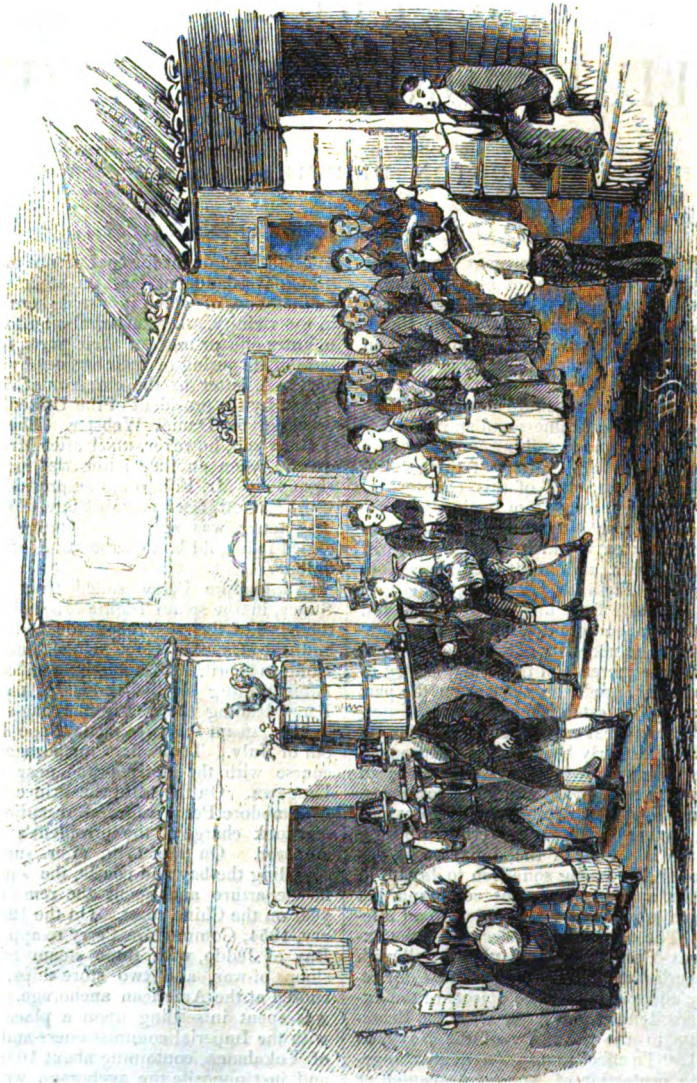
to establish a depot for coal, if not on one of the principal islands, at least on some small, uninhabited one, of which it is said there are several in the vicinity. 3. The permission to our vessels to enter one or more of their ports for the purpose of disposing of their cargoes by sale or barter." A letter to the emperor of Japan, to be signed by the president of the United States, was prepared by Daniel Webster. The expedition did not sail, however, until after Mr. Webster's death; when another letter was prepared, and signed by Mr. Fillmore, the president, and Edward Everett, Secretary of State, Nov. 13, 1852. The letter was splendidly engrossed, and enclosed in a gold box of the value of a thousand dollars.

Commodore Perry sailed from the United States, in the steam frigate *Mississippi*, towards the close of the year 1852, touched at Madeira and the Cape of Good Hope, reached Hong Kong in April, 1853, and thence sailed for Japan. After uniting all the vessels of the squadron, Perry, leading the fleet in the flag-ship *Susquehanna* (steam frigate), made Cape Idsu on the 8th of July. Their first anchorage and intercourse with the natives was near the town of Urugawa. On the 14th, the Prince Iwami gave Commodore Perry a formal reception on shore, and took charge of the president's letter to the emperor. On the 17th, after surveying and sounding the bay and coasts, the squadron took its departure and spent the remainder of the year on the China coast. On the 12th of February, 1854, Commodore Perry re-appeared in the Bay of Jeddo, with three steam frigates, four sloops-of-war, and two store-ships. They anchored at the American anchorage. Some time was spent in settling upon a place of meeting with the Imperial commissioners and the village of Yokahama, containing about 10,000 persons, and just opposite the anchorage, was finally assigned. The fleet accordingly drew in shore, and moored in a line five miles in length, with their broadsides bearing on the shore. During the whole course of the negotiations, Commodore Perry had conducted himself with prudence and dignity. He had protested against being subjected to the ordinary system of espionage adopted towards foreigners by the Japanese, had disregarded their orders to suspend his sound,

ings and surveyings, and while insisting upon nothing unreasonable, plainly declared, like General Jackson, that he would submit to nothing wrong.

"On the 8th of March," says an officer of the *Vandalia*, writing to the *New York Journal of Commerce*, "the day appointed for the first meeting, about nine hundred officers, seamen and

Japanese soldiers crowded the shore and neighboring heights, looking on with a good deal of curiosity and interest. The house was nothing but a plain frame building, hastily put up, containing one large room—the audience hall—and several smaller ones for the convenience of attendants, etc. The floor was covered with mats, and very pretty painted screens adorned the



A JAPANESE FUNERAL.

marines, armed to the teeth, landed, and with drums beating and colors flying, were drawn upon the beach, ready to receive the commodore. As soon as he stepped on shore, the bands struck up, salutes were fired, and, followed by a long escort of officers, he marched up between the lines and entered the house erected by the Japanese expressly for the occasion. Thousands of

sides. Long tables and benches, covered with red woolen stuff, placed parallel to each other, three handsome braziers, filled with burning charcoal, on the floor between them, and a few violet-colored crape hangings suspended from the ceiling, completed the furniture of the room. As we entered, we took our seats at one of the tables. The Japanese commissioners soon came

in and placed themselves opposite to us at the other table; while behind us both, seated on the floor on their knees (their usual position, for they do not use chairs), was a crowd of Japanese officers, forming the train of the commissioners. The business was carried on in the Dutch language, through interpreters, of whom they have several who speak very well, and two or three

in rank, before it could reach the commissioners, every one bowing his forehead to the floor before he addressed his superior. Refreshments were served in elegantly lacquered dishes—first of all, tea, which, as in China, is the constant beverage; then different kinds of candy and sponge cake (they are excellent confectioners and very fond of sugar); lastly, oranges and a palatable liquor,



A JAPANESE PALANQUIN.

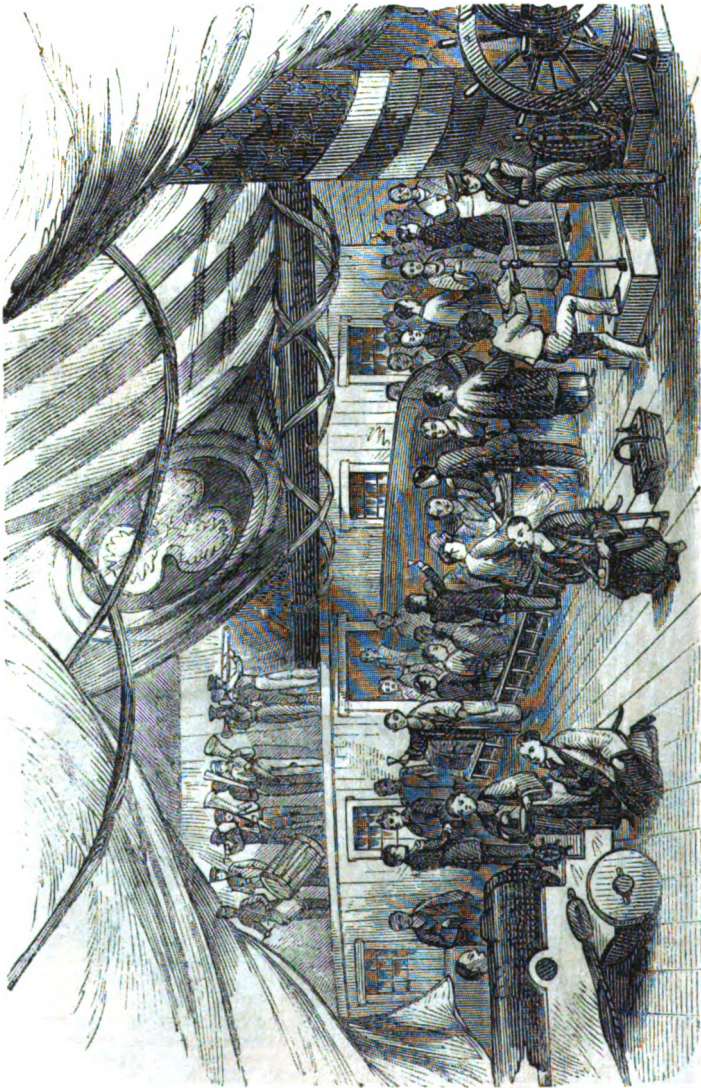
who speak a little English; they were on their knees, between the commissioners and the commodore. Our interpreter was seated by the side of the latter. It was curious to see the intolerable ceremony observed by them—quite humiliating to a democratic republican. A question proposed had to pass first through the interpreters, and then through several officers ascending

distilled from rice, called by the Japanese saki. A flimsy banquet like this was not very agreeable to such hungry individuals as we, and we were the more disappointed, for the Japanese using only chopsticks, we had, previously to coming ashore, taken the precaution, as we shrewdly thought, to provide ourselves with knives and forks. Imagine, then, our chagrin, when finding

nothing substantial on which to employ them. What was left on our plates was wrapped in paper, and given to us to carry away, according to the usual custom in Japan.

"The commissioners were intelligent looking men, richly dressed in gay, silk petticoat pantaloons, and upper garments resembling in shape ladies' short gowns. Dark colored stockings,

minating about half way between the apex and the forehead. It is a very comfortable fashion, and, were it not for the quantity of grease used in dressing it, would be a very cleanly one. Two audiences a week were held, at which the same programme was performed as related above, except that we fared more luxuriously. Becoming better acquainted with our taste, they feasted



DINNER OF JAPANESE OFFICERS ON BOARD U. S. SHIP POWHATAN.

and two elegant swords, pushed through a twisted silk girdle, finished the costume. Straw sandals are worn, but are always slipped off on entering a house. They do not cover the head, the top and front part of which is shaved, and the back and side hair, being brought up, is tied so as to form a tail, three or four inches long, that extends forward upon the bald pate, ter-

us with a broth made of fish, boiled shrimps, and boiled eggs, and very good raw oysters. At one of the interviews (March 13), the presents from our government were delivered. They consisted of cloths, agricultural implements, fire-arms, etc., and a beautiful locomotive, tender, and passenger car, one fourth the ordinary size, which we put in motion on a circular track, at the rate of

twenty miles an hour. A mile of magnetic telegraph was also erected on shore, and put in operation. The Japanese were more interested in it than anything else, but never manifested any wonder. So capable are they of concealing and controlling their feelings, that they would examine the guns, machinery, etc., of the steamers, without expressing the slightest astonish-

being delivered to the imperial commissioners. Article first of the treaty establishes peace and amity between the United States and Japan; article second assigns the ports of Simoda, in the principality of Idzu, and of Hakodade, in the principality of Matsmai, for the reception of American ships where they can receive wood, water, provisions and coal—payment to be made

CHINESE TAMKA BOAT.



ment. They are a much finer looking race than the Chinese—intelligent, polite, and hospitable, but proud, licentious, unforgiving and revengeful." At length, after much diplomacy on the part of the Japanese, the treaty was signed—three copies in Japanese being delivered to Commodore Perry, and three copies in English, signed by himself, with Dutch and Chinese translations,

in gold and silver; articles third, fourth and fifth provide for the good treatment, security of property, etc., to American vessels and crews shipwrecked on the coast; article seventh we quote entire, as it has recently been a subject of dispute: "It is agreed that ships of the United States resorting to the ports open to them, shall be permitted to exchange gold and silver coin,

and articles of goods, for other articles of goods, under such regulations as shall be temporarily established by the Japanese government for that purpose. It is stipulated, however, that the ships of the United States shall be permitted to carry away whatever articles they are willing to exchange." The above are the most important articles of the treaty.

use is abundantly supplied by numerous brooks. The Japanese vessels generally anchor at Kakizaki, a small village opposite Simoda. The town contains eight large temples, and a vast number of small chapels. The scenery is described as bold and romantic, swelling inland till it reaches a range of barren mountains, about three thousand feet high. The officers of the expedition



J. G. S. 1854

Our first illustration represents a Japanese funeral at Simoda. Simoda is situated near Cape Fugu, sixty miles from Point Sagami, at the entrance of the bay of Yedo. It has an excellent harbor, well sheltered by high hills. The town contains about a thousand houses, built on the banks of a beautiful stream at the northwest end of the harbor. Excellent water for ship's

were freely allowed to wander about on shore for a circuit of ten miles, though at first they were watched with that suspicion which characterizes the Japanese in their treatment of foreigners. They received the unwelcome escort of squads of native soldiers, while the traders closed their shops, and husbands and fathers concealed their women at the approach of the outside barbarians.

By degrees, however, this distrust and care were abandoned. It was found that the American officers were not in the least inclined to plunder the shopkeepers, or insult the women, and the former could display their wares, and the latter their faces with impunity. Some of the girls of Simoda are very pretty, and heighten their natural attraction by the skilful use of pearl

mats, are separated from each other by sliding screens that are closed or removed at pleasure. There are no chimneys in Japan. A charcoal fire is built in a little sand-pit in the middle of the floor, and the Japanese are usually found sitting on their knees drinking tea and smoking their pipes. Not a chair or any other piece of furniture can be seen. Tubs of water are kept

DANCING GIRLS OF OAHU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.



powder and rouge, while the married ladies certainly do not improve their appearance by staining their teeth jet black.

An officer of the expedition writes: "The streets are wide and straight, and the better class of houses two stories high, plastered and roofed with elegant tiles. The interior is kept very clean and neat, and the rooms, covered with

in front of each house, as well as on the roofs, in readiness against any fire, for conflagrations are so frequent and extensive that whole towns are sometimes burnt down. The temples chiefly Buddhist, are beautifully situated in the suburbs. The entrance to them leads generally through elegant trees and wild camelias. They are large, plain structures, with high peaked roofs,



MARKET SCENE AT CAPE TOWN

resembling the houses pictured on Chinese porcelain. In the space immediately in front is a large bell for summoning the faithful, a stone reservoir of holy water, and several roughly hewn stone idols. The doorway is ornamented with curious dragons and other animals, carved in wood. Upon entering, there is nothing special about the building worth noting, the walled sides and exposed rafters having a gloomy appearance. The altar is the only object that attracts attention. It so much resembles the Roman Catholic that I need not describe it. Some of the idols on these altars are so similar to those I have seen in the churches of Italy that if they were mutually translated I doubt whether either set of worshippers would discover the change.

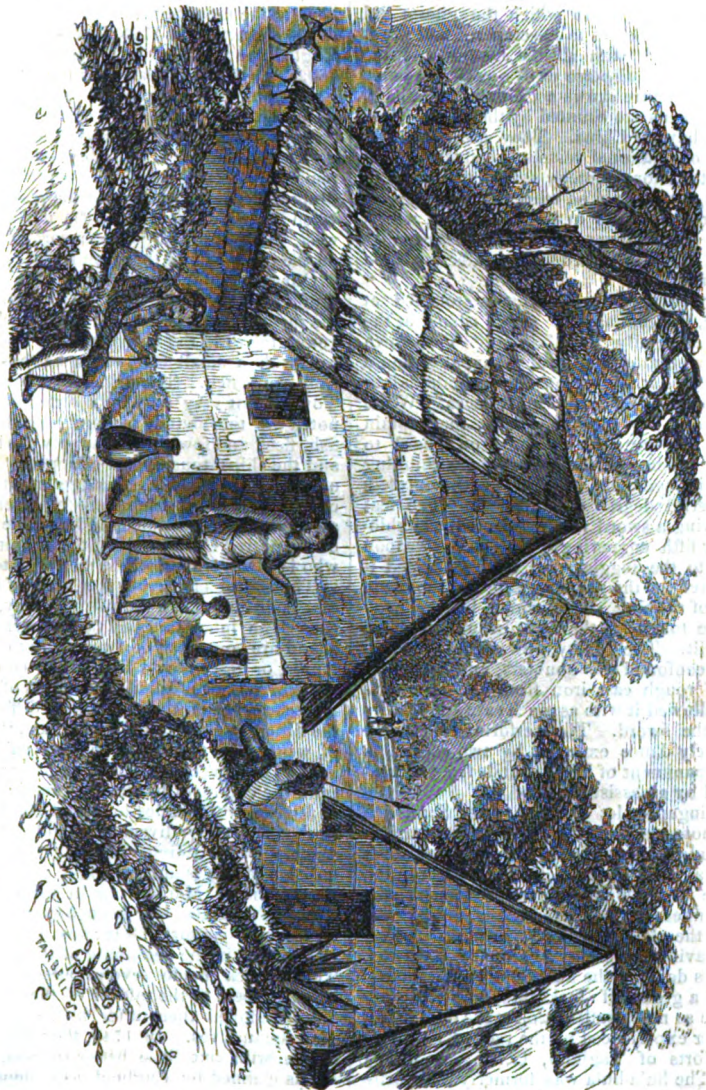
The priests count beads, shave their heads, and wear analogous robes, and the service is attended by the ringing of bells, the lighting of candles, and the burning of incense. In fact, except that the cross is nowhere to be seen, one could easily imagine himself within a Roman Catholic place of worship."

Such is a sketch of Simoda, where the officer who furnished us with the drawings, witnessed the funeral which forms the subject of our first picture. The body of the deceased, as he states, is placed in a neatly finished tub, surmounted by a wooden rooster. The body is in a sitting position, and the singular coffin is placed on a bier supported on the shoulders of the bearers, who wear a hat resembling an inverted willow

basket. The procession is preceded by a priest chanting and beating a drum, and another reciting a prayer. Following the bier are the relatives of the deceased, dressed in a sort of nun-like costume, each being accompanied by a friend, holding a tray of fruits, confectionery, etc. The rear of the procession is brought up by friends and acquaintances.

tained the succession, he soon after announces his father's death, and the formal funeral and mourning then take place. The honors paid to deceased parents do not terminate with the mourning. Every month, on the day of the ancestor's decease, for fifty, and even for a hundred days, food, sweetmeats and fruits are set before the ifay. These funeral ceremonies are cer-

ST. AUGUSTINE'S BAY, MADAGASCAR.



In case of persons holding office, who die suddenly without having previously resigned in favor of their heirs, it is not unusual to bury them the night after their death, in a private manner; the death, though whispered about, is not officially announced. The heir, who dresses and acts as usual, notifies the authorities that his father is sick and wishes to resign. Having ob-

tained among the most singular rites of the Japanese, and much more than we have given might be detailed respecting them.

The second engraving of our series shows the mode of conveyance generally in use, that is the palanquin, supported on the shoulders of two stalwart fellows. These vehicles are finished in a very tasteful manner, being handsomely lac-

quered, gilded and ornamented. In Simoda, they take the place of horses, the latter being used only under the saddle. The third engraving represents the dinner given on board the Powhatan, in honor of the commissioners appointed by the emperor to conduct negotiations. Commodore Perry invited the officers of the squadron to meet the Japanese officials, of whom there were about seventy. A very excellent dinner was served up, to which the guests did ample justice. Toasts to the emperor and president were drank with all the honors, and the company did not disperse until a very late hour.

Our next picture shows a Chinese tanka boat. The tanka boats are counted by thousands in the rivers and bays of China. They are often employed by our national vessels as conveyances to and from the shore, thereby saving the health of the sailors, who would be otherwise subjected to pulling long distances under a hot sun, with a liability of contracting some fatal disease peculiar to China, and thus introducing infection in a crowded crew.

On her voyage, the Powhatan touched at Singapore, the capital of a small island at the southern extremity of Malacca. The town stands on a point of land near a bay, affording a safe anchorage at all seasons, and commanding the navigation of the Straits of Malacca. While the Powhatan lay at anchor here, the captain permitted two jugglers to come on board to gratify the wishes of the sailors, by exhibiting their skill in legerdemain, which art they profess in a wonderful degree of perfection. The feat of swallowing a sword was performed, as exhibited in our fifth engraving. But as the weapon belonged to the juggler, the men suspected it was prepared for the purpose, and that the blade consisted of running slides, which, by the pressure of the tongue to the point, would be forced into the hilt. The Malay, however, was determined to confound the doubters, and taking up a piece of rough cast iron from the armorer's forge, swallowed it with as much ease and facility as he did the sword. The performances ended with a lively dance executed by two cobras, to the accompaniment of harsh sounds from a trumpet played by an assistant.

From Singapore let us pass to the Sandwich Islands, those gems of the Pacific. The arrival at the Sandwich Islands is always a welcome event in a cruise—the delicious climate, the abundance of fruits, the romantic scenery, the gentle manners of the inhabitants, render this portion of the globe peculiarly attractive. Our sixth engraving represents a group of Sandwich Island girls dancing the hula-hula to the intense delight of a group of Jack tars, who probably experience as much satisfaction at the exhibition, as was ever experienced by the refined Parisians at the efforts of Taglioni, Cerito, or Fanny Elssler. The hula-hula was formerly a favorite dance among the Sandwich Islands, but has now become nearly extinct through the influence of the missionaries. There are still, however, a few Kanakas, who are addicted to their old amusement. The dance does not admit of much grace, each female going through her gyrations with the mechanical stiffness of an automaton.

The next port we shall touch at, pleading the privilege of a roving commission, is Cape Town,

the capital of the Cape of Good Hope, the well-known British colony at the Southern extremity of Africa. This point early attracted the attention of the Dutch, who saw that it was of the first importance as a watering-place for their ships. They accordingly established a colony there about the middle of the 17th century. They treated the native inhabitants, the Hottentots, with great severity, driving most of them beyond the mountains, and reducing the remainder to slavery. In 1795, it was captured by the English, but restored by the peace of Amiens, in 1802. In 1806, it was again captured by the English, and has remained in their possession since. It is defended by a castle of considerable strength, and contains many fine public buildings. The harbor is tolerably secure from September to May, during the prevalence of the southeast winds; but during the rest of the year, when the winds blow from the north and northwest, vessels are obliged to resort to Fulse Bay, on the other side of the peninsula.

Our seventh engraving presents a sketch of a group of marketmen at Cape Town. We here see the native fish dealers and purchasers. A young negro in the foreground is feeding a pelican with a small fish which he has purloined from the bench. The principal market of Cape Town is not very attractive externally, but it is noted for the abundance and excellence of its fish, flesh and fowl, which supply the inhabitants and the ships touching at the port. The sales are conducted much after the manner of this country. The salesmen are representatives of all quarters of the globe, and include specimens of the native Hottentot and the genuine Yankee, who is always found where money is to be made.

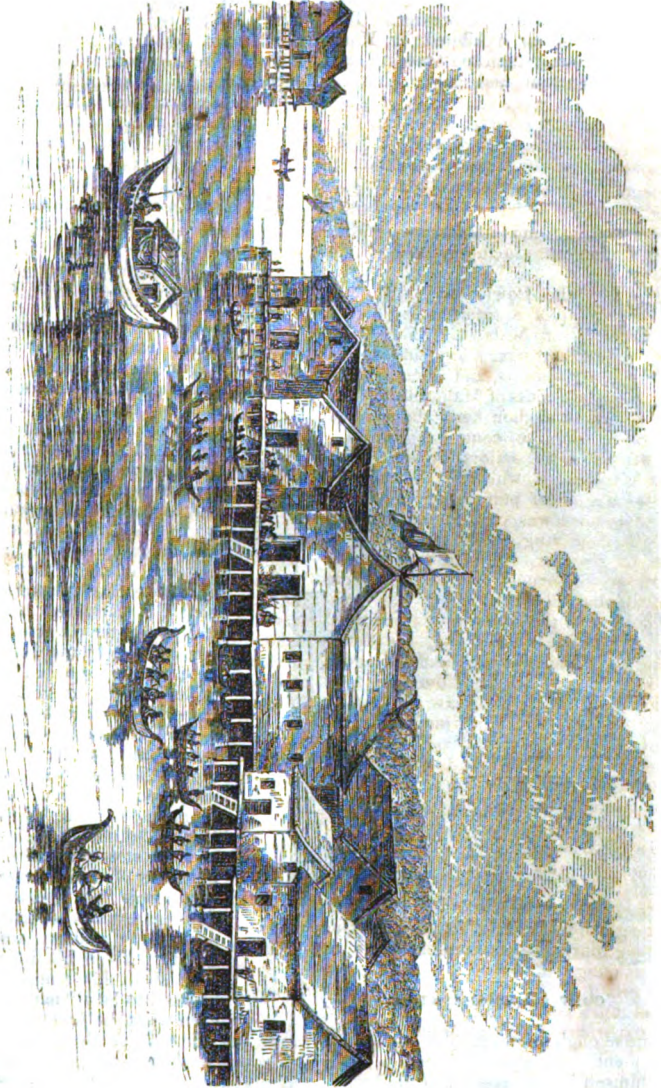
The eighth engraving is a view of the natives and their huts at St. Augustine's Bay, Madagascar. The inhabitants of this remarkably fertile island are composed of two distinct classes—the Arabs, or descendants of foreign colonists, and the Negroes, or original inhabitants of the island. The character of the inhabitants differs much in the different parts of the island, and the accounts of writers vary greatly on this subject. The island is off the eastern coast of Africa, separated from the continent by the Mozambique channel, and is about 900 miles long and 200 broad. Its surface is greatly diversified, and its mountain scenery is exceedingly grand. The name and position of this island was first made known to Europeans by Marco Polo, in the 13th century, though the Arabs had been acquainted with it for several centuries. It was visited by the Portuguese in the beginning of the 16th century. The French made several attempts to found colonies there in the middle of the 17th century, but abandoned them after ineffectual struggles with the natives. In 1745, they renewed their efforts with but little better success. In 1814, it was claimed by England as a dependency of Mauritius, which had been ceded to her by France, and some settlements were established. One of the native kings of the interior, who had shown himself eager to procure a knowledge of European arts for his subjects, consented, in 1820, to relinquish the slave trade on condition that ten Madagascans should be sent to England, and ten to Mauritius, for education. Those sent to England were placed under the care of the

London Missionary Society, who sent missionaries and mechanics to Madagascar. In 1826, seventeen hundred children were taught in the missionary schools, and the Scriptures have since been translated into the native language.

Our last view was drawn at Bruni, in the island of Borneo, and shows the Sultan's palace. Previously to the Powhatan's joining the Japanese

chored at the mouth of the principal river, and the following day a sufficient number of officers and men, in six barges, and fully armed, proceeded on their mission to Bruni, the capital, situated about thirty miles from the coast. The meeting was held at the palace of the Sultan (the house in the centre of the picture), and the negotiation was concluded in a manner satisfactory

BRUNI, ISLE OF BORNEO, SULTAN'S PALACE.



expedition, and while on her way, her duties compelled her to touch at the island of Borneo for the purpose of ratifying a treaty which was negotiated some fifteen years since, and which requires renewal every five years. Its objects are the protection and preservation of such of our men and ships as have the misfortune to be wrecked upon these shores. The steamer an-

to both parties. After an exchange of presents of trifling value between our officers and the natives, and a night passed on his majesty's mats, the party embarked for the ships, the band playing the national airs, with a national salute from two howitzers. The result of such expeditions has been to make our flag known and respected in the remotest quarters of the globe.

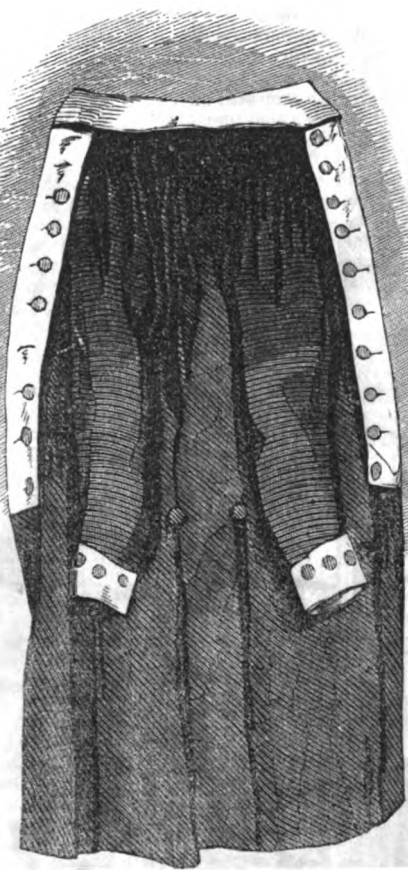
RELICS OF THE REVOLUTION.

There are few objects of more interest than mementoes of our Revolutionary days, and the actors in the scenes of that time. In accordance with this idea, we present our readers with accurate drawings of some of the relics connected with that early struggle—homely objects in themselves, but deeply interesting, nay, sacred, from association. We all know how closely identified the garment becomes with the wearer. The mantle of the dead Cæsar exhibited by Mark Antony moved his countrymen to "mutiny and rage." The gray surtout and cocked hat of

a part of history, and as we gaze upon the articles he has worn, when happily they have been preserved from the ravages of time, we seem to acquire a more perfect conception of the man, imagination and memory supplying a distinct image of the form on which they have rested. Hence it is no idle or unworthy curiosity which impels us to study and to prize these relics of the past. Of the relics of Washington, depicted in this article, some are preserved in the Patent Office at Washington, and others belong to the corporation of Alexandria, Virginia, and are

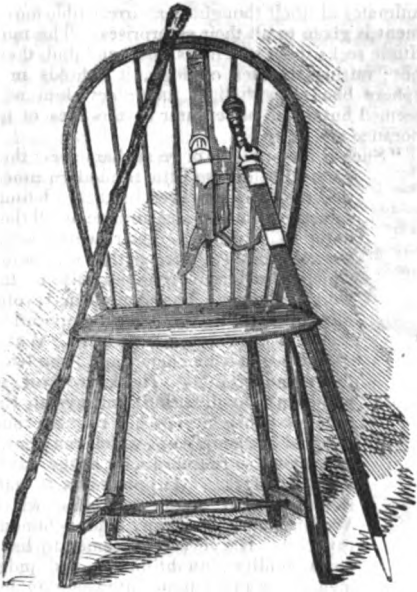
deposited in a room over the market house of that city. We have first the coat of Washington. It is of the old revolutionary cut, and made of blue cloth, with collar, cuffs and facings of buff, and gilt buttons. The vest and small-clothes are represented in another engraving. Following the coat are seen a chair, staff, small sword and belt which belonged to Washington. Succeeding are sketches of the bier upon which his honored remains were taken to the tomb at Mount Vernon, and the flag of his Life-guard. In another engraving are his masonic chair, regalia, and emblems. All these objects, originally of small intrinsic value, are now priceless. They are gazed upon yearly by thousands of our countrymen, and by strangers from abroad, for the fame and love of Washington belongs to the whole world. In him and through him, all humanity was dignified, and the memory of the "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," is cherished by the friends of freedom in the old world almost as reverentially as by the freemen of the new. If virtue be regarded as an indispensable element of greatness, as it undoubtedly should be, then our Washington stands on record as the greatest man that ever lived. Cromwell was great—Napoleon was great—in intellect unapproachable, but there are dark spots on the lustre of their reputation. Personal ambition sullied the character of these wonderful men, and darkened the close of their career. But Washington was from first to last free from the slightest taint of selfishness. Moreover, his "modesty was equal to his merit." From his lips never fell a syllable about his "mission." He never claimed to be a "man of destiny," not even when he had emerged unscathed

from the rifle balls of Braddock's defeat. Love of country was his ruling passion, steadfastness of purpose the secret of his success. The victor of the enemies of his country, he was master of himself. Undazzled by the tempting offers of friend and foe, he accepted at the hands of his grateful countrymen only their authority to serve them, and he resigned that authority into the hands of his countrymen, when his term of service had expired, without a regret. History has no other record of self-denial like this. On page 518 are sketches of the flag of General Morgan's



COAT OF WASHINGTON.

Napoleon were enough of themselves to set all Paris in a ferment; the cap of Gessler was made to represent himself in the presence of the Swiss. Those artists have succeeded best and shown the most intimate knowledge of human nature, who have represented the Father of his Country "in his habit as he lived," not as a Roman consul or a Greek archon. The dress which a man has worn acquires something of his personality. Thus we recognize a friend at a distance by the air of his garments long before we can distinguish his features. The garb of a hero becomes

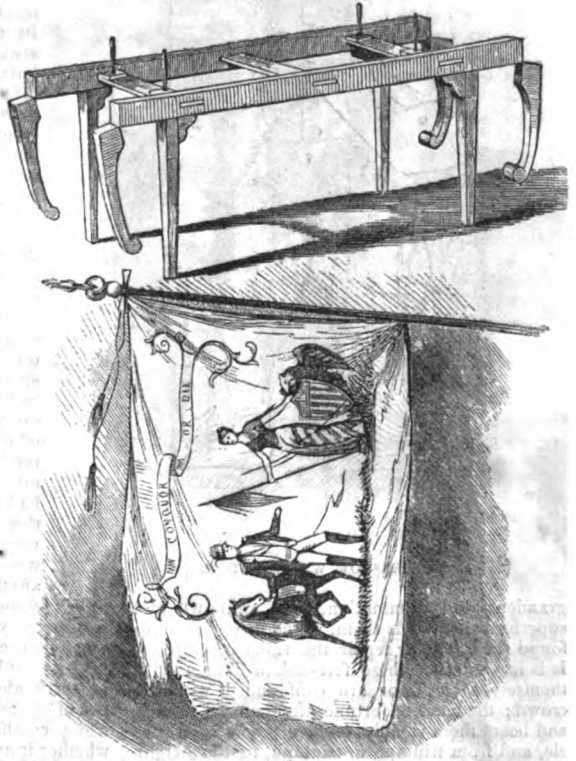


RELICS OF WASHINGTON.

regiment, the Richmond Rifle Rangers' flag, carried at the siege of Yorktown, a leathern camp chest and a pack-saddle. Daniel Morgan, whose flag we have here displayed, was one of the bravest soldiers of the Revolution. He was born in New Jersey in 1738. At the age of seventeen, he accompanied Braddock as a teamster in his fatal campaign against the French and Indians. For an alleged insult to a British officer, he received five hundred lashes without flinching, and an apology for the wrong done him with equal indifference. He afterwards received a commission in the provincial army, made the acquaintance of Washington, and distinguished himself by his bravery and adroitness in fighting the Indians. In 1775 he received a captaincy from Congress, and with ninety-six rifles, the germ of his famous rifle regiment, marched to Boston. He was in the van of Arnold's perilous and trying expedition to Canada in the autumn of 1775, and at the siege of Quebec, he took command when the leader was wounded. Though he fought desperately, he was made prisoner, and such was the enemy's respect for his courage, that he was offered a colonelcy in the British army, which he indignantly refused. Arnold, the American leader in that expedition, was afterwards made a brigadier general by King George, subsequent to his treason at West Point. When restored by exchange

to the American lines, Morgan was made a colonel, and did good service with his regiment of riflemen. He was next promoted to a brigadier generalship and marched to the south. Here he performed his most brilliant exploit, the defeat of the British under Tarleton at the Cowpens, January 17, 1781. For that service he received the thanks of the nation by a vote of Congress, and a gold medal. He died full of years and honors, July 6, 1800. The last engraving represents two glorious trophies—the upper one a flag taken at Yorktown, at the surrender of Cornwallis, and a camp chest and flag captured from the Hessians at Trenton.

Of these revolutionary relics, the articles belonging to Washington are the most valuable, and excite the greatest interest in the beholder. A great man seems to impart something of his personality to the garments he wears, and the vesture worn by the Father of his Country may well be treasured among the most sacred historical relics that time has left us. What a character was his! How completely rounded his life! How fitted at once for the age in which he lived and for all time hereafter! It is fortunate for the present generation that the tongue of America's greatest orator and the pen of America's most elegant writer are engaged in setting forth the transcendent merits and services of our national hero—"first in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen." In other



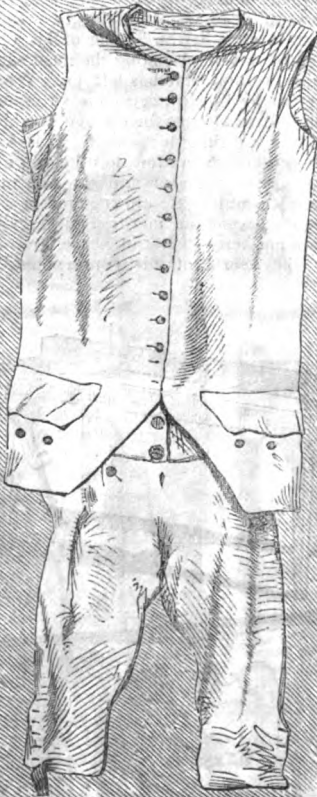
WASHINGTON'S BIER—BODY GUARD FLAG.

lands and in other tongues Washington is no less honored than in our own. One of the finest tributes to his greatness is that of Fontanes in his "Eloge funebre de Washington." It may not be inappropriate or uninteresting to our readers to translate it. "There are prodigious men," says the orator, "who appear at intervals on the stage of the world, with the character of

animates all their thoughts; an irresistible movement is given to all their enterprises. The multitude seeks them still in its midst and finds them not; raising its eyes on high, it beholds in a sphere blazing with light and glory, him who seemed but a rash adventurer in the eyes of ignorance and envy.

"Such is the privilege of great characters: they seem to belong so little to modern times, that they impress, even in their lifetime, something august and antique on all they dare to execute. Their work, when scarcely finished, attracts that veneration which is willingly granted only to the works of time. The American revolution, of which we are the contemporaries, seems in fact forever established. Washington began it by energy and completed it by moderation. He knew how to maintain it by directing it always to the greatest prosperity of his country, and this end is the only one which can justify enterprises so extraordinary at the tribunal of the future. It appertains to warriors alone to mark the place which Washington will occupy among famous captains. His successes seemed to have more solidity than brilliancy, and judgment ruled more than enthusiasm in his manner of commanding and fighting. In the midst of all the disorders of camps, and all the excesses inseparable from civil war, humanity sought refuge beneath his tent and was never repulsed. In triumph and in adversity, he was always tranquil as wisdom and simple as virtue. The gentle affections remained in the depth of his heart, even at moments when the interests of his cause seemed to authorize in some sort the laws of vengeance. The movements of a magnanimous soul, let us doubt not, complete and maintain revolutions more surely than trophies and victories. The esteem obtained by the character of the American general contributed more than his arms to the independence of his country. As soon as peace was signed, he resigned to Congress all the powers with which he had been invested. He would only employ the arms of persuasion against his misled countrymen. If he had only been vulgarly ambitious, he might have overwhelmed the weakness of divided factions, and when no constitution offered a barrier to audacity, he might have grasped at power, before laws had regulated its use and limits. But these laws were solicited by himself with unyielding constancy. It was when it was impossible for ambition to usurp anything, that he accepted, by the choice

of his fellow-citizens, the honor of ruling them for seven years. He had avoided authority, when its use might be arbitrary; he would not bear its burden till it had been compressed within legitimate bounds. Such a character is worthy of the noblest days of antiquity. We doubt, while combining the traits which compose it, whether it actually appeared in our century. We seem to have discovered the missing life of one



DRESS OF WASHINGTON.

grandeur and domination. An unknown and superior cause sends them, at the fitting time, to found the cradle or repair the ruins of empires. It is in vain that these fore-ordained men hold themselves aloof, or are confounded with the crowd; the hand of fortune lifts them all at once and bears them rapidly, from obstacle to obstacle, and from triumph to triumph, to the height of power. A sort of supernatural inspiration

of those illustrious men whom Plutarch has painted so well. His administration was wise and firm within, noble and prudent without. He always respected the usages of other people, as he would have the rights of American people respected. Thus, in all negotiations, the heroic simplicity of the president of the United States treated with the majesty of kings, without bravado and without abasement. Do not search his administration for those thoughts which the world calls great, and which he would have deemed merely rash. His conceptions were rather wise than bold: he did not lead admiration captive, but he constantly inspired the same amount of esteem, in the camp and in the senate, in the midst of business, and in solitude. Washington had not those haughty and imposing traits which impress all minds; he displayed more order and correctness than force and elevation in his ideas. He possessed particularly, and in a superior degree, that quality which is thought vulgar, and which is so rare, that quality no less useful in the government of States than in the conduct of life, which gives more tranquillity than impetus to the soul, and more happiness than glory to those who possess it, or those who feel its effects. I speak of good sense, that good sense whose ancient laws pride has too much rejected, and which it is time to reinstate in all its rights. Audacity destroys, genius elevates, good sense preserves and perfects. Genius is entrusted with the glory of empires; but good sense alone can ensure both their repose and duration. Washington was born in an opulence which he had nobly increased, like the heroes of ancient Rome, in the midst of agricultural labors. Although he was the enemy of vain splendor, he wished republican manners to be encircled with some dignity. None of his compatriots loved liberty more warmly; no one more feared the exaggerated opinions of certain demagogues. His mind, the friend of order, constantly avoided all excesses. He dared not insult the experience of ages; he did not wish to change everything, or destroy everything at once; he maintained in this respect the doctrine of the ancient legislators. Like them, Washington governed by the sentiments and the affections more than by orders and laws; like them, he was simple in respect to honors; like them, he remained great in the midst of retirement. He had only accepted power to strengthen the public prosperity; he did not wish it bestowed on him when he saw that America was happy and had no further need of his devotion. He wished, like the other citizens, tranquillity to enjoy the happiness that a great people had re-

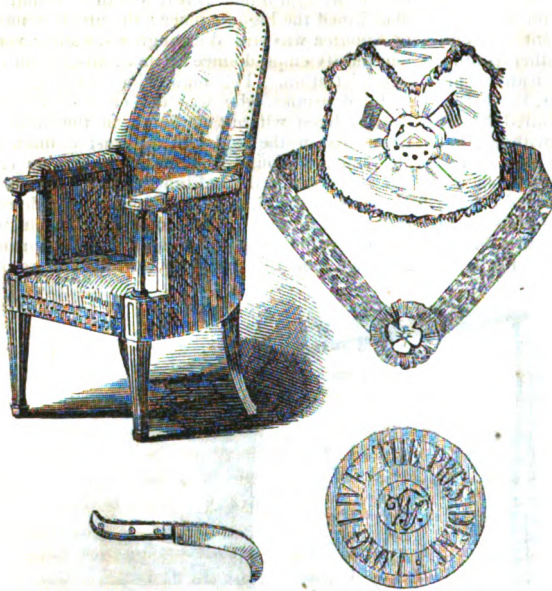
ceived through him. But it was in vain that he abandoned the highest place; the greatest name in America was still Washington's. Four years had hardly elapsed since he had retired from the administration. This man, who for a long time had led armies, who was the chief of thirteen States, lived without ambition, in the calm of the fields, in the midst of the vast domain he cultivated, surrounded by flocks which his care had increased in the solitude of the new world. He marked the close of his life by all the domestic and patriarchal virtues, after having illustrated it by all the political and military virtues. America looked respectfully towards the retreat



FLAG OF MORGAN'S REGIMENT—RICHMOND RIFLE RANGERS
CAMP CHEST—PACK SADDLE.

inhabited by her defender; and from this retreat, comprising so much glory, often issued wise counsels, which had no less force than in the days of his authority; his fellow-citizens hoped long to hear him, but death suddenly carried him off in the midst of occupations the sweetest and most worthy of old age."

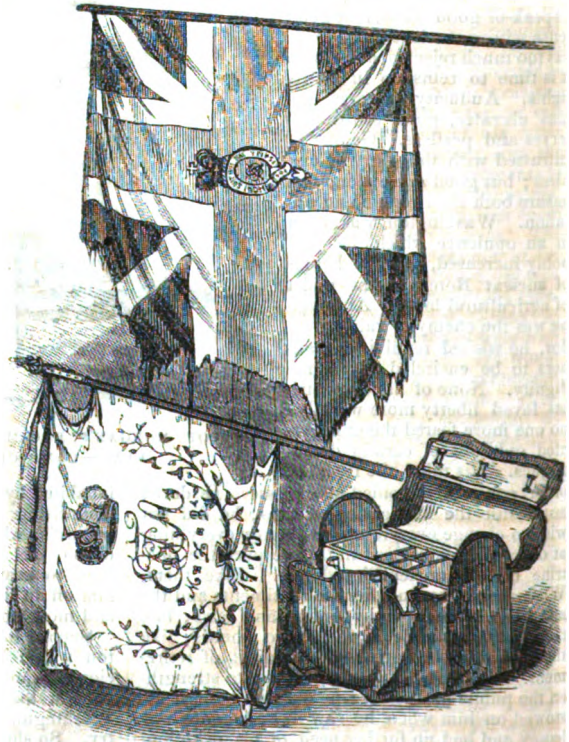
Such is the portrait of our beloved Washington traced by the hand of a distinguished foreigner, who shows remarkable aptitude in seizing on his prominent traits. The death of Washington fell like a thunderbolt on the country. So short was his illness that, at the seat of government, the intelligence of his death preceded that of his indisposition. It was first



WASHINGTON'S MASONIC CHAIR—INSIGNIA OF OFFICE.

communicated by a passenger in the stage to an acquaintance whom he met in the street, and the report quickly reached the House of Representatives, which was then in session. A solemn silence prevailed for several minutes. Judge Marshall, then a member of the house, stated in his place the melancholy information which had been received. The information, he said, was not certain, but there was too much reason to believe it true. "After receiving intelligence," he said, "of a national calamity so heavy and afflicting, the house of representatives can be but ill fitted for public business." He therefore moved an adjournment, and the house adjourned. The funeral took place on Wednesday, December 16, 1799. "It matters very little," says Phillips, "what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the element that it cleared!

how bright, in the brow of the firmament, was the planet it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if Nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new." We have said that as time rolls on, it does but deepen and intensify the fame of Washington. The slightest memorials of this great man are sought for with the utmost anxiety. The very few remaining on the stage of life who saw him face to face, have something of reflected glory in the eyes of his countrymen, and the movement now approaching consummation, inaugurated by the ladies of America, to secure Mount Vernon as a sacred shrine forever, testifies to the veneration entertained for his fame. But his best eulogy, the truest gratitude that can be shown the Father of his Country, is for us to imitate his virtues and to adhere to the great political principles laid down by him for his guidance and ours.

FLAG TAKEN AT YORKTOWN—FLAG TAKEN FROM THE HES-
SIANS—CAMP CHEST.

ALONE.

BY FRANK PORTESQUE.

Shivering, ragged, sick, alone,
 Sat a maiden on a stone;
 While above her sounds the bell
 That doth tell her—O how well!
 The midnight hour.

Fast and faster falls the snow;
 Hard and harder winds do blow;
 White and whiter grows her form;
 Even her rags are from her torn
 By the storm.

Still she sat, and to the gale
 Told her oft-repeated tale:
 Want of shelter, want of bread,
 Frozen limbs, uncovered head;
 O, how cold!

Cold as north wind is man's heart,
 In sympathy not far apart.
 Who will hear her—who befriend?
 Who the needed succor send?
 Look above.

From that body, earth forsaken,
 Weary spirit God has taken;
 Frozen lips will move no more
 Man's cold charity implore
 Never more.

THE YOUNG BARRISTER.

A STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

"DID you hear Sam Adams yesterday at Faneuil Hall?" inquired an athletic, good-humored looking youth, of one who sat opposite to him at a little round table in Madam Guignon's coffee-room—a place no less noted among the Boston coffee-takers of a former century, than is the celebrated Mrs. Haven's at the present day.

"No, Henry," answered the other, who bore a strong likeness to the first speaker, though younger and more delicate looking; "I was detained by an accident which happened to me as I was riding over the Neck. I had been out to Roxbury, and on my return had got a little way past Farnham's shops, when a mischievous urchin took it into his head to fling a pebble at my horse. The animal shying violently, threw me head foremost to the ground, so that I was stunned. When I came to, I found myself in the house opposite where the accident had taken place. The boy-scamp, who was the first cause of the trouble, and who, as I discovered, be-

longed to the family, stood at the door blubbering most pathetically, no doubt in anticipation of the punishment which awaited him as soon as he could be properly attended to. But Harry, on my honor, I can't regret my absence from the oration, much less my head thumping, since it introduced me to the sight of such a glorious creature as Anna Graham."

"Eh!" exclaimed Henry, glancing up from the coarse page of the Gazette which he had been carelessly perusing. "You don't mean to say that you have, in this romantic fashion, acquired the acquaintance of that peerless belle, Anna Graham? Really, it is hardly fair of you to steal a march on your elder brother in that sort of way. Here have I, during the last two or three weeks, been pushing my approaches as boldly as I dared, at parties and otherwise, and all at once you, with the help of a just breeched boy and a restive horse, have got up a scene which I really fear has brought you a long way ahead of me, in spite of the start which I had obtained. It is too bad—altogether too bad, Willie."

"Don't complain of me, Harry," replied his brother, smiling. "I assure you that there has been no contrivance on my part. And now that the war has begun, let it be to the knife. You know that no quarter can be expected on either side, when fighting the battles of Cupid."

"Even so," rejoined Henry. And his attention again reverted to the Gazette.

Perceiving his brother, as he supposed, busily studying its columns, Willis More mentioned an engagement which required his presence, and accordingly took his leave. The Anna Graham, who had been mentioned in the foregoing colloquy, was an orphan, of Scottish derivation on her father's side, her mother having been an Englishwoman bred in London. Some time after the death of the last-mentioned parent, Anna had received an invitation from a wealthy uncle, on this side of the Atlantic, to make her permanent abode with him. As a mere child, she had been much attached to him, and, though now scarce sixteen, had eagerly accepted the offer, under guardianship of the captain of the good brig *Hesper*, which arrived at Boston about three months previous to the opening of our story.

Henry and Willis More became attracted to her by a certain similarity of circumstance (for they also had been deprived of their parents years since), as well as by her personal beauty and by the grace of her manners. Like insensibly attracts like, and though surrounded by the homage of the wealthy and the titled, a close

intimacy ripened between Anna and the two young students at law.

In one respect, these young men had the advantage over many of Miss Graham's hangers-on. They had the piquancy which a patriotic enthusiasm could confer. The times were full of excitement. Friends and families had become divided against each other on the merits of the question which had arisen. Anna's uncle, Alexander Graham, was one of those who remained inactive when it was in their power so to remain. He had great possessions, and was afraid to commit them to the waves of civil conflict. But his sympathies tended toward the popular side—so much so, at all events, that Anna soon became touched with the current feeling of the citizens. Her red-coated admirers were wont to term her the "Fair Rebel," and sportively to deprecate her arming herself against them, which jesting the maiden pretty freely repaid.

But the Mores were unable to treat the subject with levity, and the imprudent conduct of Henry caused a quarrel between the brothers and some of Graham's guests. The host, considering the rights of hospitality to have been invaded by the young Americans, took part against them in such wise that they were left no alternative but to cease their visits to the family.

Henry complained bitterly of the treatment which he had received, and even inveighed against Anna as being a friend to tyranny.

"I'll not hear you speak thus unjustly of her," cried Willis. "She is a noble girl—too good for either you or I to speak idly of. Were you any other than my brother, I would do battle with you at once on the matter."

"Willie!" replied the other, facing him whom he addressed with a grave and earnest look. "Tell me truly—are you not in love with Anna Graham?"

There was no dissembling of countenance on either side; and after a momentary silence, the younger averted his face, only saying:

"Harry, I fear it is so."

Not a word more was said on that score; but from that moment, they knew each other as rivals—brotherly ones, it was true, but rivals nevertheless. A few minutes afterward, Henry placed in the hands of Willis a slip of paper, with the following explanation:

"Willie, our old master Bedloe offers to us the office adjoining his own; and on easy terms, the half of his practice. There, on that paper, is a rough average of the amount of that particular department referred to, during the two last years. What think you of the offer?"

"Of course I can have but one answer—accept it."

"Town boys, turn out! Turn out all!" cried a voice in the street below.

"Another fracas between our citizens and the English troops," exclaimed Harry. "I had hoped these brawls would cease for the present. I fear that our people sometimes give offence, as well as take it."

He had deemed the alarm but momentary. In this, however, he was much deceived; for, after an instant of silence, there came the sound of increasing tumult, parties of men hurrying past with noisy execrations, and then the crash of musketry rang out sharp and clear.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the brothers, starting up in unison! "there is something here of real import."

They rushed down stairs; and as they reached the street, the bells of the town rang out the prelude of the coming Revolution. We will not enter into needless details of a scene so universally familiar. That day was enacted the Boston Massacre. In two hours the town was in arms, and a civil war seemed ready to open on the spot. Governor Hutchinson was obliged to remove his troops from the town limits. Captain Preston and his company, the chief offenders in the scene of violence, were arrested on charge of murder, to be tried before the civil authorities. By these, and similar concessions, the indignation of the citizens was quieted; and they rested in anticipation of a speedy punishment of the imprisoned offenders.

It was no later than the following afternoon, when the two brothers found themselves already installed in their new office. While busied with their arrangements, they were disturbed by a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in!" said the elder brother, hastily.

The door opened, and a female, closely veiled, stood before them. The veil was drawn aside, and Anna Graham stood revealed to view. She blushed deeply at the surprise visible in the countenances of the young men, and said to Harry, at the same time refusing the chair which the latter offered:

"Master More, I trust that an errand of life or death may excuse my boldness in coming hither. And, indeed, I have had no little difficulty in searching you out. I may have misjudged," she continued, with some embarrassment, "but I have imagined that my intercession might be of avail in the matter which I have to disclose. Lieutenant Somers, brother of a young friend of mine, and an officer in Captain Preston's company, is imprisoned with his com-

mander on accusation of murder. Without doubt, you will recollect meeting the lieutenant at my father's house. His sister, a dear friend of mine, is wholly overcome by her fears on his account, and indeed my father declares that the lieutenant stands in much peril, in case he be not properly defended. Maria Somers, then, has entreated me to persuade you to plead in his defence. She seems to have fixed on you especially. Will you accede to her wishes on his behalf?"

"And more especially to your own wishes for his welfare?" replied Harry, with a sudden and penetrating glance at his fair visitor.

The latter colored to the temples, then recovering herself, threw back a look of haughty disdain.

"Methinks, sir, you scarce need question me so particularly. Am I to understand that you refuse the request?"

"No, not so," replied Harry, hastily. "I pray you be seated. Since you desire it, I will undertake Lieutenant Somers's defence; or, at least, I will promise to serve him in such way as may appear most advantageous to his welfare."

"I thank you," answered the lady, her eyes brightening with gratitude, "not merely for myself, but most especially for my friend Maria, whose welfare is, I may inform you, more particularly affected in this case than mine own. And now, as I am about to bid you adieu, I may add to the liberty which I have already taken, that of reproving yourself and your brother for your long-continued absence from our mansion. I trust that we have endeavored, in past time, to be fairly hospitable; and both my father and myself would hope that differences in opinion should not be considered a sufficient cause for thus absenting yourselves. I need say no more. Farewell, sir, with many thanks."

As she disappeared, Harry, turning back, threw himself into his comfortable leathern-bound chair, and gave himself up to a fit of musing. From this he was aroused by overhearing a faint sigh from his brother. Starting from his seat, he went to the latter and grasped him by the hand.

"She is a glorious girl, is she not, Willis? But sooner than she should create a spirit of contention between us, I would henceforth and forever abjure all hope of her regard. Willie, it is hard to say it—but, if fortune offer you opportunity to gain her, push your chance to the utmost; win her and wear her for your own."

"No, Harry," replied the other, returning the fond grasp, and glancing up with an affectionate

look. "It would be useless for me to attempt such a thing. My eyes cannot be blind, even though I might wish them so. You may not perceive it, but I see clearly that Anna Graham loves you. You need not feign incredulity; it is as I say."

"I would not feign an incredulity which I did not feel," rejoined the elder. "But, Willie, you are too ready, I think, to pronounce in my favor. Let it all pass, though, for the time being. Whatever may be, Willie, let us never forget that we must ever remain brothers in heart and deed. Thus have we always been; thus are we always to be."

"Yes, with all my soul!" And the tears trickled down the cheek of the younger. "The promise we made to our dying mother shall never be broken, please Heaven!"

"And now to business," continued Harry. "I will own that a momentary jealousy came over me, through suspicion of Miss Graham's special interest in the lieutenant. He is a fine-looking fellow, indeed, and might warrant by his appearance much misgiving on my part. However, I am not going to think of that now. How it will fare with his defence, I know not. The feeling against Captain Preston and his officers is very strong, and we know that the feeling of a community cannot but affect, in some degree, the action of its judicial court. I have not attempted to examine the particulars of the case, but there is a rumor about, that Sam Adams has expressed himself against the infliction of a severe penalty on the prisoners. If he could be induced to act on their defence, a great advantage would be gained on their part."

Willis shook his head. "He could scarcely be induced to take the part of the soldiers against the people. The sympathies of Sam Adams are too strongly whig to allow that."

"Ay," replied Harry, emphatically. "But strong as his sympathies are, he will not suffer them to outride his sense of justice. And, notwithstanding the confusion of various accounts, I do think that the blame was not altogether on the side of the soldiery. Let justice be done. I believe that I can honestly stand in defence of Lieutenant Somers, and I shall do so, whatever may happen."

"You are right, as ever," exclaimed Willis. "Certainly, I had no wish to move you from your intention. On the contrary, I would cheerfully offer my assistance, if the assistance can be of any value. How say you?"

"We shall soon be able to settle that. You know the motto we have chosen, 'United!' We never yet had disagreed in its application."

CHAPTER II.

THE WAR PRISONS OF NEW YORK IN '76.

"O, MARIA, I can scarce support the thought even of the prison which he, which they, are enduring. You will not think me too selfish, dear friend, that I have him first in mind. No, not even while you yourself feel the pangs of a like sorrow with myself—like, but not equal, for O, it is my husband whom I mourn as one dead. Bear with my agony, Maria. It is a terrible presentiment that tortures me. O that I could stifle the thought!"

"Be yourself, Anna!" murmured Maria Somers, gently pillowing Anna's aching head on her own bosom. "Charles will do all that can be done, as you well know. We will hope that these sad forebodings will soon be dispelled. Is it not superstitious thus to give way to our imaginations? Come, then, take courage."

"Alas, poor maid," exclaimed Anna, raising her head and clasping her friend in her arms, "it is vain for you to dissimulate with that little heart of yours trembling and fluttering like a dove in your bosom! Poor heart, which loves him so dearly! Ah, he shall be yours, if he but live! I will assume to be prophetess of your future, and will stake my truth on your fate foretold. Willis shall be yours!"

Maria, paling and crimsoning, disengaged the arms of her friend; but the latter, clasping her the more closely, rained kisses on the cheek and lips of the maiden.

"Nay, it is useless for you to struggle; and you must own that I am the stronger. Now listen! for I am about to recite a passage from memory, while I hold you captive. Do you remember then, little one, that once on a time a certain Lieutenant Somers was on trial for his life, with the whole country clamoring for his blood? Then a Harry More, my Harry, stood up boldly in the front, with a Willis More at his side, and fought manfully for your dear brother, cheered only by the eagle-eyed Adams, and one or two noble spirits, against the revengeful rage of thousands who denounced them openly as traitors to that cause of liberty which they had undertaken to forward. So they fought and conquered. And then this audacious Harry More refused to be rewarded for his services by any other than me who had engaged them. You know how I was obliged to reward him. But Willis, Harry's Willie, goes yet unrecompensed. Yet Maria knows it is not always so to be."

"I know nothing of the kind," exclaimed Maria, indignantly freeing herself from her friend. "Your words sting me to the heart,

Anna; that heart which I cannot prevent you from reading—ah, so much more truly than I would! You know that he loves me not; scarce has a thought of me. How, then, can you—how dare you thus torture me?"

"I torture you, Maria?" replied the other, sadly. "Indeed, I meant it not."

"Hallo, young ladies!" said a voice at the door; "I am endeavoring not to overhear you, but I shall be forced to do so, unless you choose to let me in."

"It is Charles!" exclaimed Maria, as half laughing, half vexed, she hastened to open the door.

"What news?" anxiously inquired Anna, as Charles Somers entered.

"Nothing of importance," was the answer. "I think, however, that their place of confinement will soon be known to me; and I am going, this afternoon, to ascertain if my conjectures are correct. There, my dear girls, do not question me now. Be patient, and hope for the best."

"The best!" said Anna. "Ah, if the result could make the saying true!"

From the lodgings of his sister and her friend, Captain Somers (such was now his title) took his way to the new jail, or Provost. For several days, Somers had prosecuted his inquiries in the New York prisons of war without success. Finally, however, he had fixed on the Provost as that one of the city prisons most likely to contain the objects of his search. Gaining entrance at the main door, he inquired for Captain Cunningham's quarters, whither he was accordingly directed. There, in answer to his announcement of himself, a coarse featured man stood before him, clad in half uniform. Captain Somers having stated his errand, the prison lists were placed before him.

"I have such a squad of these rebels on my hands, and they have given me such cursed trouble, that we haven't always kept the list perfectly straight. But it doesn't make much difference, you know, a few odd rebels in the lump."

Making no reply, Somers continued his examination of the ill-written columns.

"I do not find their names here," he said at length, "unless this be intended for one of them."

Cunningham looked over the shoulder of the visitor at the spot where the finger of the latter was placed. It discovered, couched in scrawling, scarce legible letters, this inscription:

"Garry Moor; Number 10."

Cunningham burst into a loud laugh.

"That must be Jack Niggs's writing," he

cried; "and he was certainly drunk when he made it, for he can do a little better when he is sober. As for the rest, I dare say these pot-hooks are meant for that devil's imp you are looking for; and like enough, the other may be with him. But come along! I'll root them out, if they are here."

Not a little disgusted at the bearing of the keeper, as he strode on before him swearing, hiccuping, and rattling his massive keys, Somers was led down a flight of stairs to a low door crossed and re crossed by iron bands. A sentinel who had followed a little way behind, remained outside of the threshold while Cunningham forced an entrance. Surprised at the crowd within, and overcome by the foul fumes which escaped from the apartment, Somers hesitated for a second.

"Come in, man! come in!" ejaculated the keeper's brutal voice. "Don't be abashed before this noble company of persons, lawyers, doctors, pimps, infernal rebels and horse-thieves. Look you! in what a pretty pickle they keep themselves!"

"You beastly villain!" said a haggard but strong-limbed man, stepping in front of Cunningham. "Are not starvation, poison, and outright murder, enough for us? Must you come to us here, among our dying fellows, with your slanderous bellowing? Another word of this from your lips, and I'll choke you on the spot!"

Half intoxicated though he was, Cunningham shrunk away pale and cringing. No interference was offered either from the sentinel outside, or from Captain Somers within. The latter had not even noticed the altercation, so absorbed was he in the condition of the wretched men around him. At the opposite part of the room, underneath a narrow slit in the wall which served as a window, he observed a little group gathered about a prostrate and emaciated form. Pressing his way towards the spot, he stood over the dying prisoner. A man, scarce more life-like, was supporting the victim's head and talking with him in low and endearing tones. Somers bent over to catch the words.

"Willie," said the dying voice, "you have indeed been to me a loving brother. If you live, I need not ask you to remember and care for her."

Somers had like to have fallen with the shock. He sank down on his knees by Harry's side. But it was already over. Something between a sob and a groan escaped from the breast of Somers, and a few manly tears came to relieve, in a measure, his overburdened spirit. He

turned to Willis; but the eyes of the latter were glazed and indifferent. The brother saw nothing, thought of nothing, but the dead.

"One more dead man's ration for Cunningham to draw," said a bystander, turning away,

"Queer arithmetic yours!" said another, with a dismal mirth. "You know that not one of us has had a half ration for two months past. But half a ration of such stuff is about as good as the whole."

At these words, thus carelessly uttered, Somers glanced rapidly around, penetrating in some degree the horrors of the prison's history. With blood at boiling heat, he approached Cunningham, who stood stupidly gazing on the corpse, and seized him with a vicelike grasp.

"Mean, detestable villain!" he cried, or rather hissed in his ear. "Can you look on your work coolly, and without shuddering?"

"Let go my arm!" replied the keeper, with a hoarse growl. "For yonder piece of carrion, take it away; or leave it, if you wish. I care not. I'll not fash myself over a dead rebel. Will you let go, sir? Ho there, sentinel!"

Somers gave way to prudence. He drew back just in time to prevent the spark from lighting into action the revengeful beings who hovered around him. Willis came to him, and laid his bony hands on his friend's shoulders.

"Let him alone!" he said. "I would not have his life touched now, if I could. I have sworn to live till I see him at the gallows with a halter round his neck. Do what you can for us, Somers. Get poor Harry's body a Christian burial. But for our sake, and for your own, don't soil your fingers by touching yonder reptile."

"You are right," returned Somers. "Your requests shall be fulfilled. And you, sir," he continued to Cunningham, "scarcely deserving the name of man, take care that these objects of your cursed inhumanity and neglect are treated henceforth with becoming decency. Not here, merely, but throughout the prison. If you fail so to do, I can assure you that it will be the worse for your welfare. I will see that the body is removed for proper burial as soon as possible. Willis, I trust that I am not too sanguine in giving you hope of speedy release from this den of suffering."

CHAPTER III.

THE DISCOVERY.

"I AM pleased in being able to inform you, madam, that there is every probability of the suit terminating favorably to our wishes. Indeed, I

am warranted in assuring you that the enormous property which has been in litigation, will soon come in possession of Major Somers and his sister. At the least computation, fifty thousand pounds will fall to the lady. And I trust that she will allow me to congratulate her on her being able to receive the news of her good fortune with so much composure."

Miss Somers smiled, and thanked the speaker for the compliment which he had conveyed to her. Anna, pale and clad in deep mourning, yet looking even more lovely than of old, glanced affectionately at her fair companion, and then, turning to the skilful lawyer who sat opposite them, she said :

"Sir James, I must also add my thanks for your earnest labors. Indeed, I am not certain but that I appreciate the prize of fortune much more vividly than does my good Maria, whose thoughts seem scarcely able to attach value to this omnipotent gold. But the devotion which you have shown in her cause, she does most fully appreciate ; no one can feel it more deeply. But (I am almost ashamed to express my doubts after what you have just said) are you indeed so confident with regard to the inability of the enemy to continue the contest which they have hitherto maintained in so determined a manner ? Will they not resort to still further trickery, before yielding a prize so enormous ?"

The lawyer smiled—his eye keen and glittering, his lips for an instant vigorously compressed.

"I will not deny that your suggestion is a sagacious one," he presently replied. "I do not doubt that they will continue to attempt, as they have heretofore, every species of craft which may serve to uphold their failing cause. But it will go hard, if the few possible defences remaining to them be able long to withstand the batteries which we have brought to bear. I repeat it, then, I think the battle is nearly done. And now, ladies," he continued, wheeling his chair a little nearer, "I have something to relate which may be of interest, as bordering, in some degree, on that romance in which your sex so much delights—"

"In which we but copy you lawyers," interrupted Anna, with laughing eyes. "Were we to judge from certain specimens of high-flown diction which have been uttered, at various times, by gentlemen of your so-called unimaginative profession."

"I stand corrected," said Sir James, with a deprecating bow. "And now I will go on with my story. There has been lately under my eyes, or I should say, with more exactness, under the observance of my subordinates, a certain

man about town, for whom it would be useless to claim the merit of decent looks or decent manners. I have seen him but once or twice ; and there is a repulsiveness in his appearance which I would scarce care to express. That man has led a life of violence, if I am able to read physiognomy rightly. He is connected, indirectly, with the case of the opposite party ; only, however, as witness about some trifling circumstance which is not worth mentioning here. Nevertheless I make it a rule, in an affair like this, to keep a strict lookout even on the most remote operations of the enemy. As I said before, the man has the look and bearing of a criminal. Yet nothing that I know declares him to be actually such.

"Benson, as he calls himself, has been in the habit of frequenting an obscure gambling-house, where of late he has several times fallen in with a young man of whom I know nothing, save that he is reported to have a very strange and haggard countenance, and a look which might be suspected to bespeak insanity, did not the peculiarities of his conduct rather oppose the idea. Benson and this man had played against each other during two or three evenings, and the former had almost invariably lost. On the last evening, Benson suffered so severely that he lost temper, and threw out some insinuations against his antagonist. The latter retorted instantly with a violent blow in the face. A challenge was the consequence. A meeting took place yesterday morn, and the young man was conveyed to his lodgings—and miserable ones they were—with a ball through the left arm, shattering the bone. A medical friend of mine happened to be called to the case. I understand that the wounded man is an American by birth, and, it would seem, from some incoherent scraps of talk, was for some time a prisoner of war to our people in New York, during the late struggle. His feverish ravings show that he must have been severely treated ; and he speaks of a brother who died in the prison, and whose death he has devoted himself to revenge. But ladies—Miss Somers, what have I said ?"

Maria grew very pale, and her friend sprang to uphold her in her arms. Maria leaned her head on the shoulder of her fair supporter, saying, in a low voice :

"It is he ! it is he !"

"Impossible !" exclaimed Anna, in a voice whose agitation belied the assurance she affected. "It is now little more than a month since Willis wrote me that he meditated a voyage to the West Indies, for the restoration of his health. Most improbable it is, that he can be here. But,

after all, it is better that we should at once know the truth concerning the matter. If you, or some other friend, Sir James, will be our escort, we will visit the poor fellow. It will not be amiss, at all events, since he must need many little comforts which we can convey him."

A carriage was summoned, and the ladies set forth, accompanied by Sir James, who directed the coachman to drive to an obscure street in the neighborhood of Newgate Prison. After some little delay, they succeeded in reaching the designated locality—a street so puny and dilapidated, that its name had scarce ever reached the ear of the driver of the hack. Leaving the ladies in the carriage, Sir James entered the house, from whence he emerged after a short absence, telling his companions that he had found the apartment of the wounded man, and that he was ready, if they chose, to conduct them thither.

"It is a wretched sort of a place at the best," he said; "yet not quite so squalid as one might have guessed, from the neighborhood it is in. Move carefully up these stairs, ladies! You will perceive that they are rotting with age and damp. Yet it may be that these decrepid habitations have been, in the old times, the habitations of comfort and even of wealth."

Ascending four or five rickety flights, they came to a landing-place, turning off from which, Sir James opened a door leading into a narrow, low-walled room, in one corner of which, on a cot bed, lay the object of their search. They approached him; but Maria, at first sight of his face, clutched her friend Anna by the arm, and, pointing to the emaciated sleeper, exclaimed:

"It is as I thought—yet O, how changed!"

"Changed indeed!" said Anna, with a mournful voice. "Poor Willis! I scarce should have known him. I fear that his days are numbered."

Though spoken in a low tone, the words fell with a perverted significance on the dreamer's brain.

"No, vile Cunningham," he said, "I shall not die, till I have most fully avenged my brother's murder on your detestable existence. No, come what will in the meantime, you shall not escape my vengeance."

His hearers turned on each other an astonished look.

"What can this mean?" inquired Sir James.

"Can it be possible," said Anna, musingly, "that this antagonist, against whom Willis has ventured his life, is Cunningham himself, under a disguised name? What shall be done? Ought we to interrupt his slumber?"

"It is not for me to advise," replied Sir James.

"But it is possible that you may soon have your question resolved, since I hear a footstep on the stairs which much resembles that of my friend the doctor."

His conjecture was speedily verified by the appearance of this latter personage at the door. Pausing for a moment in surprise at sight of these unexpected visitors, he advanced with a courteous inclination of the head.

"I am rejoiced, ladies, to find you here," he said, after he had been specially introduced by Sir James. "My patient stands sadly in need of some closer looking after than I am able to give him. Medicine may do much, but by no means the greater part, towards his recovery. A competent nurse should be had, if possible."

"He will scarce want for that, now," replied Anna, "since he is my husband's brother."

"You surprise me," rejoined the physician. "I will only say that he is truly fortunate in having such a claim upon you. With such care and attention as you will give, I think he may recover. Excitement, however, must be guarded against. There would seem to be certain matters preying on his mind, and exerting an influence unfavorable to his progress. Your own judgment will prompt you sufficiently in following out my suggestions."

"Will it be possible to remove him from this place at once?" inquired Anna.

The doctor shook his head.

"I would not risk it now," he answered. "In a day or two it may be done. In the meantime, I think it may be easily managed so that he will have all necessary care."

CHAPTER IV.

THE FATE OF PROVOST CUNNINGHAM.

"Can this be the Provost Cunningham, of the New York prison notoriety?"

"The very same. Now convicted of executing a forged will produced in the recent case of Somers versus Somers. That affair you recollect, where there was more than half a million sterling at stake. But hush! Sentence is about to be pronounced."

The scarce sensible movement which had agitated the crowded tenants of the court-room had died away in utter silence. The judge turned his eyes from the jury to the prisoner.

"Peter Cunningham, if you have aught to say why the punishment of death should not be passed upon you, you now have permission to speak."

The prisoner started to his feet, and, grasping the rail, gazed about him with a glazed eye.

"My lord," he said, with a hoarse, half stifled utterance, "I am a murdered man. My life has been sworn away by an enemy. My lord, I had the honor of serving his majesty in the late American war. I was appointed keeper of one of the military prisons in New York, and, among the rebels there confined was Willis More, the man who has had the greatest part in producing my conviction. And now, I recollect, this has already been spoken of. Yes, my lord, this designing villain vowed vengeance against me on account of my faithful performance of duty, and he has dogged me until he has accomplished his purpose. My lord, I throw myself on the mercy of the king, whom I have served, and who, I trust, will not see the life of an old servant destroyed by foul perjury."

Cunningham sunk back nerveless into his seat, and there was a faint murmur of sympathy throughout the audience. More sat at no great distance from the bar, pale but composed. The judges conferred together for a few moments, when the chief justice arose, and, putting on the ominous cap, summoned the prisoner once more. Again the command was obeyed, mechanically, and as it seemed to many, without the consciousness of volition.

"Your appeal, wretched man," his lordship said, in commencing, "will be duly referred to those who alone can have cognizance over it. It only remains to me to pronounce the sentence which now becomes due by the proper course of law. And, deeply feeling as I do the misery of your situation, I would not expose you to greater suffering by giving you any hope of reprieve or pardon. The circumstances of your past life are, in some degree, known to us. To your conscience I leave the decision, whether you have, throughout your military life, shown yourself a truly honest servant to the king whose interposition you now implore; and whether you are clear from the guilt of having perverted his majesty's offices to the purposes of your avarice and cruelty. But I will forbear to add unnecessarily to the bitterness of your thoughts. Be sure that the mercy of the king has not left, and will not leave unconsidered, any extenuating circumstance which might plead in mitigation of your crime. Yet I must repeat that I cannot (and ought not) give you any hope of such a mitigation. Of the charge which you have made against one of the witnesses in this trial, I would remind you that his position and his testimony have been subjected to a thorough investigation, and his personal bias duly considered in your behalf. I must say to you, that your plea of conspiracy on his part has not the slightest foundation."

The speaker continued in a clear and solemn voice, admonishing the prisoner to make due repentance and a proper preparation for the end of life. His words, however, fell dull and unmeaningly on Cunningham's ears. Around the latter, all sounds and forms floated confused and shapeless. But soon the knell of the fatal words "until you are dead, dead, dead!" pierced his brain with a thrill of agony, and he fell backward, motionless and senseless as the clod of which he was, ere long, to be the equal.

The trial was concluded; and the assemblage, for the most part dispersed to the various avocations of city life. More passed homeward to the comfortable mansion of his sister-in-law. Meeting her in the drawing-room, he was obliged to answer her questions concerning the scene in which he had been an actor. Despite his efforts, a dejection pressed on his spirits, which was but aggravated by his recalling to mind the incidents of the trial. At length he abruptly exclaimed:

"Anna, I would really wish to forget that I had had anything to do with this wretched business. I cannot help a feeling of guilt attaching to my connection with it; as though I had been in some degree a murderer at heart, chasing this poor wretch to the gallows, to satisfy the revengeful thirst which devoured my heart. Yet I have struggled against this passion; I even thought that I had conquered it. Had it not been for you, for Maria, and for my more than brother, Captain Somers, I should not have been able to control this madness of mind. Nay, I should not have lived to battle it. And even now, a certain remorse pursues me. Has not revenge, rather than justice, been my aim? I cannot answer the question satisfactorily to myself."

"A little self-examination may do you no harm," replied the other, "yet you should not give way to undue self-reproach. You have suffered much in the past, Willis, and in consideration of this there should be something to be forgiven in your errors of heart. And for what has happened of late, I certainly do not think you have occasion to reproach yourself. You undertook to aid the attorneys engaged in the interests of our friends, without knowing at the time that Cunningham was in any way involved with this affair. On finding him criminally engaged against them, was it not your duty to ferret out the forgery which he had perpetrated? And would you not have done the same, had another individual been in his place?"

"Most probably. I think it must be the sight of the man's utter despair, which has so touched me. I cannot believe that the ruling motive of my action, during the last two months, has been

a thirst for his life. Even now, I would most willingly abate his doom, if so it could be. The crime of forgery ought not, in my conviction, to be punished so severely."

"I have often thought as much. Yet Sir James declares this severity to be absolutely necessary. He asserts the temptation held out to unprincipled skill to be so great, that society would not be safe without the infliction of the death penalty."

"His doctrine may admit of some doubt. By the way, it is singular that Cunningham should have had the ingenuity to execute so plausible a forgery as this false will of the late Lord Somers. And it is still more singular, that the persons whom it was intended to benefit, should have contrived to preserve themselves from the ruin which has overwhelmed their subordinate. They wove a cunning web of chicanery in the course of the property suit. Sir James, and the other lawyers who contended for our friends, had like to have been baulked, and it was a narrow chance by which the case was gained."

"You wrong yourself and others, in thus speaking," exclaimed a soft voice behind him.

"Ah, Miss Somers—ah, Maria—is it you?" exclaimed Willis and Anna, speaking together. "You have stolen a march upon us."

Maria continued, with sparkling eyes:

"It is to the constant vigilance of our friends, not to blind chance, that we owe our good fortune; and I trust that we shall not be so ungrateful, nor these friends so unkind, as to forget that benefits should be mutual, in order to be really useful or pleasurable."

Willis regarded her with a puzzled air.

"I do not fully understand the meaning that you would convey," he said.

"I meant nothing," she hastened to reply, with the embarrassment of one who had spoken prematurely; "at least—"

"Allow me to finish," exclaimed Anna, smiling. "Brother Willis, this young lady and her brother have made over to you ten thousand pounds of the property to which they have become entitled. The secret might as well come to light now, as at any other time."

Willis was for a moment thunderstruck; and, judging by his face, the emotions aroused by the intelligence were not altogether of a pleasing nature.

"I did not labor for money," he said at last, with a cold demeanor.

Anna stared in his face with surprise; but presently, with a mischievous glance at her fair companion:

"Neither for love nor money, Willis?"

"You are pleased to jest, Anna," he replied, still with the same constrained manner. "I must repeat; I have no occasion for the money. Decidedly, I cannot accept it, or any part of it."

Maria moved toward the window to conceal the wound inflicted by this ungracious reply.

"You are a singular being, Willis," exclaimed the offended Anna. "I do not comprehend your ways, nor the reasons of them. Of course, it is not for me to inquire further. Your position and fortune, without doubt, place you altogether beyond reach of friendly offices."

"I understand you," said Willis, slowly. "I perceive it is necessary for me to explain. I have accepted a mercantile agency, which will oblige me to set out, next week, for South America. The salary which I am to draw will be amply sufficient for my residence there."

A stifled cry caused him to look up.

"She has fainted!" exclaimed Anna, darting at him a glance of indignation. "How dare you, sir, trifle with her feelings in such a fashion?"

He was already by her side, and much more agitated than herself.

"Miss Somers!" he exclaimed. "Maria! Can it be possible that anything which concerns me can be of interest to her? Impossible!"

Half beside himself with the newly gained idea, he pressed his lips to the forehead of the unconscious girl. Her eyes opened with a look of alarm; she sought to disengage herself from the arm which he had thrown around her. Anna quietly glided away unnoticed.

It was sometime after this, that she tapped at the door of the apartment.

"May I come in?" she asked.

"You have permission," answered Willis from within.

"I merely returned to ask if you would not require some addition to your linen before setting out," said Anna, with a demure look and with her hand still on the door knob. "You men are always so forgetful."

Willis colored highly, and was unable to reply. So amusing appeared his confusion, that not even Maria could wholly refrain from laughing.

"I have changed my mind," he was at length able to say.

"You will remain then, and take the ten thousand pounds?"

"Have done with your bantering," exclaimed Willis, glancing at his interrogatrix with a vexation half real, half simulated.

"Am I to be denied my woman's privilege of tongue exercise?" rejoined Anna. "But hold;

I will be merciful, since you and Maria appear to be on such good terms with each other. You must have made excellent use of your time during my absence, master Willis. And now, 'Sir Benedict the married man,' for such I perceive you are soon to be, I pray you divulge to me the day on which you discard your bachelorship. There's no escaping a candid answer, for I can read in the mirror of your eyes your fate's fixed conclusion."

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

BY EMMA CARLISLE.

Gently, gently draw the curtains
From the children's little bed;
Kiss the proffered pouting rose-lips,
Smooth each little curling head.
Softly, sweetly hear the murmur,
Breaking through the stillness deep,
Of the much-loved, childish prayer:
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Little Annie, like the violets
Are the shadows of her eyes,
And within their telltale vision
Read we dreamings of the skies.
Like a rosebud fresh and dewy,
From the yielding stem just risen,
So is she a thing of beauty,
Half of earth and half of heaven.

Brother Will, that soul of mischief,
With his wealth of golden hair
Tossed in many a gleaming wavelet
Off his brow so full and fair,
Still he is, for a great wonder,
While his black eyes wink and peep,
And his curly head keeps nodding
To the tune, "Let's go to sleep."

Twins in age, and twins by nature,
Are the youngest of the four;
Lovingly they watch their mother,
As she passes through the door.
Rose and Lily has she named them,
Fitting type of all most fair,
And beautiful in flower creation,
Yes, those little cherubs are.

Dovellike eyes, whose changing color
Words of earth can ne'er describe,
White arms clasped round each other,
Lie the sisters, side by side;
Dimpled cheeks pressed to the pillow,
Gaze they on a brilliant star,
Shining through the open window,
Up within the vault afar.

"Lily," Rose said, in a whisper,
"Don't you think the stars above
Are the windows of the angels,
Whence they look on those they love?"

"For they shine so very brightly,
Oft I think that angel eyes
Look upon me through the window,
From that star up in the skies;

And I wonder, dearest Lily,
If our little prayer they speak,
Up within that world of beauty,
'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

Tenderly and very lightly
Falls the gentle mother's tread,
Stooping o'er her spotless treasures,
Visiting each little bed,
When the morning sun its radiance
Through the children's room had spread;
But her cheek grows whiter, whiter
Than the morning robe she wore;
As her eyes fell on the youngest,
Fainted she upon the floor:
Little Rose's waxen figure
Knows no mortal heart's quick beat;
For the last time they have heard her
Pray, "I lay me down to sleep."

There was weeping wild and mourning
Through the household band that day;
Mourned they for the little sister,
Who from earth had passed away;
But, sweet Lily, while the teardrops
Fell upon each trembling hand,
Said, "I know dear Rose's happy
Up in that sweet star-land."

And at night she spoke unto them:
"Sister, brother, let us wait,
Till dear Rose safely enters
Through the narrow golden gate.

"Sweetly, sweetly comes the starlight
Through the window, calm and fair;
Now I think that she is ready
For to say her little prayer."

Softly, softly rose the murmur,
Through the stillness pure and deep;
And that prayer was heard in heaven,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

HAPPY IN GOD.

Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience, if they would only believe what they profess—that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings to be removed, they should be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case, God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but as every one was removed, he has come in and filled up its place; and now, when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and, if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety.—*Last Days of Dr. Payson.*

Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations which may be preferred against him; every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defence as well as the accusation, and remember that the malignity of enemies may place you in a similar situation.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

Why need I strive or sigh for wealth?
It is enough for me
That Heaven hath sent me strength and health,
A spirit glad and free;
Grateful these blessings to receive,
I sing my hymn at morn and eve.

On some, what floods of riches flow;
House, herds, and gold have they;
Yet life's best joys they never know,
But fret their hours away.
The more they have, they seek increase;
Complaints and cravings never cease.

THE SCARF OF PRINCE CHARLES.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

AH! that little secluded Scotch manse! How brightly bloomed the purple heather on the hill-sides and over the moor! and how sweetly came the dim, distant chimes from the bells of Edinburgh towers, across the blue stream that separated the village from the "grand auld toun."

Bird and bee and blossom! In this sweet and quiet spot, nothing disturbed either. The squirrel came forth fearlessly, to gather nuts at the very doorstep, where the trees overhung the roof; and the brown robin perched on the window sill, to pick the crumbs laid there for itself, by the hands of fair Jeannie Cameron. There, in that arm-chair, sat the minister, good old Archie Cameron; and quietly in another corner, knitting-work in hand, was old Aunt Alice, the sister of the venerable man, whose wife lay yonder where the setting sunbeam slants across the narrow green mound. And in the fork of the oak tree that spreads its hundred arms wide over the smooth sward, sits sweet Jeannie Cameron, her soft blue eyes bent over a book, and her light curls floating over her fair white shoulders. What a loving look the old man casts upwards to that sweet face! while Aunt Alice inwardly frets to see the lassie spending so much idle time that might be so much better taken for knitting the minister's winter hose.

A light laugh from the tree, and a responsive fond word from Mr. Cameron, complete the old lady's ire. "You'll hae trouble enow wi' yon lassie, if ye lea' her to sic idle do-naethin' ways, I'm thinkin'," burst from her lips.

"Nay, Ailee, she's but a child yet. Dinna be too harsh wi' her. She is an unco guid lassie to her puir old father; and we must treat her gently."

Aunt Ailee was somewhat silenced by this, but she could not help recurring to it again when, after a long half-hour, Jeannie still sat in the tree.

How beautiful she looked in her tartan of shaded greens, contrasting with her pure complexion, on which the sun and wind had no power save to deepen a rosy flush!

"Dinna fash wi' the wark, Ailee," said the minister again. "Jeannie is no for wark, I ken weel; but I remember it was a' the same with a young Ailee Cameron, years ago. And there is sma' reason to doubt that the little lassie may come round into her ways of smartness and cleverness as our Southron neighbors ca' it."

The aged spinster was partly mollified by this remark, and said, "Ah, weel, gin ye are satisfied, it's no for me to fin' fault."

She stopped short, for over the greensward, there came a tall figure, with long, unequal strides, long fair hair escaping from a Scottish bonnet, and a scarf of very peculiarly blended tartan, hanging carelessly from one shoulder.

A bright, roguish glance at the tree, from the blue eyes of the stranger, and a reverent look at the venerable old man, made two friends at once for the tired traveller.

"Wha's that?" asked Aunt Ailee, in a fretful, peevish tone. "A' the vagrants come to the minister's. Remember that there is only a sma' wee drap o' ale i' the barrel; so dinna ask yon stragglin' body to take ale."

The traveller approached, and as he stood on the doorstep, a sudden thought seemed to glance across the old man. He rose, and went to the door, and beckoned the stranger into the room, which the spinster had hastily left, knowing that if she allowed her brother's interference with the pantry arrangements, he would insist upon a fine roasted moor fowl which she had saved for his own supper, and various other delicacies which she thought quite too good for wandering beggars.

Jeannie still sat in the tree, uncertain whether she would be wanted or not; but the minister called her away; and blushing like a rose, she heard her father's whispered introduction of his daughter to "one whom we love and honor maist under heaven!"

Jeannie started in glad surprise. Her little hand trembled in the grasp of the stranger, and she would fain have dropped on one knee before him, had he not restrained her.

"No, no, lassie! time enough for that," dropping his voice, and pressing a gallant kiss upon the cheek which no man, save her father, had ever kissed before. "Time enough for that, when the prince comes to his own!"

"Ay, Jeannie!" said the minister, "we maun be prudent. The very wa's may hae lugs to hear news like this. But, gang and help Ailee,

and just whisper wha she'll hae to entertain."

Half an hour of the united efforts of Ailee and her niece served to place a noble feast upon the table; for notwithstanding Miss Cameron's previous asseverations to the contrary, the ale foamed and sparkled in profusion, and not only the handsome moorfowl, but a goodly array of Scotch dainties, crowned the board. Many indeed were the hampers of game and other rarities from Edinburgh, that reached the minister; the gift of grateful pupils who had never forgotten their kind, old tutor; so that Glenburne was never without the means to furnish forth a generous repast.

Miss Ailee Cameron came courtseying and fidgetting into the room, with as near an approach to blushing, as her withered cheek could summon. The stranger bowed over her hand, and pressed it to his lips. How many days passed, ere the spinster allowed water to touch the exact spot upon her hand, which had been touched by royalty!

Twilight came and went, and the night was fast deepening, when the stranger was consigned to a chamber where everything was cool and sweet, and smelling of the fragrant heather.

"And, O, Jeannie, darlin', to think of his comin' aneath our humble roof!" said the minister, to his child, as he bade her good-night. "Surely a blessing will be upon these walls forevermore, since his footstep has trodden these floors!"

Jeannie could not answer, for her own heart was full of the strange and unexpected visit. She retired to bed, but not to sleep; and Miss Cameron's prolonged talk from the adjoining room, as she chattered through the open door, about the distinguished stranger whom she had mistaken for a beggar, rang upon her nerves like the clashing of steel. At length the clatter ceased, and the maiden, just before morning, sank into a doze, from which she sprang up to see the dawn far advanced. Already her father and the stranger were walking in the garden; the prince with his arm thrown affectionately over the old man's shoulder.

Jeannie was about to join them, when she was stopped by Miss Cameron, who called her to help her with the breakfast, and she turned towards the kitchen with a half petulant air, which fortunately escaped the lady's observation; and she only said, to her disappointed niece, "We maun set a gran' table for the p—." Jeannie's hand was placed on her mouth.

"Dinna say it, Aunt Ailee! Somebody may hear it, and do mischief."

"Lord save us!" retorted the wrathful wo-

man, "what's come over the lassie to order her betters not to speak?"

Jeannie apologized humbly; for she both loved and feared Miss Cameron, who indeed was the only mother she had ever known.

A month passed, and still the wanderer lingered. What evening and morning rambles by rocky cairn, by bubbling burn, through deep forest and over tracks of moor, all a-bloom with purple heather! What softly whispered words had Jeannie heard, what love ballads had she sung in the depths of the woods, and how often had the rosy cheek flushed rosier, as the lips that had imprinted the first kiss repeated it again and again! Yet Jeannie was conscious of no wrong; for had not her father smiled upon that first kiss! Ah, Jeannie! Jeannie Cameron!

"Going? Going to-morrow!" burst from Jeannie's lips, as the prince announced his intention, with his arm about her neck. She did not repulse it, for the same arm had been about her father's neck that very morning, nay, every morning, as they walked in the garden, for the last month.

The old man sat within doors, fearlessly trusting his child with him whom he had taught her to love and reverence next to God. Miss Cameron partook of this feeling, without giving vent to a single dissenting tone; which was contrary to her usual custom; but Miss Cameron was one who "put her trust in princes."

Had not Miss Cameron slept so soundly that night she might have heard half-stifled sobs from her niece's chamber; and had she not been so occupied with getting up a grand farewell breakfast, she might have seen the almost frantic look which the unhappy girl cast upon the face that was turning away from the door. But it was all lost upon her. Jeannie's red eyes were thought to be a very natural consequence of her parting from her sovereign prince, uncertain whether he would ever occupy the throne; and as for Mr. Cameron, he was too much absorbed in his guest's departure, to notice any one.

The prince himself seemed full of sorrowful thoughts. He parted from them all without a word, and turned sadly down the path to the high road.

"Jeanie, love," said her father, "I am too feeble this morning to walk; but tak' your plaid, and gang as far as the Lady's Well, with our guest. We will not let him depart alone."

At the mention of the Lady's Well, Jeannie shuddered. She knew the dreary legend that belonged to it. A sad, sad tale it was, of woman's love and man's treachery—a tale that

told of a haunting spirit, still wandering there at evening, and breathing wild words of deep and bitter woe. When she returned from that walk, she went to her own room, where, for hours, she wept over the scarf which her royal lover had bound around her white shoulders—the scarf of many colored tartan which had fallen from his neck, on the day of his arrival.

She remembered bitterly how her father had spoken of the prince leaving a blessing in the old manse, that very night! Every day and hour those words recurred to her mind. Every day and hour, the girl's cheek grew paler and paler, her eyes more dim and her step slower. And yet neither her father nor Miss Cameron remarked it, nor noticed scarcely at all that her appetite failed.

But soon they saw plainly enough that her intellect was not as clear as usual. She gave incoherent answers to their questions, and avoided speaking if possible. Roused to this fact, the unhappy old man remembered that insanity had been in her mother's family for generations.

He rose one morning to the terrible knowledge that his child was gone. All that the strictest search could do, was done, but in vain. Nothing was heard of her, and the minister settled down to a dreary sense of desolation, that was only borne at all because Christian submission was given him.

Years afterwards, an aged man, with long, silvery hair, dressed in mourning, yet with a faded scarf about his waist, sat down by a garden railing, where some children were at play. One of these children was a little girl, who afterwards when grown up, traced with a powerful pen,* the romance of history lingering about two of the "immortal names that were not born to die," William Wallace, and that other hero, whose brave heart, the Douglas threw into the battlefield, to animate the flagging courage of the troops—Robert Bruce. The evident weakness of the poor gentleman touched the heart of the little girl, who tenderly enticed him into her mother's house. The lady was a widow—made so by the war of 1745.

Once within the house, his whole attention was absorbed in a military sketch of the position of the two armies at Minden, over which hung the sword of the lady's dead husband. Mournfully he remarked, that he, too, had been a soldier in his youth.

"I, too, fought and fell! In the year forty-five, I received a wound worse than death; I shall never recover from it! Kind lady, I told

your children I was unfit for any shelter but the wide heavens; yet my wound harms no one but myself."

On urging him to come back, he said, "I cannot—I ought never to have come back anywhere. Sin should always be an outcast!"

"Nay, sir," said the lady, "the followers of Prince Charles were unfortunate—might be mistaken; but their fidelity could never be a sin!"

He became paler and more wild-looking while she spoke, and hastily left the house, leaving the lady and her children in tears at his evident distress.

A few evenings afterwards, the same person, in crossing the Canongate towards Holyrood House, slipped on a stone and fell. A cart passed over him at the same moment, and he was taken up insensible and carried to the infirmary. An old Jacobite sergeant present, recognized Prince Charles's colors in the faded scarf—colors worn only by himself, and distinct from the common royal tartan.

The sufferer was consigned to surgical care, the broken limbs were set, and the discovery made that it was a woman who claimed the pity and respectful sympathy of the attendants. Death seemed very near to the frail, suffering being, and she was told so. She would give no name, but told them to send to Glenburne manse for those who would give her a Christian burial.

The next day they came—the venerable minister of Glenburne, and his sister—both tottering with the weight of years and sorrow. No questions were asked them—no explanations made; but the poor creature whose sufferings were over, was dressed in a white shroud by the hands of the aged woman, and the scarf of Prince Charles, which she had worn ever since he folded it around her, was wrapped about the still beautiful clay. In the language of the writer above named, "it had been the cherished covering of her too faithful, though penitent, and often distracted heart. Knowing this, the Christian hand which spread it there in death, felt, that He who said, 'I will have mercy and not sacrifice,' and whose redeeming goodness had sealed the pardon of so true a Magdalen, would not count as a sin this last act of sympathy with the melancholy tenderness of a fond woman's heart."

So let womanly charity hallow the lonely grave beneath the oak tree at Glenburne, where the fair, young maiden used to sit, with golden locks falling upon the pages before her. And let womanly charity, too, blot out the memory of her one fault, and cling only to the remembrance of her temptation and sufferings. Thus let us think of Jeannie Cameron.

* Jane Porter, author of "The Scottish Chiefs"

THE GRAVE BY THE GATE.

BY MARGARET VERNÉ.

Come by my gate an elm tree stands;
Above my head its branches wave,
And at my feet its leaves fall down,
Like emerald tears upon a grave.

A grave with pansies at its foot,
And clustering roses at its head;
From which the summer drops its smiles,
In blossoms rich above the dead.

A grave, like one dark wave of green
Uprising from the quiet earth,
To sweep from out my heart each thought
To which a weary hope gives birth.

A grave whose kindly circling arms
Clasp one who gave me only hate;
Hold one whose darkly drifting years
Swept, night-like, over all my fate.

I cannot make him now as dead;
His lips are white, but not with death;
The curses leaping from his mouth
But wrestle with his panting breath.

I watch this slender breadth of green—
I train these roses as they grow;
Praying to God no sound may wake
The angry sleeper lying low.

Praying! My prayer is but a bird,
With one wing love and one wing hate;
The brighter cannot strike God's heaven,
With such a crippled, maimed mate!

The brighter holds with gentle touch
The dearest hope a soul may know;
The darker draggles in the depths
Of Hades' waters as they flow.

The brighter—Father, give it strength!
I feel it quicken—see it grow!
The heavens are opening at its touch!
Thy name be praised!—the mountains go!

My woman's heart is sweet in tears;
The grave is stilled—is stilled to-day;
And to my side there presses strong,
A love my soul shall know for aye.

THE GREEK LOVERS.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

THE moon was faintly rising over the loveliest island of the Archipelago—the "Grecian autumn's gentlest eve" melting into deeper night amid the soft and lovely valleys and the grand old hills of Scio. Along the waves, a radiant streak of moonlight lay lovingly, sparkling like gems with each motion of the waters; while above the mountain peak a single star hung like a diamond in the pure blue of the heavens.

From the gardens beneath the terraces, came up the softly blending odors of orange, lemon

and almond trees, and mingling with them, the fragrance of the luxuriant plants and flowers that grow wildly upon those beautiful shores. Beyond, was a bolder range of rugged mountains; and yet again, other ranges that were blooming to their summits; while the sea lay beneath, calm as a summer lake, an open-decked caique rocking upon her bosom near the shore.

Upon one of these terraces, a young Greek was talking in the low, persuasive tones in which lovers only express their thoughts. And truly, in Sappho's land there lived no maiden who might so well have resembled that unhappy songstress, as the beautiful and intellectual Ianthe Tharbores. Not in her misfortunes—for she was happy in the love of Demetrius Malletus, and already her father, one of the most able merchants of the Levant, had sanctioned their attachment.

They were to be wedded in a few months, waiting only for the delightful abode they had projected to receive its finishing touches and embellishments; and, meanwhile, the lovers duly spent this lovely hour of twilight together.

All this day Ianthe had been haunted by a strange presentiment of coming evil—such as will force itself upon the mind, at certain times, and which is sometimes followed by a startling reality. Before Demetrius had joined her, she had walked, scores of times, over the beautiful mosaic court yard belonging to her father's house, and stopped as often before the stone reservoir, over which was a grape-vine twining about the marble columns. Never before had the charms of this spot failed to interest her; but now, she could only lean her cheek against the cold pillar, and weep with an undefined dread of something—she knew not what.

Her lover laughed at her fears, rallied her upon her low spirits, and talked to her of the future and its coming happiness. She smiled, but with a pale and wintry smile; and finding that she was not to be comforted by words, he sat down upon a low bench that stood near the steps of the terrace, and drawing her head to his bosom, he tried to soothe her with one of the wild chants peculiar to the Greek boatmen. Under its quieting influence her nerves grew calmer. They sat there until midnight—long after the diamond star they had admired had sunk far below the hill over which it had hung.

And now rose up the wilder music of a procession, making its way in the midnight towards the Greek church, their torches shedding a strange light over the gardens as they passed, and glittering upon the dew laden trees. While they were still passing, a sound was heard which

made every torch drop from the hand that held it. It startled the lovers from their dream, and they sprang upon their feet; and in a moment Ianthé's father was upon the terrace beside them, and almost frantic to save his daughter from the coming peril.

"What is it, father—*dear father*? What is it that you dread so much?"

"Did you not hear? Demetrius, did you not hear the sound of the Turkish cannon? Already the wretches are here upon the island—and O, my God! what mercy will they shew to any? least of all, to poor defenceless children like this?" And the strong man shook like the quivering aspen above him, with the intensity of his emotions.

There was no time for tears. The father passed his arm about the girl, and bore her to a recess behind the reservoir, the entrance of which was invisible, but which enclosed a flight of steps leading to a room beneath, where the family had often concealed treasures in their frequent absences from home. The little orphan Albanian boy, who had waited upon Ianthé, was hastily aroused from his slumbers and placed with her, some food and water and a few bottles of wine carried in, and then the blue stone, that formed the narrow door, replaced—with directions how to open it from within, should aught happen to the father and lover. The two then joined the band of affrighted Greeks, who, unarmed and defenceless, lay at the cold mercy of the bloodhounds whose cruel butchery had already more than commenced.

Fifty thousand Turks were burning and ravaging the sweetest spot on which the sun ever shone; and the hapless Sciotes, although numbering probably nearly as many capable of bearing arms as their destroyers, were unprepared to strike a single blow in defence of the thousands and tens of thousands of helpless old men, women and children, who were looking to them for aid, in the brief space between them and death or slavery.

Who does not remember the agonized heart-cry that was borne to us by every breeze across the sea? Who does not remember when gentle women and little children, even, in our own more favored land, devoted their strength to the purpose of aiding their unhappy Greek sisters? when noble men, God's highest image upon earth, took their lives in their hands, and went forth to the help of their Greek brothers?

"Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee

Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;

Dull is the eye that will not weep to see

Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed."

In the brief but terrible strife following that evening, Demetrius and the father of Ianthé were taken prisoners, and reserved with the memorable "forty hostages," most of whose bodies hung in a dreary row from the castle. Even the horrible outrages that were witnessed, lately, beneath the burning skies of India, did not exceed those which were enacted upon the calm shores of the Archipelago. But it is in vain to recall the dark prints of the Moslem's footsteps.

Ianthé waited in agony, until she could endure it no longer; and when the noise at length ceased, she proposed to leave the hiding-place. Constantine, the little page, entreated her to allow him to go and reconnoitre, and then return for her. But this she would not allow; so they proceeded together. What a sight met her eyes! The smoking and blackened ruins of her home awaited her, and a silence, like that of the dead, reigned unbroken. The beautiful stone houses of a handsome brown color, surrounded by marble balustrades, belonging chiefly to the rich merchants of Scio, were now a mass of stained and blackened walls. Three of these had belonged to the father and uncles of Demetrius, and one to a relative of her own. Not a soul was visible. Ianthé went into the lonely houses. On the marble floors the fires had been kindled, destroying pictures, furniture and hangings, and in some, the walls had fallen down with the heat.

But this desolation, although so complete and dreadful, scarcely touched her heart. Her thoughts were with the dear ones whom she missed, and the deep cry of her soul was for her father and lover. But where could she go, or to whom could she apply for assistance? Of the hundred and ten thousand inhabitants of Scio, only a fifth part had escaped, while the rest had been murdered or sold into slavery. The returning fugitives told her this, as they gathered to their ruined homes. That her father had met with one of these fates, she was well assured; and the thought of his gray head trampled in the dust, or bowing as a slave to the Moslem, was too much for her to bear. Now her miserable presentiment came back to her memory, as fresh as on that day—the last day that she had seen those most dear to her heart.

Among the bodies that had been found, was that of a little Albanian girl, Constantine's cousin, Ida Parios, and the tender grief of the boy over his only relative touched Ianthé to the very soul, amid her own deeper sorrows.

Marcus Tharbores had escaped to the mountains, from thence in a caïque to Spain, and from thence into Italy; but his daughter's un-

certain fate brought him back before he knew whether it would be safe for him to visit her hiding-place or not. A weak, feeble old man, struck down as by a thunderbolt, he returned to the spot which he had left well, strong and active. But she was there, in the otherwise desolate home, and was safe!

The cares of Ianthe and Constantine soon restored him to comparative health; but nothing could make the Greek maiden smile while Demetrius was dead or suffering, as she believed him. Not daring to leave the ruins until some tidings of him should be known, she and her father decided to remain in the habitable part of their dwelling, at least for the present; yet still with fear and anxiety. They knew not how soon before the iron heel might be crushing them again.

They were all three sitting upon the terrace, one golden evening, when the last beams of the radiant sunset were tinging the darkened walls of the buildings, and all things reminded Ianthe of the last peaceful eve that she had known there. Her quickened hearing discerned the sound of footsteps in the distance, and ere long a form was seen through the shrivelled branches of the lime grove. Her heart throbbed wildly, and a sudden dizziness made her almost fall from her seat. Constantine saw and heard, too; but her father made no sign.

"Who can it be, dearest lady?" whispered the boy. "Some news, perhaps."

"Hush! let me listen to those footsteps. They are his, Constantine! let me go to him."

And scarcely a second had passed, ere she had floated down the avenue of limes, and was pressed to the living, beating heart of Demetrius! A spirit had seemed to whisper sweet tidings in her ear, and break the sudden truth more gently. The first unlooked for sight of his face might else have killed her.

We cannot linger, except in thought, over a meeting like this. Life hath few moments of perfect happiness; and theirs was dashed by the awful shadow of the Past, and by that indescribable dread of the Future which, until Greece was once more free and happy, must have hovered over her children's wronged and bleeding hearts.

MUSIC.

Now Music feedeth on the silent air,—
Like Ocean, who upon the moonlight shores
Of lone Sigeum, steals with murmuring noise,—
Devouring the bright sands and purple slopes,
And so, content, retires;—yet music leaves
Her soul upon the silence, and our hearts
Hear, and forever hoard those golden sounds,
And reproduce them sweet in after hours.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE DEAD.

"Earth to earth" and "dust to dust" seems to have been the undeviating custom of primeval man. Adam, according to Persian tradition, was buried in the Island of Serendib, and mighty lions, for a long period, guarded the burial spot. The resting places of the first glorious women of the world are still pointed out by Holy Land gnostics—Eve and Sarah—Rebecca and Leah, sleep their last sleep, all quietly in the dust. Nor was it till later ages that any other custom obtained, and that imported from a foreign land. Isaac was the first of the great patriarchate, who, by his son Joseph, was swathed in cere cloths, and so embalmed, placed in one of the huge monolithic coffins of Egypt. Burning the bodies of the dead had probably its origin in the desire to prevent ill treatment being offered them.

KEEPING PROMISES WITH CHILDREN.

A gentleman of nervous temperament once called on Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College. One of the doctor's boys was rather boisterous, and postured the nervous gentleman somewhat, whereupon he said to him, "My boy, if you will keep still while I am talking to your father, I will give you a dollar." Instantly the boy hushed down calm as a sleeping lamb. At the close of the gentleman's remarks, he attempted to leave without giving the boy the dollar; but Dr. Dwight was too fast for him. He put a dollar into the man's hands, saying, "You promised my boy a dollar for good behaviour. Give him that, as you promised. If, sir, we lie, our children will be liars also."—*Independent.*

SILESIAN GRAVES.

The word "beautiful" is peculiarly applicable to the Silesian cemeteries, which I have never seen exceeded in neatness. The Germans, who are generally fond of flowers, have adopted them as symbols of affection for their departed friends; and every grave is planted with clusters of lilies, primroses, violets and forget-me-nots, with here and there an evergreen. This method of cherishing the memory of those we love, is at once simple and touching; the hand of the mourner rears its fragile emblems of human life, mingles her tears on the leaves with the dew of heaven, and when the blossoms wither and die, remembers the resurrection, of which all nature is a type, and is comforted.—*Milard.*

NEVER DESPAIR.

True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object, and if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul, is its best physician.—*Van Knebel.*

DAY-DREAMS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

On the pleasant bank where the wild thyme grows,
And the scented breeze from the meadow blows,
I have laid me down 'neath the cloud-hung sky,
While the limpid rill that wanders by,
The gentle murmur of wind-blown trees,
The song of birds and the hum of bees,
Like fairy strains o'er my senses glide,
In a soothing, lulling, peaceful tide.
Yet a sombre thought o'er my heart will steal,
And its gloom and sorrow quick reveal,
For still in each voice and whisper gay
That floats abroad on this summer day,
I have heard a sad and an earnest tone,
A soft lament and a love-breathed moan;
Yes—these are the words they seem to say:

"Thou must pass away—thou must pass away!"

Is not earth to me still fair and bright?
Do I hail with tears each morning's light?
Has my heart grown old?—do I hear no more
With joy thy steps at my cottage door?
Have I ceased, perchance, to call thee friend,
Or wished that these heartsome days might end?
Do I see no more in my nightly dream
Her angel pinion brightly gleam?
Nay—and still I turn from these scenes of earth,
At the voice to which these scenes give birth,
And a shadow, garbed in a mantle gray,
Ever falls, at the words, "thou must pass away!"

O, give me still mid these scenes to dwell,
Not yet to utter a last farewell!
Let me hold thy hand, my friend of old,
Nor yet may our sad adieus be told!
Let me wander still on the earth's warm breast,
Nor yet in her frigid bosom rest!
Still stroll at night on the moonlit hill,
And list to the plaintive whip poor-will:
Still shun the darkness and seek the light,
As a little child in its time of flight;
Still sail awhile on life's placid lake,
Nor cower in fear where its billows break!
"It may not be! Thou hast lingered long,"
Saith the wearying voice in its saddened song:
"Thou hast had thy joy, thou hast kept thy feast,
Thy days with mirth have still increased,
And now, even now, in thy heart's fair May,
Thou must pass away—thou must pass away!"

THE TORY'S NIECE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"No, no, Bessie; this is the pleasantest way home," and Arthur Mervale gently took his companion's hand, and led her away from the dusty turnpike and over a sweet-smelling clover field, to where a thick growth of low willows marked the meandering of a beautiful river. Parting the lithe young trees, they soon stood upon its green banks and watched for awhile in silence the golden and crimson tides which the

sunset rolled over the dense forest that skirted the opposite shore, and the softly waving shadows which lay in the depths of the clear water.

"Let us sit down here awhile, Bessie, and enjoy the glorious evening;" and pointing to the mossy root of an old oak, he motioned her to rest herself there, and then threw himself on the short grass at her feet.

"It grows late, Arthur," said the young girl, as the shadows in the river lengthened and the sunshine on the forest faded. "My uncle will worry. Let us go," and she half rose to her feet.

"Not yet, Bessie. You and I will soon see turbulent times, darling. Your uncle even now suspects my whiggery. Once convinced of it, our interviews will be at an end. I have borne much for your sake, dearest, but when the rapture really comes, as come it must soon, I must show my colors. I cannot for a moment defend King George and his red-coated crew. My sympathies, my exertions, my very life itself, must be active in the cause of the colonists, for truly their grievances are terrible. So Bessie, sit still yet awhile."

He took her hand and fondly clasped it. He had never yet told his love in words, but his eloquent eyes had spoken it many times, and the maiden had long known she was very dear to his heart. But now, in the quiet of that June twilight, he whispered to her all the depth and strength of his affection, and when she suffered him to fold her to his bosom in such a warm, tender caress, he felt that her lips, could she have mastered her emotion enough to speak, would have answered him in thrilling tones.

"Now we will go home," said he. "Come what will, my spirits will never falter after this, for now I know you love me better than any other earthly one, and I know too that Bessie Van Zandt's vows are never lightly taken."

It was a pleasant path, winding close by the river. Soft dews fell upon their heads; the incense of wild flowers, freshened by the evening's coolness, floated all about them; the waters rippled against the shores in low music-tones; the moon shed a soft light on the scene, flecking the turf with waving lines of silver, and giving a fairy-like beauty to the calm waves of the Mohawk; a holy calmness seemed to have settled over everything, and one could almost fancy the earth was on her knees silently telling her vesper prayer.

"How sweet to die just now," whispered the maiden. "Heaven seems very near."

"Sweeter to live, my darling, for heaven is here, in our own hearts—but hark! I hear the dip of paddles. Conceal yourself a moment in

the forest, while I creep into that thicket and see who's coming. These are dangerous times, and we must look out for foes on every side."

Scarcely had the maiden sheltered herself from observation behind the massive trunk of an olden elm, and the youth himself in a thick growth of briers, whose tangled branches bent over the shore and swayed into the beaming water, ere there shot out from behind a little headland a light canoe with two oarsmen. They had evidently been drinking, for their talk, though loud and earnest, was strangely incoherent, and Arthur, though he listened keenly, could only glean from their broken, stuttering words, that a battle had been fought between the colonists and British soldiers, and that they were carrying the news to old Ben Van Zandt, the uncle of Bessie.

"Don't tremble so, darling," said the young man, tenderly, as the little boat out of sight and hearing, he hurried to the hidden girl. "No harm can reach you now, for are you not mine own."

"But those men, Arthur. Did you not recognize them. I should know their voices in a thousand. They are Rupert Van Alstyne's cronies, and hideous and gross as he is, they are yet more so. Satan himself could ask no fitter tools for his darkest deeds. I always shudder but to see them, and now they are going straight to my uncle's. I pray God, Rupert do not follow them."

"There have been rumors afloat, Bessie, that your uncle would once have wedded you to him; is it so?"

"It is, Arthur;" and she clung closer to his arm, and then whispered hurriedly, "he would have sold me. Uncle, you know, is guardian to myself, and has until I come of age, the sole control of all the money my father left me. Rupert agreed to relinquish to him two thirds of my dowry, if he could by any means, fair or foul, force me to marry him. O, Arthur, heaven and my own heart only knows what I have suffered from their persecutions. Of late, though, they have ceased to trouble me, and left me comparatively free, but I fear it is but some ruse. I tremble every hour lest I hear my uncle thunder out his commands that I prepare to marry him." And she sobbed aloud.

Tender hands wiped away her tears, passionate kisses stilled the anguish of her heart, and soothed at length by the caresses and love-tones of her betrothed, the maiden ventured on, nearer and nearer her hated home.

As they emerged from the forest on to the wide-stretching lawn that surrounded the ample mansion of the Van Zandts, they beheld a crowd of neighbors, men, women and children, cluster-

ing about the two men who had arrived but a short time before in the canoe. They heard too, loud and vehement ejaculations, mingled with curses against the whigs and all who favored them.

"Can you steal into the house quietly and without their seeing you, dear?" asked Arthur, as he drew his companion again into the shadows of the woodland. "It will not be best for me to show myself to-night, for they seem terribly exasperated, and the sight of me might move your uncle to violence against you. I will watch here till I see a light in your chamber; and, Bessie, should aught befall you, a note hidden in the hollow of that old oak, beside which we sat this evening, will bring me to your side, though Rupert Van Alstyne and all his crew were your jailors. Go now, precious one," and he drew her yet again to his heart, and then watched her with a throbbing breast, as she glided noiselessly from one clump of shrubbery to another, till she gained the long grape arbor that led directly to the back porch. Five minutes later and a light shone from the casement of her room, while the white curtains were withdrawn and a figure which he knew to be hers, leaned forth as if to watch the evening's beauty. A moment he stood in lover-like reverence, viewing the sweet picture, and then turned hastily away into the forest and was soon far away.

Well was it for the maiden that she had lingered no longer with him beside the river's brink or on the edge of the dim woodland, for scarcely had she thrown aside her cape and bonnet and seated herself beside her work-stand, ere a heavy footstep was heard ascending the stairs, and in another instant a loud, imperative knock at the door. Seizing some needle-work that lay beside her, she said calmly, "Come in, sir," and then looked up as if wondering to see him.

"So you're home, are you, Miss Bessie?" exclaimed he, in disappointed tones. "Well, it's lucky for you, for if I had found you out scouting the woods with that chicken-hearted Mervale, you wouldn't have seen daylight again for many a long day. And now listen to me, girl. I've had news to-night,—curse the rebels and the name of Bunker Hill too—I say I've had news to-night, which will oblige me and every other King George man to buckle on their armor forthwith, and which will make me know too who are and who are not our friends; and, mark me, girl, you speak no more to Arthur Mervale till he shows his colors. If he put on the red coat, well and good—but if not," and he grated his teeth and hissed rather than spake—"I'll have his heart's blood out of him. And listen further.

In one week's time Rupert Van Alstyne will be here to join me and my troops. On the day after his arrival I shall give you to him—ay, marry you," and he bent his eyes fiercely on her. "To-morrow the wedding gear will arrive, and yourself and aunt and the girls in the neighborhood, may cut and sew as fast as your fingers can, for all must be ready without fail in eight days' time. And mind me, Bessie Van Zandt; one word from your lips against the match, and you are a prisoner in this room, on bread and water till the wedding day," and without waiting for the reply, which her quivering lips seemed striving to utter, he strode away, slamming the door violently after him.

With a groan that seemed to come from her heart's core, the poor girl threw herself on the bed and for hours lay weeping on her pillow. Not until the old clock in the hall had pealed the midnight chimes did she lift her weary head, but then she sat up and seemed for awhile lost in thought. Her uncle would have quailed could he have seen how stern grew the lines about her lips, and how passionate the glance in her dark eyes. Some desperate resolution was evidently about to be taken by the hitherto timid girl, for she soon rose, and lighting a fresh lamp, she noiselessly unclosed her door and crept on tip-toe to the dark garret. Fitting from amongst a bunch of keys that hung to her girdle, one to an enormous trunk, she took from it an old-fashioned black bonnet with a widow's veil, a dress and "cardinal" to match, a pair of antique shoes, some mourning gloves and a reticule. Carrying these down to her room and hiding them in her closet, she returned, and having re-locked the trunk, opened a chest filled to the brim with male apparel. Clean down to the bottom went her little hands, and then she shudderingly drew forth a brace of pistols, and with the exclamation, "they saved my father's life many and many a time—I'll see now if they will not save his daughter's honor," she hurriedly bore them to her hiding place. Then leaving the lamp, she groped down the broad staircase that led to the front door, and gliding like a ghost into the low, gloomy parlor, she opened a closet door and took from a drawer within it a heavy door key, and then rapidly regained her room.

"Now," said she to herself, as she flung her trembling limbs upon her bed, "now, I defy him. How lucky, nay," and she crossed her arms devoutly, "how providential that he once lost the key to my room, when he held me prisoner here, and was forced to forge another, and how blessed a moment was it, when I learned where he had hidden it, when he found the old

one. Uncle, uncle, may God forgive you the sins you would commit against your brother's child—that brother too, who almost worshipped you," and then she prayed and strove to sleep, but not until day-light was streaming into her window did her troubled thoughts give her rest, and then her slumber was but a fitful one.

She met her aunt and uncle at the breakfast table with an assumed composure that did credit to her strength of nerves; she washed and replaced the breakfast dishes with a quiet, steady hand, and then telling Mrs. Van Zandt that the strawberries were ripe enough to gather, she threw on her sun-bonnet, took a couple of pails and went out towards the south meadow. For a long time her uncle stood and watched her as she flitted over the soft green grass, stooping at every other step to gather the scarlet clusters; then, seeming to be satisfied, he turned away, and mounting his horse which had been long waiting, he rode hastily to the north. An exultant smile rippled over Bessie's lips as she heard the trampling of old Ned's hoofs die away in the far distance; yet she still kept busy at her task, gradually however drawing nearer and nearer to the forest. Once under the shadow of its olden trees, she dropped her pails, half-full both of them with luscious berries, and darted like a fawn through its cool, dim paths, till a sudden angle brought her to the river's brink and only a few steps from the trysting tree. Drawing from her bosom a note, she hid it in the hollow, and then rapidly retraced her steps and was soon wandering over the green meadow, a low, flute-like note trembling in the soft cadences on her rich lips.

An hour afterwards and she entered the cool, airy kitchen, with both pails glowing to the brim with the delicious fruit, and handing them to her aunt, said carelessly, "I've been quick, haven't I, to gather so many?"

"Spry as ever, Bessie. I shall miss your nimble fingers much when you are gone—but come to the parlor now and see the new goods. Old Obadiah brought them up in his canoe just after you went out. See here," and she displayed satins, silks and laces, "you will have a bridal outfit such as a queen might covet."

"Indeed, aunt, I tell you once for all, I'll have none of it," said Bessie, and a queen might have envied her the dignity with which she spoke.

"Why, Bessie—Bessie—don't now, dear," began her aunt, who secretly feared old Ben Van Zandt as much as even did her niece, and who dreaded the effects of his wrathful temper if she should finally refuse to become Van Alstyne's bride; "make the best of it, dear. If he isn't handsome, he's rich you know, and—"

"Ugly as sin—bad as the evil one," interrupted Bessie, warmly. "I tell you, aunt, I will not marry Rupert Van Alstyne. I will die first and you may tell uncle so," and she swept from the room and hurried out on to the lawn and to the river's edge, where unmooring a little canoe, her own especial property, she paddled it to a little island about half a mile down the stream, where again securing it, she leaped on to the grassy bank and hid herself in a rustic arbor. For a few moments she was a pitiful sight, wringing her hands, beating her bosom and sobbing and wailing as though her heart were broken. But her emotions were too violent to linger long, and she soon grew quiet save that great tears rolled down her cheeks, while her lips moved impetuously. Suddenly a little bird, a yellow-throated warbler, lighted on the grape vine that swung above her head, and poured forth such a flood of melody that she involuntarily hushed her sobs to listen. Louder and more cheerily sung the bird, and presently another and yet another gathered on the bending bough, till it quivered beneath their tiny feet, and the whole golden air seemed but a breath of melody.

"Free and hence happy," murmured the maiden, as she sought in her pocket for a biscuit, and crumbled it at her feet. "If ye were captive how soon would your bright wings languish and your sweet tones be hushed. Eat them up, pretty ones," as they flew to the ground and gathered about the sweet morsels, "and then sing to me, for many a day may pass ere I listen again to the notes of these forest birds. It is my last day of freedom here—I know it—I feel it and"—with a sudden resolution, "I will enjoy it too." And rising, she wandered over the fairy isle, plucking the broad-bladed grass, the June roses and lilies, and the soft mosses that clung to the olden roots of the massive oaks. Then regaining her seat in the arbor, she braided the grasses into a necklace and bracelets, and wove a crown from the roses and lilies, and wreathing her dark curls and her fair bosom and snowy arms with the floral offerings, she leaned her head against a rustic column, and closing her eyes gave up her thoughts to a sweet reverie. She had not meant to sleep, but the low breathings of the wind among the leaves, the soft music-notes of the birds, the chanting of the waves against the little island, the ripple of the current as it swept over its rocky bed, were all mesmeric tones, and ere long lulled her into a slumber as deep and dreamless as that of nursery childhood.

Time passed on. The noon mark glided off the bank, and the lengthening shadows told that the evening hours were fast coming on. Still

the maiden slept; but not long now is her quiet and blissful rest to remain undisturbed. A canoe comes sailing down the stream, urged on by strong and violent hands, even those of Benjamin Van Zandt and his two meet allies, the cronies of Van Alstyne, who had come up the eve before.

"She is here," growled the first, as he caught a glimpse of her little shallop, as it lay moored to the pretty isle. "Heaven grant we find her whig lover by her side!" But to his chagrin, nothing met his eyesight but the lovely girl, looking like some rare picture, as she lay there in her motionless beauty. Rudely does he arouse her, shaking her white shoulders with his brawny hand, and crying in her ear, "Wake up, you jade! wake up, I say!"

With a wild scream she opens her eyes, but a glance at the fierce-looking men about her so appalls her dreamy senses, that she sinks at once into unconsciousness. How long her swoon lasted she never knew, but when she again awoke to life she was a captive in her room, a cup of water and a slice of bread beside her. The last beams of sunset were streaming through the casement. She arose and looked out. A canoe was just putting off with the two fiends, and as it darted away, she heard her uncle say:

"Bid him not fail me. He must be here by Monday, for on Tuesday is the wedding."

"May be," murmured Bessie, and went back to bed. She counted the hours as they were chimed by the old clock, till twelve was struck. Then rising, she drew a sheet about her, and took her key from its hiding place. For an instant her heart failed her. "If he should have left the key in the lock," said she. But he hadn't, it rested beneath his sleeping head. She turned hers noiselessly, and opening the door passed through some back rooms till she came to the servant's stairs. Ascending, she entered the kitchen. The hearth was still warm, and uncovering the embers, she lighted a candle, and then taking a plate, and knife and fork, went resolutely down cellar. There was a stone closet there, and she knew well the way to it, for her own hands usually prepared the dainties that were set there to keep fresh and cool. Throwing off her sheet she prepared to partake of some supper, for she had eaten nothing since breakfast. Bits of cold chicken, currant tarts, seed cake and cream cheese made a very comfortable meal, after which, securing something as palatable for her subsistence the next day, she went back to the kitchen, blew out the candle and replaced it, and then stole noiselessly to her chamber, and back to bed.

Shortly after the usual breakfast hour, she heard her uncle's steps ascending the stairs. They paused at her door; then the key was fitted and turned in the lock, and he entered with a tray containing bread and water.

"Bessie," cried he; but no response came from the curtained bed. "Bessie! Bessie Van Zandt!" And his tone grew impatient.

"What?" said she at length, querulously.

"O, you're there, are you, you jade? I didn't know but you had jumped out of the window."

"I think too much of my neck," said she, crossly.

"O, you do, do you? Well, lest it should enter that young whig's brain to rescue you by a ladder, I'll see to-day that bars are fastened again into the old stanchions. But first I ask you, and I ask it for the last time, will you marry Rupert Van Alstyne?"

Bessie rose up in bed, and looking like a young priestess, with her loose white robes shrouding her shoulders, her long, dark hair pushed carelessly from her forehead, falling in heavy masses about her neck, she said with an emphasis that rung in his ears for many an hour:

"I tell you no! Benjamin Van Zandt; I always told you so. I will neither marry him, nor shall you have my gold."

"And I tell you you shall marry him!" thundered the uncle. "When you leave this room, you leave it to become a wife." And he turned away and locked the door.

"Ay," murmured Bessie, and a beautiful smile played about her lips, "for once you spoke the truth." And then she lay down again, nor did she lift her head all the weary day, save once, and that was when the blacksmith entered to rivet on the iron bars. But at midnight she sallied out again, took her supper in the gloomy cellar, and then, grown bolder by last night's security, went out upon the lawn, and stood awhile under the moonlight. And every evening she did the same till the Sabbath came. All that day she sat by the window cautiously watching every motion and noise of the household. She saw them all go out at half-past nine, and embarking in canoes, paddle up stream to the little settlement where the old Dutch church was built. She saw them come back at four in the afternoon, and knew just when they took their supper. She saw the cows 'drove home and milked, and then just before sunset, she watched her uncle and aunt and the two aged servants clamber into the farm wagon and drive off. She knew they were going to a prayer-meeting some four miles south, and she knew

the house was deserted by all save Hannah, the trim little Dutch girl, whose lover came regularly on Sabbath evenings to do up his courting.

"Now is my time," said she. "To-morrow Rupert will be here, and he has a thousand eyes. Heaven aid me to escape them." And with childish reverence she sunk upon her knees and prayed. Rising, she undressed, and after forming out of blankets and sheets a something that resembled a human figure, she dressed it in her clothes and laid it carefully upon the bed and drew the curtains. Then arranging herself in the old-fashioned garments that had been her mother's years before, and hiding her father's pistols under the ample "cardinal," she unlocked the door, closed it and turning the key and carefully withdrawing it, went noiselessly down the front stairs and into the parlor. Here she crouched in silence for an half hour or more till she was satisfied that Hannah and John were deep in love's mysteries, when she ventured boldly out of the front door, and flying rather than walking across the lawn, was soon hidden in the welcome shadows of the forest. With hurried steps she ran on through its misty depths, nor paused to draw an easy breath till she had reached the old oak. Taking a note from its hollow, she hid it in her bosom, and then unfastening a light canoe that lay a few yards distant, she sprang into it and was soon sailing down the Mohawk. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty miles she glided, almost like a bird, too, for the wind and current were in her favor, and accustomed from childhood to a paddle, it required but little effort for her to sail so far.

"I must be near him now," said she, "for there twinkle the lights of the 'Plain' settlement." And turning the prow of her boat to a little cove, she fastened it to a sapling, and then springing on shore and hiding in a thicket, she cautiously sang the first line of an old fashioned love song. The midnight echoes caught it up, and the refrain came back to her from hill and river. She waited awhile and then sang again, but this time with a quivering lip. Again the echoes brought the sweet tones to her ear, but to her joy the song ended not with the last word she had so tremulously uttered; a second line sounded on the breeze, and rich and mellow were the tones, and in another instant, a manly form was bending over the canoe, and a manly voice crying:

"Bessie, dear Bessie, is it you?"

"Ay, Arthur." And the maiden glided from the thicket. She had forgotten her disguise, and wondered to see her lover stand so mutely before her. "Have you no words of

greeting, Arthur; O, I have endured much for you."

"Bessie—is it Bessie?" And he held out his hand.

She comprehended it all then, and tearing off her bonnet stood before him in the moonlight with her soft dark curls drooping over cheeks and shoulders.

"It is my own, my darling!" And he clasped her fondly to his heart; but for a moment, though; then leading her up a steep bank and through some tangled underbrush to where the turnpike lay parallel to the river, he mounted her on a fleet steed, and leaping on to another, gave spurs to both, and never halted till at sunrise the little village of Schenectady lay at their feet. Arthur had friends there, trusty and generous ones, and they stood ready to welcome him and his fair friend. But only for a few hours did he accept their hospitality. When the noon stage set out for Albany, the two fugitives entered it, and the other passengers marvelled much at the chivalrous devotion the young man showed the aged lady, little dreaming of the fair brow, the radiant eyes, the crimson cheeks and sweet lips which were hidden underneath that widow's veil.

At sunset they crossed the Hudson, and midnight found them at an old farmhouse on the turnpike, between Albany and Hartford, the abode of one who had once been servant in Arthur's paternal home.

"Do you know of any safer place than this, for our little runaway?" asked Arthur the next morning, as they all sat in the old-fashioned porch, and he glanced affectionately at the pale, but beautiful face of Bessie.

"I think I do, Master Arthur," said the middle-aged man whom he addressed. "My wife and I talked the matter over this morning early, for well as we would like to have the lady's company ourselves, our home is too publicly situated and too often visited to be a very secure refuge for her. But," and he lowered his voice and looked cautiously about him, "but about five miles from here, in the depths of the forest, there resides an aged couple to whom Miss Bessie's presence would be not only acceptable, but agreeable in the highest degree, and once there her safety is secured, for not all King George's crew could spy the road that leads to that little cabin, for two miles of it is through a dark marsh, where every inch of ground quivers like quicksand beneath the lightest tread. I may tell you a little of their story. They are the descendants of high-born English families, and for years dwelt in stately halls, happy as their hearts could wish. But troubles many and dire came

upon them. Their sons were dissolute, and came to untimely and violent deaths; their daughters, only two, but beautiful as angels—I have seen their portraits—married unprincipled men, and after a few years' absence from the parental home, came back to die of grief. And while yet their hearts were bleeding with these sorrows, accusations of treason were lodged against the father by those whom he had trusted in as brothers, and with only a moiety of his wealth he fled in the silence of night time. France first offered him an asylum; then Holland; but his persecutors were on his track, and in desperation he finally put the sea between him and his native land, and found an humble but secure home in the depths of yonder forest. Accident made them known to me some five years since. They were obliged to trust me, and have never yet regretted their confidence. Since then I have gone between them and the world, and smoothed their rough life in many a place. They are growing feeble now, and for a long while my wife and I have gone over there twice a week, to assist them in their work and to lessen their labors, and they have lately said to me that if I could procure a female attendant whom they could trust, and who would be contented in that lonely spot, they would be glad to secure her services, and would recompense her well. I am going to them to-day, and if Miss Bessie will venture there with me, I can promise her a safe and pleasant home so long as she needs an asylum, and a father's and mother's care, until—" He hesitated.

Arthur finished the sentence, "Until she can have a husband's." And then added, "And I may accompany you thither?"

"No, Master Arthur, it is best you shouldn't, for many reasons, the chief of which is, if Van Zandt or Van Alstyne should question you as to the runaway's asylum, you can say honestly you know not where she is." Then noticing the young man's downcast look, he added, "It is only till Christmas, you know. Once of age, she will not need to hide from them, even if she should not at once accept a new legal protector, and then you can hear from her so often. Every week I can bring letters from her, and send them to you, for travellers will be all the time passing by to the east. And now my opinion is, that the sooner we set out the better, for as yet no one knows of your arrival." And calling one of his sons he ordered three horses saddled, saying to Arthur, "You may ride with us to the edge of the marsh, and if you please, wait me there."

They were soon on the road, Bessie pale and sad at the thoughts of her strange parting and

uncertain reunion, for her lover was going at once to join the American army, yet striving to wear a brave face that she might keep up his spirits, while he, though sorely out of heart, yet whispered only encouraging words to her, telling her to hope on, even in the darkest hour, for a cottage home, fair and beautiful would yet be built for her on the banks of her native river.

Too soon was the swamp reached, and, O, the agony of each, as after their unspoken farewell, the one reined in his steed under an old tree to await the farmer's return, and the other, the gentle maiden, turned into the dismal depths of that dark, miry, almost pathless morass.

"Don't try to guide the beast," said Solomon, "just give him the rein; he knows the path, for my wife has rode him through here many a time. And don't be afraid, my dear," marking how pallid grew the face that looked up to him. "You are safe, now, almost as if you were in heaven. Just cling to your saddle, and I'll soon have you in a quiet home." And they rode on. "On hard ground again," exclaimed he, as after a tortuous journey of an hour, their horses' hoofs rung on a stony road. "Courage, my dear, we shall soon be there now." And after half a mile's ride through a beautiful grove, they emerged into a little clearing which seemed to Bessie's astonished eyes like a patch of beauty dropped from heaven. In the centre stood a small log house, so overrun with clinging vines that it seemed at first but a green and flowery mound. To the south of it a little garden stretched away in natural terraces; on the east a small but luxuriant fruit orchard reared its graceful young trees, whose branches even thus early in the season hung low with their promises of a gold and crimson harvest. To the west a meadow, soft and mossy as an English lawn, sloped down to a silvery brook, whose birth-place was in the rocky hill, a little to the north, down whose steep bank its pure waters came leaping and singing, with bright rainbows sparkling ever about its fairy pathway. Back of the rustic lodge, a cool, dim, yet magnificent forest stretched away till its long aisles met the feet of hoary mountains which completely shut in the little nook from the great world beyond.

"Alight and rest awhile here," said Solomon, as leaping from his own horse, he assisted Bessie to dismount. "You will find a cool, shady arbor in the garden, with a spring rippling beside it. Go and sit there till I tell them of your coming."

Bessie did as she was told. It was a lovely spot to which she was directed, trailing roses and honeysuckles clambering in tangled masses over

a frame-work woven from wild grape vines. A couch of skins, soft and white, lay piled upon one side of the little arbor, and with the welcome feeling that here she might rest, Bessie threw herself upon them, first taking off her antiquated garments and attiring herself in the simple muslin robe she had brought with her from her uncle's. Dimly shone the blue sky through the interlacing tendrils; shimmering and dancing among the restless leaves stole a few June sunbeams; soothingly did the warm south wind whisper amid the beautiful foliage, flinging sweet odors over the maiden's brow, and now and then dropping a crimson petal on her pale cheek; butterflies fluttered over the flower beds; little birds sang in mid-air, and the pure spring bubbled up in low, silvery chimes. The weary girl's senses for a while enjoyed keenly the fair surroundings, but nature, overtasked, soon pleaded so eagerly for sleep, that she closed her eyes and was soon wrapt in a slumber as profound and sweet as the one she had enjoyed when last she visited the fairy island in the Mohawk. An hour passed on undisturbed. Then footsteps drew softly near, and soon an aged man and woman look in upon her. Tears gather in their eyes as they watch the beauteous picture, and murmuring to each other, "She is like our own, and we will shelter the poor lamb," they turned and left her to sleep on.

"It was all a dream, then," whispered the young girl, as a while after she unclosed her eyes, "a fearful dream, and I am still on my own green island." And for a while she dozed in that blissful state of semi-consciousness which is so like to heaven. Gradually, however, she remembered all, and with an earnest wish to learn whether she could rest awhile in that woodland home, safe from her pursuers, she hurriedly went towards the house. An aged matron, with a face of angelic sweetness, stood in the rude doorway, and kindly motioned her to come in, and as she crossed the threshold, threw her arms about her, saying:

"I know your story. Be to us a daughter, and we will be parents." And then the aged man rose up, and folded her to his heart, saying kindly, "Our child, our daughter Bessie."

Months passed on. The summer ripened into autumn, and that, sear and brown after a brief stay of gorgeous colors, sank into the bare, white arms of winter. Winds howled dearly through the swamps, and snow drifted over the flower beds and deep into the window sills and on the porch. The voice of the brook was hushed, and the songs of the birds were lost. Lonely and

desolate looked that little log cabin; but it was only upon the outside that cold and dreariness reigned. Inside there were warmth and light, and hope and joy. Christmas had come, and Bessie was free.

"Pile on the Yule log now," said the old man to Solomon the younger, who had been brought across the swamp when winter set in, to do up the hard chores, "and set it blazing brightly too, for our guests will soon be here. Ho, Bessie Van Zandt, is all ready within?"

"Yes, father," said the maiden, coming from an inner room, "will you come now?" And she led him across a dark, narrow hall, to the back room of the lodge. "Does it not look fit for a bridal?"

"Ay, darling. I did not dream that you could have fitted it up so out of those old chests. Verily, Arthur Mervale will think he has stumbled into fairy land, when after leaving that dark morass and gloomy forest, he is ushered into a scene like this." And he glanced admiringly around.

Carpets, soft and beauteous as flower gardens in June lay upon the floor, while the walls were hung with crimson drapery, gracefully looped here and there aside to give a glimpse of some sweet picture-face. The ceiling was snowy white with cloud-like lace and masses of muslin; and pendant from it in the centre, an antique lustre-lamp, wreathed with winter clover, the bright red berries contrasting finely with the dark green foliage. There was no furniture, for it was impossible to transport heavy articles over the treacherous swamp road, but the Yule logs blazing in the fireplace threw a mellow light upon crimson cushions and divans, giving to the room an air of oriental splendor.

"Ay, it is fit for a bridal, darling, and now go and array the bride, for the groom will soon be with us."

A whistle, long, loud, and yet mellow withal, rang through the lodge.

"It is he—it is Arthur," said the maiden, and half-fainted.

"Be brave now, little one. Go and dress. I promised him a bride, and in bridal garments he shall see you." And tenderly the old man led her to another room.

A robe of soft, white satin soon fell in graceful folds about the slender form, while a veil of rich old lace that had shaded an earl's daughter when she wedded, hung over the dark curls.

"Come, daughter, they are impatient," said the old man, tapping at the door, and he led her forth, and into the bridal room, where Arthur, a clergyman in robes, the faithful Solomon and his

family, and the aged lady of the house were waiting.

"Make them one," said he briefly to the man of God, and ere the betrothed had shaken hands, kissed or clasped each other they were husband and wife.

Then the guests left them, and the wedded lovers for long hours enjoyed that sweet communion of the soul which a treacherous kinsman had sought to still forever. An old-fashioned English supper followed and the bride decked a Christmas tree for Solomon's little children, and danced and sung with them till their little golden heads drooped on the cushions in sound slumber. Then the elders, gathering about the hearth-stone, sat till morn was gray in the east, talking and listening.

At sunrise the guests departed, and Arthur and his bride and their two aged friends spent a happy week together. It was settled, then, as it had been partly arranged before, that Bessie remain in the Woodland Retreat, as she had named her place of refuge, till the war was ended, when they would seek a home beside the Mohawk. And for seven long years she dwelt there, seeing no one, save Solomon and his family, and her two aged friends, her solitude cheered occasionally by brief visits from her husband. In the third year of her quiet life there, a little son was given to her, whom at the old man's request she named William Glenville, nor dreamed that it was after one of England's proudest lords. With the birth of the little one, new life and beauty seemed to throng about that forest home, and when Arthur could tear himself from his army duties, and spend a few days there, it seemed as "though the days of heaven had come upon the earth."

Peace was declared at length, and freed forever, he hopefully trusted, from his epaulettes, Arthur hastened up the Mohawk to demand his wife's dowry, and to build for her the little home they had so often sketched. He found no treacherous uncle now, for a rude tombstone had marked for years the grave where Benjamin Van Zandt had found rest from his evil deeds, and close beside it slumbered the remains of his meet ally, the crafty Van Alstyn. The old family mansion was deserted save by an old crone, whom with difficulty Arthur recognized as the aunt of Bessie.

"Take it, yes, take it," said she, with manic wildness, as he at length made himself known. And hobbling into the dark, dusty garret, she drew from an old chest the title deeds to Bessie's lands, and then limping down into the dark, musty cellar, she pointed out the stone that

marked the hiding place of Bessie's gold. "They stored it here, he and Rupert," she whispered hoarsely, "to have it handy for their use; but they never touched a dollar; they died, thank God, before they had the chance. And this is not all," said she, more calmly, as she sat at eventide with him in what had been Bessie's chamber. "All that I have is hers. I only ask that she let me live with her, and that she love me till I die, for O, I am so tired of living here alone—so weary with having none to care for me." And she bowed her head upon her shrivelled hands and wept.

"We shall be very lonely, Bessie, when you and little William go," said the old man of the Retreat one morning, as the happy wife read aloud a letter from her husband, telling that the cottage was nearly finished, and describing its beautiful location, with the Mohawk's waters gliding softly almost before its door and the fairy isle lying green and lovely in full sight, and a gravelled walk leading to the old trysting oak.

"But you and mother will go with us too," said Bessie. "Of course you will; hasn't Arthur planned a picturesque wing to either side of the main cottage, one for you and one for aunt? O, we shall be a happy household there!"

"Yes," said the old man, dreamily, "mother and I will go, and we will be a happy household." And he leaned upon his staff and slept as he was wont to do when weary.

They were sitting in the old rose arbor, and Bessie after a while went to the house and left him there. But as the afternoon shadows lengthened, she sent her little Willie to call him in, for she feared the October air would prove too cool for his aged limbs.

"He wont wake up, mother," said the child, tearfully, "he 'keeps saying, 'I am going.' Where is he going?" And the little one looked up inquiringly. But his mother did not hear him, she had flown to the garden, and was already holding the whitened dead upon her breast.

"I am going, going, Bessie—mother will come—we shall all be there," murmured he, and then the blanched lips were still, and one of England's mightiest lay dead.

They buried him in the edge of that dim old woodland, at the foot of an aged oak, and within sight and sound of the white waters of the hill-side falls. And ere a week had faded, they opened his grave again to the daylight, and tenderly placed upon his heart the gentle being he had so long called wife. No monument towered

above their grave—he did not wish for one. But the grass grew thick and green above them; the crimson wild rose and the blue-eyed violet wreathed the grave with beauty; the sunlight, quivering through the oak leaves, threw golden stars upon it all day long, while the moonlight flecked it with silver in the night; spray from the waterfall gave it continual baptism, while the chanting of its waves was like a low sweet dirge. They rested well, the earl and his high born lady—as well as their proud ancestors who slept in the sculptured chapels of old England.

If Bessie had toiled for that aged couple through seven long years, merely for gold, well would she have felt herself repaid, when the earl's will was read, for a princely fortune in gold and gems was hers; but like a true woman, she had done it all for love, and though she prized her added wealth for the good it would let her do to suffering hundreds, she would have given it all up freely, could she but have had the dear ones back again, and dwelling with her in her fair Mohawk home.

That picturesque cottage on the banks of that beautiful river! Like some rare old painting it stands before my memory now, with the sunset arching it with golden bows and tinting the tall green trees that shadow it, with amber hues; the rose vines clustering about every casement; the soft lawn sloping to the water's edge, and dotted with fragrant flowers; and fairest of all, that little shallop, floating down the stream, with Arthur Mervale at the oars, and Bessie the gentle, saint-like wife in the prow, with a fair baby on her knees, and at her feet two sunny-headed little boys. Sweet Bessie! meekly and bravely didst thou bear life's early trials. Wife and mother! thou art crowned with glory now.

TRUE POLITENESS.

As to politeness, many have attempted to define it. I believe it is best to be known by description—definition not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it "benevolence in trifles," or the preference of others to ourselves in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. It is a perpetual attention to the wants of those with whom we are, by which attention we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonies, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness—that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble; and what will give this but a mind benevolent and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles to all you converse and live with.
—Lord Chatham.

LOVE.

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.
SHAKESPEARE.

ONLY A JOKE, AFTER ALL.

BY M. A. ATHERTON.

"AND when are you to be married, Annie?" asked my friend, Lucy, as I carefully laid aside my bridal veil and wreath which I had been showing her.

There was something in the tone of her voice that struck a pang to my heart, though I knew not why, and I answered hastily, while the warm blood mounted to my cheeks:

"In two weeks from to-morrow evening, if nothing happens to prevent."

"And that there will anything happen you do not expect?" said Lucy, looking seriously into my face.

"Of course not, why should I, dear? Two weeks is not a very lengthy period, certainly, and before half that time has expired Walter is coming to Elton."

"You are sure of this?" queried Lucy.

"As sure as we can be of anything," I replied.

"Are you a prophetess? Can you peer into futurity, and tell me if there is any reason why this shall not be so?"

"I am no prophetess," sighed Lucy, "and yet—"

"And yet, *what*?" I demanded, impatiently, irritated by her manner.

"And yet, Walter may never come to you. If he should not?"—she did not finish the sentence, but fixed her eyes keenly upon my face.

"There are no *ifs* about it," I said. "What has taken possession of you that you appear so strangely?"

"I dare not tell you," was the slowly spoken reply, "but to-day I learned something dreadful."

"Dreadful? What can it be? Walter, nothing has happened to *him*, I am sure. Tell me, do not torture me a moment!"

"Walter—"

"*What*, Lucy? I shall go crazy—you'll kill me if you do not tell me!" I cried, grasping her hands and holding them firmly.

"Walter is married!"

"Married, Lucy—married—is that all? Did you think to frighten me with such an absurd story as that? Shame!" I laughed hysterically as I said this, and tears gushed freely from my eyes.

"It is true, Annie; I read it in to-day's paper, Mr. Walter Mayo to Miss—Miss—I can't think—"

"Helen Stickney?" I gasped, grasping her hands again.

"Yes, that was the name. They were married in Boston."

"Have you the paper? I cannot credit what you may have seen. I must read it—read it myself."

She drew it from her pocket and pointed to the marriage list. My eyes seemed starting from their sockets as I read. My senses were not to be trusted, it could not be, and yet, and yet there it was, plain, simple and indisputable: "Mr. Walter Mayo of Elton to Miss Helen Stickney of Boston!"

Walter Mayo—my, my Walter, married to the proud, wealthy city belle!

"Go from me, Lucy, please," I said, turning away. "Forget this—me—go!"

I staggered to a chair as she left the room. I pressed my hands to my throbbing temples. I tried to believe myself in the midst of some horrid dream, from which I should soon awaken. I would not keep back the tears; I would not suppress my wild sobs of grief; I would let them come—the dreadful spell would sooner pass away. But no, there was no change. My heart grew heavier every moment. The light that streamed in at the windows was not that of the early morning, upon which my eyes had just opened. There were sounds of busy life about the house; the children were out upon the grassy lawn. I had heard their merry shouts, and watched them at their play nearly all the long summer's afternoon. There were flowers upon my table; real flowers that my little brother had brought me in the morning, when the dew was on them. I was awake, alive! The dreadful weight on my heart and brain was a reality. Before my eyes was a proof of my wretchedness—in my hands I held it. God pity me, it was real, real!

"Mr. Walter Mayo to Miss Helen Stickney," that was all! all but my heart was breaking. My brain whirled like a maniac's. This mighty truth clasped itself about everything. It was within me, and around me—above me and beneath me. There was no leaving it, no forgetting it. There was no rest for me; constantly my heart must bear up its terrible load of grief.

"And yet it was no wonder," I thought, while the calmness of despair settled upon me; "no wonder that he should prefer the brilliant, accomplished city belle to me, *me* the simple, quiet, unpretending country girl! I had often heard him praise her; she was like a sister to him, he had said. Perhaps, of a sudden he had found that he loved her better than me, God only knew! But, O, it was so cruel, so hard to bear! I could not—could not live!"

"Did people ever die suddenly, when such griefs came upon them?" I wondered. If so, I believed I was dying. I rose and went to the mirror. My face was as white as death; my eyes as wild and staring as though I was wrestling with the great conqueror. Lines of purple lay about my lips, which looked as if they were frozen; frozen with such a pitiful expression of woe dagnerreotyped upon them! I clasped my icy hands over my eyes to shut out the picture which I had not strength to turn away from. My senses seemed leaving me, as with a low moan of agony going from my lips I sank helplessly upon the floor.

When I awoke to consciousness I was in my mother's room, lying upon her bed, with her dear face, anxious and tearful, bending over me. "I was dreadful sick," she said. "She had found me lying like one dead, upon the floor of my room. How long I had been there she could not tell. She had not called me at tea-time, because she thought I went out with Lucy Currier, and had not returned. The doctor said I must be quiet."

"The doctor?" I repeated, wonderingly, staring absently into her face.

"Yes, dear, the doctor—good Doctor Owens, here he is, now," and she stepped aside that I might see him, but I turned my head away, murmuring:

"Walter, Walter!"

"Do you wish to see him?" asked the good old man, pressing his cool hand upon my forehead.

"See him? O, no, no, sir!" I cried, a sudden strength coming upon me, at the thought. "I shall never see him again?"

"Well, well, you needn't dear, don't mind it," he said, soothingly, believing me delirious. "There, there!"

I sank wearily back upon my pillow, and as I did so, I heard my mother whisper my name. I listened attentively.

"Had we better telegraph to him?" she said.

"There is no particular cause for your doing so. A letter sent in the mail to-morrow morning will answer as well. I do not apprehend any serious results from this attack. Do as you please, however."

"I guess we'll send to-night, then. Walter can come then in the first train to-morrow," answered my father.

"Don't, don't send for him," I cried, springing wildly up. "If you love me, do not let him know that I am ill. I shall be better soon. Do not look at me so, I am not delirious; I know what I am saying—don't send for him!"

"Why not?" asked my mother.

"Because, because," I faltered, "I cannot tell you why!"

"What is it, child?" queried my father.

"Walter will never come here again for me; he is—"

"What?"

"He is married to some one else! I read it in to-day's paper!" I said.

"To-day's paper?" repeated my mother.

"Yes, it is in my room, go for it!"

The paper was found, and the evidence of Walter's perfidy read by each member of the family, before the wretched truth could be realized, then a blank silence followed, and my mother came to my bedside, and put her dear arms lovingly about me, and said, if all others failed, she should always remain true; that she should rather suffer from his fickleness a thousand times over, than bear up under his guilt, and that it was all right, all for the best, even though my heart broke under the burden which bore down upon it.

How from my inmost soul I blessed that mother for the comforting words she spoke to me, and while I nestled closely in her arms, like a frightened, grieved child, and felt her warm tears upon my cheeks, her tender kisses upon my lips, through my sorrow, a little vein of joy found its way, and I thanked God for my mother—for my mother's love!

In a few days I was up and about the house. The pride that had been numbed by my first shock of sorrow, took up life again and came faithfully to my aid. I put a seal upon my lips. Upon them should linger no regrets; play no words of passionate tenderness; tarry no names which had once been uttered with so much of gladness. My heart should prison all its griefs, though in their rebellion, it were torn and broken. Pride should be the stern sentinel which I would set to watch over it. Pride the sexton which should bury from the eyes of the world my woes; the mutilated corpses of my once brilliant hopes. The world should have no tombstones to look upon, and say, that in such a place my dead was lying; I, and I only must know the silent resting-place.

And thus the days went on, till the time set for Walter's coming was at hand. The story of his marriage had spread rapidly through the village. Every gossip was busy with the rare piece of news. If I went upon the street, I was watched as eagerly as though I were a condemned criminal, or a wild, ferocious animal, that was bent upon some fatal mischief. Some said that I was most heart-broken; others that I was

nearly insane, and others still, that I had settled away into a sort of stupor from which I should never be roused; that in all human probability I should not live but a short time. God knows, I prayed that the last might be so, that every day I asked earnestly never to see the light of another; the bridal robes laid away so carefully might be my shroud, at the time I had thought I should become a blessed, happy wife.

The day on which Walter was to come dawned at last. I knew, I expected that it would be a wretched one to me, and I shuddered when its light broke clear and rosy in at my windows. O, how everything mocked me, on that morning! The mist rose up like a fragrant breath from the lowlands at the first warm kiss of the sun, and lay like a white mantle at the feet of the sweet, green hills. The fields stretched away, glistening in the sunlight, as though their mantles were studded with costly jewels; and the birds hymned out their praises, rich and clear upon the morning air. In all this glory how wretchedly, how wickedly I cursed the very fate that bade me look upon it—live to see it.

I put on my bonnet and shawl and wandered out into the woods, where no human voice could reach my ear, and then when the silence grew more terrible than the busy, bustling sounds of human life, I went back to the village again; wearily towards home. I went past the depot. A train of cars had just that moment come in. I had promised to meet Walter there, at that very hour. I turned back, I knew not why; perhaps I thought to cheat myself for a moment into the belief that I should meet him as I had promised; that the past week was a myth, a dream. As I did so, a well-known voice sounded upon my ear. I turned quickly around, the blood receding rapidly from my brow, cheeks and lips. Merciful Heavens! Walter Mayo was standing directly before me, with a beautiful, showily dressed woman leaning on his arm!

"O, if I could but be away from this spot!" I thought, as a terrible faintness came over me. "Was pride frightened from her post again? Should I give up there, sink before all those cold, criticizing eyes? No, no!" and with a strong effort I moved on, directly past them. As I did so, Walter's gaze fell upon me.

"Ah, there is Annie," he said, "this way, Helen," and going towards me he held out his hand.

I drew back. A rapid, angry light shot from my eyes. My lips quivered, my whole frame trembled with emotion. I would not bear his insults, and every word that he might speak to me, after the great wrong he had done, was, in-

deed, an insult. I looked disdainfully at his proffered hand and turned away.

"Why, Annie, what is the matter, you are looking as white as death?" he exclaimed, laying his hand upon my arm. "Why do you turn away so—what does this mean?"

O, how the tenderness of his voice went down to my heart, and plead with the stern sentinel pride! How it roused my quiet dead—my dead that I had placed in their graves—the cold, icy graves of forgetfulness!

"And why do you dare speak to me, sir?" I said, in a voice hoarse with passion. "I have no words to waste upon you!"

"Annie, Annie, I cannot believe my senses—what is the meaning of this?"

"Your heart is baser than I thought, if you do not know the meaning. Let me go, I have nothing to say to you. I cannot wish you and your beautiful bride joy, even, for in my heart I have only curses, curses for you! that is all."

"Bride, bride, Annie, are you mad? I have no bride!"

I laughed his words to scorn as he uttered them. "Do not add another falsehood to the pyramid that you have already raised," I said. "And yet, what could be the use of such a denial," I thought, as the words died away upon my lips.

"You shall not go, until you explain yourself," he said, grasping my hand, firmly, as I turned away again. "Speak, Helen, tell her that I have no bride, and never hoped to have, but her!"

"But," I began, hesitatingly, my voice growing strange and hollow, "but what did that mean—your marriage—in the paper?"

"My marriage—is it possible—did that cursed joke reach you? And have you been crediting it all this while?"

"Is it not true? O, Walter, Walter!"

"Sure, Annie, as I hope for heaven, it is not! Some malicious person, I know not who, sent the marriage to the paper, and the first I knew of it was by the report which began to circulate among Helen's and my friends. O, if I had only known of this! and still I ought to have known how it would have been, my poor, dear Annie! You are faint—see, Helen, how white she is growing!" And taking me in his arms as though I had been an infant, he bore me rapidly to a carriage, holding me tenderly to his breast, while passionate regrets and words of endearment fell from his lips.

Ah, what is the use to prolong my story, reader. We were married at the appointed time—and I have no wish to die, out of all the blessed happiness that surrounds me.

THE PRETTY APPLE GIRL.

BY M. H. MACNAMARA.

The lily was not whiter
 Than the pallor of her face;
 The stars were not brighter
 Than the eyes wherein I trace
 A look of pensive sadness,
 As if life were ebbing low—
 Of a soul unused to gladness,
 Of a heart attuned to woe!

Her form was thin and graceful,
 And her hair was darkly brown;
 Her step was slow and faltering,
 As she wandered through the town;
 Of every stranger asking,
 With smile and voice to charm:
 "Will you purchase of the apples
 In the basket on my arm?"

Some would pause to pity her,
 And note her faltering step;
 Pretty maidens passed her by,
 And in silent sadness wept,
 To think that one so beautiful—
 They knew that she was good—
 Should toil thus in mid winter
 For a scanty livelihood.
 She labored for a helpless man,
 And old and blind was he;
 The grief that gnawed his daughter's heart,
 The old man could not see.

He could not see her pale, wan face,
 Nor her lustre-fading eye—
 He little knew that suffering heart
 Was soon about to die!
 The angels came one summer eve,
 And sang around her bed;
 And when the morning brightly dawned,
 The suffering child was dead!

THE MOSQUITO QUESTION.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

"Now, do you mean to say, Jinx, that you really have so much trouble with mosquitoes as you try to make us believe?" inquired my friend Johannes Taurus, as we sat at the breakfast table of our boarding house.

"Confound you, can you look me in the face and say that same to me?" I asked, turning fiercely upon him.

Johannes laughed, and well he might laugh, for my features presented a curious study for a painter—or a glacier either. I am particularly sensitive to the bite of insects, a mosquito commonly leaving a lump rather smaller than a door knob, and on the night before, the wretched little trumpeters, having carried my mosquito bars by assault, proceeded to carry me in the

same manner. I generally sleep on my right side, with half my face buried in the pillow, and my nose gracefully twisted towards the left. It was while lying in this unprotected position that the cowardly villains found me and basely shed my blood. One look in the glass in the morning did my business for me, as far as my temper was concerned, for that day at least.

O what a sight was there, my countrymen! Did you ever? No I never! The right side of my face still retained the look of serene beauty which is natural to it, but the other, the unprotected side, baffles description, as writers say when they intend to describe the aforesaid baffler. My "damask cheek" was swollen up even with the nasal promontory, my forehead was so remarkably protuberant that a phrenologist who would have set down Webster's perceptive faculties at ten, would have placed me at ten thousand. My left eye was nearly closed and had a horrible squint; half of both lips were altogether too "pouting" even for the most sable among our colored brethren, and the whole concern was of a lovely brick color, with here and there a blotch of dark purple, and besides all the rest it itched slightly.

I was painfully conscious what wide differences of opinion my appearance would create in the minds of the various people I should encounter through the day. The pretty young lady passing on my right would wonder who that handsome young divine could be, and where he would preach next Sunday. The equally pretty girl on my left would shrink to the utmost edge of the walk to avoid that horrid man who must be a murderer or worse.

"It's very singular," persisted Johannes, maliciously, "how a few harmless insects could give you such a truly marvellous mug as you are sporting this morning—that is, supposing that your sudden deformity is really owing to them, as you say it is."

"Do you doubt my word, sir?" very fiercely indeed.

"Not at all, my dear Jinx—quite the contrary. I have always considered you a gentleman who would speak the truth upon all occasions—yes, and upon a pinch, even more."

A laugh all round the table at my expense did not tend to improve my temper, but I had sense enough to restrain my anger, for to have seriously resented what was evidently intended as a harmless joke, would—as no one could look me in the face without laughing—have been a little too absurd, so I contented myself with spluttering out: "I suppose you don't 'ave hany such hiazsects in Hengland?"

"O yes we do. But I have been thinking how very strange it is that as my room adjoins yours, I should have so little trouble with them, while you suffer so much, and here's Tompkins, too, who rooms with you; I can't detect a single blotch upon the whole vast expanse of his countenance. By the way, Jinx, you didn't get home till after twelve last night, you must have seen something of that fireman's row just below here. A blow of a fist on the side of a man's face—will—sometimes—"

Johannes paused, and gazed musingly into the depths of his coffee-cup, while the rest of the boarders quaked with merriment. This was too much for me, so fiercely swallowing the last of my steak, I hastily tossed a cup of coffee down my throat the wrong way, which choked me to such a degree that it was at least two minutes before I succeeded in catching my breath, with a great gasp, I rose from the table, knocked over my own chair, caught my foot in the skirt of a lady's dress, and with my face buried in my handkerchief choked and barked myself out of the room.

Some three hours later in the day I was seated in my office very busily engaged in scratching myself, when I walked Tompkins.

"Well, Jinks, what do you propose to do about it?" he asked, as he brought himself and the sofa together with a great flop that knocked a cloud of dust out of one or both of them.

"Be hanged if I know. The fact is, now that I've had time to think of it, I don't blame any one for raising a good laugh; I should have done the same thing myself."

"Jinx," returned Tompkins, solemnly, "I'm astonished at you. The time has been when you would scarcely have allowed yourself to breathe until you had got something handsome in train for a fellow that has set the whole table laughing at you, and you must do it now. Taint fair towards me, taint patriotic neither to let a foreigner get the better of you before the whole house, even if he is a good fellow."

"Well, to tell the truth, Tompkins, with the exception of scratching myself, I have done nothing else this morning than try to study up some smart joke to make John Bull laugh out of the other side of his mouth at breakfast, but so far I've hit upon nothing."

"Well, I have," rejoined Tom, triumphantly. "You!"

"Yes, me; and the slickest of it is, that I will place him in the identical fix you were in yourself, only worse. What say you to employing a gang of skeeters to walk into him to-night?"

"Pooh, what a fool you are! How do you

propose to raise the varmints? I fancy I see an advertisement—"Notice to skeeters out of employ. Wanted, one thousand able-bodied skeeters, to whom good—"

"Don't trouble yourself about that part of it," returned Tompkins, rubbing his claws in great glee at the prospect of a good practical joke, "the skeeters are already hired, and waiting for business."

"But how the deuce—"

"Just what I am going to tell you. You know back of our store is an old rain water cistern, that hasn't been used since the Cochituate water was brought in. Well, this morning I was poking about the yard, when I happened to knock the cover off the cistern, and up flew a dozen or more skeeters right in my face. No sooner did I see them than it put me in mind of something I couldn't think of. So I slammed the cover back again to keep them in until I could make up my mind why the sight of them had struck me so very curiously. First they naturally reminded me of your scrape; then I imagined how you would have felt in that cistern; then I thought how any other fellow would feel, and I had my plan at once. Running back to the store, I got three or four pieces of netting about a yard square. One of these I makes into a sort of bag and holds it down snug to the opening of the cistern. Soon as the cover was off, the skeeters sees the light and begins to rise by dozens and twenties till the bag was as full as it ought to be, with a proper regard to the comfort of the animals themselves; then I ties a string round the neck of the bag, and did the same with three others, and there they all are, humming and buzzing away like so many beehives' nests. And I tell you they are skeeters—monsters. I'll bet any man a dollar many of them will weigh a pound!"

"A pound—pooh!"

"By jingo, it's a fact. You needn't take my word for it, but just see for yourself. There's a dollar I'll lose on it."

I began to fear that Tompkins was getting a little out, and I looked at him with a good deal of anxiety. He never appeared more serious.

"Do you mean to say that what you have said about their weight is true?" I asked, speaking very slowly and decidedly.

"True as the Bible, and you must be insane to doubt it. I said many of them would weigh a pound. I didn't say a few would, but many, a great many; probably about the number there is in the cistern." And Tompkins forthwith went into fits upon the sofa, in his delight at having put an old sell upon me.

The apartment occupied by Tompkins and myself is a large room with two long windows, looking upon a pleasant, shaded court, each window being provided with a small balcony, just big enough for two chairs and four legs, but neither communicating with the other except by passing through the room. The room adjoining ours—which was originally intended for the sleeping-room to the parlor which we occupy—has the same arrangement of window and balcony, though only one of each; there is a door between the rooms, which can be opened at any time by removing a chest of drawers and turning a key—both on our side of the door. This small, adjoining room is occupied by Johannes Taurus.

As the red-faced centre of the solar system was scratching the many-colored western clouds together into a nest, preparatory to setting, Tompkins and myself were effecting a felonious entrance into the apartment of our victim. The chest of drawers was easily removed, the key turned, the door opened, and there we were. After some deliberation as to where to place our live stock, we decided upon the cupboard beneath the wash-stand, as being the place in which he would be least likely to look, and also the nearest to our door, where we could most easily control the movements of our winged allies.

Accordingly the three bags of concentrated venom were deposited in this receptacle, each bag having two strings attached to its mouth, for the purpose of opening them at pleasure; the strings then led through gimlet holes in the back of the sink, and so beneath the door leading to our room. All being now arranged, we had only to wait the progress of events. As the company in the parlor were separating for the night, Johannes remarked with sarcastic pleasantry:

"I hope, my dear Jinx, the mosquitoes wont trouble you as much as usual to night."

"Thank you," replied Jinx, "I hope you may not be annoyed by them either."

"Pooh!" said Johannes, contemptuously. "The idea of making such a fuss about such insignificant creatures. If I never have any greater annoyance than they can produce, I assure you I shall not be deprived of any sleep, or bore any one with complaints." And Johannes glanced loftily around at the assembled ladies, who in their turn glanced admiringly at the stoical hero.

Jinx meekly acknowledged that some men possessed an infinitely greater amount of courage and endurance than he did himself, and quietly retired.

About half past eleven a heavy step ascended the stairs and entered our friend's apartment. We applied our ears to the door. First one boot and then another were tossed across the floor; then the various buttons rattled as they were thrown across the backs of chairs; then the bed squeaked with the weight of a person who had evidently thrown himself upon the outside, as the night was intensely sultry—then a variety of gasps, yawns, grunts and snorts gradually died away into long, regular breathing.

"Now for it," whispered Tompkins, taking hold of one of the strings and gently drawing it toward him. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The string might break, the bag not open, or some unforeseen accident occur. I plastered my ear up snug against the key-hole and held my breath. Presently there was a slight buzzing of a few mosquitoes as they found their way out of the bag, every moment increasing in number and variety of note, until we were satisfied the bag was empty. We now watched the symptoms of the patient intently. For a few moments he snored in happy unconsciousness; then came uneasy breathing, and rolling from side to side; then sudden drawing up of the feet, and still more sudden kicking of them out again, accompanied with a vigorous rubbing of the hands and arms, slapping of the forehead, etc., and at length a waking up, a mild swear, and the chunk of two heels as they struck the floor.

"What in Satan's name is all this?" we heard him mutter, as he danced about the floor, alternately scratching himself with spiteful claws and slapping his hands together in the vain attempt to slaughter some of his assailants. The bright light of the full moon streaming into the long window revealed the number of the intruders, and the thought seemed to occur to him to drive them out, for seizing a broom-brush in one hand and a towel in the other, he began flourishing about, "shooing" and "scatting" in the most absurd manner, fondly imagining they would take the hint and depart through the window. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that they did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, taking advantage of the useless exposure of his person while flourishing his implements of warfare, they settled upon his back, legs, neck and face in such vast and hungry numbers that he could endure it no longer. Dropping his towel and brush, with a howl of pain he dove into bed and under the clothes, head and all, as I judged by the deep, stifled breathing which was more like sobbing.

"He can't go that long," said I to Tompkins, who was choking with suppressed laughter. "It's

too everlasting hot to sleep long with the head under a blanket, and the varmints will bite through a sheet as well as if it wasn't there. Stand by to open another bag when 'he turns out.'

I had taken the precaution to bar our own windows with netting, so that if the mosquitoes should take a notion to go out of his window, they couldn't get in at ours. So, taking my pipe and pushing out the netting like a bow window over the balcony, I seated myself comfortably to watch proceedings. As I had anticipated, our friend didn't stand it long under the bed-clothes; at the end of three minutes he came to his feet with a bounce, dragging all the clothes with him.

"O lord, I can't stand this—this beats the D—D—Dutch," he moaned, as he pranced frantically about the room, slapping and spanking himself with the greatest animosity.

"Give him another dose," I whispered to Tompkins.

The fresh volley of shrill trumpeting that reached the ear showed that Tompkins's lines were in good working order, while the continuous scratch, scratch, scratch, dig, dig, dig; slapping, spanking, moaning, swearing and gritting of teeth, showed equally that the mosquitoes themselves were in good working order.

"Are you up, Johannes?" I asked, in a careless tone, as he approached his window in one of his paroxysms.

"Eh, hullo!" he exclaimed, poking his head out and seeing me upon the balcony. "Why, are you up, too—and dressed? What's the matter? Can't you sleep? Are you troubled with—"

"No, not at present—are you?"

"Yes—that is—no. There are a few in here I believe. But do you mean to say there are none in your room?" he asked, in a tone that had something of despair.

"There was one here, a while ago."

"One!" he muttered, gritting his teeth, and dodging back to give a sly cut at his legs.

"But I drove him out," I continued. "Possibly he may have come into your room, if there are any there."

"I think he *has* done so—yes, I think he *must* have come in here," he said, alternately chafing his ankle with the opposite foot with such celerity that he appeared to be dancing a jig.

"I would have killed him if I could," I continued. "But then I suppose you don't mind if he did come in, they trouble you so little, you know."

"O no, I don't care—I rather like 'em," he

answered, bitterly, as he made another attempt to effect a lodgement in his room, but almost instantly returned, wrapped up in a long dressing-gown that reached to his heels, and seated himself on his balcony, a strong detachment of the enemy following him out, and harassing his rear.

"I don't wonder, Johannes, that you have but little inclination to sleep on such a night as this," I began, in my most sentimental tone. "What could be more truly heavenly than the lovely scene before us? All nature is in repose; there is not a zephyr to shake the diamond dew-drop from its setting of emerald, not a sound reaches the ear, save that of distant music, not even an insect is astir—" (Johannes swallowed a moan and gritted his teeth). "At such a moment," I continued, "it is almost impossible to realize that evil passions, suffering or pain can have an existence on this beautiful earth—"

At this moment the moon, which, for a little while had been behind a cloud, came out in full splendor, showing up our friend to great advantage. There he sat, in nothing but shirt and dressing-gown, his body bent half double, his feet fiddling against his ankles and shins incessantly, his hands in full play, keeping his head, neck and each other free from the enemy, his usually red face now a perfect flame, swollen and streaming with perspiration, while an immense flock of mosquitoes formed a perfect halo round his head—for all the world like the rays about the setting sun—the expression of his countenance being precisely that of a malignant demon with an excruciating stomach ache.

This picture, in connection with the sentimental speech I was trying to get off, was too much for Tompkins, who, stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth and holding his ribs with both hands, laid down upon the carpet and rolled in an agony of silent side ache.

"Yes, my dear Johannes," I went on to say, "it is the delicious repose and quiet of the hour that we enjoy so much, the total absence of all disagreeable—"

"By thunder and lightning, I've got it!" yelled Johannes, springing full six feet from the balcony, and in at his window at the same time. The next minute we heard the sound of running waters!

Johannes Taurus, Esquire, passed the trifling remainder of the night in a bath-tub, and it was the talk of the whole house next day, that he was having his window fitted with one of the finest mosquito bars ever seen.

Every rose has its thorns; you never find a woman without pins and needles.—*Jerrold.*

THE NUN.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Saintly kneeling down to pray,
In the convent old and gray,
From the sounds of life away.
In no 'broidered raiment fine,
In her locks no jewels shine,
And no flowers luxuriant twine.
But her robe of serge is gray,
And her dark hair put away,
As she kneels alone to pray.

Why is she in girlhood's bloom
Buried in this living tomb—
In this narrow convent's gloom?—
Round the nuns are kneeling low,
Still as statues made of snow;
But they do not heed or know—
How in thought she sees once more
Sisters round the cottage door,
With the vine leaves shadowed o'er,
And the mother's meek, brown eyes,
And the father's mournful sighs
Now before her vision rise.
All because the fairest flower
Is transplanted from their bower,
To the gloomy convent tower.

Sorrowful she thinks how late
Did she paint the votary's state
Heavenly, beautiful and great;
When she thought the cloister's gloom,
And the convent's quiet room
Dearer than the smiles of home.
Broken now the rosy spell,
And the organ's lofty swell
To her is a mournful knell.
Kneeling by the altar stone,
Does she count, with many a groan,
Her beads over one by one.

Ah, poor heart, that bleeding lies
'Neath this heavy sacrifice,
Only God may lift thine eyes.
Only He can make it light,
How the book and priestly rite
Are not worship in his sight.
No more doth His presence stay,
In the convent still and gray,
Than within the world's great fray.
There he strengthens feeble hands,
There he helps the tolling bands,
Wearied on life's burning sands.
And from out their thorny ways,
As in heaven's eternal days,
Rises up His prayer of praise!

LIFE SCENES AND SHADOWS.

BY MRS. AGNES L. CRUIKSHANK.

It was on a sunny day in June, between ten and fifteen years ago, that I stood among a group of young girls, speaking farewell words to each other on leaving our boarding school, a few miles distant from the British metropolis. For three

years we twelve had dwelt together as one family, little or no change having taken place in our home during that period. But the time had come when we must part, and if there were some hearts almost overflowing with joy, it was not unmingled with pain at the approaching separation from well known and long loved companions. Perhaps of the whole group I myself was the saddest, for the past three years had been the happiest of my life, and my prospects in the future were far from brilliant. Without a relative in the world nearer than a cousin of my father's, who was a man in years, it is not wonderful that I had bestowed on some of these fair girls the long-smothered affection of a heart which had always pined for a sister's love.

Among our number were two American girls, one from sunny France, and one who had inherited from an Italian mother the peculiar characteristics of that people; the rest-like myself were English born, and with no remarkable traits to distinguish them from other pretty, gentle natives of our Saxon soil. Of the party, my favorites had always been the two beautiful Americans, nor was I alone in my choice. The strong will of Olivia Hallett, united to her great personal loveliness, had unanimously gained for her the title of queen among us; while her friend Ruth Clements, almost equally beautiful, and far more lovable, was looked on as a sister by most of the girls.

Olivia had a clear, transparent complexion, heavy, dark hair and glorious eyes; nothing could be more beautiful than the tint on her cheeks, or the rosebud freshness of her crimson lips; yet those eyes could flash and the full lips curl in a deeper scorn than I ever have beheld on a face since. It was little wonder that our good governess felt such anxious solicitude about the future fate of her most gifted, graceful and wealthy pupil, since there was no mother to keep loving guard over the young heiress.

Ruth Clements was very different in appearance, and I thought even more beautiful than her companion; but it was the beauty of a true, pure spirit, looking forth from deep blue eyes, eyes in which every thought and feeling were mirrored so clearly that all hearts were involuntarily drawn towards her. Ruth also was motherless (this was one circumstance which doubtless made so strong a sympathy between us three), but no one, looking on her pure white brow, and calm, resolved face, ever felt any fears for her future. Troubles might come, but you felt that under that beautiful form was hidden a spirit equal to combat life's hardest struggles.

As both these girls were liberally supplied with

money, and had wardrobes far surpassing any that their companions possessed, I need scarcely say that during the first year at school there was both envy and ill-feeling, but in a community like that, time causes each one to find their own level, and it came at last that no one questioned their right to superiority.

I had so often heard Ruth and Olivia speak of their homes in New York, that when the time came for parting it needed an effort to repress a feeling of envy at their happiness. Before me loomed up the gloomy prospect of the old London house where I had passed my joyless childhood, and where for aught I knew the remainder of my life was to be spent; while they read and re-read the letters which told of the fond impatience of two loving fathers to clasp their absent children to their hearts.

"I shall write to you as soon as I reach home, dear Maggie," Ruth said, "and you must not fail to be a punctual correspondent. As I am going to be papa's housekeeper, I shall have much to tell you about; and you must also tell me how you enjoy yourself in that old haunted house you tell me of."

"And I shall write just as soon as I get a lover," Olivia exclaimed, "and as that will probably occur on board the ship, you may look for speedy news."

We laughed as we always did at her gay speeches, and just then Giulia, the Italian girl, whispered that some one was coming through the garden.

"It is old Sally, the fortune teller," Olivia exclaimed. "Now that we have so good an opportunity let us see what the future has in store for us. I for one am ready to learn my fate." And she went dancing down the walk, and turned into the arbor whither the stranger had betaken herself out of sight of our governess' windows.

"I am afraid our Mrs. M—— would not like this if she knew," Ruth said, as we all came hurrying after our leader.

"But she need not know, and besides, we are all free to-day, you know," Olivia said, and laid her little white hand in the old woman's sun-browned palm.

More than one rosy cheek turned pale as we saw the strange look the sybil cast on the beautiful girl, but Olivia bore it without flinching.

"You are a brave one," she said, and a sarcastic sneer added to the disagreeable expression of her features. "A brave and a handsome one; but your pride will be laid low, my fair lady, and your beauty shall bring nothing but desolation and death. The curse of more than one blighted heart shall be upon you, and gray

hairs shall go down in sorrow to the grave for your sake." She flung away the little hand with an expression of loathing, and turned to Ruth, who stood next. "Will you too try the fates?" she asked, with a hateful smile.

But Ruth drew back. "I do not think it is right, it is very wicked to foretell such things. I am content to wait for time to tell me my fate."

But others were more curious, and one after another, the old woman held each trembling hand until it came to my turn. I had not resolution enough to follow Ruth's example, so allowed her to examine my palm also.

"You have had sorrow, and you will have more," she said. "Others will owe their happiness to you, but whether you share that happiness will depend on yourself; twice your fate will be in your own hands, and once you will decide right, and once wrong." I tried to draw away my hand, but she held it firmly and pointed to Olivia. "You like her—avoid her as you would a pestilence; sorrow and suffering attend her, and her blighting influence will fall on many."

We gave her money and she went away, leaving a strange pain in more than one young, innocent heart. In spite of Olivia's attempts to appear indifferent, I could plainly see that she was affected by the old hag's persistent prophecies of evil, but that evening the lady and gentleman under whose protection they were to return to America, came for them, and in a few hours we were all on our journeys home.

It was very bitter to me, this parting from Ruth Clements, and every time my eye fell on the little bouquet of violets and geranium leaves she had placed in my hand, my tears fell afresh. But Mr. Morton's early old servant was seated beside me, and I would not give him any more occasion for surprise than I could help. I thought with something like comfort of Ruth's last words, "Bear it as well as you can, dear Maggie, until you are your own mistress, and then come to me." And I resolved if such a time ever did come, I would go to her.

Arrived at home (the old dingy brick house looked more gloomy than ever), I met my guardian at the very entrance, just going out. He greeted me coldly, as had ever been his custom, held open the parlor door while I walked in, and then went away to leave me in silence and loneliness to mourn for the loss of my pleasant companions, and indulge in no very pleasing anticipations for the future. Everything in the old house looked just the same, save that the two servants had grown more feeble, and a younger woman had come to aid the housekeeper; the man leaned a trifle more heavily on his oaken

stick, and both were more sullen and reserved — I had noticed in the momentary glance I took of my guardian that his hair was several shades lighter, almost white in fact, that he had grown thinner, and the lines in his face deeper, he looked ten years older instead of three. The book he had been reading lay open on the table, a mystical German work, wherein the author labored to prove that all things came by chance in this world. I read a few pages and laid it down in disgust; my education had not been solely with a view to accomplishments, and one of my first convictions had been in direct opposition to this hopeless doctrine. I saw the hand of the Creator in all his works, and believed that he ruled the destinies of his creatures with infinite wisdom. I wondered not at the unhappy looks of my guardian, if the distrustful, unsatisfying belief of this German philosopher were his.

More than ever did I regret our pleasant school home where the simple, unaffected piety of our governess had made religion desirable even to gay, young, girlish hearts. The unthankful, gloomy atmosphere of Mr. Morton's house affected both my health and spirits, but I tried all in my power to cheer and comfort him, the unhappy owner of all that might make people glad, yet unsmiling, sorrowful, going down to the grave with neither wife nor child to comfort or console him for the trouble which all might see was daily bending down that gray head and feeble form. At times he appeared pleased with my attentions, listening while I read aloud or played on the piano, but soon the mood would change, and he relapsed into the old gloom, treating me with a harshness for which I could find no possible reason, and which caused me many bitter hours. As he stood in the place of a parent, I showed him a child's duty; but it was simply duty, I could neither love nor reverence a man so inconsistent and so unkind.

Mr. Morton and I sat at the breakfast table one morning, silent as usual, but with more outward show of comfort than we generally enjoyed. The pleasant August sun came through the uncurtained window, and gilded our dull room into actual brightness, the table looked well with its snowy damask and old fashioned china and silver; my birds sang merrily in the sunshine, and Mr. Morton's favorite cat—the only object that he ever showed any fondness for—came purring beside him, and jumped up in his lap.

The servant came in with letters, two for his master and one for me; I opened mine joyfully, for I recognized Ruth Clements's beautiful hand in the superscription. It was a long letter, good

and kind like herself; I had not half read it through when Mr. Morton, having glanced at his own, asked me who it was from. I answered, "One of my schoolmates," and went on reading. He took up the envelope, and as his eyes fell on the postmark, uttered an exclamation that made me let fall the paper I held in my hand.

"New York! Do you dare to tell me you correspond with any one in New York? You deceiving girl, what tempted you to do this?"

I was shocked at his words, still more at his angry looks, but summoned courage to tell him that this was the first letter I had received, and that I had never written any myself.

He cooled down a little at this. "Well, see to it that you never write any."

"But I must answer this," I said in alarm. "My friend expects a reply, and as I like her best of all my acquaintances, I don't want to offend her."

The expression of Mr. Morton's face was awful. "Write to her at your peril," he said in a voice of suppressed passion. "You don't know what it is to cross me, and you had better not learn. I tell you to have nothing more to do with this girl and her letters; do you hear?"

I was dreadfully terrified, I thought the man was crazy, but there was no refusing to obey, so with an aching heart I promised that I would not send an answer or communicate in any way with any one in America. He appeared satisfied with this, and soon after went out, leaving me to go to my room and finish Ruth's letter, and also to speculate on this new mystery. What possible harm could it do him or any one else for me to write to this dear girl? But then I remembered that it was the place and not the person he had objected to, he had not even heard my correspondent's name. All my conjectures appeared unsatisfactory, and I gave it up at last, and turned once more to my letter.

Ruth said they had arrived safely, without any remarkable adventure, save that Olivia had fulfilled her prophecy, and secured a lover on board the ship. She bade me not expect a letter from Olivia very soon, and I thought alluded rather sadly to the volatile girl's habits, and the old woman's predictions about her. She spoke of the beautiful home her father had made her mistress of, the pleasant friends he had introduced to her, and at his bidding sent many kind regards. How gladly would I have answered this friendly epistle, and how unreasonable appeared the prohibition Mr. Morton had pronounced; more than once I was tempted to write secretly, but then I never had disobeyed him, and my promise, I would not break that. So days,

weeks and months passed on, and I heard no more from my friends over the water.

The affair of the letter was never more mentioned between us, I kept my disappointment to myself, and he gradually recovered from his anger. Perhaps my feelings were softened towards him by noticing daily how he failed, how old and worn and haggard he looked, and how deep a grief seemed to devour him night and day. Many an hour I heard him pacing back and forth in his room long after midnight, and puzzled myself in a thousand vague conjectures as to the cause of this silent misery. The explanation came most unexpectedly. I was sitting up later than common, musing on the contents of another letter which I had received from Ruth, in which the dear girl spoke of her first as having been lost, she having waited a whole year without receiving an answer. Olivia was married to a good man, "too good for her I am afraid," so she wrote. "She does not value him as she ought, but rejoices in the conquest of his wealth. They were acquainted but a few weeks previous to the wedding, not long enough for her to understand him, certainly not long enough for him to learn her heart. She came to see me a few days ago to request that I would keep a miniature for her, the likeness of a young man whose attentions before her marriage were much commented on. She said she was afraid Mr. N—— might find it and make trouble. I asked her to destroy it or to let me do so, both which propositions she declined, and having myself a high esteem for Mr. N——, and dislike for young Shaffer's conduct and principles, I positively refused to have anything to do with the matter. Old Mr. Hallet idolizes Olivia; he is very wealthy, and her dowry was magnificent; nothing she asks of him is ever refused. I hope she will do well, for sorrow coming to her would kill her old father." From some quiet hints in another part of Ruth's letter, I understood that she too was about to be married.

I determined on answering this letter and was calculating on the chances of getting Mr. Morton's permission to do so, when my door opened, and the old housekeeper came in, looking very pale and in most extraordinary dishabille. I could see that the hand holding the light trembled violently, and her voice was unsteady with emotion.

"The master is very ill, Miss Morton, and wants to see you immediately."

I laid Ruth's letter away, threw a shawl about me and followed her out into the dark gallery. I had never entered Mr. Morton's room in my life, and my first sensation was unmingled astonishment, it was so different from what I had ex-

pected. That it had once been in the possession of a lady I saw at a glance; but the next moment my eye fell on the deathlike countenance of my guardian, and I forgot all else in anxiety.

"Where is the doctor, have you not sent for help?" I asked the old woman.

"No, the master would not consent," she replied, and shook her head dolefully.

"But he is very ill, he will die without help."

He opened his eyes and looked at me. "With or without help," he murmured, "so do not let me be disturbed." He motioned to the housekeeper to set down the glass of mixture she held, and leave the room, then bade me take a seat near the sofa on which he was reclining. There was a great change in his manner, a gentleness I had never seen before, a plaintive tone that went to my heart. "Do not tremble," he said, kindly, "I have wished for death too long to feel any terrors now. I have but a few hours to live, and I have still much to do. My life has been wretched. O, so wretched; none may know, save those who like myself seek happiness in revenge, how keen are the pangs of remorse." He closed his eyes and sighed heavily, and my tears fell fast, for I remembered that he was my only relative, all the friend I had in the world. "Poor child," he said, "I have not deserved that you should weep for me, I have not deserved sympathy from any one; but listen to my story. I was born in this old house, I and your father and mother. Your father's father, old Abel Morton, was the head of the family, and when the news came that my father had fallen in battle, he gave my mother a home here, and when she too died, I became as his own son. He was a good man, a kind, warmhearted man, who grieved for sorrows of any kind, more than all for the sorrows of parents. In his young days he had been guardian to an orphan girl; she married, her husband spent her property and drank himself to death in something over a year; the poor, broken-hearted creature came back to her old home, and here her child was born. Margaret, that child was your mother, but for many years she knew no other parents than Abel Morton and his gentle wife. They were very loving to the little child, for the green grass waved over the graves of three of their own, and out of a blooming family one only had been spared to them, the delicate little boy, Nathan. I was ten years older than my cousin Nathan, and being very strong and stout, went ahead of him in all things, until at last I came to look with scorn on his frail beauty, and the evidences of his feeble strength. My high spirits made me a favorite with all save little Margaret Morrison,

who from earliest infancy shrank from my advances, and clung with trusting fondness to Nathan or his equally feeble but favorite companion, Harry Allison. In my heart I hated the two boys for the attentions they required and received, but as years passed on, and we all grew up, my hatred and jealousy became madness. Your mother was very lovely, and good as she was beautiful. I would have died for one of the smiles and caresses she lavished on the others, and yet though kind, she ever shrank from me as of old. Draw back that screen," he said, and obeying, I beheld the portrait of a young girl, very fair and beautiful to look at, and evidently as loving and sweet tempered as she was handsome. The picture hung directly opposite to him. "Many a long hour have I spent alone with that image of her I loved so well; it never frowned upon me, never cursed me."

He covered his face and was silent for a few minutes, while I gazed with strange, new feelings on the portrait of my mother, the mother I had never seen in life.

"You will have time enough to admire that, Margaret," Mr. Morton said; "it is yours now—all that was hers shall now be yours—but I must hasten." I gave him a mouthful of the mixture, and he went on. "When your mother was seventeen, I saw that young Allison loved her, and I fancied that she returned his affection. He was a clerk in one of Abel Morton's offices, loved and trusted as his own son, and his home was almost as much with us as in his own father's house. I hated him because Margaret Morrison smiled on him; I vowed she should never be his, that I would crush him for daring to cross my path, and I kept my oath. I saw the day when he was turned out of Abel Morton's house with cruel reproaches, when his name was in all men's mouths, and they called him gambler, spendthrift, forger. He was innocent; I knew he was innocent, and laughed at his sorrow, laughed until I saw Margaret weeping in Nathan's arms. I believed she loved Harry, and that Nathan was their confidant. I heard him tell her not to despair, that Harry was going to New York, and doubtless in a few months the mystery would be cleared up, and he would return. She kissed him for his kind words, and I gnashed my teeth and swore another oath. It was not long until I learned that he had got a situation, his open, manly countenance and gentlemanly manners had stood him in lieu of a better recommendation; and with fiendish satisfaction I wrote to his employers a few lines sufficient to blast his every prospect. How I gloried in the knowledge that he could not return, that per-

haps he might never come back to claim his bride, and in the meantime I asked her to love me, and learned to my horror that it was Nathan and not Allison to whom she was betrothed. They married when she was twenty, married and lived here, here in this house, while I roamed the world like a second Cain. For several years I kept myself acquainted with Allison's movements, not that I repented—for had he not dared to love the woman I worshipped?—but I wished to make sure that he did not clear himself from the imputation I had cast on his name. It followed him like his shadow or a dying curse. He married for love, no doubt, but the evil report was on his path, and poverty and sorrow attended their steps. I have not heard tidings of them now for fifteen years; they may be dead for aught I know, but they had children, some of whom are doubtless living. The remembrance of my cruelty has long haunted me, nor can I die in peace until reparation is in some measure made. My revenge has been my own punishment, and the word 'America' has long sounded in my ears like a curse. Will you, the last of our name and race, promise to repair this wickedness of mine as far as lies in your power? Will you, as soon as I am dead, go to America, and with the instructions you will find in my desk, seek out Allison and his family, and pay to them the sum named in my will. It was the fortune your grandfather intended to leave him, and year by year I have added the interest to it and laid it away, as a sacred deposit for him."

Mr. Morton ceased, and I promised in all things to obey his last wishes: some other instructions he gave me, and then I left him to recover from the fatigue of our conversation. He was weaker and worse the next day, and grew gradually more feeble until the end of a week, when he died. I had called in a physician, an old friend of my guardian's, and he took charge of the funeral, and the necessary business, but all matters relating to the property were left in the hands of Mr. Morton's lawyer, a very kind and worthy man. I found all the papers precisely as he had said, save that here and there were chance sheets where he had seemingly written down the feelings of the moment, and very dreadful his sensations must have been at times. There was an old diary of five and twenty years before, wherein his agony at his cousin's marriage to Margaret Morrison was most touchingly described. Then allusion was made to the loss of my brothers and sisters, then my father's death, and lastly my mother's. His comments on these were sometimes bitter, sometimes tender; after my mother's death he wrote,

"Now farewell hope, fear, joy and sorrow, henceforth life is a blank." And here the book ended.

In his will comfortable provision had been made for the two servants, and a few, trifling bequests to old friends, principally books and pictures; the old house and the Morton property was mine; but the legacy of old Abel Morton to his godson, Henry Allison, with its accumulated interest had become an immense sum. Three weeks after Mr. Morton's death I left England, not even answering Ruth's letter before my departure. I left the housekeeper and her companion in charge of the old London house, and all business matters in the hands of the lawyer.

I started on my voyage with the joy of a released prisoner, even more, for was not mine a mission of mercy and justice? I cannot describe the thrill of delight with which I remembered that I was my own mistress, that no human being could henceforth control my actions, or bind me again to the solitude and silence I abhorred. I changed very much in these few weeks, even my dress, about which I had ever been indifferent, now became an object of care. I wore simply black, but it was of the finest material, no crape, only black silk, plain black silk, but the richest prices I could find in London. Of my voyage I shall say nothing, I have so many other things to tell.

"Mrs. N—— is not at home, ma'am," said the well-behaved lady's maid. "She has gone to sit again for her picture."

"Where is that? I will go and find her, if you know the address."

The girl handed me a card with the name, "Henry Gray, artist," and the address. In a few minutes we drove up to the door, rather a shabby looking place, I thought, but then artists are so peculiar. I sent away the carriage, and went in and up three flight of stairs, and then again was the name, "Henry Gray."

A very delicate looking individual, dressed in the extreme of foppishness, opened the door, and to my inquiry bade me walk in. I found Olivia in a magnificent dress, sitting for her likeness in an inner room. She welcomed me with extreme cordiality, kissed me again and again, introduced the young gentleman as Mr. Shaffer, and bade the artist lay aside paints and pencils for that time. He came from behind the easel now, and I had an opportunity of observing him, perhaps the contrast to Shaffer made the impression stronger, but I thought I had never beheld a more perfect face and figure in my life. He was very pale, and even I, little skilled in reading human faces, could see the traces of a deep

and abiding sorrow in that youthful and beautiful countenance. It made my cheek burn to see how patronizingly Olivia treated this gentlemanly artist, while showing all kindness and attention to the miserable little fop who fluttered round her like a butterfly. The two talked apart while Mr. Gray allowed me to inspect some of his most beautiful pictures, and I could not but see that there was something in Olivia's manner decidedly wrong. When we were in the carriage, driving to her home, Shaffer took some most unwarrantable liberties, pulling off her glove, placing his arm on the cushions round her waist, and when she took off a magnificent ring, and desired him to keep it until she should sit again, he kissed her hand with most disgusting affectation. We left him a few doors from her home, and I felt positively relieved when he was gone; doubtless she read my feelings, for she begged me not to mind him. "Poor fellow, he is so loving and so kind I can't be angry with him." With all my heart I wished myself away, but it was too late to repent now, and in a few minutes more we were at home, and welcomed by Mr. N——.

There was no company, and I had a good opportunity to converse with my host on the business uppermost in my mind. I had been directed to him as one who knew the Allison, and who would be likely to give me all necessary information. I showed him the papers, and he entered eagerly into my feelings on the subject, but said that for many years he had lost sight of the family. He believed they had removed to the country, and he promised me all possible assistance in my search. The conversation then turned on the artist, Mr. Gray, and I learned that there was a great mystery about him, no one knew his origin, but he was talented and poor, working for a living, yet avoiding all publicity.

"I have tried to befriend him in many ways," Mr. N—— said, "but his pride rejects all assistance save in the way of business. His is a rare and beautiful character, and it must have been a cruel sorrow to cloud his whole life."

Olivia interrupted us. "Don't talk any more about the gloomy fellow, he makes me nervous with his great black eyes, and woebegone look, but tell me something more about that property. What a silly girl you are, Maggie, to give it up, I should keep it myself, and who is there to say anything about it? I am sure I should never go looking up those Allison folks if I was you."

I thought Mr. N—— looked grieved at her speech, and he soon after went away, and Olivia and I went in the carriage to see Ruth Clements.

"Miss Morton, allow me to introduce you to Miss Clements, soon to be Mrs. Allanson," my

gay companion said, as we entered Ruth's chamber, where several dressmakers were at work, and the dear girl herself in the act of selecting some laces which had been sent for her to choose from.

She welcomed me with the old sisterly warmth, and led the way to another room; but there was constraint in the greeting she gave Olivia.

"What a foolish child you are, Ruth, to go worrying yourself to death with all these dresses and things in the house! Why did you not send them all to Madame M——, as I did?"

"Yes, and pay twelve dollars for the making of a gingham morning wrapper, as you did. I have better uses for my money, Olivia."

Mrs. N—— looked slightly confused. "Well, I must own it was extravagance, but then you know that is madame's price, no matter what the material is, and I could not endure all the fitting and fuss at home."

"Well, I prefer to have my things made under my own eye; besides, it gives these girls a profitable month's work, instead of increasing that proud French woman's gains."

"Well, please yourself—please yourself; only don't look so sad and sorrowful. Somebody's been telling you some more nonsense about my little flirtations, I know."

Ruth looked almost angry. "The whole town is talking about you, Olivia, and your nonsensical encouragement of that young Shaffer."

"Well, what can I do? You would not have me stay at home and play propriety with N——, would you? And when I go out, he can't always go with me, and I don't want to go alone—and so—and so—"

"And so you are willing to endanger your own name, and your husband's happiness, and all for an idle whim."

"There, that's sermon enough for one day. I have a thousand calls to make; take care of little Maggie there, and see that you set us all an example when you marry Allanson."

After she was gone, Ruth and I sat down to one of those delightful gossip long-parted friends find so sweet. I was charmed with her father's house, and all her surroundings appeared so elegant, so comfortable, I told her I wondered she could dream of leaving so kind a parent.

"You will understand the reason, Maggie, when you meet the right one."

"And have you met the right one, Ruth?"

"I do indeed believe so, Maggie," she answered, earnestly, while a sweet flush dyed her cheek. I believed so too, when I met her handsome, gentlemanly betrothed.

With the privilege of an old friend, I was allowed to inspect the wedding preparations, from the well-packed trunks of snowy household linen to the costly satin dress and rich veil, and the case of jewels which had been re-set for the bride. Among these, I found Mr. Allanson's likeness in a locket, and a watch—a birthday gift of her father's—both magnificent articles; but such things had a value in Ruth's eyes beyond their actual worth.

"What would you do," I asked her, "if by any sudden change you should become poor? You have been used to such an excess of luxury all your life, it would be very hard."

"Not so hard as you think, Maggie; you don't know what a housekeeper I am. Even at the risk of spoiling my hands, I have learned the mysteries of cooking, and I believe I could conduct my household affairs tolerably well, though at present I shall have no chance to test my powers, Mr. Allanson preferring to have an experienced woman to superintend affairs—in fact, an old housekeeper of his mother's. But there is no harm in knowing."

I thought not; and could not enough admire the beautiful, sensible girl who had passed unspoiled through so much indulgence and so many temptations.

Mr. Allanson came the following morning for Ruth and me to visit Gray's studio; he wished to have one of his best portraits done, to leave with Mr. Clements. We found Olivia and young Shaffer there, as before; and neither Ruth nor her lover spoke to him. There was true friendliness in their greeting to the artist, whom they both knew; and Allanson said to me, as Mr. N—— had done, "a most mysterious history, but a true gentleman." How I longed to penetrate the cause of that sadness so visible in his face, sounding in every tone, but there was no approaching one so reserved.

"Mr. N—— has been telling me that sad story of Allison's," said Mr. Allanson, as we walked round the room and looked at the pictures. "I feel interested in it, for my father was one of the partners in the house where he first got employment, and where Mr. Morton sent the letter warning them that he was a bad character. My father would have kept him, for he was interested in the handsome lad; but the senior partner knew more of the world, or loved his money better, or had better reasons for taking the warning—at all events, he discharged him at once. Several years afterward, my father got a letter from an unknown correspondent, begging the loan of a hundred dollars to enable a man to keep his family from starving. He

immediately recognized Allison's writing, and enclosed a bill for five hundred, telling him it was a free gift, and proffering more if it was needed. Since then, we have had no tidings of him; but we learned that every time when he had succeeded in getting employment, the same report was forwarded to crush him down. I was but a boy when this happened; but I remember it perfectly, and also hearing my father say he believed it to be the work of an enemy, and that Allison was innocent."

As Mr. Allanson finished speaking, I heard a low moan beside me, and there, half-leaning against the wall, stood the young artist—his face deathly pale, his lips livid, and he apparently fainting. Allanson sprang forward and caught him in his arms, while I hastened to get a glass of water from a stand near by. There was also a little confusion near the door; and as Mr. N—— came in one way, young Shaffer made a hasty exit by another. Of course we all gathered round to keep away all the air we could, as people always do when one faints. But Mr. Gray did not faint. He said it was merely a weakness he was subject to—he would be better in a little while; but I saw that he was unhappy and wished us away, and I hurried the party all I could.

It was evident that N—— had suspected his wife of having other company, and he now stood talking with more than his ordinary kindness, as if to make amends for injustice.

The next morning Allanson came to us in great trouble; the artist had vanished, given up his rooms and gone off, telling his landlady that he was compelled to leave New York. I must confess I was deeply disappointed, as I had a hope that I might be able to fathom the strange mystery which all said surrounded him; more than that, he had been very kind to me in the two short visits I had paid to the study—had shown me the paintings; and spoken of his art with very little of the reserve he kept up with the others. However he was gone, and I kept my sorrow to myself.

Ruth's wedding took place, and as I was her bridesmaid, they insisted that I should accompany them on the wedding tour. We journeyed for several weeks, and at last rested in a beautiful and romantic settlement in Northern New York. Allanson had passed a vacation here in his youth, and day after day he led Ruth and me over hill and dale, rock and rivulet, to his favorite haunts, until we were often glad to rest in any place where anything was to be had to eat.

We came most unexpectedly one day on a beautiful little farm-house, half buried in shrub-

bery, with fine cultivated fields at the back, and a river in front. Great elms shaded the entrance, and there was an air of comfort around the whole place most inviting. Ruth clapped her hands with joy; for we had torn our dresses, wet our feet, eaten all our provisions, and sadly needed recruiting. Allanson hurried us along, and in a few minutes we stood in the vine-covered doorway, and were welcomed into the neat kitchen by an elderly gentleman and his very good looking and well dressed wife. They were evidently people who had not lived always in that wilderness, and we were soon at home in their company, and partaking with a relish of the dame's sugar cakes and home-made currant wine. Allanson admired the place, and the old gentleman looked gratified; yet in a few minutes he sighed heavily.

"You say truly that this is a place to be happy in; yet even here we have troubles. Our only child came home to us very ill a few weeks ago, and is still unable to leave his room; so you see it is not all sunshine even with us."

"But he ought to have better advice than you can procure in these parts," Allanson said.

The father sighed again, as he answered:

"Poor fellow! no physician can help him! his trouble is solely in the mind."

We rose to leave, after an hour's rest passed in pleasant conversation. As Allanson took the old gentleman's hand, he said:

"Your life has doubtless been a happy one—free from care and sorrow; may we all be able to say as much, when our years are as many."

Ruth came next. "I should like to have the names of our kind entertainers to remember when I am far away."

The old man held her hand and looked down into her pretty face. "It is many years since I have spoken my own name, dear lady, nor can I speak it now. It is a sad name, bringing sorrow and suffering to all who bear it—for your husband is wrong in thinking I have known nothing of sorrow. Few on earth, I hope, have endured miseries like mine; accused of a crime never committed, hunted from my own country, driven to despair in this, all my attempts to obtain a livelihood crushed, my little ones perishing of hunger and cold, forced at last to ask charity of a stranger—think you I have not seen trouble? But that one man had mercy, and from him I received enough to make this home for our old days, and here our efforts have been prospered."

The old man paused, with the tears in his eyes, and I saw strange emotion in Allanson's face. "What was the name of that man, you speak of?" he asked, hoarsely.

"He is dead; I saw his death in the papers several years ago; but I pray that his children may be blessed for his sake. His name was Allanson."

There was silence for an instant, and then I heard our companion speak again.

"This is a strange meeting, a wonderful meeting, for you are Mr. Allison, and I am *that* man's son, and here is one who for months has searched in vain for you or your family, the last of the race to whom you owe your sufferings."

The old man laid his hand on my shoulder, and turned my face to the light. "Margaret Morrison's child!" he said: and turned away as if unable to talk further. I was too agitated to speak, nor did I comprehend all that Allanson was explaining to the old man; that it was pleasant, was soon evident, for he came and took my hands in his and blessed me.

"Not for my own sake, for it is all one to me now; not for my wife's sake, for she is willing to share good or ill with me in the future, as in the past; but for my boy, my noble, high spirited boy, am I thankful that this stain has left our name."

We were a strange, excited group standing there in the old kitchen—Ruth and Mr. Allison sobbing, the tears running down the old man's face, Allanson and I too happy to weep, yet deeply affected—when the door slowly opened, and a pale face and two dark eyes looked in upon us. I knew him instantly; but not until Allanson exclaimed, "Why, Harry Gray, how came you here?" did I find voice to utter a similar exclamation.

I draw a veil over the scene of the next two hours. The Allison's would not allow us to leave them that night, and day dawned ere we sought our couches. On informing them of the large fortune which now awaited them, Mr. Allison refused to touch it.

"I have more here than I shall ever need; money is of no use to me in this wilderness. Harry can take it and fulfil his intention of travelling."

But Harry had no idea of travelling just then, at least not alone; and he also had some scruples about taking all this money which he considered was my right. The matter was discussed for several weeks, and then Harry had an answer.

"I cannot take it, Margaret; I have no right to deprive you of such a property."

"And I have no right to it," I answered.

"Then the only way is to share it together; will you consent to that?"

And finding that there was no other way to

satisfy his scruples, I consented; and in all these long years, I have never repented my decision.

Next year, Harry and I left our pleasant English home, to pay a long-promised visit to our friends in America; and warm was the welcome we received from the good Allanson and his beautiful Ruth. We found their home a perfect little paradise, and they surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries money and good taste can procure. It was night when we arrived, and Ruth took me to her nursery to see her treasures—her twin daughters sleeping sweetly in their little bed. I kissed the dimpled fingers, the rosy lips, even the bright curls scattered on the pillows, and wondered not at Ruth's fondness for her darlings.

"But who are these?" I asked, as my eye fell on two more sleeping innocents, whose darker hair told of a different parentage. Ruth bent with equal fondness over these, as she answered:

"They are Olivia's—the little N—s. The mother left them two years ago, when you were at the Isle of France; poor N— followed her and her companion to Paris, where they fought and N. was killed. He had given me the children before he left, and her poor broken-hearted old father left Mr. Allanson their guardian. He died from shame and sorrow at his child's disgrace, about six months ago."

How often have I thought of that old fortune-teller's prophecy so many years ago, and wondered by what mysterious means she could have so exactly foretold the fate of our young companion!

AIR AND SUNSHINE ON LONGEVITY.

A writer in one of the medical magazines argues that the more out-door air and cheery sunshine a man can use, the longer he will live. Go along any of the fashionable streets of New York, says the writer, and you will see no less than three, and often six distinct contrivances to keep out sunshine and gladness. First, the Venetian shutter on the outside; second, the close shutter on the inside; third, the blind which is moved by rollers; then, there are lace curtains, the damask or other material, etc. In the train comes the exclusion of external air by means of double sash, and a variety of patent contrivances to keep out any little stray whiff of air from entering from the bottom, sides and tops of doors and windows. At this rate, we shall dwindle into Lilliputs, if we do not die off sooner.

THE WIND.

Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
Where your aerial magazines reserved,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
In what far distant region of the sky,
Hushed in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?
THOMSON.

TO MY FATHER.

BY LENA LYLE.

Though other friends around thee spring,
And other hearts are knit to thine,
Though other voices round thee sing,
O wilt thou not remember mine?
Though others gently o'er thee bend,
To chase away affliction's tear,
Though other tears with thine may blend,
O, wilt thou not still hold me dear?

Though others may have wealth to proffer,
Give not to them thy love alone,
Though I have nought but love to offer,
And a true heart to be thy throne!
O, still amid thy joy and gladness,
That heart would fain rejoice with thee;
And in each hour of grief and sadness,
Still sympathizing it will be.

Then O, though weary miles divide us,
Let not our hearts be parted too;
But mild the storms that may betide us,
Still let our love be warm and true;
Then O, when other friends, caressing,
Are near to win fond words from thee,
When thy full heart pours forth its blessing,
O wilt thou not remember me?

THE FOSTER BROTHERS.

BY HENRY BURTON.

So often have stories like the following, or with some of its features, been fabricated to meet the appetite for fiction, that the only pardon I can claim for this, is its *truth* and the interest that must attach to it as being of recent occurrence, or, at least recently come to light.

A noble family at Vienna, to whom was born a very lovely and promising infant, entrusted it to a young woman who, before her marriage, had been a servant in the family. It was the first child that blessed the parents, who had been married several years, and the mother, a frail, delicate woman, was unable to nurse it. It was thought a very fortunate circumstance, that Louise Lollard, their old and attached servant, who had been brought up with the young baroness from her childhood, should have a young child so near the age of hers, and should be able to nurse them both without detriment to either. The Baron Stralheim was about to take a long journey, and was anxious that his wife should accompany him, to ensure the restoration of her health; and after the tenderest caresses to her child, and innumerable charges to Louise, she departed with her husband.

The little cottage in the suburbs of Vienna was in such a healthy location, that the baron

renounced an idea which suggested itself, of removing Louise with her husband and children to the town house. They had luxuries enough in the healthy, bracing air, the clear, sparkling water, fresh fruits and vegetables, and above all, the sweet, new milk which had now become the main part of the diet of little Eugene, to decide a sensible parent of the superiority of a suburban residence.

Louise Lollard was a good, easy sort of woman—never taking much pains, but getting along with very little trouble. She had no trials, because she would not have them. She cast them off when they touched her, as one casts off a spider or wasp, and they never stung her. The children were never scolded, and she had just that "wholesome neglect" of them which is sure to bring forward smart, self-reliant children. Her own child and the baron's looked enough alike to be twin brothers; the same soft, blue eyes, and light, curling hair, and the same pure, delicate skin appertaining to both. They were sweet children both of them; and a stranger watching them for a whole day, would not be able to say which was the child of aristocratic parents, or which was the peasant's offspring. As month went on after month, Louise often heard from the travellers with fresh charges respecting the care of their child. They had been detained in several ways, but always agreeably so; and they found travelling so pleasant, and so favorable to the health of the baroness, that, although longing to see Eugene, they should proceed further.

Louise wrote every circumstance respecting her charge. She kept a daily journal of his progress, where every new action, every tooth which he exhibited, and his first attempts at walking or speech were duly chronicled, as such extraordinary matters should be, and the record forwarded to the delighted parents.

One day, Louise, somewhat carelessly, left both the children in the room, while she went into the garden to get some fruit. She was returning, when a scream from the house, followed by another, made her drop her basket and run hastily in. Poor little Eugene had fallen from a table on which he had climbed, and when Paul Lollard returned with a surgeon, the latter announced that the child's arm was broken.

Louise was roused from her usual state of unconcern; for, to add to her discomfort, Paul had placed in her hand a letter which told her that the baron and baroness were already on their way to Vienna, and would probably be with their child almost or quite as soon as the letter could reach Louise. To the baron's letter, his wife

had added a few words of postscript in which she said :

"I tremble, Louise, when I think of my child. You must show him to me well, handsome and strong. Indeed I know you will ; for, of course, you have written me the truth about Eugene."

What could she do ? Another hour, another moment, and the baroness might arrive ; and here lay her worshipped child, hurt, perhaps deformed for life, and moaning in his pain like a wounded lamb.

She had not a moment in which to discuss the rapid thought that rose to her mind. She called Paul out into the passage, and whispered a few words in his ear, and before he had time to answer, the carriage was at the door, and Louise with her own beautiful child in her arms, was welcoming her mistress home. But the lady scarcely saw her, she was pressing so rapidly towards the child.

"And this sweet little angel is mine ?" she asked, as she took the bright, rosy boy from Louise. "Yes, you have well fulfilled your charge. Look, my husband, is he not perfect ?" And with the glad, bright tears of motherly affection in her eyes, she beckoned her husband to enter the house with her.

"But who is ill here, Louise ?" as an indescribable odor assailed her on entering the room. "Good Heaven ! your child ill, Louise ? Is it contagious ?"

The surgeon explained, and the baroness gave all the sympathy she could to the poor little sufferer, but was almost wholly wrapt in the contemplation of her child's beauty. Little Paul, unconscious of the part he was playing in the drama, was amusing himself with the watch and chain which the baroness had given him to hold, while Eugene was holding out his arms to Louise, who knelt beside him while she told the lady of the accident.

"Thank God, it was not Eugene ! I should have died. How *could* you be so careless ?"

Louise had a day of torture ; but like all things it had an end ; and she saw the baron's carriage drive away, and heard the words linger on her ear—"we shall come every day."

That night she held consultation with Paul. There was no chance now to substitute the right child again. They would be disgraced forever, and long before Eugene could compete with the other child, the baroness would have cast them off as unfaithful and treacherous. Louise loved her dearly. They had gone too far to retract, and the little Paul must henceforth be the heir of Straleheim.

It was not without bitter remorse and real

sorrow that Louise saw how she had erred ; and once or twice she declared that she must reveal all to the mother, but Paul forbade her.

"You suggested it, and I agreed to it," said he, "and now it must be so. It will be impossible to pass Eugene upon her now—and after all, the peasant boy is the best looking of the two."

Louise glanced her eye upon the two little beds—one where Eugene lay with a suffering expression contracting his little brow, and the other, where the curly head and rose bright cheeks of her own darling reminded her of the infant John in the little chapel of our lady of Loretto, where Louise went daily.

"It will be hard to give him up," she murmured, "and why should I ? No, I will tell her all."

"Look here, Louise," said Paul Lollard, almost fiercely, "you have brought this upon yourself, and must abide by the consequences. We should be ruined at once, if it were discovered. I have no fancy to banish myself from this place, and our own child will be, after all, the gainer by the deception. Learn to look at it in that light, and you will soon grow easy and careless as ever."

"My glorious boy—my beautiful !" These were the words of the baroness, as she alighted the next day at the cottage where the unconscious little impostor was holding out his hands to welcome her at the door. "Look at him, husband. One would know that he was of noble birth, by the very turn of his graceful little head !"

Louise caught the words, and exulted a little as she heard them, but grew sad and troubled in a moment.

"You look unhappy, Louise," said the baroness. "O, I remember, your child is ill. How is the poor little fellow ? O, *do* be careful of my treasure, and not let him fall. I would take him home while the child is suffering, only that I do not dare to remove him at this time of year. Next winter, sweet love, you will be all my own !" And she pressed her lips to the boy's rosy cheek, and was lost in the certainty of a mother's joy over the child which she holds in her arms.

Eugene recovered, and soon was as buoyant and bright as his playmate. Often and often did Louise long to hear the baroness planning another journey.

"If she would go away and stay even a few weeks, I could easily manage to have her take the true child again."

But the noble pair had had enough of travel, and they were now anxious only to have the little heir at home, and settle down to a quiet life. And when the Austrian winter set in, the peasant

child was taken to the home of the Straleheims, and every one dilated upon the aristocratic bearing of the embryo baron.

"You are not kind, Louise," the baroness often said to the heart-stricken woman, who now always looked sad and thoughtful. "Eugene will forget you if you do not come oftener to see us. Indeed, I must have you with me more, lest I should not carry out the plans which have operated so favorably for him under your roof. I wish we could persuade you and your husband to enter into our service through the winter."

And Louise told this to Paul, and he said, "why not?" And so they went; but it was a winter of agony to Louise, and in the spring she hastened back with the child whom she was depriving of its rights. Even Lollard repented, when he saw how the inward fever of her soul was consuming her frame. But death did not come to relieve her, although she prayed for it daily.

While the guilty and the suffering are praying for the death that will not come, the "shadow feared of man" hovers over the dwellings of the rich and powerful, to whom he comes unwelcomed. Baron Straleheim was dying; and the wife and son, the latter now grown into manhood, were hanging in silent agony. With a last whispered blessing on both, he fell asleep. Louise and her son were bidden to the stately funeral, and followed with the servants.

The next year Louise was also made a widow. Paul had not been very kind to her, and she suffered less by the change than she would had she not been so absorbed in her terrible secret. That was the undying sorrow that covered and overwhelmed all others. She ceased, after this to visit the baroness at all; but sometimes, indeed often, the Straleheim carriage could be seen standing at her cottage door, and the young baron and his mother would spend hours with the desolate woman. They sought to comfort and console her, although they knew it was a hidden grief and not Paul's death that bowed her to the earth. Had they but known that it affected them so nearly!

The young baron was much attached to his foster-brother, and procured him a commission in the Austrian army. Louise had strained every nerve to have him well educated, and the reputed Paul Lollard would not have suffered in comparison with the reputed baron in point of talent or gentlemanly appearance. When he went to join his regiment Louise lived on alone. Soon after his departure the young baron was married to a beautiful and noble lady, and it was

not long ere he brought her to see his foster-mother. The confession which had so long trembled on her tongue, was now checked, as she thought, forever; for who could be cruel enough to blight the happiness of these two noble beings? Besides, the true Eugene was in even an enviable position. She had partly eased the gnawings of conscience by raising him as high as she could.

"My poor Louise!" said the baroness, as she reached the cottage, being hastily summoned to the sick bed of her humble friend. "What can I do for you?"

"Is your son here?" asked Louise.

"Yes—he and Marguerite accompanied me. Will you see them?"

"Yes; and he will be here soon, too. He has been sent for."

She seldom called him her son, and rarely said "Paul" if she could avoid it.

A horse's feet were heard close at the little window, and the young soldier entered.

"Mother, dearest mother, you are ill! Was it for this I was summoned?" And his noble and expressive face and ready tears betrayed his sorrow. The baroness explained that there was no immediate danger, and Louise did not tell him to the contrary, although she felt that her hours were numbered. The baroness talked of the young soldier to Louise, while he had gone to speak to the baron and his young wife.

"What a noble, distinguished looking man he has become, Louise. He is to be my care, remember, my friend, whether you leave him or not. I claim the privilege of furthering his interests."

Louise groaned deeply. "Are you all here?" she asked. "I want you all to listen to me. Forgive me if you can, for I have injured you all."

They thought her only wandering; but with a strength born of desperation, she made an effort to rise. Sitting up in her bed, with the red glow of fever upon her cheek, she told her story to the astonished listeners, who sat silent and breathless to the end, when she sank back exhausted upon the pillow.

Each looked at the rest with speechless amazement at the revelation from her lips. But a mightier spirit than human pomp or state could evoke, was dealing his work in that room. Louise was gasping for breath. The two young men pressed toward the bed, and kneeling down, each took a hand of the dying woman, and each said, softly, "my mother!" At that sound, a heavenly peace came over the face, and when

the dim eyes again opened, the baroness had knelt between them, with her arms about them both.

"They shall both be my sons, Louise," said the forgiving and magnanimous woman. "Marguerite, my love, you are not Baroness Straleheim, but, thank Heaven, you are the wife of a good and noble man, and I am still your mother. We will talk of this when Louise has rested."

"My mother is resting now," said the young soldier, as he rose from his knees. And it was even as he had said. She had gone alike from human blame and human forgiveness.

Baron no longer, Paul Lollard has joined the army which his foster-brother left to assume his baronial rights. Eugene bears him no enmity for bearing his title so long, and the baroness cannot decide which of her sons is dearest to her heart.

THE GROWTH OF A SHIP.

This piece of ship anatomy was, a few months since the home of singing birds; and its green leaves danced and twinkled to their music. And now, though stripped and seeming dead, it will live a gallant life; it will feel a noble sympathy with giant being; it will pulsate to the billow; it will be a portion of a living ship; a beautiful and fearful thing, full-breasted, robed in flowing snow; a thing where grace and mightiness marry, and are indivisibly harmonized. The growth of a ship! The growth of a human thing! Why, it is alike. The earth and sky—all the elements have done their ministering, nursing the primal germ. And then, as the babe is to the man, so is the timber to the craft. The child becomes an honest trader or a sinful thief. The oak swims as a merchant, or plunders as a buccaneer.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

VALUE OF TRUTH.

The duties which we owe to our own moral being are the ground and condition of all other duties: and to set our nature at strife with itself for a good purpose implies the same sort of prudence as a priest of Diana would have manifested, who should have proposed to dig up the celebrated charcoal foundations of the mighty Temple of Ephesus, in order to furnish fuel for the burnt offerings on its altars. Truth, virtue, and happiness may be distinguished from each other, but cannot be divided; they subsist by a mutual co-inherence, which gives a shadow of divinity even to our human nature.—*Coleridge.*

UNBELIEVERS.

They eat
Their daily bread, and draw the breath of heaven
Without or thought or thanks; heaven's roof, to them,
Is but a painted ceiling hung with lamps,
No more, that lights them to their purposes.
They wander loose about; they nothing see,
Themselves except, and creatures like themselves,
Short-lived, short-sighted, impotent to save.
So on their dissolute spirits, soon or late,
Destruction cometh, like an armed man,
Or like a dream of murder in the night,
Withering their mental faculties, and breaking
The bones of all their pride.

CHARLES LAMB.

OUR SUNBEAM.

BY HARRIET N. HAYENS.

Who with smiles the livelong day
Chases grief and care away?
Who with sunshine fills the room,
Sweeps away its shades and gloom?
Tinges with a golden light,
Meanest objects, till as bright
As his own pure soul they gleam,
Through the darkness of the scene?
It is our Eddie, darling boy,
Our sunbeam, hope, and pride, and joy.

Who with gladness and surprise,
Opens wide his violet eyes,
At the story of the love
Which provides a home above?
And in childhood's broken tone,
Sweetly lisp, "I'm doin' home
To the sky where fowers grow;"
In a voice subdued and low?
It is an angel strayed from bliss,
To bless with love a world like this.

Who with pure, unselfish love
Gives a glimpse of heaven above?
Loving everything on earth,
High or low whate'er the birth;
Till we see a beauty rare,
In the words—"to have a care
To become as little children,
If we wish to enter heaven,"
And learn like them to trust and love,
If we like them would reign above.

Two precious words the answer give,
Our sunbeam—long may he yet live,
To shed his light on all around;
And when on earth no more he's found,
May the new sparkling ray above,
Reveal the depth of Christ's dear love.
And when our work on earth is o'er,
And we at last have reached the shore
Where angels dwell, this is our prayer,
To see "our sunbeam" shining there.

THE FLOWER OF EL HAMET'S HAREM:

—OR,—

OUR SUPERCARGO'S TURKISH BRIDE.

BY CAPT. JAMES F. ALGORN.

OUR vessel was lying at anchor in Constantinople harbor, awaiting an order to proceed to the isles of the *Ægean* Sea, for a homeward cargo, when one day, just as the bell struck eight, at noon, a shore boat came off, and 'Silas Harding, our supercargo, sprang from her stern sheets, as she touched the side, mounting the gangway ladder two steps at a time, and bounding from the rail, demanded as soon as his feet touched deck:

"Where's the mate?"

"Here, at your service, Si!" rejoined I, as I

confronted him, being within six feet of the spot on which he landed. "What's up? You look as if a whole troop of Janisaries were at your feet."

"Do I though?" demanded he, grasping my arm; adding: "But never mind my appearance now! Come into the cabin—I've something to tell you; besides, I've a great favor to ask."

"O ho! That accounts for your presence at once," said I, laughing, as I followed him into the cabin; adding, as I seated myself: "Where on earth have you been, and what have you found among the Turks so intensely interesting, as to deprive us not only of your society, but even of a friendly visit from you for a whole month? Come, give an account of yourself! I confess I'm somewhat curious to learn the manner in which you have passed your time ashore. I couldn't exist a tenth part of the period, where racks and bowstrings are in such demand."

"Have done, Frank, for heaven's sake!" he exclaimed, at length. "I've but little time to spare, and must make the most of it. I'm in love—"

"Whew! The deuce ye are!" interrupted I.

"There, there! Do stop, will you?"

"Certainly; only tell me how you happened to catch the disease, and what kind of a subject you caught the infection from. None of those harem beauties, I hope; because, if that's the case, you'd better make your will, for you're booked for a sack and a plunge in the Bosphorus as sure as shooting!"

"O, incorrigible!" he exclaimed. "Do listen!" And he re-seated himself, having risen impatiently and taken a turn fore and aft the cabin, while I had the floor, as they say in Congress.

"Mum's the word! Heave ahead!" rejoined I, tipping my chair back, and assuming an attitude of attention, when he resumed:

"You know our old consignee, Achemet El Hamet?"

I nodded my assent.

"And also that I took up my quarters with him, at his request?"

Again I bowed.

"Well, I'm over head and ears in love with his daughter Meta, and having won hers in return, am resolved to make her mine, in spite of all opposition. Old Achemet has smelt the rat, and I have reason to believe causes every motion of mine to be watched, although to all appearance as frank and open-hearted as ever. You know what the Turks are, when once offended; they'd smile in your face, while encircling your neck with the bowstring. I think it quite likely

the old wretch intends me harm, if I remain much longer in his power, to which belief you can attribute this demand upon your friendship."

"To do what?"

"Escape his vengeance!"

"I should think that was easy enough. Why return to his house? You're safe enough here."

"Yes, but have I not told you I must have Meta? I couldn't live without her, and I am certain she would not survive my desertion. No, no! I'd risk a hundred lives to win her! Will you aid me?"

"What! to carry her off? Hold on, my dear fellow. Do you know what you propose? Why, 'twould subject us both to the bastinado, if not to the bowstring!"

"If caught in the act, you should say. I know it. I have counted all the cost, and am well assured that I can succeed, with your aid. If you refuse it, however, I can't blame you; but rest assured, I shall not be deterred from my purpose thereby. No, I will make the attempt alone, even if I perish therein."

"That's right, Si! I like your pluck. But give me a history of the *affaire d'amour*, and mind, I do not refuse you assistance, should it prove to be deserving such risk. Those Turkish ladies are a class of beings I don't understand, and if all is true that I have read concerning them, I should be very loth to undergo the slightest risk on behalf of any of them."

"You know as much of them as do I, Meta excepted, whose purity of mind and thought I'd answer for with my life. Did you know her as I do, Frank, woman-hater as you are, you could not fail to be interested in her."

"How in heaven's name did you form her acquaintance?" demanded I. "Do the Turks in reality permit the ladies of their harems more liberty than we have been led to believe?"

"Not a whit, Frank, so far as I can judge. Achemet has no less than three wives and three or four daughters; yet of none have I had so much as a glimpse, save Meta. I had been on shore a week, when feeling indisposed one day, I declined accompanying El Hamet to the city, preferring to lounge on a divan within the walls of his luxurious villa, to exposure to the sun and the fatigue of riding to and from the city—a distance of some five miles. After dinner, feeling much better, I sought the garden, taking with me a book, and entering an arbor in one of the angles of the garden furthest from the house, was soon devouring its pages with avidity."

"How long I had been wrapt therein, I cannot tell, when a slight scream and the rustle of garments at the entrance of the arbor, aroused

me. Looking up, I was amazed at the vision of loveliness which met my gaze in the person of Meta, who stood, as it were, spell bound, gazing at the strange intruder, as she deemed me, while the sound of hurried footsteps betrayed the flight of her companion, whose scream and quick retreat had aroused me.

"For over a minute we remained immovable—her gaze betraying amazement, curiosity and fear, while mine spoke volumes of admiration for the angelic creature who had thus suddenly burst upon my vision in a land where women are, as the angels, lovely, and like angels, seldom seen.

"Recovering first, I rose and began to stammer an apology for my presence, while at the first sound of my voice all trace of fear was banished from her countenance, and a sweet smile superseded it, as she interrupted me, saying, in pure English: 'You are an American?'

"'I am,' replied I, surprised at the purity of her diction, adding: 'Have I the pleasure of addressing a country-woman?'

"'No, sir; alas, only the daughter of one!' And her mild gazelle eyes were instantly suffused with tears.

"'Pardon me, miss!' exclaimed I, earnestly approaching her. 'I have unwittingly caused you pain.'

"'No, sir; I seldom think of my dear angel mother, still less mention her, without a betrayal of this weakness. Would she were alive now, to behold the face of one of her people—a boon denied her life-long, and for which she pined amid the gorgeous splendor of her prison.'

"'She was a prisoner, then?' said I, betraying the surprise engendered by my fair companion's words.

"'Ah, yes! To her, 'twas indeed captivity! She was a slave, sir, although my father's favorite wife.'

"She paused, apparently unwilling to proceed, and glanced anxiously towards the villa, which I perceiving, said:

"'You need not apprehend interruption, lady. The house is deserted by all, save the Greek servants and myself. I presume you reside here. How is it that I have not met you before?'

"'You are a stranger, sir, and unacquainted with Turkish customs, or you would not ask that question. In that house are eight ladies and their female attendants, who have never seen the face of man, save their master's and Baba's their keeper. But I must leave you. My presence here may be discovered, when you would be the sufferer.'

"'Nay, nay—go not yet, I beg of you!' I

exclaimed, taking her hand, which I retained in my grasp; adding: 'At least, not until you have told me of your mother, whose hard lot, apart from the fact of her nationality, has awakened in me the deepest interest.'

"While I spoke, she remained with her gaze fixed steadily on my countenance, and when I ceased, permitted me to lead her to a seat, when she resumed:

"'You desire my mother's history. You should have heard it from her own lips, when your interest would have been much deeper. But I will gratify your curiosity to the extent of my knowledge, regretting only your advent here at such a late period. Had it happened two years sooner, you might have succeeded in severing her bonds and bearing her to her native land, for which she pined.

"'She was a native of Portland, Maine, and the only daughter of a shipmaster, whom, with her mother, she accompanied on a voyage to Greece when in her thirteenth year. It was long ago, when those seas were infested with pirates, to a gang of which they fell a prey, she and my grandmama alone being spared. They were brought to Constantinople, and exposed in the slave mart for sale, when my father, then a young man, purchased her, and out of pity for the anguish she manifested upon being separated from her mother, purchased the latter as her companion. But grief for her husband's death soon put a period to her existence, leaving my poor mother entirely alone—a stranger and a slave in the hands of barbarians.'

"I started, but she met the indication of my surprise with a sweet smile, continuing:

"'Yes, I said barbarians! for such I know you, and I have been taught by my mother to consider them. Among Turks, she remained a Christian, and such am I.'

"I bowed, my countenance expressing my pleasure, when she proceeded:

"'Two years after my mother's capture and subsequent purchase by my father, he prevailed on her to become his wife, promising that no other should intrude upon her, to rival her in his affections. This promise he observed faithfully eight years, when he broke it by the purchase and introduction to the harem—hitherto occupied by my mother alone—of a beautiful Georgian, who soon assumed full sway of my father, with whom my mother would hold no communication from that hour.

"'I was then one year old, and the youngest of four children, two of whom died in infancy—the eldest, my brother Achemet, being still alive and at present an officer in the Navy of

His Sublime Highness the Sultan. To our care and education my mother devoted herself, living for us and us alone, as she has oft assured me, while my father soon became disgusted with the capriciousness of the reigning beauty, which resulted in overtures to my mother for a reconciliation. This she steadily refused, until my father, enraged at her perversity, degraded her to the station of a menial, depriving her of my brother's society, whom he sent to a distance to be educated in the faith of Mahomet, and when old enough, placed him in the service of the sultan. Me he abandoned to my mother's care, for which I thank him, since to that abandonment do I owe all the little knowledge I possess, and a vast fund of amusement, of which my companions—being primevally ignorant—were deprived. I allude to a perusal of my mother's favorite books, of which my father obtained her an ample supply from her native land, during the first few years of their union.

"After my mother's degradation, the harem was filled with inmates from every clime, who were soon changed for others, until at length the presence of some ruling spirit being required to maintain order, my father reinstated my much-injured parent in her former position as mistress of the unruly slaves, though she still refused to acknowledge him as her husband or lord.

"For four years my mother survived her reinstatement, dying two years ago, leaving to me her mantle of office, in which my father confirmed me, much to the chagrin of several Hakims, who had repeatedly offered to buy me. Thus far, my will has been law, and I trust may remain so."

"She paused, while I could not forbear demanding 'why?' when, with an unusual degree of hesitancy, she replied:

"Because I have no desire to exchange El Hamet's harem for any other."

"Have you no desire to behold your mother's native land?" demanded I; when raising her eyes to mine, their brightness at once became dimmed, as she rejoined:

"My mother's native land? O, yes! a burning desire; and to find her kindred. But alas! I dare not cherish a hope."

"Had you occupied my place, Frank, you would have done as I did, implanted that hope, which I prevailed on her to cherish, until it has become part of her being, receiving as my reward her pure and devoted love."

"She regained the harem undiscovered, with the garden of which that in which I met her communicated, so that we were enabled to have several interviews, at subsequent periods. Day

before yesterday, however, she found means to convey me a note, warning me to be wary, and yesterday another, warning me to fly—and enjoining me to do so, if I loved her. That injunction I have disobeyed, and by seeming unsuspecting, have I trust averted present danger. All now depends on you. Meta is ready for flight. To gain, and convey her to my own and her mother's native land, I would sacrifice my life. Will you aid me?"

"Yes, to the last drop of my blood, Harding!" I exclaimed, bounding from my seat and grasping his hand. "Tell me how and when, and you may command me and any number of the trustiest of our crew you deem necessary."

With a hearty grasp of the hand, and a few hurried words, he expressed his gratitude; then briefly sketched his plan for the abduction of the lady, which was that I should have a boat, with a trusty crew, lying in shore, near the villa, at midnight. He agreed to meet me there, when, as he assured me, all being in readiness on the part of his fair innamorata, naught remained but to aid in her escape from the harem garden to the boat.

Having agreed upon the mode of procedure, we separated—Harding re-embarking for the shore, and I re-assuming charge of the deck. About four P. M., Captain McLeland came off, when I hastened to admit him to our confidence, requesting permission to use one of the vessel's boats and obtain volunteers for the adventure from amongst her crew.

He flatly refused, at first, grounding his objection upon the risk incurred, and even made a feeble attempt to interpose his authority to prevent the fulfilment of my promise, as regarded myself. We had quite a lengthy debate on the matter, in the course of which I made several allusions to the maiden's history, mentioning at last the fact of her belief in the doctrines of Christianity, which awakened the captain's curiosity to know more.

"A Christian, you say! By what means was she converted from Mohammedanism?"

In reply, I gave him a brief detail of her own and parent's history, as given to my readers, when he exclaimed:

"Enough! You may go, and take the whole crew, if you need them. O, heaven! if she should prove— Did Harding mention her mother's name?"

"No."

"What! neither given, nor surname?"

"Neither, sir. Why?" demanded I, in return.

"O, nothing! I had an idea—a foolish idea—that's all!"

And Captain McLeland shoved both hands deep into his pockets, instantly pulling them out again and running his fingers through his hair, looking very perplexed indeed, in his efforts to appear calm.

"I'll go with you myself, Mr. Alcorn?" said he, at length. "What time do you start?"

"Ten P. M., sir."

"Not till then?"

"No, sir; 'tis but a few miles, and did we arrive at the rendezvous sooner than the hour appointed, we might be discovered, and our presence excite suspicion."

"True, true! I did not think of that!" said the captain, entering his state-room, leaving me greatly perplexed at his evident perturbation.

Unable to solve the mystery, I gave it up, turning my attention to preparations for our adventure.

Supper over, I selected a crew for the boat, and taking them apart, informed them of the task on hand—instructing them in all that related to their share—requesting them to keep the affair a secret from their messmates, who, by awaiting our return, might betray us, in case of pursuit.

All being ready, at ten o'clock we lowered the starboard quarter boat, and took our places—six men, the captain and myself—carrying with us two spare oars to facilitate our escape, should we be discovered and pursued. During the passage to the villa, which we made with but two oars, Captain McLeland maintained the most profound silence; nor even when we landed, did he permit a word to escape him, save a monosyllabic reply to my demand if he desired to take part in effecting an entrance to the garden.

Leaving the boat in charge of the men, with orders to remain seated and prepared to push off at a moment's warning, we proceeded in the direction of El Hamet's residence, on the grounds attached to which we had landed, but had accomplished but a short distance, when a low "hiss!" fell upon my ear.

"Frank!" said I, in reply.

And the next instant, the supercargo was wringing my hand in a fervent grasp, at the same time demanding—"Who's this with you, Frank?"

"'Tis I—McLeland!" said the captain, replying to the question. "I heard you were in a scrape here, and so came along to lend a hand at getting you out."

"For which I thank you, Captain McLeland! But we have no time to spare, El Hamet is asleep in the harem—yet with one eye open, I'll be bound! So we must proceed cautiously."

"And Meta?" demanded I.

"Will meet us in the garden, as soon as she can do so with safety. Baba has accepted a heavy bribe, so that she will experience but little difficulty in making good her exit from the seraglio, if she can but lull to sleep her father's vigilance. Captain McLeland, will you accept the post of sentry outside the wall, in order to apprise us of any danger from outside, and also to receive Meta, whom we must lower from the top, if we ever reach that point with her?"

"With pleasure!" was the captain's brief reply.

"Remain where you are, then," Harding resumed. "Come, Frank, we must scale the wall! Be cautious!"

And taking my hand, he led me a few yards along the high barrier, when he halted, and seizing a rope pendant from its summit, began to mount.

He soon reached the top, and I followed him; when hauling the rope up, he dropped the end on the inside, and commenced his descent in silence. In less than a minute he had landed, and I was following him, when footsteps and the rustling of silk fell upon my ear, causing me to pause and shiver with dread of discovery as the moon, till then obscured by clouds, unveiled her face momentarily, shining full on my person.

"Quick! Down, for your life!" hissed my companion; and in an instant I was crouching at his side, while the person—a lady—whose presence had aroused our fears, came into view and was hurrying past within a few yards, when Harding ejaculated "Meta!" and she turned towards us, rushing into his arms, exclaiming:

"O haste, for mercy's sake! The eunuch guard of the harem are aroused, and I fear are on my track. I heard the order to search the garden, given by the chief, as I hurried through the inner parterre."

Ere the last words had left her lips, I had reached the top of the wall, on which she was safely landed ere a minute had elapsed, when quickly lowering her on the outside, I had the satisfaction of seeing her safely released from the rope and in the arms of the captain, who hurried off towards the boat, leaving us to make good our escape.

My companion was soon at my side, but burning with impatience to join his betrothed, refused to await a descent by the usual manner, and leaping from the wall, was out of hearing ere I touched the ground. Reaching the boat, I found them in the act of embarking, when having seen them safely on board, I followed, giving the order to shove off.

I had taken the precaution to muffle the oars, so that little, if any noise, attended our flight; while not a word escaped the lips of any, until we had placed at least a mile between us and the scene of our escalade. Even then, we only uttered a few brief congratulations, the men continuing their exertions until we ran under the barque's counter, when the oars were unshipped and the boat laid alongside—Captain McLeland bounding up the gangway ladder and receiving the maiden from her lover, who quickly followed, simultaneously with myself, and with the captain and his young charge, entered the cabin.

Ordering the boat to be hooked on and hoisted up as quietly as possible, I left the second mate—who had been awaiting our return—to attend to the execution of my orders, and entered the cabin at the instant that Captain McLeland, addressing the maiden, said :

"Pardon a stranger's impertinence, miss; but having heard a portion, or rather a brief detail of the strange and eventful history of your deceased parent, I cannot control a desire to learn her name. The only excuse I can offer, is that I am a native of the city named as her birth-place."

"And sufficient, sir!" was the answer from the ruby lips of the most angelic creature I ever beheld, and who proceeded: "Her name, prior to her captivity, was Harriet."

"What! Had she no other?" demanded the captain, again struggling to appear calm, and, unconscious of the act, laying his hand on Meta's arm, who instantly replied:

"O, yes! and one that you have probably heard, as she had relatives who bore it. 'Twas McLeland."

"McLeland!" ejaculated her lover and myself simultaneously, while the captain shouted:

"I knew it! Come to my arms, child—I was her brother!"

With a wild cry of joy, and exclaiming, "dear, dear uncle," the poor girl threw herself into the embrace of the worthy captain, whose long pent-up emotions found vent in tears of joy as unexpected as profound.

Why should I proceed further? Of course my friend was made happy with the hand of the charming creature whose heart he had won, while our worthy captain, no less happy in the recent discovery of his sister's child, than proud of her matchless beauty, blessed the wedded pair—his niece no more than her husband, to whom he owed the pleasure of their meeting.

As a natural consequence, Achemet El Hamet was very wroth when he discovered the loss of his daughter. But he was too late to regain her.

She was a wedded wife, and under the protection of the stars and stripes; while her worthy uncle, by a well-timed threat of exposure, ruinous to the former's business interests, rendered him as docile as a lamb.

Captain Harding recently sailed for Constantinople, carrying with him his lovely wife, at the earnest request of her father, whose heart yearned towards her during her absence here more than ever, from which fact we may justly infer that her visit to her birthplace will be rendered at least pleasant, though it will be necessarily brief, when she will return to the land of her adoption to take permanent possession of the home of which, thanks be to her worthy uncle's wealth and doting love, she is to be henceforth the presiding genius, and in which we may hope she will never know cause to regret her Oriental home, or the hour she became OUR SUPER-CARGO'S BRIDE.

THE WISDOM OF THE SERPENT.

I observed (says Abbe Domeneck) that when I began to preach, several Frenchmen and young Creoles, having no great love for sermons, left the church and went to walk in my garden, where they amused themselves by making bouquets of my choicest flowers. For some time I sought an expedient which, without wounding the lively sensibilities of these gentlemen, would oblige them to remain in the church and respect my flowers. I found a very simple means of arriving at my end without betraying my intentions. In the menagerie, which I got up by degrees, was a fine looking wild boar, which I had trained up as a watch dog. On my going to say high mass, I let him loose in the garden. At the sight of this new warder, the marauders made off with all possible speed, and returned to the church patiently to hear the sermon.

"THE PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED."

At a public dinner in the country, a farmer, while relating something to the company about two Chinese women, said: "I declare they were the ugliest women I have seen anywhere." There happening to be two maiden ladies present of no remarkable beauty, the farmer, who was a little misty, began to think he had made a mess of it, and that they would imagine he was alluding to them; so, to put matters straight, (as he thought,) he added, "the present company excepted." Roars of laughter ensued, and in a few minutes both farmer and ladies had vanished.—*Eccentric Anecdotes.*

REASON AND ROMANCE.

The gorgeous pageantry of timee gone by,—
The tilt, the tournament, the vaulted hall—
Fades in its glory on the spirit's eye,
And fancy's bright and gay creation—all
Sink into dust, when reason's searching glance
Unmasks the age of knighthood and romance.
S. L. FAIRFIELD.

A SONG.

BY FANNY BELL.

'Twas not when earthly flowers were springing,
When skies were sheen,
And wheat was green,
And birds of love were singing,
That first I loved thee, or that thou
Didst first the tender claim allow.

For when the silent woods had faded
From green to yellow,
And fields were fallow,
And the changed skies o'ershaded,
My love might then have shared decay,
Or passed with "summer songs" away.

'Twas winter—care and clouds were round me,
Instead of flowers,
And sunny hours,
When love unguarded found me:
Mid wintry scenes my passion grew,
And wintry cares have proved it true.

Dear are the hours of summer weather,
When all is bright,
And hearts are light,
And love and nature joy together;
But stars from night their lustre borrow;
And hearts are closer twined by sorrow.

TREASURE TROVE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"Yes, on the whole, I think I do pity Charlie a little—a very little," was the slow, deliberate answer given by Helen West, in replying to her sister Sophia, who, after detailing the incidents of her morning calls, had appealed to her for pity towards Charles Armstrong, their own cousin.

"Very thoughtfully said, sister Helen," said a young man, who had been so very quietly reading in a dusky corner, that his sisters had forgotten he was there. "What has been done to Charlie, to call forth the pity of two such sorrowful looking damsels? One would think he was to be set in the stocks, or some other punishing place, to see your countenances."

"Don't, John," said Sophia. "I will tell you. Charles has got mistaken in his wife. He married her for her pretty looks, you know, and he finds now that she has no other merit."

"Now you are unjust, Sophia," said Helen, warmly. "Kate Armstrong has good and noble qualities, only that no occasion has yet drawn them out. Charles has spoiled her with petting and flattering her beauty, and now he expects her to be a perfect woman. I have not much sympathy for him."

"Bravo, Helen! that is generous, at least, when we consider that Charlie left you for Kate Ward."

"Nonsense!" cried Helen; but the quick blush that overspread her cheek told that there had been some romance, as well as nonsense.

"Well, well, I will not tease you, because I see you are sewing for me. That is a pretty, little gold thimble you have there. Will you tell me who gave you that? I don't believe father gives you pin-money enough to indulge in such articles, unless he is more generous to you than he is to me. But never mind, I see you don't want to tell me. So now, tell me more about Charlie."

"Well, to begin at the beginning—"

"No, Sophia, let Helen tell me herself. I consider her the most reliable of the two. You are apt to exaggerate, you know."

It was not true—so his sister was not angry. Sophia had always been remarkable for her straightforward, conscientious way of speaking; especially when the subject was the faults of others; but John preferred to hear what Helen would say.

"Well, then, Kate has disappointed his hopes in every possible way. He is not rich, as you know, and he wishes her to be economical. She, on the contrary, spends large sums for trifles that she could do without. He wants her to give up going to balls and parties, except for an occasional one. She wants to go to all, and, of course, must have numerous dresses. Then, after a course of such amusements, she is ill, and unfit to perform the duties of her family; lying whole days in bed or on the couch; and when Charlie comes home, the house is one scene of uproar and confusion with the children and their nurse. I don't know as I can tell anything more definite," she continued, relapsing into her thoughtful mood, "but this, every one knows—that Cousin Charles is a disappointed and unhappy man."

John whistled "'I'm over young to marry yet.' And I'm very glad that I am. No wife for this child, till he sees her in all her moods. You need not laugh, girls, I shall go to board with the family before I propose."

Helen was right. Charlie was unhappy. In years gone by, when she was scarce more than a child, Charles Armstrong had shown great affection for his Cousin Helen, for which she was perpetually jested at by the family, who all considered it a childish affair, not knowing how deep was the impression on both. Sensitive and shy, Helen avoided him while she dearly loved

him, and he, in a fit of boyish indignation, engaged himself to Kate Ward, who, as the sisters said, was only remarkable for her pretty face. He found her in a ball-room, it is true—but, as Sophia remarked, he did not want to see her there always. They had married young, had now two children, and Charlie's means were getting low from the large drain which Kate made upon them for show and style, which, considering that she brought him no portion, was scarcely to be expected.

John West after hearing his sisters discuss the subject, went immediately to Charles. He found him extremely dull, and wearing an anxious look which John noticed, and spoke kindly to him respecting it. Although his cousin was much younger than himself, still Charles had always thought very highly of his judgment; and he did not hesitate to confide in him now.

"I am going to Australia, John. I cannot stand this way of life any longer. I am shockingly in debt, and my creditors know that I am living far beyond my means. I go privately in the next ship that sails."

"Privately! Kate knows it, does she not?"

"Not a word. I shall write to her from New York, send her all the money I have, and hope to be able to give her one day, enough to satisfy even her large demands. But if I stay here I shall never be worth anything. There, I have two friends who will assist me until I can help myself. John, will you and the girls sometimes look in upon Kate and the children, and report to me how they are getting along?"

John promised; and promised also, to keep his departure a secret until he knew the ship had sailed.

Great was the astonishment of all, except John West, when Charles was reported absent. Kate was nearly distracted when his letter came. It was the first intimation she had received. She thought that he was going to New York for a few days only; and before she could reasonably expect him, he was gone, and the letter, though kind and affectionate, told her too truly that Charles thought her extravagant and wasteful; and that he must spend his life in hard labor to supply her demands. The tone of the letter roused up all that was passionate in her nature, until she came to the close, which was evidently written under great agitation, and expressed everything affectionate and tender.

"I love you, Kate," he wrote, "and will cheerfully work for all your reasonable demands. Our children, remember, must be educated at any cost whatever. Ask yourself if you are willing to forego the calls of vanity and extrava-

gance, in order that they may become wise and learned. Your superfluous dresses cost last year, according to an estimate which you gave me yourself, *more than enough to keep Willy a year at college!* Choose then, whether you will apply the money which I shall be earning to that purpose, or spend it upon that which does not satisfy."

"God helping me, I will do what is right," said the desolate woman, as she read this letter over her child's cradle that night through her blinding tears. But that was a hard task, look at it how she might. Such habits as hers, indolent, extravagant, unthrifty—what a world of trouble to subdue them! Several days elapsed, during which she saw no one. In her lonely chamber, revolving what course to take, where to retrench, how to do without resources, she gazed at the sum sent her by her husband, and thought how little way it would go, if she lived and spent as she had done. The Wests kept aloof—but ready to take her by the hand if she expressed but the slightest wish for their assistance, yet feeling a delicacy about offering counsel to a woman who was situated just as she was.

On the third day, however, a little note was handed to Helen, which ran thus:

"Come to me, Cousin Helen. Charlie used to quote you and your excellencies to me until I was tired of hearing them. Now, I should be glad to learn some of your ways, if you can bear our lonely house, and the desolation you will find here. Come, and tell me how I can become a worthy woman—worthy of my poor Charlie."

That night Helen stayed with Kate, and many succeeding ones too—helping her to plan, to retrench, to contract her expenses into the smallest possible space, and yet not to appear mean. Many superfluities were parted with; some to friends who paid well for them—others to a shop in another town, where they knew nothing of the people, and did not realize a great deal from their sale.

Mr. West knew of an excellent family who wanted a part of a house in a central situation, and Kate submitted to live in fewer rooms, whereby she saved a handsome sum. She did wisely, and had her reward in the truly valuable friends whom she thus brought under her roof. Her establishment now consisted of a few, genteel, neatly furnished rooms, and therefore she needed less help. She dismissed two of her three servants, keeping the eldest and most experienced, and taking care of the children herself. She was surprised to find that time lagged less heavily now that she had so much to do, and that it seemed so very short. No time now for lying

down. She submitted almost meekly, for her, to all Helen's suggestions, though she flamed up a little one day, when Helen said very gently :

"Kate, had you not better wear a plainer dress to-day? You know Mr. —'s daughter is coming here, and I need not say why you should not appear so magnificent before her."

Kate flushed scarlet. The lady was the daughter of Charlie's largest creditor. It was a struggle to bend herself to circumstances, but she did come down with a dress from which she had stripped every vestige of the rich and costly trimmings. Helen was so full of praise, and assured her so pleasantly that the dress was absolutely improved, that she lost her momentary vexation.

For several days Kate had been quite private in her interviews with a young clerk from a card printing establishment, and Helen had rallied her a good deal about it, but without discovering her secret. One morning she entered the sitting-room with a handsome card in her hand, and gave it to Helen. Surprised and pleased, the latter read the announcement that Mrs. Armstrong would receive a limited number of pupils in music. This was Kate's single accomplishment, and Helen was delighted.

"No more talk about learning from me, Kate," she said. "You are ahead of your teacher, I think. I had not dreamed of this."

Kate had—and she fulfilled the vision. In three months she had as many pupils as she could teach. At first it was difficult to make people believe that the gay and indolent Mrs. Armstrong could be a good teacher; but the assurance of the West family that she was in earnest and would succeed, induced many to try her.

Kate had many battles with her pride, and shed many bitter tears over its wounds. She won her way to humility with much tribulation; and sometimes it was hard telling whether she or pride got the victory. One thing was certain, she spent no dollar of her husband's earnings, although he sent home drafts of great value, and supposed that she used them. She acknowledged their receipt, but nothing more. She even laid aside from her own earnings, although a nursery-maid had been added to her household, since she had begun to teach.

If Charles had thought Kate beautiful once, how much more so would she have appeared to him now. True, she did not look as if she mourned his absence much; for her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed. She had become stronger, and looked almost queenly in the plain, dark dresses which she selected now with taste, but yet for durability and usefulness.

It was five years since Charlie went away, and he had not once mentioned coming home. Kate had always written that they were "comfortable," and he believed that, in her sense of the word, it meant that she was living in style. He knew that he had supplied her with means to do so. He saw no one from home, and her letters and the few written him by the Wests, were the only communications that he received.

Willy was now eight years old, and at a first rate school; and the little girl was six, and a beauty like her mother. Kate said that little Minnie should be a better woman when she married than *she* was. She had dismissed her last pupil one golden afternoon, and sent Milly over for Helen and Sophia to come to tea. They came in their pretty, white summer dresses, and Kate, seeing them approach, donned hers also, and twined a rose-bud and geranium blossom in her hair, offering them the same beautiful ornaments for their smooth, glossy tresses. They sat down to tea in a room overlooking the garden, the children beside them. It was a pleasant sight, the three beautiful women, and the sweet, intelligent children. They were laughing and chatting gaily—a cheerful, happy group.

"If Charlie were here—" began Kate, but she broke down, and her eyes looked moist.

"You will have a letter to-night," said Helen, "I heard the mail was in."

Almost before she had done speaking, she saw Kate's eyes open wide, and her cheek grow pale and red by turns. She rose from her seat and went trembling and staggering to the piazza. There was no beckoning ghost there—but Charles Armstrong himself, alive and strong-looking, and with such a beard!

They live for each other and their true friends now—not for other people's eyes. Kate has her little faults still—she is not a perfect woman yet—but her husband has confidence in her; and, on the whole, they are quite happy for married people!

WORKING-CLASS FUNERALS IN NAPLES.

It is the custom at Naples, whenever a person is considered in the last agony, for every friend or relation, whether husband or wife, father or mother, to leave the house, to which they do not return again until eight days after the funeral; neither do they attend the funeral. But as every person belongs to a burial club, the members of that society attend, dressed in white, and the expenses are paid out of the fund of the club, which, as most persons are buried without a coffin, does not cost the society much money.—*Journal of an Italian Tourist.*

Oratory is the huffing and blustering spoiled child of a semi-barbarous age.

THE COQUETTE.

BY REV. T. HYATT.

We met again. I did not think
To meet thee evermore,
Save as we met as strangers,
In those happy days of yore,
When no garland wreath of beauty
Had entwined around thy brow
Those flowers so vain and gaudy
Which you wear so freely now.

The happy glance is in thine eye,
The smile is on thy lips:
For like the bee, that honey
From every blossom sips,
Thy heart no single love contains,
Like maiden fond and true;
But when you give one lover pain,
You wish that he was two.

And now you fain would win me
Unto that changing heart:
But ah, the spell is broken,
And no magic can impart!
I smile to think how coldly
I, too, can part and meet—
Then win some other lover back,
To spurn him at thy feet.

F A T E :

—OR,—

PAUL DRESSLER'S DREAM.

BY MISS CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

PAUL DRESSLER a forger! Impossible. My high-bred, aristocratic and most fastidious friend the inmate of a cell in the Tombs! The idea was intolerable; yet it was true, as the hasty note which I held in my hand, pencilled in the first moments of his surprise and overwhelming indignation, informed me.

"Paul will be more a fatalist than ever," I said to myself, as I walked down Broadway, on my way to the cell of the prisoner. "That was a curious dream which he related to me the other day, foreshadowing so conclusively, at least to himself, some impending danger and disgrace, to be borne patiently for a while, for the inexpressible sweetness which was to flow therefrom."

I recalled that pleasant evening, when I had sat in his room, inhaling the fragrance of his unequalled Havanas, sipping his rare old Rhenish wine, from glasses which reflected its lambent hues from a thousand dazzling points; I pictured his elegant figure, robed in a magnificent Turkish dressing gown, the elegant, embroidered velvet slippers, the work of fairy fingers, which covered his slender, well-shaped foot; the velvet smoking cap which sat so jauntily upon his dark

curls, its long silken tassel depending so gracefully upon his shoulders. I thought how his dark eye had flashed, and his marble brow had crimsoned with indignation as he spoke of some slight peccadillo which had been attached to his name; how the proud hauteur of his nature had kindled, and a smile of scorn had wreathed his delicate, well-cut lips, as he mentioned the author of the scandal.

"Have you taken the pains to contradict the falsehood?" I had asked.

"No, indeed," was his indignant reply. "I would not stoop so low as to notice the cur. The name of Paul Dressler was never before associated with anything vile, and it is not in the power of such as he to sully its purity. The calumny will instantly recoil upon his own head."

And this was the man who was now confined in a criminal's cell in the Tombs, with the ignominy of a forger's doom written upon his future. For I saw at once from the information which his hurried note had given me, that the evidence was strong against him, and whatever money and influence might do for him, he probably could never clear his fair fame in the eyes of the world. I longed to meet him, and see how he bore this new phase of life.

"Paul, my old friend," I said, as I grasped his extended hand, "how do you find yourself—comfortable, I hope?"

A calm, though rather faint smile lighted up his features, as he replied, "That is hardly the word to be applied to a man in my situation, though I am not unduly shocked by this most unexpected development of fate."

"Still a philosopher, I see; well, I am glad of it, though I can't say that I think even the sublime doctrine of fatalism would enable me to sustain my equanimity under such trials as these."

"I do not know what else but fate you can call it, when a man of my character and standing is assailed by such charges as these. Surely there is no accounting for it upon rationalistic grounds."

"Well, there I should differ with you again; but I did not come here to review the old ground of argument, but to see what I could do for you in a professional way. State your case to me now, and let me see what legal lore is likely to avail you."

"I will do so," he replied, "but first you must allow me to remind you of that singular dream which I related to you the other evening. I thank the angel of my life for that friendly warning. It is the key to all my present calmness."

I smiled, and bade him proceed with the de-

tails of his present situation. My friend Paul had been bred the son of a millionaire, and his tastes were consequently most refined and luxurious. About a year previous to the opening of our story, his father had unexpectedly become embarrassed and had died insolvent. Paul bore this reverse with the utmost philosophy, and immediately accepted a situation in a bank, with a salary of two thousand a year. He had never been restless or discontented with this change, never had uttered one complaining word, and those who knew him best, felt that the spirit which he manifested was most admirable. Now, however, with the suddenness of a thunder burst, had come upon him this overwhelming charge, sustained, too, by an appearance of justice which seemed almost incontrovertible.

Of the details of the case it is not necessary to inform the reader; suffice it, that after pondering over them for several hours, I could see but one way of conclusively proving the innocence of my client, and that was by establishing the guilt of the real criminal. With this end in view I conferred with the officers of the institution, and became acquainted with the character of every person in their employ; but the more I investigated the more I became convinced of the almost impossible nature of my undertaking.

The day of trial drew near, and still but little headway had been made in establishing the innocence of my poor friend. I was harassed, perplexed, chagrined. Never before had I been so signally foiled in my endeavors to aid an innocent person, and that this complication of untoward events should surround one so dear to me as Paul Dressler, was the greatest aggravation of all. Yet he was perfectly calm through it all.

"How is it," said I, one day, half impatient at his stoicism, "that while I am beating my brains incessantly for some remedy for this injustice, and actually wearing myself out in my endeavors to rescue you, no Spartan was ever more immovable than you, in your calmness and philosophy? Confound it! I don't see into it."

He smiled, and replied, "You have not my faith, my friend. I am convinced that for whatever I may suffer in the present, the future will bring me a bountiful recompense. I early learned that an undisturbed mind and a perfect trust in a higher power, was the only secret of true happiness. This has been my philosopher's stone through life, the talisman which has gilded every phase of adversity with the fine gold of contentment. Therefore I am, even in this rude cell, deprived of so many of the comforts and luxuries to which I have been accustomed, still undisturbed in my equanimity, and in my faith."

I admired, while I could scarcely comprehend his serenity.

"I think," he continued, "that before the day of my trial, some new light will be shed upon this case. A lady will be the messenger, and if she be only half as beautiful as the being who opened the door of my dungeon in my dream, and led me forth into the daylight, I shall certainly fall in love with her."

He smiled playfully, and I asked, "What was that dream, Paul, I've more than half forgotten it?"

"You remember that I was walking on a pleasant hillside, when suddenly the earth caved beneath my feet, and I was entombed alive, in a gloomy recess of the mountain. I lived there a long time—I know not how long—in intense darkness, when suddenly, a ray of light pierced the gloom; then an opening appeared in the rocky walls, and a creature as beautiful as a Peri, yet surely human, stood in the gateway, and reaching forth her hand, led me out into the open country. My garments were covered with the moist earth of my dungeon, but she told me not to brush it off, and I walked on with her a long distance, happy in her society, yet even conscious that my garments were soiled; when suddenly the sky grew bright and golden, the landscape changed to one upon the Rhine, which in my early travels I thought the fairest that the sun shone on, and which has ever since lived in my memory; my garments were changed for white and glistening ones, and in the midst of my joy and amazement, I awoke."

I laughed as he concluded, and replied, "I should dislike to be in your place, Paul, with no better foundation for hope than such a dream, singular as it is. Yet, *nous verrons!* If that young lady intends to interpose in your behalf, I hope she will make her appearance very shortly, before my hair gets any grayer in your service. Positively, I can't disfigure myself in this way much longer, to accommodate her bashful delays."

He smiled at my rather ill-timed playfulness, and replied:

"It is fate, my dear sir, fate arranges all; be still and you will see."

One week only was to intervene until his trial, and as yet I saw no hope for my poor friend; but he was calm as ever. I was with him one day in his room, which looked out upon the street; I sat by the table writing, while he stood by the window.

"There she comes!" he exclaimed, joyfully.

"Who?" I asked in amazement, for I had forgotten the dream.

"My lady preserver; you will see her soon, for she has entered the building."

I ran to the window, but she had disappeared. In a few moments, however, a messenger entered to say a lady wished to see Mr. Dressler.

"Show her up," said Paul, calmly.

The next few minutes seemed interminable to me, but Paul's serenity was unshaken, only I saw by the gleam of his dark blue eye, that faith approached almost to certainty, while I confess I greatly dreaded a disappointment.

Presently we heard the slow tread of the jailer along the hall; at first I thought he was alone, but Paul's quicker ear caught the light footfall, and his countenance brightened with expectation. The door swung heavily upon its iron hinges, the jailer stepped to one side and admitted the lady. She was rather tall, but of slight and elegant proportions. Her features were exquisitely moulded, her complexion of alabaster hue, contrasting strangely with her dark, satiny hair, and deep-set, brilliant eyes of hazel brown, fringed with long, curving lashes which completely shaded the eyes as they drooped beneath our earnest gaze.

A faint rose-hue tinged her cheek, as the jailer announced "Miss Courtney." "Miss Helen Courtney," read the card which the lady extended to Paul, as with the most winning grace and dignity she accepted the offered seat.

"My friend and legal adviser, Mr. Trevor, Miss Courtney," said Paul, with all the self-possession in the world, glancing at me.

I had started at the sound of her name, for I distinctly remembered that a Mr. Courtney had been among the clerks in the bank in which Paul had been engaged; and there was something in his handsome but care-worn face which had made a marked impression on my memory. I am afraid the fixed gaze with which I responded to her graceful salutation was hardly courteous, but it certainly satisfied me that she was a relative, probably a sister of the said clerk.

"Mr. Dressler," commenced the lady, after a moment's hesitation, "I had intended that the communication which I have to make to you should be private. If this, however, is your confidential legal adviser, there will be no objection to his remaining in the room—his presence may be of service."

I immediately proposed retiring, but Paul replied:

"He is not only my confidential legal adviser, but also my most esteemed friend; if, therefore, as you intimate, his services may be of aid to you, do not hesitate to disclose in his presence

anything which you may have to communicate."

"You will remain then, if you please, Mr. Trevor," she replied, "as the painful disclosures which I have to make will necessarily come immediately under your cognizance."

She hesitated a moment, and I thought a slight tremor passed over her, but she was not long in regaining her womanly dignity and composure. Turning to Paul, she continued:

"You are doubtless aware, Mr. Dressler, that you are at present the victim of a deeply-laid and well-matured plan of fraud."

She paused again, and Paul, to relieve her embarrassment, replied:

"I have indeed realized the futility of endeavoring to disentangle the meshes of this most artfully woven net. Both myself and my friends have been amazed at the amount of intellect displayed in the concoction of the scheme, and deplored the fact that it was employed in so unworthy a cause."

"It was not to win compliments for my poor brother's genius that I came here," she replied, with shortened breath, "but to confess his guilt. The real criminal in this case is my only brother, Hubert Courtney."

Her pale lip quivered, and she bit it to repress her emotion. I confess I was a good deal shocked, and Paul certainly was not less so, at this declaration. That the brother of such a being as she evidently was, should commit such a crime was painful to us both. Paul replied, however, with scarcely less than his usual composure:

"This announcement is certainly a most startling one, and very nearly affects my welfare; yet I sympathize too deeply with the affliction which such a belief must be to you, not to require good proof of the facts. Are you prepared to substantiate them?"

"I am but too well prepared, sir," she replied, mournfully. "My brother's confession made upon a bed of sickness, caused by the weight of guilt which oppressed his conscience, is certainly conclusive evidence."

"I can hardly express my amazement at this development," said Paul. "I have had a slight acquaintance with Mr. Courtney ever since I entered the bank, and I certainly deemed him one of the most honorable and gentlemanly men whom I ever met. There must have been some terrible temptation to this crime."

"There was indeed a motive," said Miss Courtney. "Hubert and myself were born of wealthy parents, and reared amid luxury and elegance. Circumstances deprived us of our patrimony the same year that Death robbed us

of both our parents. After that we were entirely dependent upon his exertions for support. We were enabled to live comfortably, though by no means elegantly upon his salary; but it was impossible for us to lay aside anything. This fact disturbed my poor brother exceedingly, especially as his rapidly failing health reminded him that I should soon be left without a protector. That his only sister should be left to want and destitution, was a thought too grievous to be borne. Often have I heard him say, 'Had I but a few thousand dollars of capital, how quickly could I amass sufficient to make you, my sister, comfortable for life; but for the want of this I must die and leave you, not only utterly friendless, but without a dollar.' Under these circumstances he first conceived the idea of borrowing a few thousand dollars by means of forged paper, fully intending to repay it as soon as circumstances would allow.* The horrible fear of detection, and the thought of the unmitigated sorrow which such consequences would entail upon me, led him to arrange his plans in such a way that should any accident happen to disclose the forgery, suspicion would attach itself to some other individual. Mr. Dressler was selected for this purpose, not on account of any personal ill-will, but because his business relations with my brother were such that he could most easily be entrapped. That such consequences ever would ensue, of course he did not for a moment believe, yet when his scheme was actually frustrated, and the worst transpired, he was for a time too completely overwhelmed with the thought of what he had escaped, to have the courage voluntarily to assume the penalty which justly belonged to him. Conscience, however, would not be stilled. His secret sufferings wore upon his feeble frame, till he was brought to a bed of illness, upon which he confessed to me his whole crime. Of course there was but one thing left to do, and that was to make instant reparation for the fault, as far at least as was possible. You have now the facts. Of course you, Mr. Dressler, are free, and I scarcely dare entreat you to use your influence that my poor brother may be as leniently treated as is compatible with the ends of justice."

You should have seen Paul's face at that moment. I shall never forget the expression of that noble, magnanimous soul, nor the radiant smile with which he replied:

"I rejoice most heartily, Miss Courtney, that you came directly to me with this disclosure, before confiding it to any other person, since it gives me the opportunity of doing justice to your unfortunate brother, whose character I can but respect even more highly than before, since his

generous affection for his only sister must ever endear him to me, while the crime of which he is accused, sinks into a venial and almost pardonable error when the motive is taken into consideration. Trevor, you have often assured me that it was quite possible to extricate me from this dilemma by means of the powerful friends who are arrayed upon my interest, and the means which may be called into requisition. Hitherto, I have refused to accept freedom, while the slightest taint rested upon my honor. Is it too late now to avail myself of these means?"

In vain I demurred to the proposition which I saw he was about to make. In vain Miss Courtney insisted that it should not be. The unfortunate young man had evidently suffered, he said, all that justice required, and quite enough to prevent the recurrence of any such crimes. His delicate health, and the fact that his sister's happiness depended upon his life, which would undoubtedly be sacrificed by the disgrace of an exposure, warranted us in concealing his guilt from the world, especially as it probably could be done at only a slight sacrifice upon his part. In short he overruled all our objections, and Miss Courtney bade him farewell with a light heart, and overflowing eyes.

"O, Mr. Dressler," she exclaimed, "you cannot imagine the debt of gratitude which we shall forever owe you. May God, who only can comprehend the obligation as I feel it, reward you from his infinite bounty." And clasping the hand which he had extended in adieu, she touched the delicate fingers with her lips, and then blushing crimson at her own boldness, she drew her veil and departed.

From that moment Paul's enthusiasm was aroused, and he labored with more energy than I supposed he possessed, to arrange plans to procure his acquittal. His family was one of the most influential in the city, and as they firmly believed in his innocence, they were determined that no stone should be left unturned to procure his pardon; and in that great city of Gotham, what will not money do?

Paul had leaned on no broken reed when he trusted to money influence for his acquittal, and that without the use of any illegal means. His first call after his discharge was upon Miss Courtney, to assure her of his pardon, and his restoration to the confidence of the officers of the bank, which was effected by confiding to them the actual state of affairs. Hubert was of course obliged to resign his situation, but as they were induced to keep the secret of his guilt, and allow his illness to pass as his excuse for leaving, he had no difficulty in obtaining another situation,

where his labors were lighter, and his salary consequently less.

After this I watched with the deepest interest the progress of Paul's acquaintance with Miss Courtney. That he had been in love with her from the first moment I had never doubted, and it seemed to me that she was strongly attracted at times toward him. Still there were times when her conduct towards him puzzled me exceedingly. At last I said to him one day:

"Paul, you'll never win that girl in the world. She likes you well enough, and she feels very grateful for all you have done for the family, and she dislikes very much to treat you coldly; yet I think I can plainly distinguish in her manner, that beyond this she cares nothing for you; and you surely would not have her prove false to the best feelings of her nature by bestowing her hand without her heart."

"Helen Courtney is not capable of such falsity," was his reply, as his fine face grew a shade paler. "I have noticed the peculiarities of which you speak, but I believe I have penetrated more deeply into the recesses of her nature than you. I think she loves me, but she is embarrassed by the circumstances of our acquaintance. Besides, she is too proud, I fear, to marry a man from whom she has accepted so great an obligation as she fancies is implied in my conduct towards her brother. However, my friend, I am going to put an end to this suspense this very evening. To-morrow you shall know the worst."

"Well, how is it?" I asked, as I entered his room the next evening.

He looked up calmly and replied: "I was flatly refused."

"As I anticipated," I replied, "yet I am sorry for you, Paul, for she is a fine girl."

"Not as you anticipated at all," said he. "I was indeed refused, yet I won from her an acknowledgment that she was not indifferent toward me, and that were the obligation between us cancelled, she might consent to an engagement."

"Well, then, all that remains for you to do is to go directly out and stab somebody, and then throw all the blame upon her. That will make you even, and herself a little more."

Paul did not relish my pleasantry.

"You know," said I, "that I never did fancy such fine-spun sentimentalism so much as some, and when it stands in the way of the happiness of two such people as you and Helen, whom I've thought a sensible girl, I like it less than ever."

But Paul loudly applauded his lady's delicacy, and expressed himself perfectly contented to wait until he could overcome her scruples. Three

years passed, and matters remained precisely in the same condition. Hubert's failing health, however, gave tokens that their probation drew to a close, as in answer to his eager entreaties to be allowed openly to confess his crime, and thus relieve the lovers of their embarrassment, it had been agreed that at his death, the secret should be disclosed, and Paul's character cleared in the eyes of the world. Through another year of lingering consumptive decay, they watched his gradual departure, and at last in the golden flush of the autumn, they laid him down to rest.

At his request, that Helen might not be left unprotected, the marriage ceremony was performed at his bedside, and with his latest breath he blessed them. A confession of his crime, written by his own hand, was published immediately after his death, together with a simple account of the generosity which had shielded him from public disgrace during his life-time.

Thus the clouds cleared from the horizon of Paul Dressler's life, and the prophetic sunshine of his dream shone goldenly over all his future pathway. After his marriage with Helen, although I was no less a skeptic than ever, I never argued with him again about Fate.

DEATH OF LOUIS XVI.

Louis alighted. Two of the executioners came to the foot of the scaffold to take off his coat. He waved them away, and himself removed his coat and cravat, in order that his throat might be presented bare to the knife; they then came with cords to bind his hands behind his back.

"What do you wish to do?" said Louis, indignantly. "Bind you," they replied; and endeavored to fasten his hands with the cords.

"Bind me?" said the king, in tones of deepest feeling. "No, no—I will never consent. You may do your business, but not bind me." The executioners seized him rudely, and called for help. "Sire," said his Christian adviser, M. Edgeworth, "suffer this outrage, as a last resemblance to that God who is about to be your reward. "Assuredly," said the king, "there needed nothing less than the example of God to make me submit to such an indignity." Then holding out his hands to his slayers, he said—"Do as you will, I will drink the cup to the dregs."

With firm step, he ascended the steep steps of the scaffold, looked for a moment upon the keen and polished edge of the axe, and then turning to the vast throng, he said in a clear and untroubled voice:

"People, I die innocent of all the crimes imputed to me. I pardon the authors of my death, and pray God that the blood which you are about to shed, may not fall again on France."

He would have continued, but the drums were ordered to beat, and his voice was drowned. The executioners seized him and bound him to the plank, the slide fell, and the head of Louis XVI. fell into the basket.—*John S. C. Abbott.*

MY SISTER AND I.

BY OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

WE were twins, my sister and I, in years, but not in looks. Charlotte was beautiful, brilliant and accomplished; I was plain even to homeliness, with only a sound mind and tolerably amiable disposition to recommend me to worldly favor. Of her superior personal charms, my sister was by no means ignorant; her mirror had first revealed the fact of her great physical beauty, while a doting mother and numerous friends only confirmed the truth by their constant praises in her behalf. My mother, a well-preserved woman of forty-five, still prided herself upon her fine appearance, and did not hesitate to ascribe my ill looks to the fault of my close resemblance to my deceased father. Charlotte she declared to be the perfect counterpart of herself; but where the likeness lay, it were difficult for any one to tell.

Upon the death of my father, we had removed from our beautiful city home to a small cottage, situated some nine or ten miles distant from Boston, where, with a moderate income, we were enabled to live comfortably, if not luxuriously. The extreme beauty of my sister Charlotte gained for her a large list of admirers among the opposite sex. Her ready wit and showy accomplishments retained, for a time, the conquests of which she so delighted to boast, and which, truth to say, gratified the pride of her indulgent mama not a whit less than her own. It is a sad thing to confess, but Charlotte Norton was a coquette! who won pure and noble hearts to herself, only to break and rudely fling them away, as a spoiled child is wont to do with toys that have beguiled the passing hour.

My hardy constitution and strong love for study made me ambitious to prepare myself for a teacher. The village academy fostered my rising talents, and sent me forth into the world at the age of eighteen, with a well-stored mind and a heart as warm and generous in its impulses, as Charlotte's was cold and unfeeling.

My catalogue of lovers embraced but a single individual; yet to my devoted and appreciative nature, Edward Manners was in himself a host. I made his acquaintance while spending the winter in Boston with Mrs. Cummings, a wealthy cousin of my mother's, to whose children I had assumed the post of governess. He was the son of a well-known artist of that city, who, in dying, bequeathed his son naught but the legacy of his own great genius.

Edward Manners was not what the world

generally would term handsome; yet, in my eyes, he was the true type of manly beauty. Hair brown and wavy was thrown back in rich clusters from a brow lofty and expansive; while the singular brilliancy of his dark eye was in strange contrast to the uniform pallor of his countenance.

What first attracted him to my side was always a source of wonder to my mind. I was neither beautiful nor fascinating; he was grave, yet endowed with fine conversational powers. My awkward manner and shy reserve seemed to attract, rather than repel him. By degrees a strong friendship grew up between us, which, in my joy of heart, I prayed time might not sever.

I was proud to call him my friend, because I sincerely believed him my superior in everything that was noble and intellectual. A thrill of exquisite pleasure shot through my heart, when, night after night, he stole quietly away from the dense throng that filled the drawing room of my benefactor (with whom Edward Manners was an especial favorite), to spend a few hours in agreeable conversation with me, in the solitude of the little school-room where, from choice, I generally spent the most of my evenings.

In the early part of June, I returned home—Mrs. Cummings and family having retired to their country seat in New Hampshire, where they usually remained until October. I was, as it were, a child of Nature; and I looked forward to the bright summer months, with their golden treasures of fruits and flowers, as an oasis in the desert of my hitherto lonely life.

My reception at home, although a kind one, was far from being freighted with that warmth and tenderness for which my loving soul so constantly thirsted. Charlotte was as frivolous and heartless as ever; while my mother still entertained for her that unmistakable preference and partiality which had so often wounded my sensitive heart in early childhood, when I had vainly strove to console myself with the thought that if papa had lived, I, too, should have been loved.

Since the first hour of my acquaintance with Edward Manners, a change had come over my desolate and isolated existence. A new life seemed opened to me, and bright and beautiful lay the unrolled panorama of the future which my imagination had so brilliantly painted before my longing and admiring eyes. I saw in my feverish dreams the laurel wreath of fame encircling the noble brow of Edward Manners. With a throbbing heart, I beheld him kneeling at my feet. In his hand he held the glistening circlet, which he gracefully extended towards me. In breathless delight I stretched forth my hand to

receive it; but fingers long and shadowy tore it from my grasp, and with a sharp cry, I awoke from my dream and shuddered lest it might prove to be indeed a reality.

I had been home scarce a fortnight, when Mr. Manners, availing himself of my kind invitation to call upon me, found his way to our rustic and humble retreat. It was a bright summer morn, when pushing aside the drapery of my little casement, to inhale the fresh and invigorating air of the early day, that I espied the tall and manly form of Edward Manners hastening up the neat gravel walk leading to our cottage. My heart beat strangely as I descended to meet him, for I had hardly cherished the hope of a continuance of our friendship when separated by time and distance.

I felt the warm blood mantling my cheek, as I tremblingly returned the pressure of his hand.

"My dear Maggie—" he ventured to say; but at that moment Charlotte appeared, on horseback, beautiful as Hebe after her usual morning ride.

With a single bound, she sprang from the saddle and gracefully alighted at our feet, crying out in a merry, ringing voice:

"O, Meg Wilton! such a race as I've had with Colonel Griffith's niece would have been well worth your sight! I verily believe the timid girl thought me a perfect Amazon, at the rate that I flew over the road, and, Gilpin-like, soon left her far behind! But I perceive that I have already broken in upon an agreeable conversation between two *friends*," she added, at the same time lifting her dark and lustrous eyes most archly to the face of Edward Manners.

Their eyes met; and a glow of delight overspread the features of the young artist, at sight of the radiant vision before him.

"This is my twin sister, Mr. Manners, Miss Charlotte Wilton, of whom you have often heard me speak," I stammered forth, with a degree of awkwardness quite natural to me.

"Your sister? I declare I should never have suspected it," he replied, in a tone of surprise that seemed to say to my sensitive ear—no wonder, when one is so full of beauty and the other so extremely plain!

The embarrassment of a first introduction over, the young trio entered the cottage, where Charlotte, usurping the place of hostess, at once succeeded in drawing her new-made friend into an interesting conversation, which lasted full an hour, after which, Mr. Manners took his leave; but not without receiving the united invitation of both Charlotte and my mother to visit us often at our rural home.

Weeks passed on, and Edward Manners continued a frequent guest at the residence of the Widow Wilton. At first, his inquiries were particularly after myself, and occasionally we would live over again those hours of social converse and heart-felt sympathy, that had cheered and enlivened my daily existence while a sojourner in Mrs. Cummings's family. The entrance of Charlotte, however, always changed entirely the state of affairs. Extravagantly fond of gentlemen's society, she always labored to fascinate them to the extent of her abilities. There is no surer passport to the affections of a man, than beauty. Intoxicated with the loveliness of the rose, they breathe in its rich fragrance, nor heed the treacherous asp that lies concealed beneath its delicately tinted petals, until reminded of its presence by the deadly and poisonous sting. Then, too late alas! they tear the cherished flower from their breast, and crush it to the earth; but the work of the venomous insect has been speedily and surely accomplished, while the rose, so rudely plucked from its loved resting-place, still sends forth its rare perfume as of old.

Edward Manners was but mortal. The wondrous beauty of Charlotte Wilton enslaved his senses. In his breast, she excited the same degree of admiration that he would have experienced when gazing upon some exquisite piece of sculpture, or some glorious old painting. A desire to constantly feast upon her charms, kept him too often a willing prisoner at her side.

The general attention which my sister received on all sides, would have acted as a check upon the advances of a delicate nature like Edward Manners's, had it not been that the heartless girl, perceiving her power, used it accordingly. In her numerous rides and walks, the bewildered artist was her favored companion. In his absence, his praises were constantly sounding in my ears, until I began to chide myself for having dared to raise my hopes and aspirations towards one so lofty in thought and sentiment.

What Charlotte Wilton saw to admire in Edward Manners, I knew not. Men of wealth and position, attracted by her queenly beauty, fluttered like gorgeous butterflies around her shrine. External beauty, always the first requisite to success in gaining the favor of my fastidious sister, seemed in his case dwindled into entire insignificance. That Edward Manners possessed beauty far more precious in my eyes, viz., that of the mind, I well knew; but I could not believe that one so short-sighted and selfish as Charlotte was, had ever discerned clearly the inner loveliness of soul which lay enshrined within the breast of my beloved friend.

Days and weeks rolled on, and still Edward Manners spent the few hours of recreation, which he contrived to steal from his professional labors, at the cottage of the Widow Wilton. I now saw but little of Edward Manners, for I had been called to supply the place of assistant teacher in a neighboring academy, recently made vacant by the sudden death of the former instructress. At the combined request of both my mother and Charlotte, however, I consented to spend my Sabbaths at home. Lindenwood Lodge, as our school was romantically termed, was only distant some eight or ten miles from N—, where my mother and sister still resided. I often wondered why Edward Manners never visited me, knowing as he did how thoroughly engaged my time was with the pressure of school-room duties. Whatever queries I may have had upon that score, however, were soon satisfactorily, if not agreeably answered by a circumstance which occurred some two months after my instalment at Lindenwood Lodge.

It was Saturday night, and the close of a bright October day. My labors for the week concluded, I had returned home to spend the coming Sabbath. My mother and myself had taken our tea in solitary silence—Charlotte, who was the life and joy of that roof, being absent to the city. How long a time I had been sitting in the twilight of my own little chamber I knew not, when the well known voice of my sister was heard in the hall below, and in another moment she stood before me, hat in hand, as brilliantly beautiful as ever. I noticed that her inquiries after my health were unusually tender, and that the lips pressed against my cold and pallid cheek were hot and feverish. The first words of greeting over, and an awkward pause ensued. Twisting her hat nervously about by the strings, Charlotte slowly moved towards the door. Suddenly pausing upon the threshold, with the air of a person who had forgotten to communicate something, she turned round with an assumption of her naturally childish and playful manner, and said, in a gleesome voice:

"O, sister Meg, I have good news to tell you—news that will make your heart fairly leap with delight to hear."

"Indeed! Pray enlighten me," I replied, my dull countenance brightening strangely, in anticipation of the expected intelligence.

"Well, then, I am at last to be married, and on Christmas eve."

"To whom?" I asked, quietly.

"To whom? Why, to your friend, Edward Manners, to be sure!" she exclaimed, in a tone very expressive of surprise at my ignorance of it.

"Your friend, Edward Manners!" How those cruel words lacerated my already bleeding heart! I made a strong effort towards composure, and begged my sister to proceed.

"There is also one request Edward bade me make," she continued, "which is—"

"What?" I faintly gasped, observing Charlotte's eyes fixed intently upon my fast-changing countenance.

"That you will consent to be our bridesmaid upon the occasion."

Their bridesmaid! Her bridesmaid! She who had cast aside heart after heart, only to rob me of the love of him whose hand had planted the first flowers of affection in my hitherto barren soul! I could hear no more. My head grew dizzy, and all strength seemed deserting me. I made some slight excuse relative to a headache and the extreme closeness of the room, then hurried down stairs and forth into the open air.

The damp atmosphere of evening revived my fainting spirits, while the stillness of the night had also a strangely soothing effect upon my disordered nerves. When I returned to the house, it was to join my mother and sister in the parlor with the same air of calm indifference which was so entirely characteristic of my nature.

I met Edward Manners on the morrow at the dinner-table; but there was no sign of emotion perceptible in my face, or tremulous movement of the hand extended to bid him welcome as of old, that betrayed in the least degree the hidden anguish of the heart within. To my relief, the subject of their settled engagement and proposed marriage was not alluded to by either party in my presence; and the following day saw me depart for Lindenwood Lodge with a soul still unchastened by affliction, and whose trembling lips had still the power to say—"thy will, not mine, be done."

November, with its chilly winds, crept slowly by; and December, with its frost and snow, once again dawned upon our sight. For near six weeks, Charlotte Wilton had lain upon a bed of sickness. Her disease was typhoid fever. Every moment that I could snatch from my prescribed duties at school, was now spent at the bedside of one whom, as a sister, I still fondly loved. My mother's fears for the safety of her child rendered her almost incapacitate in so long and trying an illness. Night after night, Edward Manners and myself hung over the couch of Charlotte, listening in speechless sorrow to the wild ravings of that delirious brain, as the scourge like fever crept like a fiery serpent into her delicate veins.

It was in those hours of solitude and faithful

watching, that the innate goodness of Edward Manners's soul shone forth with resplendent light. And when, in his great love, some tender word of endearment addressed to the unconscious invalid fell from his lips, I hastily brushed away the rising tear, and secretly prayed God to make my sister worthy the devotion of so noble a heart.

Edward Manners's treatment towards me was such as one might expect to receive from a kind and affectionate brother. Ever shy and reserved in my manner when in his presence, I was now made doubly so by the haunting thought that, since another claimed his entire love, I, his plain yet sincere friend, had no right to manifest for him other than feelings of common and ordinary friendship.

At last, to the infinite joy of all, Charlotte was pronounced by her physician to be convalescent. Choice fruits and rare flowers were now the offerings of friends who crowded around the couch of the invalid, to offer their earnest congratulations on her recovery. Yielding to the still cherished desire of Edward to be married, if her health should permit, on Christmas eve, as first proposed, Charlotte had reluctantly consented; and under my auspices, the arrangements preparatory to her bridal had already commenced.

In the midst of our excitement and bustle, Edward Manners suddenly left us. He had been called unexpectedly away upon business to the State of New York, which would in all probability detain him for the short space of a week. Yet at thought of even so slight a separation from his beloved, Edward Manners grieved. With manifold charges to my mother and myself to guard the invalid tenderly during his absence, the young artist sorrowfully took his departure.

Charlotte at first affected to mourn for his society, but the hosts of friends which daily besieged our little cottage soon banished, for a time, the remembrance of Edward Manners from the mind of my variable and inconstant sister.

"I am going to the last of the Almacks to-night," said Charlotte, as I entered the chamber where she sat bolstered up in an easy-chair, her face, in its uniform color, scarcely less white than the snowy pillows heaped above her head.

I looked at her a moment or two in perfect amazement, for I could not believe that she was in full possession of her right senses. Not wishing her to suspect that I entertained for an instant the slightest suspicion of her sanity, I replied, carelessly, that she was beginning to appear herself again, inasmuch as she had resumed her old habit of jesting.

"Jesting? I assure you, Meg, that I was never more in earnest, during my whole life, than at the present moment! To the ball I go this night for a certainty, or my name isn't Charlotte Wilton!"

"But the long ride to and from the city, and the excitement to which, as a matter of course, you will naturally be subjected to in a densely crowded hall, will be most disastrous in its consequences," I hurriedly interposed.

"Hush! not a word in opposition to the matter!" she interrupted me by saying. "My mind is made up. I would not miss going for any sum of money, as I have received a special invitation from Lieutenant Rolfe, the nephew of Colonel Griffith, who has recently returned from Europe. Nell has sung my praises so often, in her letters, during his absence, that he is anxious to make my acquaintance, and has accordingly invited me to accompany Nell and him to the ball. So, Meg, you must make me look my prettiest to-night, for captivate Lieutenant Rolfe I must and will!"

And with a nervous laugh, Charlotte attempted to rise for the purpose of beholding herself in the glass. The effort was useless; for, too weak to support herself upon her feet, she sank down into the chair again, with all the helplessness of a babe.

I remonstrated with her against the folly of so hazardous an undertaking, endangering not only her future happiness, but also her life, which hung even now upon a slender thread. I dwelt long upon the devotion of her poor but noble lover. I contrasted his fine intellect and lofty genius, with the man of fashion and reputed wealth, whose susceptible heart the coquettish Charlotte longed to ensnare.

Grieved at my sister's utter selfishness and indifference concerning Edward Manners, I silently left the room for the purpose of seeking my mother's aid in the matter. Her influence, however, availed nothing. It was vain to strive to dissuade Charlotte from her purpose.

Evening came. My mother entreated and I implored. Charlotte was inexorable, and slowly the work of preparing her toilet commenced. After much labor on our part, and terrible exhaustion upon the part of the spoiled and wayward girl, we at last succeeded in putting the finishing touches to her ball costume. As leaning upon my arm, we slowly advanced towards the mirror, Charlotte for the first time, since her illness, caught sight of her pale face and emaciated figure in the glass.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed, startled at her excessive paleness.

Raising the window, she seized a handful of snow and rubbed it violently against her cheeks. The artificial bloom produced made her for the moment a picture to behold. But the color soon fled from her cheeks, leaving them more deadly white than ever. The next instant, and Lieutenant Rolfe's arm was supporting her gently to the door of the carriage in waiting.

They rode off—that merry trio—and, sickened at the heartlessness and vanity of the scene, I entered the house. It was about midnight, when a loud knock fell upon my ear. It roused me from my slumbers, for overcome by fatigue, I had fallen asleep in my chair over my work. I glanced at my watch; it was just twelve o'clock, and Charlotte would not, in all probability, return for at least three hours.

My mother had already anticipated me, and answered the summons. A hurried step upon the staircase, and the chamber door quickly opened, revealing the pale and anxious countenance of Edward Manners. His coming was unlooked for, as a telegraphic despatch, received from him that morning, informed us of his intention to be with us on the following day.

Edward Manners glanced first at the vacant couch, and then bent an inquiring look upon me as I stood pale and trembling there before him, Charlotte's bridal dress, upon which I had been sewing, still in my hands. I felt that a thorough explanation was necessary. My sister, in going to the ball that evening, had felt perfectly safe, inasmuch as her lover would not probably return until the next day, and she had cunningly extorted a promise of secrecy in the affair upon my part. I could not feel it in my heart to deceive him by uttering an untruth; while, on the other side, I had pledged my word to Charlotte that I would on no condition betray her. My mother, fearful of being interrogated concerning the matter, had cautiously crept away to bed. I alone was left to bear the perhaps lasting displeasure of that deeply injured man.

When, therefore, he questioned me closely upon the subject of Charlotte's strange absence, I begged that he would excuse me for not answering him, as I had promised not to disclose anything relative to the subject, should it be demanded of me. I saw the cloudy and troubled look which settled upon the brow of my friend, as he rose to depart. From the bottom of my heart I pitied him. A few minutes dread silence, and Edward Manners took his hat and left the room. I accompanied him to the porch door, but he had hardly gained the first step, when the carriage drove up, containing Lieutenant Rolfe and Charlotte.

The former sprang from the coach and gracefully assisted his fair but exhausted companion to alight. A tender adieu from the infatuated man, and a merry "good night" from Nellie Griffith, and the carriage drove rapidly off. At this moment, Edward Manners stepped boldly forth from the shadow of the cottage, where he had temporarily screened himself from observation, and stood quiet and motionless before the eyes of the terrified girl.

A quick, sharp cry rang out upon the stillness of the night, and Charlotte Wilton, making a desperate effort to reach the house, fell fainting upon the hall floor. In my fright, I called for Edward; but he answered not, and lifting my sister's senseless form in my arms, I at last made out to convey her to her bed, where, by the aid of restoratives, my mother and I finally succeeded in awakening the conscience-stricken Charlotte to a state of sensibility.

Five years passed—bringing with them, in their rapid flight, more of sorrow than of joy to my sad and weary heart. The morning succeeding the night of the fatal ball, my sister had received a note from her deeply offended lover, in which he released her from an engagement no longer agreeable to the hearts of both parties, and also bade her a last farewell. There were no bitter reproaches, no words spoken in scorn or anger, contained in that brief epistle. What were his future intentions, or whither he went, no one knew—the only bit of intelligence gained concerning him, being the fact of his departure from Boston.

Six months after the events related above, my sister Charlotte became the wife of Lieutenant Rolfe. To Paris, gay and dazzling Paris, the proud and apparently happy husband took his young bride. The cold which she had contracted on the night of her rash exposure, never left her. Bewildered by the bright and tempting scenes in the midst of which she was placed, Charlotte Rolfe led for three long years a constant life of dissipation.

During this period, my mother died suddenly, leaving me alone with my great sorrow, and separated thousands of miles from the only near relative I possessed on earth—my twin sister. Hearing but seldom from my light-hearted and giddy sister, I still continued my labors as assistant teacher in the academy at Lindenwood. One day, however, there came a letter penned with trembling fingers, and bearing the Paris post-mark.

With a beating heart, I broke it open. It was from Charlotte. Led away by the intoxicating

pleasures of the gaming-table, Lieutenant Rolfe had at first neglected, then abandoned his fair wife to despair and sickness. All my old love for her revived, as I read that painfully sad letter, and freely I forgave her former wrongs and injustice towards me in past years—years now to be banished from the tablet of memory.

It was but the work of a few days to resign my situation, and set sail for Europe. Arriving in Paris, I found Charlotte slowly wasting away in consumption. About her, still lingered a few remnants of former splendor. But Paris, with its noise and bustle, was not a fitting place for the last days of an invalid to be spent. To sunny Italy I bore her, where its soft breezes kissed her pale cheek, and finally lulled her to sleep upon its gentle breast. From the moment of my arrival in Paris, Charlotte would suffer no other person to attend her. For a number of days before she died, her mind seemed constantly stung by remorse. Her nervousness and unrest annoyed me, and I besought her to pour into my sympathizing ear the cause of her distress.

Pillowling her fair head upon my breast, she told me of the love which Edward Manners had felt for me in years gone by, and how, serpent-like, she had first dazzled him by her superior beauty, and then crept into his affections. Her only motive in feigning love for the true and noble hearted artist had been to wrest him from the embraces of another. Her past life she now looked back upon with sorrow and regret. She believed her rare beauty to have been the one great curse of her life, the bane of her very existence. In tones of deep penitence Charlotte begged my forgiveness, and only desired to live, in order that she might some day restore the wronged and banished one to my arms once more.

For a few moments we mingled our tears together in silence, which was only broken by the violent coughing of my poor and anguish-stricken sister. I proposed returning her to her couch, thinking that she might then feel herself more comfortable. But no! she desired to still rest in my arms, and so I pressed her slight form closer to my breast, while soothed by my tenderness, she fell into what I believed was a gentle and refreshing slumber. Alas, it was her last and final sleep! for a half hour later, I still held to my own warm and pulsating heart the lifeless body of my still beautiful twin sister.

"This way, Signor Morelli, if you please," said a kind friend of mine residing at the same hotel, as he ushered his companion, a tall and dark looking man, into the chamber of death,

where in the evening twilight I sat with my face buried in my hands, beside an open window.

Feeling it was almost impossible to remove the remains of my sister to America where I had determined to still make my home, I had expressed a desire to procure a bust of Charlotte before leaving Florence, and had accordingly been recommended to secure the services of the previously mentioned gentleman, whose fame as a sculptor was pre-eminent in the "City of Flowers." I heard their low whispers as they approached the couch where my sister lay clothed in the snowy habiliments of death. I did not uncover my eyes until a low moan fell upon my ear, and a voice in my own native tongue exclaimed: "Great God! it is Charlotte!"

"Who are you, sir?" I cried, advancing towards the sculptor, who, overpowered with emotion, now grasped the pillar of the bedstead for support.

"A friend, lady, whose memory you have doubtless learned to loathe."

I gazed at that dark and sorrowing face. Those tones so rich and low, whose music still vibrated in my ear, were not to be mistaken. With a wild cry that echoed strangely throughout that abode of death, I sprang into the arms of the stranger, and was passionately clasped to the heart of the once humble artist—Edward Manners—to the surprise of my friend, who stood gazing upon the scene before him with an air of utter astonishment.

The history of my prodigal lover is soon told. Finding his confidence and love betrayed by Charlotte Wilton, he had at once left America for Europe. While wandering through Italy in search of employment, his rare genius chanced to attract the notice of Moselli, a wealthy sculptor of Florence, who, pleased with the degree of enthusiasm manifested by Edward for his chosen profession, at once took him into his studio as a pupil, and on his death he bequeathed to him his entire property, on condition that he should assume his family name, and still pursue his art.

In a retired street of Florence, overlooking the beautiful Arno, is situated a large and cheerful studio. In the middle of the room sits my dear husband, busily engaged upon a statue of Canova. In a cosy little nook I laid this little romance of our lives, entitled "My Sister and I." Two miniature babes named Edward and Charlotte, sport at my feet, and pause now and then from their joyous play, to ask me to take them to aunty's grave, whose unhappy fate is unknown to their young hearts, though indelibly stamped upon the minds of their forgiving parents. Peace to her ashes!

THE OAK TREE IN THE GLEN.

BY WHITE MOUNTAIN LILIE.

I stood beneath its branches,
One lonely autumn day,
And watched the gorgeous colors
Of the sunset fade away.
Far on the distant hill-tops,
With many a massive fold,
The crimson clouds reflected
The dying sunbeams gold.

The lengthening shadows warned me
That eve had come again;
But still I lingered sadly,
'Neath the oak tree in the glen.
There, in silence all unbroken,
Save by the murmurs low
Of the Saco's crystal waters,
That ever onward flow.

I lingered in the quiet
Of the dawning eventide,
And heard the rippling eddies
O'er smooth-worn pebbles glide.
All day had memory wandered,
Unawed by hopes and fears,
Back through the tear-dimmed vista
Of long forgotten years.

And now came stealing o'er me,
Like some half-forgotten strain
Of olden, much loved music,
I ne'er might hear again;
Sad memories of the loved ones,
Who in the days bygone,
Had watched with me the sunset hues,
Till every ray had gone.

And musing there, I wondered,
If in the far-off clime,
Where his footsteps now had wandered,
He e'er recalled the time,
When, 'neath the leafy branches
Of the oak tree in the glen,
We two had parted, never,
Perehance, to meet again.

Glad were the memories awakened,
Of the happy, joyous past;
The day dream of existence,
All, all too bright to last.
But sadder thoughts came o'er me,
Of the future, drear and cold,
And I sighed to reach that haven,
Where the heart can ne'er grow old.

From out the starry heavens
The moon shone bright and clear;
As I turned to leave the grassy dell,
That memory held so dear,
A footfall woke the echoes,
That slumbered in the glen;
A voice whispered, "Agnes,"
And we had met again.

Long years have fled forever,
With those that went before,

But the joy of that meeting
Dwells with me evermore;
And when I seek the shadows
Of the oak tree in the glen,
My heart beats high with rapture,
For he is with me then.

A CRUEL HOAX.

A trick which has none to parallel it, was contrived by the late Theodore Hook and Henry H—, formerly of Brazen-nose College, with Mr. Barham, author of the "Ingoldsby Legends." It may not be unacceptable to many of our readers to know some particulars of this prodigious and completely successful imposition, which took place on November 26, 1810. The subject of it was most unfairly a very respectable lady in Berners Street (it was said of the name of 'Tottenham'), but the situation being central was considered to have led to the spot being determined upon. Very early in the morning wagons, some with coals and others with furniture from upholsterers, began to arrive, as well as hearses with coffins, and trains of funeral coaches; also tribes of professional men of every imaginable class. At noon the Right Honorable Joshua Jonathan Smith, the lord mayor, with full equipage drove up, "to take affidavit of the lady, who from illness could not attend at the Mansion House." Six stout men bearing an organ; cartloads of wine; drays with beer; carpet manufacturers, coach and clock makers, curiosity dealers, and, in short, agents and tradesmen of every denomination, were made dupes of, and in the rear almost a myriad of servants "wanting places" helped to increase the crowd. The unfortunate victims of this dupery were so impacted together that they were unable to make their escape, and were compelled for many hours to endure the gibes and jeers of the unpitiful mob. Till late at night the whole neighborhood was a scene of confusion beyond description.—*Notes and Queries.*

LETTER FROM A BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS.

"DEAR MAE,—I am now being taught the Spanesh language! wich my Tutor says I learn it with grate fasility, ive improved amasinly in the english sints ive been here! i speke and rite the real new stile now? and my composishons are being wery much admired among the pupils of the school, I come within won of getting the medle for bein the best english schotar, at the clothes of the last quarter, and i shoood a done it, but! I was Bein sick a bedd and couldn't attend to my studies—for a hole week! and so I got beehyndand: by the buy, Mar! (whst shoking bad english you do right?) ime ashamed to sho yewr letters to any of the missesses among my akwaintances for instents you sa wile the te wotter was bileing the other day, ecceterah and so forth now yew shoould 'say wile the te wotter was bein bilie—par too? rites jus as inkorrektly for instents he says in his leter french guds are falling verry fast insted of saving french goods are being fell. ime reeally shocked that you and hee don't keep paice with the march of moderna improvement but time being called this minuit to excite my spanesh lesson, so i must wind orf. I supperscribe myself your affectionate dawtar,
MIRANDA MACKEREL."

Curious Matters.

An old Building.

The Marblehead Bank is kept in the venerable mansion of Col. Lee, built in 1762. A few days ago, during a heavy rain, it was noticed that the pavement in front of the house was laid with the date of 1768 represented in small white stones. For ninety years the stones have been daily travelled over, yet nobody had noticed the chronological mosaic under their feet, until a careful soul looking down for the driest place to put his foot, happened to discover it. The building is still in good repair. The house is an interesting relic of old times. The entire woodwork, inside, including the doors, window cases, stair banisters and ceiling, is of solid mahogany. A remarkable feature about the building is, that the same paper is upon the walls in every room that was put on them when the house was built. The paper is of the most ancient and picturesque character. In the reception room where were received Gen. Washington, Lafayette, and other distinguished heroes of the Revolution, the carving of the wood is magnificent.

Discovery of a Chest of Old Coins.

The Court Journal has the following: A most extraordinary discovery, which, for obvious reasons, is sought to be kept a profound secret, has taken place in an old ruined house at Iriel. An immense chest, full of gold and silver coins of English stamp, has been found concealed in one of the cellars, where it had been carefully walled up. From the papers and documents contained likewise in the chest, it has become evident that the house was once inhabited by Bollingbroke, who must have lain concealed here during the period wherein his whereabouts has always remained a puzzle to biographers and historians. In one of his letters, he mentions that "his retreat is convenient to the Seine." And the house in question is found to possess a subterranean passage leading down to the water's edge. The money is evidently the result of the subscription raised by the party of the Pretender, for want of which the latter was prevented from striking a decisive blow.

Imitation Pearls.

At a *soiree* at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Mr. Quekett exhibited some very interesting specimens illustrating the manner in which pearls were produced naturally, and the manner in which the production might be artificially imitated. He showed that the oyster-shell was first perforated from without by a boring-worm, and when the inner layer is reached, this layer is pushed inwards, covered with lustrous coating of the shell, and at length detached. The introduction of wires and other foreign bodies from without imitating the action of the borer, and the body became coated or plated with the pearly layer. This is doubtless important in a commercial point of view.

A queer Title-Page.

There was published in London, in 1768, a discourse which was delivered before the unshapely prince of Orange. The title-page of the pamphlet squints round the corner at the character of the work, thus: "*The Deformity of Sin cured; a Sermon preached at St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. Crookshanks. Sold by M. Denton, at the Crooked Billet near Cripplegate.*" The text was, "Every crooked path shall be made straight."

Pressure upon Fish.

Mr. Fell, in his late address to the American Institute on the subject of fish, says that at ninety-three feet below the surface of the water, a shad would be compelled to bear about the weight of sixty pounds to every square inch on the surface of its body; at three hundred and sixty-one feet, one hundred and eighty-one pounds; at six hundred and six feet, two hundred and eighty-six pounds; at four thousand two hundred and six feet, eighteen hundred and thirty-one pounds to the square inch; at six thousand feet, over one ton. Whales sometimes descend into the depths of the ocean four thousand nine hundred feet, when they sustain considerably over the enormous weight of two hundred thousand tons—nearly, if not quite, one hundred and thirty-eight tons to each square foot of surface exposed. The fish do not, of course, feel this pressure, as it is exerted on all portions of their bodies alike.

Coincidence.

It is worthy of note, that Dr. Franklin, the great pioneer in the investigation of the nature and properties of electricity, who first attempted to reduce it to a science, and who proved the identity of lightning and electricity, and Professor Morse the inventor of the electric telegraph, were both Massachusetts men, and what is more remarkable, they were born within a mile and a half of each other—one in Boston, the other over the river in Charlestown. Cyrus W. Field, the agent of the Trans-Atlantic Telegraph Company, the efficient man of the concern, who has done more than any other man to bring about the connection of the continents by telegraphic wires, is also a Massachusetts man, a native, we believe, of Athol, in Worcester county. It is not often that such a coincidence can be found in connection with a matter of so great moment to the interests of civilization and humanity.

Extraordinary Suicide by Starvation.

It is stated that Mr. Jacob Plant, 36 years of age, died at Manchester, in this State, of voluntary starvation. Mr. Plant was paying attention to a young lady of that town some three years ago, but his proposal for marriage was rejected. The disappointment preyed upon his mind, and he soon afterward attempted to blow his brains out, but only succeeded in destroying both eyes. He has consequently remained blind for three years. During that time he once made an attempt to starve himself, but without success. The second time he was successful—meeting his end as above stated. He had partaken of nothing for *nine weeks* but coffee, sweetened water and morphine—finding his chief sustenance during that time from the fat of his system.

Marrying One's Step-daughter.

By a curious concatenation of circumstances one Thomas Galloway, formerly of Vermont, and now of Wheeling, Va., married his step-daughter. While he was busy whaling, she, left to herself by the death of her mother, became a fine young woman, went off west, got married and became a widow. Thomas returning from his whaling happened in the town where the widow resided, saw her, did not recognize her as his step-child and married her. After the marriage his wife's account of her early life revealed the relationship, but it made no difference to Thomas, for he took possession of some fine property left him by his brother, who was drowned in the Ohio, and happy in his married state, he is now a respectable member of society.

Effects of a Paper Pattern.

A gentleman who was ill of a low, nervous fever, accompanied by fits of mental aberration, would lie in his bed, with his eyes fixed intently upon the opposite wall, continually muttering to himself—"Fourteen up, thirty-three across—fourteen up, thirty-three across." Notwithstanding the best medical advice, and every other effort that was made for his recovery, he still continued to lie in the same dreamy state, uttering the same words. At length it struck the physician that the incessant repetition of these words must be connected with some image presented to the mind through the eye. And it further occurred to him that the paper of the room might afford a solution. The pattern of the paper consisted of lozenge-shaped figures, which followed each other at regular intervals. On counting these the physician found that the number exactly tallied with the patient's ceaseless refrain, namely, fourteen lozenges from the floor to the ceiling, and thirty-three from one end of the room to the other. Acting upon this discovery, he immediately ordered the removal of the patient to another room, where the paper was of a totally different pattern. This was done while the patient was asleep, and when he awoke he commenced mechanically with "fourteen," but suddenly stopped, looked puzzled, and then smiled. From that moment he never uttered the old burden, his recovery came gradually and slowly, and he finally became convalescent. This gentleman used afterwards to relate that he had an indistinct recollection of certain figures which commenced with the lozenge form, but afterwards assumed a variety of shapes and colors, never, however, losing the identity of number, namely, fourteen up and thirty-three across.

A Queer Fish.

There is a large fish found all along the coast of Europe called the *Lophius Piscator*, so large and unwieldy that it is forced to resort to stratagem to secure its food. This fish is furnished with a set of filaments over its body, which, when kept in motion, resemble little worms wriggling in the water. The lophius, when it needs a meal, settles and conceals itself in the weeds and mud at the bottom of the sea, thus hiding every part of its body except the worm-like filaments that fringe its surface. By agitating these, shoals of little fish soon gather around and nibble at the bait. When a number are thus collected, the lophius opens its huge jaws, and with a sudden gulp, sucks in the little fish. The trap is set again and again, until the sly old lophius gets his fill, and swarms of little fish are taken in.

A Wager.

Capt. John Travis, the champion pistol shot, has had manufactured by Morgan James—the great gun man of Utica, New York—a pistol, the like of which has never before been seen. It has never yet been tried; but Travis has such confidence in his own nerve, and the "pistol holding up," he is willing to give a half a dollar for every shot at a barrel of flour *half a mile off*, provided he can have the flour when he hits it!

Remarkable Incident.

The *Etoile Belge* states that not long since, as the clergyman was reciting the usual prayers over the coffin of a child, feeble cries were heard, and the coffin was opened, when the child was found alive and life like. It was taken to the hospital and finally recovered.

Instinct of Animals.

In 1806, previous to an earthquake at Naples, which took place in the night, but was most severely felt in the provinces, the oxen and cows began to bellow; the sheep and goats bleated strangely; the dogs howled terribly; and the horses fastened in their stalls leaped up, endeavoring to break the halters which attached them to the mangers. Rabbits and moles were seen to leave their burrows; birds rose, as if scared, from the places on which they had alighted; and reptiles left in clear daylight their subterranean retreats. Some faithful dogs, a few minutes before the first shock awoke their sleeping masters by barking and pulling them, as if anxious to warn them of impending danger; and several persons were thus enabled to save themselves. On the recent occasion all the dogs in the neighborhood of Vallo howled before the people were sensible of their danger. To account for these circumstances it is conjectured that, prior to actual disturbance, noxious gases and other exhalations are emitted from the interior of the earth through crannies and pores of the surface, invisible to the eye, which distress and alarm animals gifted with acute organs of smell.

Sagacity of a Horse.

The *Whitehaven* (Eng.) Herald says: While a chestnut horse was coming down Rosemary lane with a load of alabaster, where a number of children were at play, one of them, about three or four years old, ran in before the horse, and the sagacious creature, instead of passing over it, lifted it up with his teeth, and placed it on the side of the road. The child's mother was close by at the time, and her feelings may better be imagined than described. The name of the animal is Captain, but the title should be advanced a step or two higher.

The Head of the Fish.

A most curious fact was communicated to me the other day by one of Edinburgh's brightest ornaments, and who, like many men of genius, has a natural turn for angling. A question was proposed to a party of mathematicians—"of what shape a solid body ought to be to pass through a fluid with the least possible resistance?" By application of the strictest mathematical principles it was solved, and the form discovered coincided exactly with that of a fish's head!

An Old Bachelor's Epitaph.

Among the many ancient tombstones in the "Pawtucket Cemetery," at Haverhill, Mass., is one from which the following inscription is copied:

JOHN SWOODPOCK.
Died February 13, 1707-8,
and in ye 76 year of his
age.
He lived honestly all his life
Died aged and never had a wife.

Remarkable Discovery.

A murderer at Antwerp, having left his boots on the scene of his crime, a photograph and description of these articles were sent round to all the neighboring shoemakers. At length one of them came forward, and recognized the boots as made by him for an individual whom he described, and who was already in custody on suspicion. This led to other proof, which incontestably fixed the crime on the prisoner and an associate.

The Florist.

Now the cold, autumnal dews are seen
To cobweb every green;
And by the low shorn rowans doth appear
The fast declining year — FRANCIS QUARLES.

Bulbous-rooted Plants.

Many of this class of plants vegetate and bloom during the autumn, winter and spring months. At whatever season of the year a bulb vegetates, it should be allowed a moist soil; but very little water should be applied until it has shot up an inch or two; thus water should be given freely, and increased in quantity as the plant grows. When in full bloom the water may be lessened in a slight degree, taking care, however, to keep the soil constantly moist, in order to enjoy the beauty of the flower. As soon as it is out of bloom, water must be freely given and increased in quantity, in order to enable the leaves to become matured, and the exhausted bulb to become thereby re-established. Upon the growth of the leaves, after the bulbous-rooted plants have bloomed, depends the formation of the flower bud for the ensuing year.

Tan.

When tan is received by the gardeners from the tan-pits, it is generally wet and without heat; but after it has lain in a pile in an open shed for two or three weeks, and turned over two or three times, it becomes drier, and begins to ferment, when heat is evolved in a greater or less degree according to the size of the mass. In this state it is fit to be introduced into pits or beds in hot-houses for the purpose of supplying bottom heat. For ordinary purposes the bed or layer of tan need not be thicker than eighteen inches or a foot, but when a very powerful heat is required, double that thickness is desirable. The pots in which the plants are contained if large should only be settled in the tan about half their depth, and even in some cases rest on top. After the first violent heat has subsided, they may be plunged to the brim.

Humea.

Elegant biennial plants, which should be sown in a slight hot bed in the spring, then potted off and kept in the open air during summer, and in the green-house in the winter, to be finally planted in the open border in May the second year. If the plants are re-potted three or four times during the course of the first summer, always into only a little larger pots, they will become so much stronger before they are finally planted out, as amply to repay the additional trouble.

Helium.

Viper's Bugloss. Perennial and biennial, and annual plants of great beauty, generally with rich dark blue flowers; though some kinds that are natives of the Cape of Good Hope and the Canaries, have red, white or violet flowers. They all require a light soil, and will grow well in either sandy or peaty loam; they are easily propagated by seeds or division of the root.

Goats-Beard.

This plant, called also *maisty* and *oyster-plant*, will not uncloze its flowers in cloudy weather. From its habit of closing its flowers at noon it has received the common name of "Go-to-bed-at-noon," and in many districts of England the farmers' boys are said to regulate their dinner hour by the closing of the goats-beard.

Light.

Light is as essential as earth and water to plants, and without an abundance of light, plants are neither vigorous in themselves nor properly colored. When green-house plants are kept in imperfectly lighted plant-houses or half-darkened rooms, it is really painful to witness the efforts they make to catch as much light as they possibly can; their stems become weak, from being unnaturally elongated, or drawn up and twisted, in their efforts to reach the light, and their flowers are pale and of very little value. In those towns where the atmosphere is thickened by coal smoke, the light never has the same beneficial effect as in the open country, where there is nothing to prevent it from exercising its full influence over the plants.

Chinese Rose.

Rosa indica, the Chinese or monthly rose, is the parent of a large family of exquisite roses, comprising upwards of two hundred varieties and hybrids, the most interesting of which are the tea-scented roses, and the noisettes. The tea-scented roses are delicate little plants, with large drooping flowers, and they are supposed to be hybrids between the common and the yellow Chinese roses; they are very tender, and require to be raised against a south wall on a raised border, composed of equal parts of vegetable mould, light loam and sand. Many cultivators take up these roses in October, and keep the roots in pots in a green-house till spring, when they are again set out, which is far better than trying to protect them during the winter.

Clipping.

Some gardeners do not clip their box edgings till the month, when they clip with shears; but this is a bad practice, as the leaves which have been injured by the shears, retain the marks till the following May; and weak plants are frequently killed, or the lower part of their stalks rendered bare, and they will remain so ever afterwards, and the beauty of the edging is then gone completely. The best time for clipping box is, about the end of June; after which, especially if well watered, the box makes a second shoot of half an inch, or an inch, which obliterates the marks of the shears.

Dwarf Roses.

Roses deteriorate when left to themselves or to inferior culture. In order to remedy this, no renewal or change of situation is necessary, but a careful taking up at the proper seasons, good manuring, and careful replanting. Plants neglected, and which have been stationary for a number of years, may experience some checks on such translating; but when it becomes annual, the reverse is the case, and increased luxuriance the invariable result. When pegging down the shoots, so as to cover the entire bed or border, is practised, this treatment will not apply.

Camellias.

The camellia is a plant which requires abundance of water, and is yet soon killed by suffering stagnant moisture to remain about the roots. When grown in pots, there should be abundance of drainage; that is, the pots should be nearly a quarter filled with potsherds. The soil should be peat-earth, and sand, which may be mixed with a little vegetable mould, if it is desired to have the plants of very luxuriant growth; and the plants should be pitted high, so as to let the collar of the plant be quite above the rim of the pot.

Tender Exotic Plants.

In rearing plants of this character, in hot-houses, the pots are filled in the ordinary way, the finest loam being placed at the top. The seeds are sown thin or thickly, according to the nature of the plant. Some vegetate sooner by being soaked two or three hours in water. They require a smart bottom heat to start them. When they are far advanced enough to be fit to handle, the plants should be put singly into pots of the smallest size, and again plunged in the heat. Attention should be paid not to over-pot them—that is, placing them in too large pots. Small pots, to which air has free access on all sides, are found to forward plants better than larger pots. Plants so placed require frequent shifting, it is true; but this is in their favor if quick growth be desirable.

Harebell.

It is rather curious, that though few poets can write a sonnet without mentioning the Harebell, and though it is sure to be introduced in every eloquent prose description of country scenery, botanists cannot exactly decide what plant is meant by the name—some supposing it to be the beautiful little blue *Campanula rotundifolia*, and others the wild Hyacinth, *Scilla non scripta*. The fact is, both plants are known by the name; but as the original word is said to have been "air-bell," it is most probable that it was the campanula that was first so designated, and that it is alluded to by the poets; as the tender blue of its flowers is so near the color of the skies.

Melia.

The Bead Tree. The common Bead Tree is a half hardy shrub or tree, with lilac flowers and yellow berries, the pulp of which is poisonous; but the hard stone in the centre is used to make rosaries. There is another species, commonly called the Indian Lilac, or Pride of India. Both kinds require stove heat, and the seeds will then ripen. It will grow best in loam and peat, and it is propagated quite easily by cuttings.

Creeping Cereus.

A succulent plant, with long, round, pendant stems, beautiful pink flowers and dark purple, eatable fruit. They require green-house heat, and should be grown in loam mixed with pounded brick, lime and rubbish, in pots well drained with cinders. They require abundance of air and light.

Cedar of Goa.

A very ornamental half-hardy tree, which in a sheltered situation has a beautiful effect on a lawn, from its drooping branches and glossy foliage. It requires a light soil, and to be occasionally watered, as its roots are very apt to wither if suffered to become too dry.

Tortula.

Wall-moss. A kind of moss very useful in making moss houses, from the brightness of its colors; some species being a dark-blue green, others a rich yellowish green, others a pale pea green, and one a dark rich brown. They are all rather rare here.

Gentianella.

This dark and lovely plant is said to "open its blue eyes to greet the mid-day sun, but to close its petals against the approach of a shower."

Scitamineæ.

Hot-house plants with reed-like stems, long, broad leaves and showy flowers, which are usually very fragrant.

How to Manure Trees.

Very few persons manure trees growing in sod or grass land, in a judicious or economical manner. The general practice is to dig the manure in, within a diameter of six feet, having the body for the centre. The tree takes its food from the young rootlets, whose mouths extend just as far on every side as the branches of the trees; hence, this manure, applied close to the body of the tree, is not where the roots take it up, and, of course, but little of its value is absorbed by the tree. If you doubt it, just try the experiment on two trees. Serve the one as above named, and the other, as follows:—Mark a circle around the tree, having for its outline the exact radius formed by the overhanging branches; dig on the inner side of this circle a trench two feet wide, and one foot deep; mix well-rooted manure half and half with the best of the soil or earth dug out of this trench, and fill the trench with it; then replace the turf, and wheel away the refuse, or extra earth; rake clean and smooth; you will have a good growth of tree; your fruit large and more fair, and no unsightly hillock or mound around the body of the tree.

Earth Worms.

The common earth worm is a very destructive creature in flower pots. It has been ascertained that worms swallow earthy matter, and that, after having deprived it of its nourishing qualities, eject it. To find fresh earth, the worm is continually incited to penetrate the ground in different directions; and, after each repast, returns to the surface to eject its cast. Thus the ground inhabited by worms is sure to be thoroughly perforated and pulverized. In a field this has a good effect, as it serves to lighten the soil, and render it pervious to the air and rain; but in a pot, every passage of the worms tears asunder the roots of the plants, which are pressed close together, and thus does serious injury.

Double Flowers.

Double flowers are particularly desirable to cultivate, both in the garden and parlor, not only from their beauty, but from the comparative certainty which exists of their producing their flowers every year, the plant not being weakened by ripening seed. This is peculiarly the case in double flowering shrubs and trees—the double flowered peach, the double-flowered cherry, and the double flowered hawthorn, never failing to produce abundance of blossoms as long as the trees continue in health; while the single flowered kinds fall every second or third year.

Beds of Hyacinths.

October is the best month to plant out bulbs of all kinds, but especially hyacinth bulbs. Plant the bulbs six inches deep, and round the top of the bed in such a manner that the rain may run off, as too much wet will cause the bulbs to rot. To protect them from too much wet during the winter, the beds may be covered with reeds or thatch, in a manner to throw off the rain. Thus treated, the plants will bloom with great vigor and beauty.

"Go Marry."

The most beautiful flowers are those which are double, such as double pinks, double roses, and double dahlias. What an argument is this against the chilling deformity of single blessedness! "Go marry!" is written on everything beautiful that the eye rests upon, beginning with the birds of paradise and ending with apple-blossoms.

The Housewife.

To cleanse and prevent the Hair falling off.

Take two large handfuls of rosemary leaves, a piece of common soda about the size of a hazel nut, and a drachm of camphor. Put it in a jug, pour on it a quart of boiling water, and cover it closely to keep the steam in. Let it stand for twelve hours, then strain it, and add a wine-glass of rum. It is then ready for use. If the hair falls off much, the wash ought to be applied to the roots, with a piece of sponge every other day, taking care to wet the skin thoroughly. Then rub dry with a towel, brush well, and use only as much pomade as will keep down the short hairs, as the wash makes the hair soft and glossy. This will keep good for several months in bottles well corked, and a piece of camphor in each.

To cure a Burn.

Take a tablespoonful of lard, half a tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine, a piece of rosin as big as a hickory-nut (of the walnut kind—a trifle larger than a large nutmeg), and simmer them together until melted. It makes a salve, which, when cold, may be applied to a linen cloth, and lay it over the burn. If immediately wanted, spread it on a cloth as soon as melted, it will very soon cool. It has been applied after the corroding effects of chemical poison, after a foot has been burnt by boiling sugar, after severe scalds; and in every case the sufferer obtained perfect ease in ten or fifteen minutes after it was used. It may be applied two or three times a day, or as often as the cloth becomes dry.

Pork Outlets.

Cut them from a small delicate kin of pork; bone, and trim them neatly; fry them a light brown; put into a small stewpan a little vinegar, and eschalet chopped very finely, two table-spoonsful of tomato-sauce, and sufficient brown gravy to make it tasty; stew the outlets in the sauce five minutes, and send to table dish'd handsomely. If the outlets are broiled, they may be dipped in yolk of egg and bread-crumbs, and broiled over a clear fire, and served with tomato-sauce or sauce Robert.

Black Cake.

Dissolve a teaspoonful of pearlash in a little new milk, and set it by in a warm place. Then cream one pound of butter, and add to it two pounds of flour, nine eggs (well beaten), and one pint of molasses. Beat the whole well together, and then add a wineglassful of brandy, and a teacupful of sweet cream.

Another Black Cake.

One pound of sugar, one quart of molasses, six eggs, one teacupful of ginger, one cupful of cream, half a pound of butter, two teaspoonsful of saleratus, with fruit and spices to your liking. Mix like pound cake, and bake in the same way.

Dover Cake.

One pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one pound of flour, six eggs, half a pint of cream, a teaspoonful of soda, and the flavor you most prefer. Three-quarters of a pound of raisins or currants are an improvement.

York Cake.

One pound of sugar, one pint of molasses, two cupfuls of lard or butter, one pint of sweet milk, four eggs, two teaspoonsful of saleratus, cinnamon and ginger to your liking, and enough flour to form a good cake dough.

To cure a Felon.

When you fear a felon is coming, put a pint tin of boiling water on the stove; then add to that a teaspoonful of saleratus and a wineglass of vinegar; heat this every little while, say from half an hour to an hour, and hold your finger in it till the pain subsides; repeat this till you see the matter all drawn to one place; then have it opened, and your finger will heal. A doctor ought to open it if possible, as the skin is always thickened over a felon. They have been cured in twenty-four hours with this.

Pot Pie.

Make paste with suet chopped fine; cut the paste in strips, and arrange at the bottom of a pie-dish; put a layer of fowl (nicely carved and seasoned), then a layer of potatoes, pared and cut in halves, then another layer of paste, another of fowl, and another of potatoes; last of all, at the top, a layer of paste (this should always be arranged in strips crossways); add a teacupful of water, and let it come to the boil once, and be put to simmer gently for an hour and a half.

To wash fine Crochet Lace.

Cover a glass bottle with calico or linen, and then tack the lace smoothly upon it, rub it with soap and cover it with calico. Boil it for twenty minutes in soft water; let it all dry together, and the lace will be found to be ready for use. A long piece of lace must be wound round and round the bottle, the edge of each round a little above the last, and a few stitches to keep it firm at the beginning and end, will be found sufficient.

To take Grease Spots out of Papered Walls.

With a piece of flannel, dipped in spirits of wine, go carefully over the injured parts once (or twice if very bad), when the spots will be entirely erased from the paper, which will look as well as ever.

To clean White Feathers.

Wash them well in soft water, with white soap and blue; rub them through very clean, white paper, beat them on the paper, shake them before the fire, dry them in the air, and afterward curl them.

Queen Cake.

One pound of butter—well worked, and one pound of sugar. Beat the butter and eggs together to a cream; beat ten eggs very light, and add them in by degrees. Mix in one pound of flour sifted fine.

German Household Vinegar.

Take seven gallons and a half of soft water, and two pounds of honey or brown sugar; two ounces of cream of tartar, and one gallon of corn spirits. Mix well, and cool, and keep it lightly covered in a warm place.

Yankee Cake.

The ingredients are: one teacupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, four eggs, three cupfuls of bread dough, two teaspoonsful of soda (dissolved) four teaspoonsful of cream of tartar, and whatever essence you prefer.

Composition Cake.

One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, seven eggs, half a pint of cream, and a gill of brandy.

Eyelashes.

The mode adopted by the beauties of the East to increase the length and strength of their eyelashes is simply to clip the split ends with a pair of scissors about once a month. Mothers perform the operation on their children, both male and female, when they are mere infants, watching the opportunity whilst they sleep; the practice never fails to produce the desired effect. We recommend it to the attention of our fair readers, as a safe and innocent means of enhancing the charms which so many of them, no doubt, already possess.

To remove Dust or Mud from a Dress.

Take a small broom-orn whisk and (having shaken the dress) brush it carefully between the plaits or gathers. If there is mud on the skirt, rub it off with a piece of stout worsted stuff formed into a roll; or with a clean coarse towel. A plush-block is an excellent thing for brushing silk or merino dresses. To make it, get a small square block of wood, and sew tightly all over it (in the manner of a pincushion) a covering of saddler's plush.

Meringue Rice Pudding.

One teacup of rice boiled soft in milk; a pint of milk; a piece of butter the size of an egg; the yolks of five eggs; the rind of two lemons grated; bake twenty minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs to a strong froth, with two table-spoonful of white sugar; add the juice of the lemons; spread this over the pudding, and set it back in the oven to harden and brown lightly. Sago or tapioca puddings may be made in the same way.

Ginger Beer.

One and a half ounces of well sliced ginger, one ounce of cream of tartar, one lemon sliced, one pound of white sugar. Put the ingredients in an earthen vessel and pour on them one gallon of boiling water; when cold, add a table-spoonful of yeast, and let the whole stand until the next morning; then skim and bottle it, and in three days it will be fit for use.

Good Hard Soap for common use.

Three pails of good soft-soap, one pound of borax, and two and a half quarts of salt; put in a kettle, and let it just boil; then set in a cool place over night; it will rise like tallow, and can be cut in pieces; the longer it is dried the better; it keeps the hands soft, and lasts well. Those who study economy will like it.

Cure for Flux.

Take four ounces of castor oil, two table-spoonful of pulverized gum-Arabic, two table-spoonful of pulverized gum kino, one teaspsoonful of laudanum; mix with one pint of warm water. shake well, and take a table-spoonful three times a day. We never knew this to fail in the most severe cases.

For Cough.

Take one table-spoonful of molasses, two teaspsoonful of castor-oil, one teaspsoonful of camphor, and one teaspsoonful of pargoric; take half a teaspsoonful frequently. This is of great service when children have symptoms of croup.

A good Tea-Cake.

Four eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, half a nutmeg, one teaspsoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspsoonful of soda, flour enough to make the right consistence to bake.

Pastry.

Excellent paste for fruit or meat pies may be made with two-thirds of wheat flour, one-third of the flour of boiled potatoes, and some butter or dripping; the whole being brought to a proper consistence with warm water, and a small quantity of yeast added when lightness is desired. This will also make very pleasant cakes for breakfast, and may be made with or without spices, fruits, etc.

Candles.

Candles are sometimes troublesome to light. They will ignite instantly, if, when preparing them for the evening, you dip the top in spirits of wine, shortly before they are wanted. Light them always with a match, and do not hold them to the fire, as that will cause the tops to melt and drip. Always hold the match to the side of the wick, and not over the top.

For a Burn.

The first application to a burn should be sweet oil, putting it on immediately, till other remedies can be prepared. Cotton should never be applied. It increases the pain and inflammation. For a slight burn or scald, some raw potato scraped fine, and tied on the place (renewing it at intervals), is an excellent remedy, and a very agreeable one to the sufferer.

Sponges.

Sponges are of great use in various sorts of cleaning. They should in all houses be provided for the purpose. To keep them soft and white, wash them in warm water with a little tartaric acid in it, and then rinse them in cold water. Take care not to put in too much tartaric acid, as, if used to excess, it will corrode the sponge.

To bleach Skeleton Leaves.

Enclose them in a bandbox along with burning sulphur for the purpose of bleaching. It is well known that a red rose will turn white by being held over the fumes of a lighted brimstone match.

Cooking Vegetables.

All kinds of vegetables should be put into boiling water to cook. Every kind of vegetable, excepting green peas, should lie in cold water some time before cooking them.

Pint Cake.

One pint of dough, one teaspsoonful of sugar, one teaspsoonful of butter, three eggs, one teaspsoonful of pearlash, with the addition of some raisins and spices.

To curl Feathers.

Heat them gently before the fire, then, with the back of a knife applied to the feathers, they will be found to curl quickly and well.

Elder Flower Vinegar.

Take three ounces of elder leaves to each pint of vinegar; let it steep for a fortnight and strain it. Keep in half-pint bottles.

Seidlitz Powder.

Half a drachm of tartaric acid, two scruples carbonate of soda, one drachm of Rochelle salts, five grains of ginger powder.

To restore Peach-color when turning Red.

Salt of potash dissolved in water; place the ribbon on a clean table, apply the mixture with a sponge.]

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

END OF THE YEAR:

The present number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly" ends volume *eight*, and our next number will commence the new year, and volume *nine*. Now therefore is the time to subscribe, and ensure the next number, fresh and early, as soon as it comes from the press. Enclose us *one dollar*, and receive the work for a whole year. No person can dispute the truth of the line at the bottom of our first page. It is indeed the cheapest magazine in the world! Send, or hand in the numbers at our office, for the past year, and have them bound up into two volumes of *six hundred pages* each, with illuminated covers and in neat, uniform style, at a charge of only *thirty-eight cents* per volume. Let each subscriber try to send us at least one name in addition to his or her own, for the new year, and send in your subscription at once.

TRUE COURAGE.—Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

A FRENCH BULL.—In an address to a French electoral community, the candidate stated that he had shed *all* his blood for his country, and was ready to shed it again!

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.—Asking a gentleman after his wife, not knowing that she has eloped with a "distinguished foreigner" six months before.

A PUN-HATER.—According to the Post, a rabid hater of puns lately declared that every man who dared to pen a pun should be sent for punishment to the penitentiary.

A CLEAR TITLE.—A New Zealand chief maintained that he had a good title to his land, because he had eaten the former owner.

MISSING AND MIST.—"If you are lost in a fog, Brown, what are you most likely to be?" "Mist, of course," says Brown, and vanishes.

KEARNEY AND THE INDIANS.

Shortly after the close of the Mexican war, Kearney was in command of a detachment of troops sent by the overland route to California. The detachment was not very strong in point of numbers, but deemed sufficient to protect themselves from attacks by the Indians, and in addition they were accompanied by two field howitzers. After the troops had once fairly entered the Indian country, they were incessantly harassed by large bodies of mounted savages, who hovered in their rear, and improved every opportunity to pick off men. This annoyance was endured for several days; and whenever Kearney evinced a disposition to show fight, the red fiends, being mounted on fleet horses, were soon out of the range of the bullets of the men, but soon rallied again and continued their pursuit as usual. At length Kearney came to the conclusion that this species of amusement must be stopped, if he wanted to take his command safely through; and so, improving an opportunity when the Indians had become unusually bold and impudent, he formed his men in a square, and prepared to receive a charge from the foe. Fortunately the Indians accepted the challenge, and pressed down upon Kearney's little command, as though determined to annihilate them at one fell swoop, when suddenly, at the word, the column opened in front, and the two brass howitzers poured forth a volley of grape upon the advancing foe which made them reel and fall back, with the loss of some of their "braves," and several horses. The savages had never seen a cannon before, and the havoc it made among them so overawed them, that for the rest of Kearney's march he was not at all troubled by them. Subsequently it was understood that they acknowledged Kearney to be a "big chief—great brave," and their awe and reverence for him was still further increased from the fact that he had fired a wagon at them!

A LEGACY.—Jerry Diggs remembered his miserly uncle in his will, for he bequeathed, "to my mother's brother, a pistol-flint and knife to skin it with."

A FACT.—If you were to build schools without playgrounds, nobody would get beyond short division in a lifetime.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Reader, if you have ever travelled in foreign lands, perhaps beneath the despotic sway of some European tyrant or his imperious representative, you cannot have failed to notice with what delight your eye greeted the stars and stripes of your own land, as they streamed forth from some consular staff, or were displayed from a vessel in port. Again, with what a thrill of joy have you hailed our flag, when, sailing upon some distant sea you have descried a far-off vessel, and at length made out the beautiful red, white and blue of our country's ensign, as it floated above her. It is the common remark of every American who goes abroad, that no flag whatever looks so handsome as our own. It may be that this estimate of its superior beauty is prompted by a love of country. We would fain hope that it is; and have sometimes tried to convince ourselves that nothing but a feeling of patriotism makes us thus admire the American flag above all others. But it is really very beautiful, and the good taste which first designed it can never be sufficiently commended. The just proportion of the three colors, their admirable and significant arrangement, alike gratify the taste; while the fitness of the design in all its parts, to commend the standard to the skies, strikes the feelings and the judgment at once. Who that contemplates the rosy red that pictures the dawn, the brilliant white that tells of sunlight, the azure blue that emulates the sky, and the clustering stars that signify the heavens, can fail to see that such a flag is fit for the skies, and fit to emblemize our happy, hopeful country?

The flag of the Union, as first displayed at Prospect Hill, in Charlestown, to celebrate the day which gave being to the American army under Washington, in January, 1776, consisted of thirteen stripes, alternately red and white. It was raised under a salute of thirteen guns and with thirteen cheers, and, as Washington said in a letter, written January 4, 1776, the "Union flag" was hoisted "in compliment to the united colonies, on the day which gave being" to the "new army." In 1777, this design was further improved by the addition of the stars, and the national flag thus constituted. As new States were added to the Union in after years, stripe after stripe was added to the flag, until in 1818 it was found that there were already eighteen stripes, and that the beauty of the flag would soon be destroyed if more stripes were added. The gallant Captain Reid, who commanded the privateer General Armstrong, upon being requested by a committee of Congress to suggest suitable alterations in the flag, for the purpose of

restoring and perpetuating its beauty, proposed to restrict the stripes to the original number, thirteen, and to adopt one star for each State, adding a star for every new State admitted in the time to come, and forming all the stars into one grand luminary in the centre of the blue field. This plan was adopted by Congress, by act approved April 4th, 1818, which went into effect on the 4th of July following. The flag designed by Captain Reid contained twenty stars, and he is believed to have caused the first flag to be made upon this design, after it was adopted by Congress. As the Union is now constituted, the flag consists of thirteen stripes, emblematical of the original thirteen States, and thirty-two stars grouped together in the form of a single star, emblematical of the present States and of the Union. Before long, four more States will probably be added to the constellation, and yet others in the time to come.

THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

Ah, how much we owe them. Their hearts were as heroic as those of the men, and their courage the more commendable, since it was often exhibited unseen. On one occasion during the war of Independence, all the able bodied men in Eastern Massachusetts had been summoned to Rhode Island, to defend Providence and Newport against an anticipated attack of the enemy. It was the planting season, and the year's crop was imperilled by their protracted absence. The pastor of one of the country churches, riding up to a farm house one day, designing to pay a parochial visit, was met at the gate by a sturdy matron, equipped in her husband's breeches, frock and boots, with a hat on her head and a whip in her hand. Not far off stood the oxen yoked to the plough.

"My good woman," said the astonished minister, "what does all this mean?"

"Mean?" she answered, with a stamp of the heel and a crack of the whip, "Lord North says that we shan't plant, but I say we will."

FASTING AND FEASTING.—"Taking the one with the other," said the Rev. Sydney Smith, "I believe my congregation are the most exemplary observers of the religious ordinances; for the poor keep all the fasts and the rich all the feasts."

HEALTH AND REPUTATION.—As they who, for every slight sickness, take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it, so they who for every trifle are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.

DRAWING IT FINE.

Dr. Wallaston has succeeded in drawing out a solid gold wire so fine that it was only one thirty thousandth of an inch in thickness. This is a much more delicate process than even hair-splitting, and, so far as we are concerned, we have no particular wish to have our gold drawn out so very fine. Nor can we see any particular use to which such a very slender wire could be put, unless, perchance, it might serve for the micrometer of a transit instrument. The process by which the patient doctor succeeded in getting so very small a wire of gold, was by making use of the superior ductility of silver. He took a rod of silver and bored a hole through it, from end to end. Into this hole he inserted the smallest gold wire he could procure. He then subjected the silver rod to the wire-drawing process, by heating it and passing it through holes in a steel plate, successively smaller and smaller, until he had brought it to the finest state attainable. The silver wire was then as fine as a hair, with a minute gold wire in the centre; for the gold never deserts the silver, but follows it through the whole process to the last stage. To get his gold wire out from the inside of the silver, he then eat off the silver coating with warm nitrous acid, leaving a pure gold wire of the minute diameter above stated. This is probably the slenderest wire that the hand of man ever produced; and yet, fine as it is, it is quite thick when compared with the film of gold upon the surface of gold lace, which is estimated to be only one three millionth of an inch in thickness, or one hundred times as thin as the doctor's wire.

EARLY RISING.—There are no hours of the day so invigorating, so propitious to mental exertion as the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal," provided you rise to meet them, and do not sit up to wait for their coming. We speak from experience, we who are at our work long before

"Jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

We have no sympathy for the man, who, as the Scotch song says:

"Hae rather gang supperless into his bed,
Than rise in the morning early."

PRIDE.—Pride either finds a desert, or makes one; submission cannot tame its ferocity, nor satiety fill its voracity, and it requires very costly food—its keeper's happiness.

A QUICK DRESSER.—The highest and most valuable of all the female virtues, a virtue that Eve herself was certainly not born with, is to be a quick dresser.

BLACK CAVALRY.

Matthias Corvinus, made king of Hungary by the vote of the whole nation in 1467, organized a formidable body of cavalry known as the Black Legion of Bohemia, the uniform of which was entirely black. This corps was more than a match for the famous Turkish Janissaries, and became the most redoubtable body of troops in Europe. King Matthias was the ablest monarch that Hungary ever possessed, and raised his country to the height of prosperity and power. He was, both in peace and war, the most active and enlightened monarch of his age, keeping Bohemia in subjection, defeating Turks, Austrians and Poles in war, and making Vienna his capital. At Buda he founded the largest public library in Europe, enlarged and improved the university of that place, and made it the seat of literature and learning. In addition to his Black Cavalry, he organized a powerful artillery, then a novel arm in European warfare, which gave great efficiency to his military power. But at his decease, the bright creations of his military genius as well as the civil improvements which he had instituted, faded away; and the next we hear of black troops, is the celebrated corps of Frederick the Great of Prussia, the Black Walloons, in the year 1755.

REMEMBER.—All the serials of the day, magazines, pamphlets, newspapers, music, London Illustrated News, Punch, etc., are bound at this office, at the lowest rates, and returned in one week. Old books rebound, and made as good as new, at a trifling charge. Gather your loose paper-covered works together, and see what choice volumes can be made for ornament and preservation.

A NEAT RETORT.—One of the neatest replies we ever read of, was that of a certain earl marshal who, being found fault with by his sovereign for some misarrangement of a coronation, said: "Please your majesty, I will try and do better next time."

SWEDISH LAW.—In Sweden, a man who is seen four times drunk is deprived of a vote at elections. Hence, as an enormous quantity of spirit is consumed in Sweden, vast numbers of voters are disfranchised.

A CHARITABLE LESSON.—It would be uncharitable too severely to condemn for faults, without taking some thought of the sterling goodness which mingles in and lessens them.

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Reader, did you ever travel on the mighty Mississippi River, in one of those monster steamers that ply between New Orleans and St. Louis? If so, you have seen a peculiar and striking phase of life—peculiar not only to this country, but to the western section of the Union; for there is nothing like it either in Europe or any other part of the United States. These boats are usually three stories in height, and of vast extent, so as to make their draught of water light, and are capable of carrying two or three thousand persons. The lower deck, which is nearly level with the river, contains the furnaces, boilers, engines, wood for fuel, accommodations for the crew, and vast quantities of freight. The other two decks are appropriated for state rooms and saloons, for the convenience of passengers, the officers' quarters, clerk's office, bar-room, etc.—with the pilot's house overtopping all. The wheel-houses at the sides, covering the paddle wheels, are of monstrous size, and make quite a feature in the outline of the boat; while the two smoke stacks and steam-pipe tower aloft, like grim sentinels keeping watch and ward over the domain of some mighty enchanter. These boats are universally provided with high-pressure engines, owing to their superior lightness when compared with low-pressure engines of the same power. The constant discharge of steam through the escape-pipe, at every stroke of the engines, makes a noise like the firing of heavy cannon, which to the novice is quite startling, but to the ear of the practised traveller is an assurance of safety. For, if the throbbing of the great heart beneath the deck should go on for a single moment without the booming of the escape pipe, an explosion would ensue that would rend the boat in twain, and scatter freight and passengers high in air and far upon the waters.

Among the thousands who cluster upon the decks and in the saloons of one of these great packets, there are representatives of every quality and condition of western life. The wealthy planter, the scheming merchant, the industrious mechanic, the humble emigrant, the sagacious lawyer, the babbling politician, the reverend preacher, the fops and belles of fashion, and the stricken children of poverty and want—all are there, in one promiscuous mass of seething humanity; and there, too, is the gambler in all his phases, from the graceful and accomplished swindler, to the lowest blackleg that plays "old sledge" with smutty cards, or throws a nick with loaded paw-paws. Sometimes you will see a large crowd gathered at one end of the boat,

listening to the eloquent sermon or fervid prayer of a popular western divine, while in the middle knots of crafty gamblers are fleecing their excited victims, and at the other end gay parties are enjoying the pleasures of the dance, to the music of an extempore band. Occasionally a group of thirsty souls break off from either of these collections, and make a visit to the gaudily furnished bar, where whiskey is the favorite beverage. It is to an Eastern man a noticeable fact, that though the hard drinkers on these boats make ever so many visits to the bar, yet they seldom become so intoxicated as the same class of persons among us; and the explanation thereof is found, not in the greater weakness of the liquor they imbibe, but in the smaller quantity they take. But a Yankee always wants his money's worth, even though it be liquid damnation.

Occasionally the attention of the passengers is withdrawn from their favorite pursuits, to witness the scene when the steamer stops at a landing to "wood up," or take freight. This is quite a picturesque affair, particularly at night. The furnace doors are thrown open to afford light for the operation, and the fierce glare of the fires invests the landing, the high river bank, the wood-pile or the bale of cotton, with a mixture of ruddy brightness and deep shade that is perfectly startling to the beholder. Emerging from the surrounding blackness, the negro laborers are seen flitting across the lurid light, on their way to and from the boat, bearing burdens; while the fierce roar of the escaping steam above, and the sullen flash of the dark waters beneath, confound the sense of hearing and lead the observer to imagine that he sees before him the infernal regions of the poet, and beholds the fiends of darkness bearing souls away to the doom of torment. But the merry grin of the darkies and their jocund tones soon dispel the illusion; and anon the wave of the captain's hand causes the crew to hurry on board, the fastenings to be cast off, the furnace doors to be closed, and the pall of silence and of darkness to fall upon the scene. The roar of the steam-pipe ceases, the boat pursues her way upon the river, and the steady booming of the engine proclaims that everything is restored to its wonted state. Thus matters go on, day after day, and night after night—the throng of passengers continually changing, as port after port is reached—some going and others coming—until at length the great city is reached, the grand landing made, and for the time being, life on the Mississippi ends. Is not this a microcosm of life itself, as we scramble through it?

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE AT MONTREAL.

The greatest work of civil engineering upon this continent, and probably the greatest of its kind in the world, is the tubular iron bridge which Mr. Ross is building across the St. Lawrence River, at Montreal. The river is about a mile and a half wide, at this point, and the current is very rapid and powerful. But in the spring of the year, when the ice is breaking up upon the river and in the basin above, the rush of the swollen stream, crowned with thick sheets of solid ice, is perfectly appalling—apparently defying, by its overwhelming momentum, any structure which man could rear upon its path. It was to build a bridge across such a stream as this, that the art of the engineer was put in requisition; and to build it, too, so high above the stream, that the rights of commerce should not be infringed—so high, that smoke-pipe and mast might pass clear beneath it. Stone piers were to be raised on the bed of the river, so solid that the ice-laden waters could not move them, so high that the iron bridge which they upheld could offer no obstruction to passing vessels. Twenty-four of these piers are provided for, at a distance of two hundred and forty feet apart, those in the middle of the river being rather more distant from each other.

Of these solid stone towers, sixteen are already completed. They are composed of massive stones, smoothed and bolted together with great irons where they meet the ice, and their surfaces so sloped, that the crushing mass will glide up the slope, expend its force, and break into fragments. Their foundations are laid deep in the bed of the stream, for which purpose the water is shut out by coffer dams; they rise sixty feet above the usual level of the water, and are ninety feet in length on the sides parallel with the river's course. Each pier contains ten thousand tons of stone, and of course opposes an enormous resistance to the power of the stream. Those which were finished last year, stood the spring freshet without being disturbed, the ice piling to their full height and passing over the top. This test is regarded as highly satisfactory, because when the massive iron bridge is laid upon their tops, their power of resistance will be even greater than now. The bridge is to be a four-sided iron tube, of greater height than width, and made sufficiently strong to bear any weight of locomotive and cars that can be run through it. This tube is made of thick iron plates, duly proportioned in the different parts to resist compression and prevent elongation, and strongly rivetted together. Six sections, of two hundred and forty feet each,

will be completed and in place this fall, and a glance at those already finished, is sufficient to satisfy any one of the bridge's capability to bear any weight that will be put upon it.

The sides of the river are cushioned with long causeways of stone and earth, designed to take the force of the ice in the spring, and make its advance more gradual before it touches the piers. These causeways reach far out into the river, and are very broad, with their face sloped in such a manner as to divert the course of the ice. This part of the work is complete; it was of itself an enormous undertaking, involving great labor and expense. The climate is such, that out-door labor can only be performed upon the bridge for six months in a year, from May to November, and consequently very large gangs of men are employed, and all the aid which steam power can give, is pressed into the service. Twelve hundred men are now engaged upon the work, and at the present gratifying rate of progress, it will probably be finished in about two years. When completed, it will be a most imposing specimen of engineering; and as a suspension tubular bridge, it will far surpass the famous Menai Bridge in Wales, and prove an object of picturesque grandeur worthy of a journey of hundreds of miles to behold. It will be known throughout the world as the Victoria Bridge.

CONTEMPT OF RICHES.—There's a man "out West" who says he don't covet riches, by any means, but thinks he would like to be a second "Rothschild" for a few moments, when some one tries to bluff him at poker.

A FUNNY IDEA.—Punch thinks the cable was tarred for the same reason that farmers tar their corn when planting—to prevent the Crows from pulling it up.

A GENTLEMANLY BRIDEGROOM.—The young Queen of Portugal lately asked her husband, at dinner, what wine he preferred. "Port-yougal!" was the reply.

OUT OF DANGER.—There is no fear of William B. Astor's coming to want—so long as his yearly taxes in New York are \$85,000.

STREAM FIRE-ENGINES.—These machines are working their way into favor. In Chicago, they have two of them, and talk of getting more.

GENIUS AND VIRTUE.—Genius has limits, virtue has none; and every one pure and good can become purer and better still.

SMALL FEET.

The passion for small feet is rather a common affection for the fair sex in all countries, as well as of those effeminate puppies of the male species, who aspire to the dignity of lady-killers. Feet are tortured for the better part of a lifetime, by these civilized devotees of small feet, who go limping and shuffling about the world in tight shoes or boots, afflicted with corns and cursed with bunions, and catching their breath at every other word they speak, out of sheer anguish at the pain they suffer. The Chinese people are more philosophical than we are, in this respect, for they wisely condense all the pain and suffering from small feet, into the interval of a few years of infancy, and for the rest of life enjoy the delectable distinction of little feet, without the attendant daily torture. The females who are destined to exhibit this aristocratic badge, are taken in early life, when about two years old, and put through a course of torture which lasts for six or seven years; by that time the feet are effectually subjected to the necessary distortion to produce smallness, and for the remainder of life nothing is necessary but to keep them snugly bandaged. Certainly this is an improvement upon our custom of constant torture, and we would respectfully suggest its adoption by fashionable mamas who are anxious to see their daughters excel in the smallness of their feet.

The true "small foot" of a Chinese belle, is an odd-shaped little bunch of flesh and bone, with the instep directly under the leg, where the ankle ought to be, the great toe drawn back to the heel, no small toes visible, and the sole presenting merely the bottom of the heel and great toe, with a deep cicatrice between. The little shoes brought from China as curiosities, are the veritable article used by the Chinese ladies, and no exaggeration got up for show. As the shoe receives only the heel and great toe of the foot, it can readily be seen why the article can be made so small. The first process to produce small feet, is, to bend the four small toes under the foot and confine them there by rigid bandages, the great toe being left free. This produces much inflammation and pain in the child's foot, but the careful mother perseveres, until at length the four toes lose their articulation and identity, and become merged in the sole of the foot. After a few years the second process is applied, which consists in bandaging the foot in such a way as to arch out the instep, and draw the great toe back towards the heel. This is more painful to the child than the first process, and in some cases produces sickness and death.

The ligatures are gradually tightened from time to time, as the bones and tendons yield to the pressure, until at last, in the course of a few years of this prolonged torture, the ball of the natural foot fills up the hollow of the sole, and the root of the great toe is in contact with the heel. The triumph of art is now complete, the inflammation subsides, and the pain ceases. Nothing is necessary but to keep the foot bandaged so as to preserve this form, and the aspiring female has the pleasure of hobbling about for the rest of her life upon her heels and great toes. It is due in candor to mention that there is one drawback to this ornament of small feet, and that is, the appearance of the legs. The process of shaping the feet deadens and wastes the muscles of the lower limbs, so that the calves of the legs are entirely destroyed, and the fashionable Chinese belle is a perfect spindle-shanks. Whether this drawback is a fatal objection to the adoption of the Chinese system of training, by our fashionable mamas, we will not undertake to decide.

KIDD'S WEALTH.

Various have been the excavations made along our coast in the hope of discovering the deposits of Kidd, the pirate's, money, but no one could ever find out exactly where it was buried. Captain Burton, however, the enterprising traveller, who in the disguise of a Moslem penetrated to the Prophet's tomb, contributes to a late number of *Blackwood* a journal of his travels in East Africa, in which, speaking of Pemba or the "Emerald Isle," off the Eastern coast of Africa, in the Indian Ocean, he says: "In A. D. 1698, the bold buccaneer, Captain Kidd, buried there his blood-stained hoards of precious stones and metal, the plunder of India and the further Orient. The people of Pemba have found pots full of gold lumps, probably moulded for buttons that the pirate might wear his wealth."

SAVE FOR BINDING.—Save the numbers of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly" for binding. At the close of each year you will thus have two finely illustrated original volumes of *six hundred pages* each, all for *one dollar* a year! We can still supply the numbers complete from the first of the year.

A CATASTROPHE.—The lady who made a dash has since brought her husband to a full stop.

FIVE CENTS.—The price of Ballou's Pictorial is *Five Cents* per copy, everywhere.

Foreign Miscellany.

The British census foots up 16,763 lawyers, 18,728 doctors, and about 21,000 clergymen.

The expenses of the British Patent Office, this year, have been considerably over its receipt.

The emperor of Japan is waking up. He is going to establish a line of electric telegraphs.

American life-boats are the only ones now used on the English coasts—all others have failed.

The prospectus of the Indian and Australian Telegraph Company, with a capital of \$2,500,000, has been issued.

The writings of Schiller, translated into Russian, by the poet Gerbel, are publishing at St. Petersburg.

A Belgian who drank seven pints of gin upon a wager in England, felt somewhat unpleasantly after performing his task, and soon died.

Belgium, with a population of about 4,500,000, has a National Guard amounting to 190,907, and a regular army between 40,000 and 50,000 strong.

Queen Victoria lately conferred the Victoria Cross upon a number of her soldiers of all ranks, it being the third bestowal of this great order of valor.

Judaism is advancing in Prussia. A decision of the minister of justice there has conferred for the first time on a Jew the functions of notary and advocate.

Nearly twenty-five thousand gold and over eighty-three thousand silver watch cases were marked at the Assay Office in London, during the year ending in April last.

The London papers state that the Bank of England has purchased the great Australian gold nugget, which has been exhibited at the Crystal Palace, for £5905.

Professor Morse has been decorated by the Emperor of France with the insignia of the Legion of Honor. He was decorated with a legion of honors before.

The New Testament is about to be published in the Court dialect of China, in one octavo volume of about 150 leaves, at a cost of from 12 to 15 cents a copy.

The University of Jena has just celebrated its 300th birthday. Great preparations were made, and all the wit and learning of Germany was attracted there.

There are in London one hundred and fifty ragged schools, attended by twenty thousand children, who are instructed by about two thousand voluntary teachers.

A London printer by the death of a relative in Calcutta whom he had never seen, recently came into possession of a million and a half pounds sterling. Nice little sum for pocket money of a holiday.

In boring an Artesian well at Bourn, Lincolnshire, England, a spring was struck which throws the water twenty-three feet above the earth's surface at the rate of three hundred and sixty-five gallons per minute, or 191,844,000 in twelve months. It has only one equal, and that is in Paris.

Mohammed Pacha writes to Washington that he had a great time while he was in this country.

Two officers of the French army have been tried and convicted, recently, of swindling.

The Republic of San Marino, in Italy, has awarded a medal to Miss Maria Mitchell, the astronomer of Nantucket.

The total gold circulation of Great Britain is estimated at \$250,000,000, and of paper money \$158,000,000.

Napoleon is marrying off his marshals as fast as he can. No matter how old or fat they are, Eugenie finds brides and Louis fortunes.

The African squadron is the healthiest of all our fleets, with the exception of the Brazil. This is owing to the unusual care taken to preserve the health of the officers and men while on that station.

There is great repugnance in Australia to the Chinese emigrants, and the colonial assembly has passed a bill taxing them ten pounds per head. The miners are not satisfied with this, but demand their exclusion from the country.

Telegraphing is now looked on as an art of material consequence on the continent. The Prussian minister of commerce has just founded a school for forming clerks for the electric telegraph office.

In England, the Lord High Chancellor receives £10,000 a year; the Lords Justices of Appeal, £6000 each; the Master of the Rolls, £6000; and the three Vice Chancellors, £5000 each.

The park surrounding the palace of the Duke of Devonshire, in England, is eleven miles in circumference, and contains three thousand acres. The conservatory, which is filled with every variety of tropical plants, covers an acre of ground, is 100 feet high, of oval shape, and cost £100,000.

A builder in England has patented a method of fixing a window upon an axis in such a manner that, on its being made to perform a semi-revolution, it will present to the inside of the room the side which was previously outside—a method which affords great facility for cleaning and repairing.

Russia is supplying herself with manufactured iron from France. At Havre, lately, six locomotives and tenders were shipped for St. Petersburg. They are consigned to the Russian Railway Company. These are the first six of forty which are being made by four of the principal French firms.

A company has been formed to manage the Lyrical Theatre of Rio Janeiro, with a capital of 180,000 francs as a guarantee for the salaries of the performers. The Emperor of Brazil has granted an annual subvention of 33,000 francs for three years, to be taken from the profits of the public lottery.

It is stated that in the quarter ending March last, 60,068 persons were married in England and Wales, being 6700 fewer than the number who married in each of the winter quarters of the two preceding years, an unmistakable evidence of the depression of business during the last winter.

Record of the Times.

The estimated value of the public parks and squares in New York city is \$8,986,000.

The militia force of Massachusetts, all told, now amounts to 6737 persons.

At twenty-one years of age, Archbishop Hughes was a working gardener.

Gold ore, of a very valuable quality, has been discovered in Franklin County, Va.

America, says an exchange, should have been called Colonia, from the Italian of Columbus.

There are about four millions of children and youth in the various schools of the United States, and about 115,000 teachers.

The journey from Louisville, Ky., to Washington, in 1824, was performed in fourteen days. It is now made in thirty-six hours.

The whole value of the property owned or used by the M. E. Church, south, for educational purposes, including libraries, apparatus and buildings, is not far from \$200,000.

It was a prime joke of Canning's, who, when told by an eminent doctor that poverty was a virtue, remarked that he had never known what making a virtue of necessity meant till then.

A rogue down South stole a lot of newspaper accounts, and upon being discovered, was sentenced to eat all which could not be collected as desperate debts. Guess he would have a full stomach, for once.

A pert young lawyer once boasted to an old member of the bar, that he once received two hundred dollars for speaking in a certain cause. "I received double that sum for holding my tongue," was the reply.

According to the Arkansas State census for 1858, the population of that State is 318,313, as follows: White males, 136,943; white females, 120,640; free colored, 682; slaves, 60,048. Total, 318,313.

The receipts of cotton at Galveston, Texas, for the year just closed exhibit an increase of 41,938 bales; the amount for 1857 having been only 71,399; while for the year just closed it has been 119,827.

The Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad has only forty-six miles to complete, to make a direct and continuous railroad connection, under one management and control, from Philadelphia to Chicago, and requiring only a single change of cars in eight hundred miles.

Over five hundred tons of white paper, worth from two to three hundred dollars per ton, forty tons of tar-paper for back covers, twenty thousand sheep and goat skins, and over half a million leaves of gold, are annually consumed in the Bible manufactory of Jasper Harding & Son, Philadelphia.

The efforts of the ladies of America to purchase Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington, are being attended with exhilarating success. New York bids fair, so far, to surpass all the other States of the Union in the liberality of its private subscriptions to accomplish this noble work.

A young lady was lately killed by lightning in Janesville, while a child in her arms was unhurt.

Do not go to the utmost limit of even lawful pleasure. Good and evil join.

The fellow who shot Time on the wing, has renewed his age.

There comes forever something between us and what we deem our happiness.

Heaven sends good figures. It is woman's enemy who would tempt her to wear crinoline.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

The young gentleman who flew into a passion has had his wings clipped, and we told.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is like a fine picture placed in a good light.

The population of Texas, by the new census, will be about four hundred and fifty thousand.

The western papers contain very contradictory accounts about the South Platte gold diggings.

The pearls recently found in Kansas are net worth more than five dollars a peck.

The liberal party in Mexico has been buying U. S. rifles, in an argumentative mood.

The best remedy in the world for low spirits is to have a clear conscience and a warm heart.

The cranberry crop of Massachusetts proved much lighter than usual this year.

A strong dose of camphor, says one, is an antidote to the poison of strychnine.

Gerrit Smith has made a donation of \$500 to the Alfred Academy, located in Alleghany county.

The total amount of alms distributed in the United States in the year 1857 by the Catholic Society of the Propagation of Faith, was \$90,285.

It is estimated that the number of messages which annually pass over the American telegraph lines, is, in round numbers, four millions, yielding a net revenue of \$6,000,000.

Nearly four hundred and fifty thousand tons of pig iron were produced in Pennsylvania last year. Of manufactured iron, there were 227,837 tons.

Brigham Young's private mansion, in Salt Lake City, was erected at a cost of \$65,000. It is three stories high, and balconied from ground to roof. An observatory on the top of it is surmounted by a bee-hive—the Mormon emblem on the Territorial seal.

A patent has been taken out for an apparatus for raising and lowering the skirts of dresses. This consists in the use of a girdle with cords united at one end in a knot, whilst their other extremities are attached over pulleys to the garment. By drawing them up by hand at the knot, the dress will be raised to the distance required uniformly all round.

A tinsmith named Mudford came near losing his life in Syracuse in a very singular manner. He was standing on a small ladder in a cistern, making repairs, when the gas from the small furnace he was using produced stupefaction, and he fell from the ladder to the bottom of the cistern, cutting his head and face badly, and injuring his back and shoulders.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Undisguised covetousness—Digestive calm.



Tenderness and gentleness.



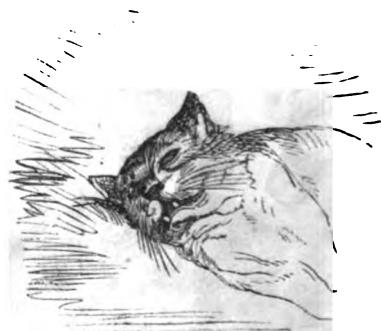
Attention, desire, surprise—satisfaction and sleep.



Anger, mixed with fear—anger alone.



Gaiety—Fury and terror.



Death!

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



3 1951 D00 332 002 2



Merry-Making.

The man who was filled with emotion hadn't room for a dinner.

Madame de Stael said that the weak may be joked out of anything.

The individual who was accidentally injured by the discharge of his duty is still very low.

A pawnbroker is like an inebriate; he takes the pledge, but cannot always keep it.

To prevent water on the brain—have the patient's head shingled by a barber.

Why is a handsome woman like bread? Because she is often toasted.

A funny sight is two fashionably-dressed women in a rain storm with only one umbrella.

Why is a discontented man like a watchful house dog? Because he's a growler.

We saw five mortal columns in an English newspaper, headed "just one word."

A beehive is like a defective potato—one is a *bee holder*, the other a *specked-tater*.

A certain benevolent miser (?) used to boil the pudding-cloth and give the broth to the poor.

A philosopher resembles a cucumber—when most cut up he is perfectly cool.

Wanted—a short clab broken off the square root.

The individual who was "up to snuff," has come down to tobacco.

Which five letters may form a sentence expressive of forgiveness? I X Q S U.

Why is a retired carpenter like a lecturer? Because he is an ex-planer.

Why is *love* like a duck's leg? Because it is often hid in the breast.

A fat candidate for office in Alabama, who is said to weigh three hundred and seventy-five pounds, asks the people of the district to *try* him.

Somebody says that General Scott undergoes a metamorphosis every morning. When he first rises, he is Gen. *jes' up*.

In spite of the exhortations of all the feminine orators, all women are more or less addicted to their glass.

A fellow who chopped off his hand, the other day, while cutting wood, sent to an apothecary for a remedy for "chopped hands."

Some regard must be had for the fitness of things. Either the ladies' dresses must contract, or carriages, church-pews, and sidewalks must expand.

"Did I hurt you?" asked a lady the other day, when she trod on a man's foot. "No, madam, I thank you, seeing it is you. If it were anybody else I'd holler murder."

It is now fully ascertained that the man who ate the apple of discord and picked the bone of contention is the identical individual who was a passenger on board the train of circumstances.

An editor in New Hampshire offers to bet his head against a sixpence upon some political question. A brother editor accepts the bet, says he thinks it an even one, and asks who shall hold the stakes.

To threaten a Yankee with stopping his pork and beans, is the mightiest of menaces.

The last new wrinkle is "cable punch," for sale at the down town saloons.

When does a gardener deserve hanging? When he plots trees on (treason)!

Foots expressed the belief that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eye, if he knew he could sell the timber.

"Mrs. Dobson, where's your husband?"—"He's dying, marm, and I don't wish anybody to disturb him." Considerate woman, that.

Why are potatoes and wheat like the idols of old? Because they have eyes and see not, ears have they and hear not.

The discovery has been made that without a meuth a man could neither eat, drink, talk, kiss the girls, nor chew tobacco.

A chap down East has invented a machine to make pumpkin pies. It is driven by the force of circumstances.

"You have a very striking countenance," as the donkey said to the elephant when he hit him over the back with his trunk.

It is not insulting to call a man a "son of a gun." It shows him descended from a good stock.

A man introduced to a bride at her wedding, wished her "many returns of the same happy occasion."

"How," said Mr. M. to Mr. Y., "do you accomplish so much in so short a time? Have you any particular plan?" "I have. When I have anything to do I go and do it."

In the committee on the factory bill, a witness from Dundee was asked, "When do your girls marry?" He replied, "Whenever they can meet with a husband."

A chap was asked what kind of a "gal" he preferred for a wife. He replied: "One that was not a prodi gal, but a tru gal and a true gal, and one that suited his conjugal taste."

The facetious Mr. Bearcroft told his friend, Mr. Vansittart, "Your name is such a long one, I shall drop the sittart, and call you *Van* for the future." "With all my heart," said he; "by the same rule, I shall drop croft, and call you *Beur*."

"What do you mean, you little rascal?" exclaimed an individual to an impudent youth that had seized him by the nose upon the street. "O, nothing, only I am going to seek my fortune, and father told me to be sure to seize hold of the first thing that turned up!"

"How dreadful that cigar smells!" exclaimed one companion to another; "why, it's an awful smelling thing!" "O, no, it's not the cigar that smells," was the reply. "What is it, then?" "Why, it's your nose that smells, of course; that's what noses were made for."

GIVEN AWAY.

Any person desiring to see a copy of *BALLOU'S PHOTOGRAPH*, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge. M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

PICTURES FROM OUR MUSEUM.

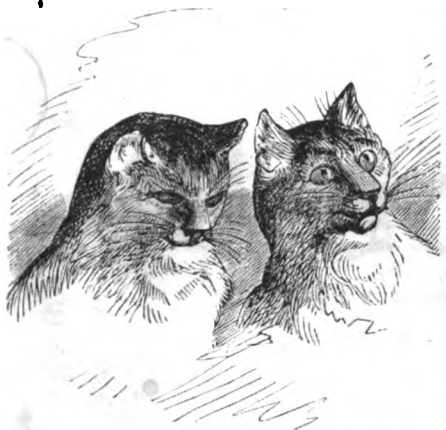
BY OUR CAT-EGORICAL EDITOR.



Sleep.



Waking up.



Philosophical reflection, astonishment and admiration.



Contemplation.



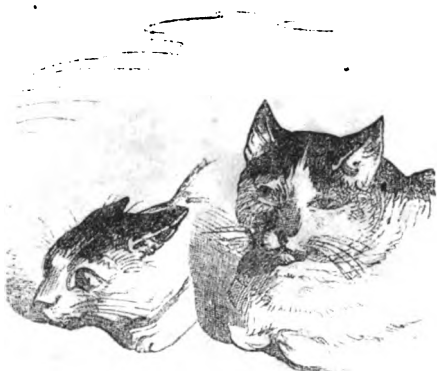
Satisfaction, and bad humor.



Hypocritical covetousness.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Undisguised covetousness—Digestive calm.



Tenderness and gentleness.



Attention, desire, surprise—satisfaction and sleep.



Anger, mixed with fear—anger alone.



Gayety—Fury and terror.

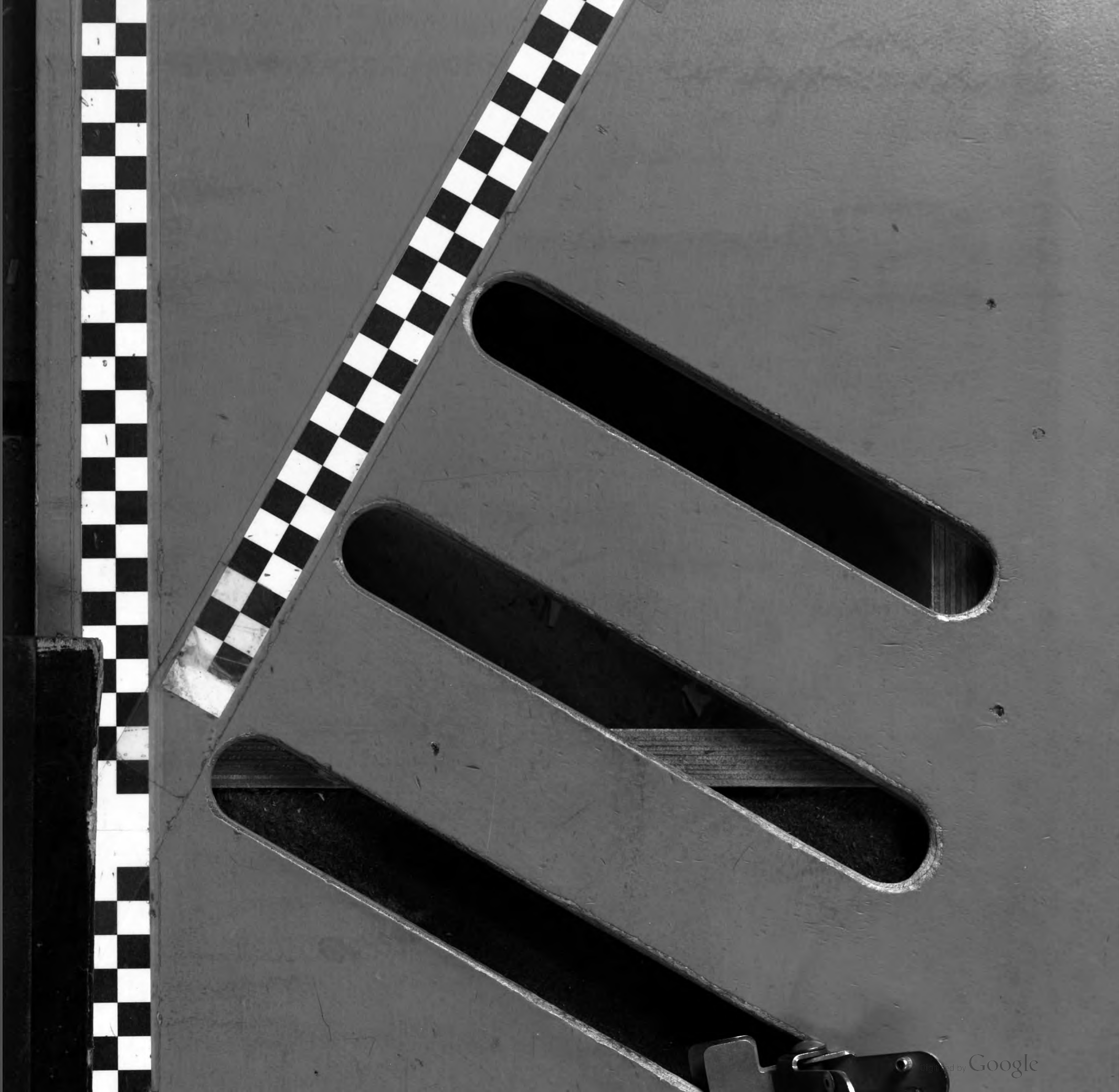


Death!

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



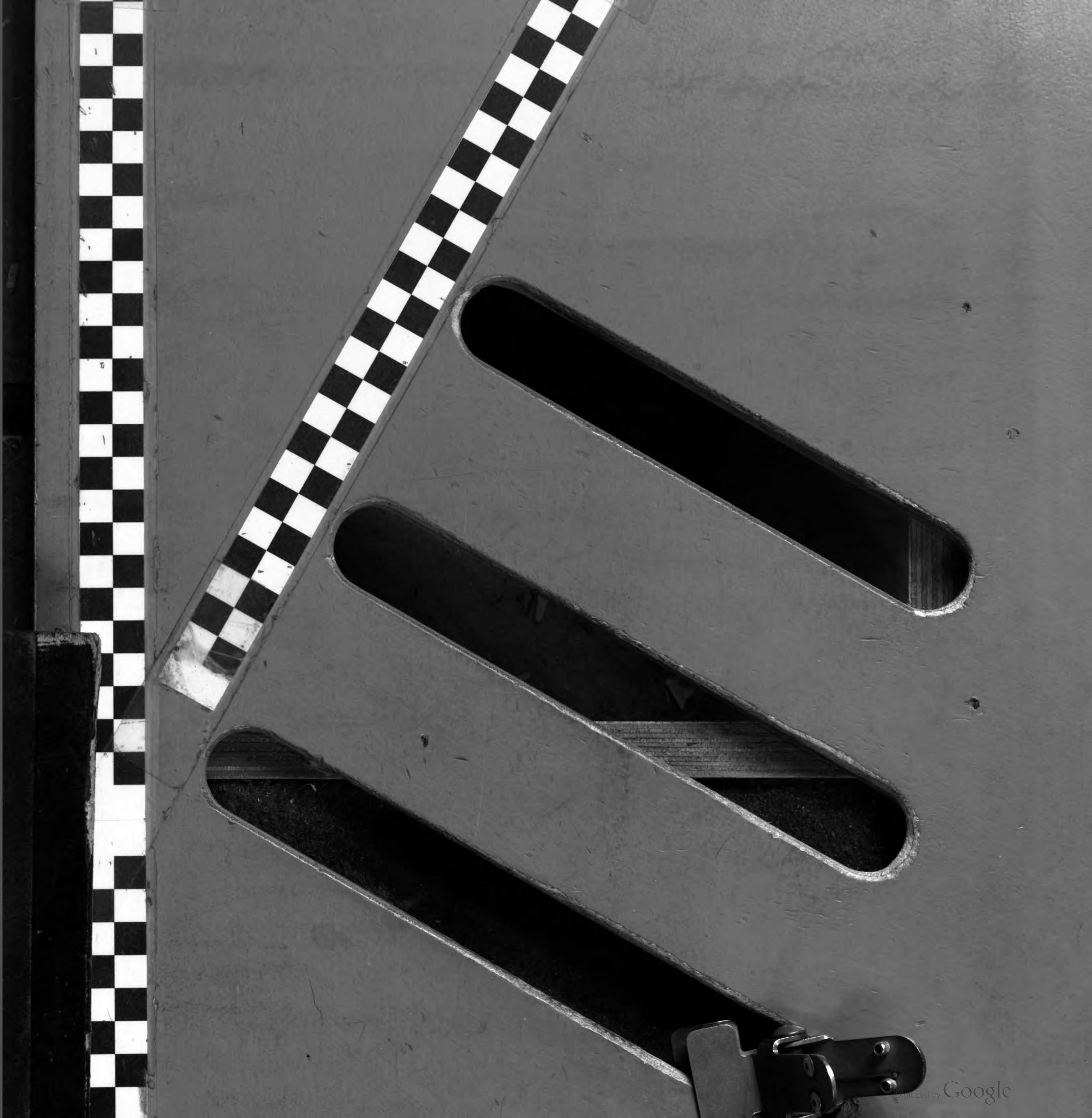
3 1951 D00 332 002 2



UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



3 1951 D00 332 002 2



UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



3 1951 D00 332 002 2

